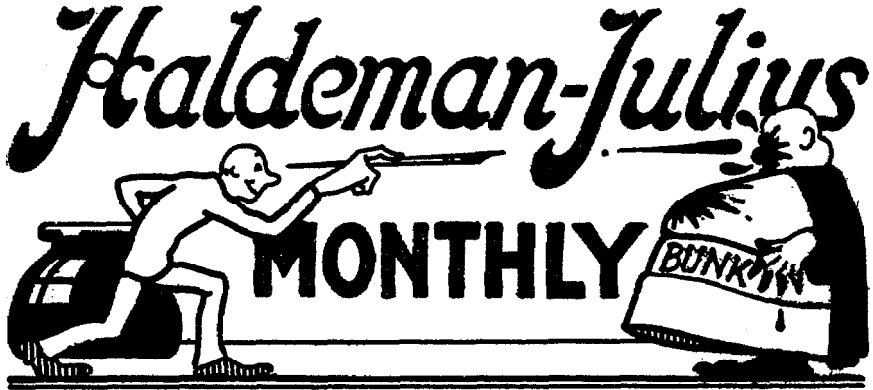


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C. Hartley Grattan vs. E. Haldeman-Julius



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CONTENTS JULY-AUG.-SEPT. ISSUE

- | | |
|---|--|
| Violence, Marcet and Emanuel Haldeman-Julius | Bits of Alabama Life, Sara Haardt |
| Music and the Masses in Los Angeles, Louis Adamic | Heine: Soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity, E. Haldeman-Julius |
| Debunking the Laws of Moses, Joseph Wheless | Upton Sinclair in America, Floyd Dell |
| Prison Days, David Gordon | A Defense of the Devil, LeRoy A. Born |
| Bishop Manning, H. C. McGavack | Dr. Clendening's Common Sense of Health, L. M. Birkhead |
| America: The World's "Problem," C. Harley Grattan | The Lower End of Main Street, W. D. Trowbridge |
| Los Angeles' Street of Forsaken Men, G. V. Morris | Confessions of a Modern Woman, Betty Van Deventer |
| How Much Does Man Really Know? T. Swann Harding | The Religion of Bernard Shaw, Gerald Bullett |
| The Plight of the South, Clay Fuls | Is Christianity Part of the Law of the Land? Harry Hibschan |
| Evolution: Fact or Theory? Maynard Shipley | Are the Clergy Honest? Chapman Cohen |
| Ibsen the Liberator, L. D. Abbott | Why I Am Not a Christian, Bertrand Russell |
| Why I Am a Skeptic, T. S. Harding | And other articles. |
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The Haldeman-Julius Monthly

EDITED BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

VOL. VIII.

NO. 4.

Girard, Kansas, September 1928

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Can Knowledge Be Made Popular?—A Debate—C. Hartley Grattan vs. E. Haldeman-Julius.....	3
The Meaning of Skepticism, by T. Swann Harding.....	17
How Three Southern Fundamentalists Embraced the Higher Learning, by Grace Adams.....	22
The Drums of Hollywood, by Don Gordon.....	25
The High Cost of Praying, by Zave Wolfe.....	31
Cod, Beanpot and Boot: A Boston Farce, by W. P. Norwin...	33
The Medical Man and Advertising, by R. R. Winterbotham..	37
Why Do Some People Resist Disease Better than Others? by T. Swann Harding	39
Southern Hospitality, by Sanford Jarrell.....	45
Monkey Gland Bunk, by T. Swann Harding.....	49
Ten Thousand Suckers—the Ku Klux Klan in Saskatchewan, by H. H. Kritzwiser.....	54
The Absurdities of Secret Societies, by Ben Moore.....	58
The Art of Being Lazy, by Sanford Jarrell.....	61
The Notorious Case of Sacco and Vanzetti (Conclusion), by W. P. Norwin.....	68
The Passing of Jimmy, by Gerald V. Morris.....	80
George Bernard Shaw Speaks Up for the Ape.....	85
Fact and Fiction About Health, by T. Swann Harding.....	86
Great Humbugs, by Marc T. Greene.....	97
What Rural Fundamentalists Talk About, by Charles Lee Snider	102
Education on the Frontier, by Carl N. Taylor.....	110
The Holy Ghost in Arkansas, by Clay Fulks.....	117
Why Was God So Hard on Women and Snakes? by Clarence Darrow	122

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Published monthly at 229 East Forest Ave., Girard, Kansas, by the Haldeman-Julius Company, publishers of Little Blue Books, the famous Pocket Series (Free catalogue on request). . . . 20 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$1.50 (\$2 Canadian and foreign). . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1928, by the Haldeman-Julius Company. . . . Entered as second-class matter October 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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| Los Angeles' Street of Forsaken Men, G. V. Morris. | Confessions of a Modern Woman, Betty Van Deventer. |
| Facts You Should Know About Digestion, T. Swann Harding. | Dialogue Between a Priest and a Dying Man, Marquis de Sade. |
| What's the Matter with Human Nature? Vincent Burns. | Milwaukee: The Bier of Beer, Ruben Levin. |
| How Much Does Man Really Know? T. S. Harding. | The Religion of Bernard Shaw, Gerald Bullett. |
| Voltaire's Weapon: The Smile! J. V. Nash. | The Human Meaning of Christian Doctrines, Bishop Wm. Montgomery Brown. |
| The Plight of the South, Clay Fulks. | Is Christianity Part of the Law of the Land? Harry Hibschan. |
| Evolution: Fact or Theory? Maynard Shipley. | The Prostituted Woman, Remy de Gourmont. |
| Ibsen the Liberator, L. D. Abbott. | The Negro's Contributions to American Culture, Walter White. |
| Why I Am a Skeptic, T. S. Harding. | Was Thoreau an Anarchist? C. Hartley Grattan. |
| The Folly of Chiropractic, Dr. Dameron. | Deus Americanus, Benjamin DeCasseres. |
| Debunking the Laws of Moses, Jos. Wheeler. | The Human Side of Darwin, J. V. Nash. |
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Halldeman-Julius Monthly

Vol. VIII.

September 1928

No. 4

CAN KNOWLEDGE BE MADE POPULAR? A DEBATE

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN VS. E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

KNOWLEDGE SHOULD NOT BE POPULARIZED

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

AMERICA doesn't need a good five-cent cigar. It needs about fifty cents' worth of some sort of castor-oil that will purge its mind of the accumulation of drivel and nonsense that hampers its mental processes. The American mind needs "a good cleaning out," as our mothers used to say when we got dull and stupid and "whine-y." It has been stuffed with sweet tid-bits and undigestible trash until even the hardest fellow feels a bit sickish. It's either a purge or pimples and boils. Neither prospect is pleasant—but "pleasantness" is exactly what the American mind does not need.

Three things are sickening the American mind: the popularization craze, the respectability of the soi-disant heretical, and the merchandising of literature. To a certain extent they interlock. Their cumulative effect is appalling.

Who started the present craze for popularized knowledge I don't know. H. G. Wells is usually selected as the victim, but whoever it may be it is beyond question that the movement was made respectable by James Harvey Robinson. He provided the "philosophy" for the movement with "The Humanization of Knowledge," a pleasant enough phrase, but the nature of the books Dr. Robinson has endorsed makes it clear enough that he should have written "The Vulgarization of Knowledge" or "The Reduction of Knowledge to Twaddle" or "The Cafeteria System as Applied to the Intellectual Life." Then there is Mary Austin, the philosopher who cultivates the complicated, vaguely referential, sentence. She also has offered a philosophical justification for "humanized" knowledge. I remember listening with a grave face, but fairly bursting with laughter inside, while she explained her notions to a gathering at Harvard a few years ago. Her idea is that outlines and such should be dropped into the cultural stream and so slowly raise the quality of the liquid. As she lectured you could hear

"The Outline of History" fall "plop" into the muddy cultural stream of the common man. And now, not more than four years later, the purifying pills are dumped in by the cartload. Or there is another angle of attack. These books, we are told, assist in carrying culture to the masses. Whoever said the masses wanted culture? And what have they to do with culture? Have they discrimination, or the capacity to integrate and apply what they read? What nonsense! Probably not one reader of Will Durant out of a hundred can tell you the fundamental difference between Plato and Aristotle, or which one did most to fuddle the human mind for centuries. And far from cultivating a habit of intelligent thought a book like Will Durant's simply convinces the average uneducated person that philosophy is all silly nonsense and that to get on in this world one must stick to Frank Crane or the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

* * * * *

H. G. WELLS had the grace to call in specialists to help him out in matters with which he had little acquaintance—which were very few of course—but later compilers haven't found that so necessary. Men with not the slightest claim to specialized knowledge in any department have popularized some subject to the accompaniment of shrieks of praise. There is, lately, Clement Wood who has summarized the whole range of human knowledge. His prestige for such a task simply does not exist. Wood is no Aristotle. But he gets his book done and it is praised by—Harry Elmer Barnes and James Harvey Robinson! Well, I shouldn't be surprised if Wood has difficulty in getting through the streets of Greenwich Village. Why shouldn't he be puffed up? Here he, not a specialist in any branch, has written a book which outlines, among others, the topics to which these men have devoted their best mental efforts, and he gets their praise. Dr. Barnes, for instance, is American editor of "The History of Civilization," a tremendous series of books each one written by a specialist. Well, what's the use of this sort of thing—of scholarship and exact knowledge, of toil and hard thinking—if a bad novelist, a mediocre poet and a worse critic can jam all that's worth knowing into a single volume?

The history of James Harvey Robinson illustrates the general drift. For years he labored in the cause of cultural history. His course at Columbia was a monumental achievement. When it was announced that he was bringing out a book all those with the slightest knowledge of his work were tremendously pleased. They expected a great piece of writing. They already had his syllabus, "The History of the Western European Mind," to show what he was capable of producing. What his followers got was "The Mind in the Making," a popularization of his course and his ideas. A good book in its way but the veriest caricature of the erudition that makes his course a really superb monument to a lifetime of work. Then he decended another peg with "The Humanization of Knowledge" which justifies the floor of muck in which Americans now wallow. Lately he has joined the army of professional endorsers. His name is a good "selling argument."

WILL DURANT'S career represents a movement in the other direction—from the bottom up. Durant for years lectured miscellaneously at a popular forum in New York. He did not claim the Aristotelian universality of Clement Wood but he made a good try at it. Then between tennis matches at a summer camp he was managing he wrote his "Story of Philosophy." "The Story of Philosophy" is a good enough book for an idle moment—if one can read it with discrimination. Otherwise it is a dangerous and silly book. One would not care to compare it with, say, Hoffding's historical studies or works of the same quality, nor would it be reasonable to do so. But it should be read with discrimination, and that is just what Dr. Durant's audience is incapable of doing. They will never realize that he omitted to include even a single chapter on one of the most important episodes in the history of the human mind—the so-called medieval synthesis. They will never hear of Taylor's "Medieval Mind" let alone read it to find out what Dr. Durant thought not worth mentioning.

Furthermore, is it not idle at this late date to popularize the history of philosophy by the biographical method? Dr. Robinson, and his German forebearers, long ago relegated philosophy to a subordinate place in the general development of the Western European mind. Well anyhow, Dr. Durant gets out his book and the blurb mongers—Dr. John Dewey among them—stuff it down the public's throat. The only protest comes from weary and unregarded "specialists." Dr. Durant, however, reaches the peak of his ambition. He now can philosophize for the readers of *Red Book* along with Bruce Barton; he can write essays for *Harper's*; he can write book reviews for *The Herald-Tribune*; he can be called "a distinguished American intelligence."

Everything being aimed at his head, Mr. Babbitt takes it in. He learns biology from A. E. Wiggam, culture history from "The Mind in the Making," philosophy from "The Story of Philosophy," anthropology from Lothrop Stoddard, and nothing worth knowing from anybody. He reads a book called "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," by one George Dorsey. (Later to become an "endorser" and writer for *The American Magazine*.) Even the title is flattery. We are human beings—not animals. I wonder if Dr. Robinson, who endorsed this book along with the others, remembers saying that if a book were written telling the truth about man no one would print it? Does humanization take the inhumanity out of truth? Well, as I say, Mr. Babbitt reads all this stuff. Does he gain any feeling for the uncertainty, the diffidence, the reservations, the discrimination of the true scientist? Not a bit of it. He gets science written with all the hard positivity of the newspaper editorial. All his reading does for him is to rationalize his silly prejudices and his cocksure explanations of himself and the world. He remains just as he started out—he remains Mr. Babbitt. He is worse, for there is a certain charm about ignorance, but nothing so disgusting as cocksure half-knowledge disguised as genuine learning.

THE respectability of the heretical—soi-disant heretical—is largely the achievement of Carl Van Doren and *The American Mercury*. This is not so nonsensical as it appears. Carl Van Doren was among the first of the academicians to make a specialty of reading and praising in essentially the same terms as the heretical journalists, the very authors that the conservative academicians regarded as defamers of the holy citadel. He brought them into the communion of the saints, first in *The Nation* and later in *The Century*. He was able to do so because of the fact that his intelligence lacks temper and cutting edge. His style, even, is of an entirely unintellectual nature. It is soft and full of unctuous tolerance of a popular preacher. He never uses thoughts or ideas. His "critical" essays are as devoid of intellectual content as those of James Russell Lowell. Van Doren is the man who could say without a smile behind his hand that Paul Valery makes thinking "positively exciting"—whatever that may mean. He is a past master at removing the vitals from a subject and admiring the corpse. He has reached his logical end as editorial director of a book selling scheme.

After fighting for years outside of the ramparts Mencken suddenly plumped himself down in the center of things in 1924 with *The American Mercury*. Now it is no affront to Mencken, or any slur on the quality of *The Mercury*, to say that the one and the other, insofar as they are distinguishable, completed the process of making the heretical respectable. Heresy in itself is quite all right but the present result is a silly and outrageous bore. For Van Doren and *The Mercury*—the former deliberately and the latter by implication—have emasculated genuine heresy by confounding it with a mannerism.

Things have gone so far now that it is getting to be necessary to be "conservative" to be intelligent. The "civilized" and the "heretical" have applied their cheap cynicism and unscholarly "iconoclasm" to so many things that their shibboleths and clichés are thoroughly revealed as hollow and stupid—just as stupid as those they set out to destroy. Instead of actually destroying all the silly and vapid nonsense that cluttered up American libraries, they have thrown it out and replaced it by silly and vapid nonsense of their own devising which may be more pleasing—to them, but not to those interested in genuinely critical iconoclasm. Furthermore, what is being retailed to the gullible public now thoroughly prepared to swallow anything heretical, is not, nine times out of ten, new material at all. There is hardly a recent "heretical" biography of any kind that contains material not already known to the well-informed person. The heresy is all on the surface.

Take three biographies I myself reviewed on their appearance, Woodward's "Washington," Russell's "Franklin" and Gorman's "Long-fellow." The first and last are worth-while books, the second mediocre. But what is so astonishing about Woodward? In one word, Nothing. His central thesis is that Washington was essentially a captain of industry—a potential Judge Gary. Well, I said that sometime before when I reviewed Washington's "Diaries," where there

is plenty of evidence to support the opinion, and I subsequently discovered that E. E. Prussing wrote two articles under that title in *Scribner's Magazine* for October and November, 1921. Gorman's "Longfellow," as I pointed out at the time, is based, so far as ideas go, on Margaret Fuller's well-known essay written long ago for Horace Greeley, when Miss Fuller was literary critic for *The New York Tribune*. Gorman's most original contribution was to call Longfellow "Henry" all through the book and that is silly affectation. Russell's "Franklin" is trash. It tells absolutely nothing new about Franklin. His interpretation of the Revolution was discarded thirty years ago. And he missed the only chance to write a really telling new biography of his subject when he barely hinted that Franklin was the first great philosopher of Rotary. Nobody has yet told why and how that is true—not in English, anyway, but there is a German book that does.

* * * * *

MENCKEN himself knows all this, even if his average customer does not. He is no more taken in by the "heresy" he has given a trumpet to than are his better informed readers and friends. They all know that in twenty years all the "revolutionary" biographies of the moment will be as dead and seem as silly as Parson Weem's "General Washington," for somebody is bound to reach the public ear and tell the world that it has been sold and that these daring revelations are not daring at all, for nine-tenths of the heresy is mannerism. You never hear the really solid idol-smashing books mentioned. They are carefully written—without "flash"—and they are based on the only thing that can conceivably be really iconoclastic—scholarship. Half-a-dozen books will serve to illustrate this point: Charles A. Beard's "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" and "Economic Origins of the Jeffersonian Democracy," J. B. McMaster's "With the Fathers," C. H. Van Tyne's "The Causes of the War for Independence," and Gustavus Myers' "History of Great American Fortunes" and "A History of the Supreme Court." Books like these are the kind that the iconoclasts in history should know and use. This is a tradition worth following. And the popular biologists would do a lot better by following the way of, say, H. S. Jennings and T. H. Morgan. The anthropologists might study Franz Boas. And why, oh why, need the popular psychologists be so many bastard children of Hugo Munsterberg?

Good books cannot be dismissed with a shrug. Neither can they be written in a hurry. But the damage they do is permanent when it is done, which is more than one can say for the "heretical" stuff of today. Making "heresy" respectable was as little service to scholarship as the popularization of knowledge.

* * * * *

SOMEHOW or other all this junk has to be sold. Reviewers have to mull it over looking for something decent—if they are honest—something popular if they are not. Popularized knowledge, heretical biographies—and fiction, my God the fiction. Since the beginning of

publishing, good fiction has been buried under tons of truck and I suppose it has as good a chance today as formerly. Let it go at that anyway.

What I want to get at now are the "merchandisers" of literature. I don't mean the publicity boys—the advertisement writers—their occupation necessitates a certain forgivable dishonesty. I mean the so-called critics. The first and foremost crime of these fellows is writing learnedly about books that they cannot, through ignorance, conceivably intelligently evaluate. It does not take a lifetime of study to gain a good substantial knowledge of, say, political biography, but how are you going to know whether Russell's "Franklin" is good or bad if you have never given any attention to Franklin? Well, the way to get around this unimportant difficulty is to assume that because the book appeared yesterday and is "smart" in manner, it must be good—hot stuff—the "outstanding biography of the season." Or one may humanize one's copy—a trick easily learned as can be seen from this quotation taken verbatim from a review written by that famous literary minister of Christ, John Haynes Holmes: "I picked it up with groans on a night when I was sick in bed with a headache, sore throat and 102 degrees fever and finished it with shouts before the bed lamp was extinguished."

But worse than the ignorant are the "endorsers," those who lend their hard-won prestige to cheap and silly books. I name such otherwise respectable gentlemen as James Harvey Robinson, Harry Elmer Barnes, and James Truslow Adams. Now I happen to know that Dr. Barnes, for instance, is often led into error through the excessive kindness of his heart or because he sees a drift or tendency in a book that he admires. He, himself, would not perpetrate such a book. Often he wouldn't recommend it to a friend. But the poor saps who read advertisements trustfully don't know that, and so the damage is done. They read the book uncritically, swallow it whole, and believe Harry Elmer Barnes has endorsed it. Among those who can discriminate, Barnes' endorsement of a book loses value. What Dr. Barnes can do when he applies his full professional knowledge to the criticism of a book is well illustrated by his discussion of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" in "History and Social Intelligence," pages 139 ff.

The professional reviewers, summarizing instead of analyzing, praising the latest with no knowledge of what has gone before, and eternally inventing quotable lines—one could compile a dictionary of them—help to merchandise literature. The endorsers contribute their bit. As soon as an author and title are announced by a publisher you can very nearly tell which reviewers will call the appearance of the book an "event," and which will find the book a relief for their "jadedness." The result is that honest, unbending reviewers and critic-reviewers, being of no use whatsoever to the merchandisers, are shoved off in a corner, with only the heavy stuff to consider.

Until recently the fellow who was eternally asking "Have you read this or that" was regarded as the prize bore of them all. Now he has been elevated to the position of arbiter of literary taste. He

has been elevated by this latest development in the merchandising of literature the, what shall I call them? subscription book clubs like "The Book of the Month Club" and "The Literary Guild of America, Incorporated." When I was in Australia last year, one of the few intelligent criticisms of American life I saw was a criticism of these clubs. The point made was that they were another step toward a standardized American mental type—another triumph for the thought-controllers. What else are they, pray? They are a step beyond the "merchandising" reviewer. At least the latter is satisfied to scribble his nonsense and assume that his readers will buy the books, but these clubs pick out the books (with alternatives—oh yes, I know) and ship them to their customers. All the customer has to do is read the book and pose as a connoisseur of fine literature. Is this a strained interpretation? Well, read this advertisement which appeared in *The New York Times Book Review* for January 8, 1928:

Membership in The Literary Guild of America makes you an authority on the worth while in current books—both fiction and non-fiction. It stamps you as a sponsor of fine letters, a reader of discrimination and taste. Is this not the same appeal—the appeal to snobbery—that sells clothes and automobiles and perfumes and all the rest of the paraphernalia for keeping up with the "best people"?

Those who lend their prestige to this sort of thing—who have made the merchandising of books far more an integral part of American "criticism" than it ever was before—are:

Book of the Month Club, Inc.

Henry Seidel Canby—who abandoned Yale for the *Evening Post* and *The Post for The Saturday Review*, which, says Ellen Glasgow, "stands with the best in Great Britain." It is printed in New York, U. S. A.

Dorothy Canfield—a most eminent second-rate lady novelist.

Heywood Brown—who as Gilbert Seldes once said, was so astonished to find that he had intelligence that he is flabbergasted even yet; the gentleman who, though a Harvard grad., not a vast honor to be sure, had only "heard of" Plato and Aristotle before reading Will Durant.

Christopher Morley—the sort of man who delights in being called "Chris." Author of much succulent syrup, almost as good as David Grayson's.

William Allen White—author of sweet novels, incredible history, and a panegyric on Wilson so burdened with undigested biology and psychology as to be a huge joke.

The Literary Guild of America

Carl Van Doren—Cf. above.

Zona Gale—competitor of Dorothy Canfield.

Glenn Frank—a leading soft-boiled intellectual. A University president, and what that means in America! The Frank Crane of *The New York Evening World*.

Elinor Wylie—Oh austere lady, what are you doing here? Is your husband a bad influence on you?

Joseph Wood Krutch—the only critic in the bunch, led astray I presume by his intimacy with the Van Doren Literary Trust.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon—an academician who swallowed Mother Goose to amuse the children and who now can rarely shake off the effects. Aren't they a "critical" lot? Oh yes, oh yes!

But where does the rare independent writer get off? Where he always has—into the ditch. Where does the independent reader find

companions now that his sworn enemy has become "a reader of discrimination and taste"? God knows.

Oh, it's a lovely situation—this popularization of knowledge, this respectability of the "heretical," this merchandising of literature. It is the final triumph of the democratic man, the end product of our heroic gesture for a culture comparable to our technical achievements. It's enough, in fact, to make one envy Trotzky his exile.



KNOWLEDGE SHOULD BE MADE POPULAR

BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

IN a simple way that is probably beneath his dignity as a scholar (for he, too, is a popularizer), Bertrand Russell remarks that the belief in progress is quite modern and is a result of science. The increased power of man over his environment, his vast equipment for making changes in his life, in a word, the machinery of progress has made the conception of progress a vital one. The idea of change is more popular because it is more practical—it is possible more quickly and on a wider scale—and most people think of the world as growing better. Few will contend that a hundred years or a thousand years ago life was better, more interesting, more hopeful. It is not a foolish optimism that appreciates the superiority of our age. It is a recognition of facts that are immense and compelling. Human life is, obviously, richer and more powerful and far better organized.

Before the age of machinery, progress was a pleasant and vague fancy, with no facilities for its realization: a fancy confined to a dreamer here and there, not an active ideal generally held—and worked at—by the human race. Progress, as we understand it, was inconceivable to a race chained to the soil, dependent upon hand labor, without knowledge and without machines, slow-moving, laborious, and uncomfortable even in its very limited luxury. Under such conditions, men of imagination and humanity were less apt to dream of a splendid future for the race than to sigh for a return to some golden age of the past. Nobody could draw a convincing picture of a Utopia, for the materials of a Utopia, the things upon which it must be based (machinery to diffuse wealth, leisure and knowledge) were not at hand. The three must be taken together—wealth and leisure and knowledge: not for a few, but for the race; not for a handful of parasites, but for the producing masses. Progress calls for the popular diffusion of these means of a civilized life.

I do not know whether Mr. Grattan would argue that it were well for most people to be very poor; or for them to be hopeless slaves of toil, working from sun to sun, and having little or no leisure; but he seems to urge the equally monstrous proposition that most people should be very ignorant. What else can he mean by condemning the popularization of knowledge? What other ideal can he be defending save that of a world in which a few scholars dwell apart, and write learned treatises (superfluously, it would seem) for each other, while

the majority of men live not simply indifferent to culture but kept from culture by a conspiracy of scholastic obscurantism?

I wonder if Mr. Grattan is perchance looking back to a golden age; and if that age could possibly be the medieval age. If popularization of knowledge is bad, then the medieval age was ideally safe from its evil influence; with the exception of a very small minority, the race was illiterate—could not even read or write; obscurantism was the ruling policy of medieval Europe, and scholarship (what there was of it) was very secretive—secretive because afraid. Knowledge was hated and punished by the Church, naturally it was despised (when vaguely heard of at all) by the ignorant masses, and it was the most dangerous thing a scholar himself could possess. The safest pastime of the scholar was juggling with absurd theological arguments; and even that was done with peril, for any absurdity—although perhaps no one could understand it and it really was meaningless—might fall under suspicion of heresy. Orthodoxy was a matter of being on the safe side in foolishness. There was not even toleration of irrational and futile thought.

The ideal of the Church was that mankind should blindly accept the opinions and dictates of the Church: that a dogmatic theology, which they could not comprehend but which they were supposed to believe anyway, should be imposed upon the masses from above; that the masses were to know nothing, read nothing, think nothing—that they were to be pious, wretched slaves and ignoramuses. Above all, the Church wanted knowledge, even of the Bible, kept from the people: it was bitterly opposed to popularization, which of course would open the door—many doors—to free thinking and heresy. It is the history of despotism, whether of Church or State, that it has opposed popularization: it has favored only futile and tame scholars; but especially it has feared the spread of learning among the people, the popular growth of culture which carries with it the spirit of freedom and the realization of human personality which is so dangerous to any group that would rule, by exclusive power or knowledge, over their fellows.

Mr. Grattan would, I trust, hasten to disclaim any sympathy or association with tyranny: yet in condemning the popularization of knowledge, he is taking a stand quite in accord with medieval tyranny and with the intellectual attitude, which went with it, of obscurantism. For, if I am capable of understanding words, Mr. Grattan plainly says that he is opposed to the movement of carrying knowledge to the people. If he were to object to the dissemination of falsehood and bunk and a spurious, low-grade culture among the masses—then we should at once agree with him. I have as little sympathy as any man with the popularization of shoddy ideas, discredited viewpoints, erroneous summaries, and poor, botched work in any field. The real question is whether *sound* knowledge can be popularized, whether learning is something that can be understood of men and used by them, and whether the actual effects of popularization as it is now being carried on are good or bad. Or, rather, is the influence of popularization on the whole a good one, a civilizing influence, a

real activity of progress, making for a better race? Further, is this popularization generally in line with the historic movements of human progress? Has the world, in short, advanced by the spreading or the isolation of culture?

There can be only one answer to the last question. A higher level of civilization and a wider diffusion of culture go together. The lesson of history is clear that the advancement of knowledge (not merely as regarded a few scholars, but mankind) has meant progress, a better social order, a more safe and agreeable and interesting life. One of the greatest achievements of modern civilization is precisely in the field of popular education. If there has been remarkable progress in, say, the past hundred years—and this no man can deny—the importance of education as a factor in that progress cannot be denied. As the world has gone steadily forward, when it once began to recover from the darkness of medievalism (the darkest of *ignorance*), so intelligence has steadily been diffused throughout society, a widening circle that, wherever it has touched, has favorably transformed the ways of the common life. It has brought better manners, more toleration, more humane and useful ideals, more cleanliness and security into the world. It has, indeed, made a human world—a society of universal cooperation and communication and intelligent awareness—whereas in the past there were isolated spots of light and luxury surrounded by darkness. And in speaking of education, I mean every effective degree of it, from the lowest to the highest: any increase in education is good, and the more the better: mere literacy is an important step forward in civilization, if only because it is the first *necessary* step. Incomplete and unequal as it is, the world awareness of the present age is a hopeful—and, primarily, an essential—factor in the growth of civilization. This awareness, and education as a whole, it is our task to make sounder, better, wider, more securely universal: certainly, it is a strange reactionary aberration to deplore it: to intimate that it were better men knew less, read less, thought less, and had a lower degree of social intelligence.



IN arguing for popularization, it is not my meaning that every one may be or need be a scholar. No doubt some persons, starting very humbly on the path of education, will go as far as scholarship: or here and there an original genius may reveal himself, under the favorable light of culture. The majority, however, will stop at intermediate points on the road to scholarship; some will have minds of a less abiding curiosity and will be satisfied with less knowledge than others; some, indeed, will be diverted into false byways—for whoever reads widely will meet with error as well as truth and the error may be the winning influence.

But is it reasonable to say that the common man should read nothing about science or philosophy or history because he may pick up some errors in his reading? because he may not perfectly, brilliantly comprehend all that he reads? because he may not at once, as a beginner in culture, read with the all-seeing perspicacity of the

complete scholar? Must a man choose between being a dumbbell and a scholar of high degree? Or should he make himself as intelligent as he can, improving, as he has the better chance of doing, his power of thinking and his cultural fineness of taste and his general understanding of life by reading and by contact with civilizing ideas? It is the latter ideal, of self-development and wide culture, that is favored by popularization.

What popularization really means is a multiplication of the number of intelligent people—of the number of people who are well and tolerantly disposed toward ideas—of the number of people who have rational standards of judgment and behavior—of the number of people who, to mention what is not the least point in their favor, are civilized conversational company. Man is a social animal; and popularization, by raising the level of conversation and providing us with more interesting personal contacts, has a claim upon our gratitude. The man who has read Wells' *Outline of History* and Durant's *Story of Philosophy* and Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* may fall short of the sublime, rare heights of scholarship; but he is preferable, as a companion or as a cooperating member of society, to the man who confines his reading to the newspaper sports and comics, with possibly the novels of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey or that masterpiece of popularized ignorance, *In His Image* by the late William Jennings Bryan.

These works of Wells, Durant and Robinson, which Mr. Grattan surprisingly refers to as bad examples of popularization, are excellent in themselves: they lead to wider reading of a very broadening, stimulating kind; and the man who has read one or all three of these books has, we may fairly assume, gone farther afield in the quest of culture. It is not likely that the reading of such a book is a mere piece of singularity: it signifies, more likely, a desire for knowledge and an impulse of self-improvement that is altogether laudable and that will not stop with one book or a dozen, but will grow into a habit of intelligent reading. Of the growth of this habit there is ample testimony; within the past decade, when there has been a very great stimulus of popularization, people have not only turned to the habit of reading more widely but of reading more sound, important, first-rate books. In all kinds of literature—fiction, biography, history, science, criticism, social studies, and beautiful letters—there has been developed within ten or a dozen years a significantly increased audience for superior work: in toleration, in taste, in that curiosity of the mind which even a scholar should not despise but which is the driving force toward knowledge, the report which we have to make is one of progress.

If here and there a scholar, with too aristocratic or academic an ideal, frowns in disapproval—feeling that the masses are rudely thrusting their way into the temple of knowledge—he cannot by his frowning forbid or deny the fact: it is a fact that the masses (not unanimously, to be sure, but in much greater numbers) are reaching out for knowledge: or, if one chooses to express it so, they are eagerly taking the knowledge that is brought to them. Now, if a scholar

believes that the masses should be ignorant, if he denies them the right or the possibility of culture, it may be hard to find common ground on which to discuss the matter with him; but if his objection is that this demand for popular knowledge is being inadequately met—that the masses are being given poor stuff rather than good value—it seems to me that his responsibility is clear: he should not oppose but should bring his scholarship to the correcting and improving aid of popularization. Otherwise, his complaint is perverse and, it can be plausibly urged against him, exhibiting more than a trace of jealousy. Some scholars, I suspect, are human enough (*i. e.*, sufficiently on a level with the common man) to wish to hug their wisdom to themselves and to resent its being subjected to “indecent exposure” before the public gaze. It is nothing new for a man to enjoy making a mystery of his trade and to take pride in the possession of knowledge that others do not have. Lawyers, doctors, politicians, mechanics—and scholars—all exhibit this trait of proud, superior, professional secrecy.

But the scholar (of this esoteric type) would not only mystify the common man: he would hold himself entirely apart from humanity, and in this attitude there is something inhuman. And a narrow kind of ambition—for the best purpose that can ultimately inspire the scholar is to influence the life of his time and to make his knowledge really active and useful. Surely he must expect that knowledge, somehow, sometime, to have a place among the effective realities of life. Either he or another will turn that knowledge, if it be of any use, into the stream of general culture. If the scholar has not the ambition nor the ability—or, let us say, the humanity—to popularize (make useful) his knowledge, he betrays a poor spirit by complaining when others grasp the opportunity of popularization. If these others are not fully equal to the opportunity—if they make mistakes—the scholarly recluse and egotist has a very weak case against them. They may to some extent fail; but worse can be said of him, that he has not to any extent tried. Beyond any possibility of argument, the work of popularization wants doing—progress and humanity demand it—and it will be done: the aloof scholar refuses to engage in this work, yet objects if anyone else does it. Taking this attitude, he does not even encourage sound popularization: he says that the work should not be done at all, or that it can't be done, which seems most significantly to mean that *he* won't do it.



YET other scholars, certainly not mediocre nor shiftless nor without a high sense of their responsibility, have set an impressive example of concern for the culture of the common man and for the useful motivation of knowledge. They have recognized that knowledge is useless unless turned to the purposes of life, most important of which, truly indispensable, is the enlightenment of mankind. We can have no program of civilization that does not include popular education. Great scholars have realized this and have, in their several ways, been inspired by the hope of loftier culture for the race. What

a scholar like Francis Bacon is chiefly remembered for is his insistence that scholarship should drop its esoteric habit, forget the cultivation of learning for the sake of its barren, exclusive possession, and admit that knowledge has one great object, all-inclusive—the improvement of life.

The typical scholar of Bacon's time dwelt in his ivory tower and, like a child among its playthings, preoccupied himself with abstruse and remote speculations that had nothing much to do with life: his studies were less sound and scientific, but he had the same attitude toward popularization that is displayed by the esoteric scholar of today: and that attitude was strongly challenged by Bacon, whose scholarship was not less profound but whose realistic interest in humanity was greater. It is true that Bacon was not a popularizer, in the sense of writing for the masses, as H. G. Wells is: but then, Bacon did not have the access to the masses that Wells has. However, Bacon's view of the utilitarian importance of knowledge applies logically to the work of popularization which Mr. Grattan and a few others call in question.

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It may be said that knowledge can be useful by raising technically the standards of existence without raising the standards of culture: and it is true that this first use of knowledge has been more easily and rapidly realized: people will respond more readily to new tools than to new thoughts. Yet it is reasonably apparent that the one use of knowledge—its use as technique—must be accompanied, if more slowly, by its use as culture. Indeed, one of the most frequent criticisms of thoughtful men, who view both the wonders and the deficiencies of our age, is that the mechanical progress of the race has outstripped its cultural progress: that men use the machinery and the technique of the twentieth century while clinging to the culture, the viewpoint, the ideas of past centuries. Today men live in a scientifically equipped world: yet their equipment of ideas is that of the pre-scientific, superstitious age. Obviously, it is important (and, if we assume the progress of civilization, inevitable) that culture should catch up with technique. It is not enough that men should run modern machines; they should also have modern minds. And there is only one way that this can be achieved: namely, by making knowledge popular.

It is a trite, unworthy objection to say that this will require time, patient effort, and will involve trial and error: to say that mistaken attempts will be made, and that correct, careful methods of popularization will not in a day or a generation produce a perfectly cultured race. Who has said, by the way, that there is any immediate thought of perfection? It is not even now, with all our facilities for the spreading of knowledge, a Utopia of culture that we have in mind. We do not presume that we can magically enlighten everybody at once, nor that a program of popular culture will appeal to all alike. But we do insist that any progress gained in this direction is all to the good. It is impossible for us to entertain the

extravagantly unrealistic notion that it is bad for any man to be brought into closer contact with culture: to have his mind quickened, his conception of history and nature and contemporary life enlarged, his interests broadened beyond the immediate concerns of his own day and round of existence. Nothing seems clearer to us than the desirability of *multiplying the number of intelligent persons*, and of carrying this work of popularization as far as it will go: neither setting perfection as a goal nor admitting an arbitrary limit to our efforts.

We regard this as a truism, needing no proof from personalities and movements of history. It is well, however, to be reminded that historically the best civilizations have been those in which there was the most widespread intellectual life; that where the freest habits of reading and discussion have prevailed, civilization can most truly be said to have been. Our admiration of the civilizations of Greece and Rome is not merely confined to a few scholars, but to the fact of general culture: and, considering their lack of printing and of machinery, there was a marvelous diffusion of culture throughout the Greek and Roman world: and, below the level of what may be deservedly called culture, there was still widespread literacy: while many Greeks and Romans who were not scholars, who mixed error and enlightenment in their minds (as, we may remark, even scholars sometimes do), were certainly civilized, human-social beings in contrast with the illiterate, wholly brutalized serfs of the Middle Ages. In the ancient world, there was the daylight of a civilized society, well organized, aware of itself looking before and after: in the Middle Ages, there was the darkness of deeply ignorant night, a chaotic and rude life, without intelligent self-awareness, without cultural traditions or active hope, miserably stagnant and stupid and wretched.

What more terrible indictment of medievalism—what surer indication of its uncivilized character—do we require than the fact that illiteracy was almost one hundred percent prevalent, that the overwhelming majority of mankind could not even read nor write? When we know that the entire literature of the tenth century fills only four volumes, what must we at once conclude about the “civilization” of that century? No argument can brush aside the truism that the production and the spread of literature—and the spread of knowledge—is a vital test of a civilization: the more civilized a period, the more will we find the activities of writing and reading and thinking among men.

Europe began to recover from medievalism under the stimulus of books pouring from printing presses, a new growth of discussion, a quickened exchange of ideas, a rediscovery and gradually a reorientation of culture. And as this progress has continued, to the present day, the spreading of culture has persisted: progress and the popularization of knowledge have been related, if unfortunately unequal, tendencies. The submerged portion of the race, culturally speaking, has become less.

And the scholars who assisted in this enlightenment are the ones

(Continued on page 114.)

THE MEANING OF SKEPTICISM

BY T. SWANN HARDING

A CERTAIN friend of mine—fortunately in Australia—rather persistently writes me letters catechising me thus: “Do you find life worth living? If so, why? Does pleasure overbalance pain? If so, how? Would you elect to live your life over again if you could? If so, why? If you renounce Absolute Truth, as you seem to do in your scientific philosophy, what have you left? Isn’t an absolute denial of absolute truth quite as dogmatic? Can we live happily in a state of eternal flux?”

Another friend, this one is in England, writes not infrequently in frightened solemnity at my skepticism, commends to me the holy and sacred character of Christian dogmas and beliefs and speaks to me of Christ’s divine mission and of the fact that men can only achieve brotherhood in and through the “ideals” of the church. I do not know precisely which friend depresses me most. Certainly it would depress me fearfully if I thought that man can only aspire to ideals through the futile and obsolete dogmas of organized Christianity.

Very many people are always in the familiar slough of despond which John Bunyan evidently knew from personal experience and which my Australian friend portrays so vividly in modernized form. Everyone, if he is ever to live mentally, should get there once in a lifetime. It is a sort of chrysalis state and definitely implies future developments which should take place. My English friend, I very much fear, will never get to the point of truly living, for he has already formed a permanent alliance with an absolutist concept which he intends to cherish throughout life.

Yet to stay in that chrysalis state of questioning despair is intolerable to anyone save a lunatic, while another and a different absolutism is a most unfortunate exit therefrom. I stand then as one who has passed the stages of the Englishman and the Australian in the order named and emerged a complete skeptic. What does this mean?

It does not, first of all, necessarily imply progress or betterment. We are so prone to think, “Now I’ve certainly arrived at eternal truth and before I was dead wrong.” Yet we may merely have reached another and a different attitude, not a better or a truer one.

Which is “better”—to be an animal or a vegetable? Interrogate a pedinella, if you know how. It is a lowly organism, a floating flagellate, to be very specific, and it nourishes itself in plant fashion. That is to say it changes mineral substances chemically under the influence of light through color cells called chromatophores. It is a vegetable.

But it possesses a sort of trailing fringed stalk, a kind of tractor. This stalk occasionally causes it to run around. It then begins to feed by ingestion like an animal and in time its chromatophores completely disappear. It is an animal! Is it better or worse? Has it made progress? Neither. It is only different.

A tadpole has the organs, characteristics and habits of a fish plus a decided aspiration to be a frog. It yearns diligently, no doubt, and then quite suddenly develops legs, lungs and a three-chamber heart and becomes an animal. A caterpillar enters into its chrysalis stage. There it is dematerialized, liquefied, completely disintegrated. It becomes a single substance from which specific organs presently reappear. A new creature forms—feeding and functioning differently, living a new life with new organs—a butterfly. Have we progress here from worse to better, or merely change?

The year of the planet Neptune is one hundred sixty-five of our years. Its diameter is four times that of our earth. If Neptune has inhabitants would they think their years "better" than ours? Or can you fancy them waiting with wearied impatience for one hundred and sixty-five "years" to pass so that they may see spring again? Quite likely their speed of conscious receptivity would make their year seem no longer to them than ours to us. Our language would perhaps be to them a rapid and meaningless blur. Who is bad, who good? Who better and who worse?

Motes may be seen microscopically chasing at dizzy speed through a drop of water. A few minutes watching may compass the entire lifetime of such an organism—from our standpoint. Yet is it likely that their lives seem so brief and so rapid to them? Perhaps they feel infinitely slow and leisured in their movements if they feel at all. Are these apparently brief lives wrong and sinfully ephemeral, or is the consciousness of time everything?

Some human beings, then, remain where they were born in belief. Some traverse a desert of arid and interrogative despair to attain a reality which seems fragmentary and frightfully dubious to those who have never undergone any mutation at all. Yet each individual has fulfilled the law of his being, and that is all you can say. Given his heritage, his environment and his will he became what he had to become—nor may he even find a want of faith in absolute truth entirely uncomfortable, in many cases.

My English friend can give me truth, as he sees and feels it, but truth on a different plane from mine. His statements of truth are as incomprehensible to me as Bulgarian. He seems to take familiar words and deliberately stuff them with new content of his own devising. He makes statements with which I cannot disagree because they mean absolutely nothing whatever to me.

Ask me how to prepare hydrogen sulfide or tell me that the U. S. Capitol Building is a domeless structure floating in oil and greatly resembling the White House in appearance and I can explain or perhaps disagree. But ask me if I believe in "God" or how my "soul" does. Speak to me of the mystic potency of Christian sacraments

and processes of "salvation" and "regeneration" calculated to ease the burden of my iniquities or to save me from my sins or to lend me ideals and I can neither agree nor disagree—nor explain. You have me at a complete disadvantage. You may know what you mean, or think you do, but when you start to inject vague nuances of meaning into familiar but undefined words I am at an utter loss to comprehend, much less to comment intelligently.

Born mental caterpillars as most of us are, we incline almost instinctively to earthly views and to comfortable illusions which make us feel that we can explain the whole great universe in a satisfactory way. Often this illusion persists and we may die in a different phase but still protesting, perhaps, that protons and electrons exist of very truth as realities.

But many of us merge into a period of doubt and despair wherein all beliefs are fused and melted down and nothing remains but a pregnant flux. We question all things. We hold fast to nothing and we despair in the most exotically and refreshingly enjoyable way imaginable. Dissolution may also overtake us here and we may die questioning the very reality of life and death.

Or we may emerge from our chrysalis at a different level—air instead of earth! We may construct a reality of our own on a different plane and follow that, remaining a skeptic. At once the caterpillars begin to lecture us for the good of our souls and the despairing gentry still in flux ask us all sorts of impertinently dismal questions and assure us that we have merely gone madly absolutist again.

But we have not. We have appraised this tremendous urge towards a "whole truth," have discovered that it is a fallacy and have discarded it; true enough. Matter, let us say, is no longer solid, unyielding, impenetrable to us. What has it become? It has become a whirling dance of atoms with a whirling dance of protons and electrons within.

Yet mark this difference—whereas matter is to caterpillars an absolute thing of absolute qualities, it is to us mental butterflies, as you will, apparently, and only to the best of our knowledge and belief, a dance of atoms. True, some of us believe so strongly in the real existence of electrons and protons that we embrace a new illusion.

As Prof. Lindsay of the Sloane Laboratory, Yale, not long ago expressed it—"having created the atom to account for a vast mass of indubitably valid phenomena, physicists are coming to believe in the intrinsic reality of their creation. That is, it is real to them in the sense that after pondering they will remark, 'Oh yes, that is because the protons and electrons go so and so!'" Yet this world also is ideational and was constructed by hypothesis to satisfy a primordial longing for completeness.

Prof. Lindsay continues, "But scientists often get too wedded to a theory and regard it as sacred reality. Lord Kelvin spent much time elaborating his elastic solid theory of light." Yet this hypothesis was of very little value, whereas the electromagnetic theory the Lord despised and would not have explained to him became a most

successful theory. So also new ideas on physics do much to offend the old believers in absolute space and time, among whom we may number Sir Oliver Lodge who repeatedly satirizes these new views; yet these views, if not regarded as absolute dogma, are very valuable.

In short a chair may be a collection of whirling atoms or an idea in the mind of God. The latter hypothesis is decidedly the less valuable today. But either conception is decidedly metaphysical in that it parts company with the classic idea of material reality and should be regarded as such.

Men who begin to believe in the reality of these metaphysical concepts have ceased to be skeptics which is simply another way of saying that they have ceased to be scientists. For the scientific attitude is in very truth one implying a belief in principles—observation, description, reasoning, logic, correlation, generalization—but never in hypotheses. An hypothesis is merely the best explanation at the moment and facts which will not conform are not to be discarded. They are to be used, if necessary, to build new hypotheses.

Where does this leave us then? In an eternal quest of an absolute truth which we can never hope to find. By and large that is it. We may examine here and catalogue there but infinity is very likely to remain infinity and to elude us. Yet suppose we found absolute truth! How insipid life would at once become.

But in an infinite cosmos so addicted to change as ours it is quite improbable that short lived, finite minded creatures will ever attain absolute truth about anything—even about an atom, for an atom is now assumed to have infinite structure. Our minds are unfitted for this task. As well as a caterpillar to comprehend the truth regarding a butterfly life.

We may observe an anthill and comprehend truth about it in a way that its skillful inhabitants never can. Yet our wider comprehension is quite superfluous to their contented existence. So some being may be postulated whose moment consciousness is sufficiently rapid or sensitive to see past, present and future—all space and all time—at a glance, and to comprehend it all. But such feats are forever impossible to us.

The insects have to guide them something which says absolutistically—"There is a way and this is that way." That guide is instinct and it is, given their normal problems and mode of life, unerring. Instinct goes high into the animal kingdom and points the ineffably right way. Quite naturally it still exists in man as a vestigial survival and, in spite of his advanced intellectual development, declares "This is the Whole Truth and the Truth shall set you free!"

Yet that is to man the voice of errant fallacy. For better or for worse man has mind and self-consciousness. It may make him a poorer animal, but it can, if he dares, make him a richer being as men go.

Still we cannot hold this plane of existence higher or better. It is different. Following the laws of our being certain of us arrive here. We come through despair and it is rather seldom that a dif-

ferent absolutist conviction follows true depth of despair. Scientific skepticism, whatever it may be called, is more likely to follow.

We gain nothing by demolishing the beliefs of others or by denouncing what we cannot now understand. Ours is a new life and its requirements busy us without giving us time or energy to attack other planes of living as pernicious. Besides that they doubtless are not pernicious but actually beneficial to those living there.

All tadpoles, however they yearn, need not turn to frogs either. Most of those I tried to rear as a youngster never did; they rather ignominiously died, probably because I did not soon enough give them ready access to a new element, air on dry land in lieu of water. Deprive tadpoles of iodine and they grow merely to be enormous tadpoles, however much they yearn for froglike estate. Give them thyroid early in their lives and they transmute almost at once into very tiny frogs always to remain dwarfs. A little thyroid is a dangerous thing and none at all is still more detrimental. Environment and the character of the beliefs we ingest are very important to our development.

Therefore though those on other planes of life view us askance, we skeptics cannot feel unhappy. We live, move and have our being here. We seek truth and are constantly diverted by the search. The intensity of our interest in solving little riddles lying all about us and in teaching others our pet solutions, dulls us to the fact that science sees utter annihilation or cold and dreary lifelessness as the alternative ends of our little universe.

For after all the cure for despair and questioning is a diversion. Be this absolute faith in the salvation of Christ or a continual chase after a frightfully elusive truth, it matters not. Life, as we know it on our particular plane, beckons and like the ant, the bee, the caterpillar and the tadpole we must follow its beckoning whether we wish to do so or not.

HOW THREE SOUTHERN FUNDAMENTALISTS EMBRACED THE HIGHER LEARNING

BY GRACE ADAMS

WE hear that the South is becoming educated. The peasants of Tennessee may be still wallowing in ignorance, but the colleges of North Carolina and Texas are flourishing. Every year a staggering sum of money goes into the endowment of institutions of learning throughout the South. But more than this; Southerners are flocking to the Northern universities for graduate study. We also hear that these Northern universities breed skepticism and atheism. So it might seem that the South would soon be overflowing with young intellectuals in revolt against the faith of their fathers. Yet I wonder what is actually accomplished by this higher education. As I was born in Virginia and between the ages of five and twenty never left the state, I think I have the right to wonder.

At some time during the three years I was a graduate student at Cornell University there were three other Southerners working for their doctor's degrees in the department of psychology; two men and a girl. One of the men had been teaching mathematics in a small college in Kentucky for some thirty years. His credentials as well as his exact age were a bit hazy, but his desire for an education so late in life appealed to the authorities and he was allowed to enter for a higher degree. But there was nothing hazy about the credentials of the young man and the girl. Their records showed them to be the most brilliant students ever graduated from Wake Forest College in North Carolina and Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Virginia. (I am also a graduate of Randolph-Macon and can vouch for the height of the young lady's grades.) Their work at these institutions had been so excellent that they both obtained scholarships in psychology before they entered the university.

As Wake Forest is a Baptist institution and Randolph-Macon a Methodist one, it might be assumed that the young gentleman was a Baptist and the young lady a Methodist. The assumption would be correct. And the old gentleman was a Presbyterian. But so are most graduates of Southern colleges Protestants of one kind or another. Protestantism and respectability are synonymous in the South. There is nothing in its denominational colleges to foster a spirit of revolt. The professors there are required to lead chapel in the mornings and prayer meetings on Wednesday nights. The libraries are carefully guarded against any intelligible heresy. So it is easy for even the most gifted student to spend four hard working years in one of these institutions and to receive its degree without once encountering a skeptical idea.

But when these three seekers after truth entered the graduate

school of Cornell they entered an atmosphere which, in regard to spiritual matters, was the complete antithesis of the one they had only a few days before deserted. The head of the department of psychology, whose reputed wisdom had led them to Ithaca, had, so far as anyone close to him could tell, never had any traffic with the church. In his early days at Cornell the ideas which he offered to his students had been a deep source of worry to the Professor of Christian Ethics. This worthy gentleman complained to the president of the University that the agnostic Titchener was causing his pupils to ask him questions which he could not answer. Even in 1900 a good professor of psychology was more valuable to a university than a mediocre teacher of Christian ethics and Jacob Gould Shurmann was as much a diplomat as a college president as he is now as a foreign ambassador. So he very politely reminded the ethical gentleman that his influence in the university did not extend beyond the door of his own class room; and as an insurance against any further friction the psychological laboratory was soon enlarged and the chair of Christian Ethics removed. Titchener, thus gently shielded from any contact with Christianity, gradually began to look upon Protestantism as a system of thought as far removed from civilization as Voodooism and assumed that no student of his would give more credence to one than to the other.

The younger professors and instructors in the department had, however, had no tactful diplomat to guard them against encounters with the righteous. Although they had all come through victorious and renounced the Lord and all his works, the scars of their battles were still remembered and most of them liked to talk about them. It was with these younger men that the three Southerners were in daily contact. They were with them not only in the class rooms and seminars but in the laboratory and work shop and informally throughout the day. In informal conversation topics touching on religion came up as often as any others. Here the novices heard the absurdity of Christianity pointed out as seriously as they had heard its glories extolled at home.

It would seem that the stage was set for three grand renunciations of faith. But what happened? The admiration of the Southerners for their professors grew weekly and their respect and affection for the younger men. Yet as far as anyone could tell their fundamental ideas did not change in the least. They studied industriously and conscientiously, though never on Sunday. That day was strictly reserved for Sunday school and church. Not only did they do all the work that was required of them but they were eager to absorb what extra-curricula culture they could from discussions in the laboratory. They listened with rapt attention and utmost respect to whatever was said. That is until the conversation touched on religion. Then there was a complete change. The old man would get red in the face and sputter. The girl would make some cryptic remark about Northerners having no respect for a lady and leave the room. And the younger man would at first laugh a little incred-

lously, then announce sternly: "You fellows don't know what you are talking about."

Still his certainty that they knew nothing about the mysteries of true religion in no way altered his admiration of their knowledge of secular matters and he was constantly reminding himself and everyone else that he was attending the best university in the North. One day I asked him what made him so sure of this. "Why," he answered readily, "haven't you noticed how few niggers go here."

The girl's confidence in the university, however, was shaken before the end of her first year there. A young woman she knew was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She, herself, already belonged to this order and in the college she came from "character" was the prime requisite for membership. It was impossible that this other girl possessed character because she smoked cigarettes and did not believe in God. Southern womanhood had been insulted too flagrantly. At the end of the year she had her credits transferred elsewhere.

In due time, though, the two men received their coveted Ph. D.s. They immediately returned South, and to the two colleges from which they had come. And what had been accomplished during the three years that they had been away? Their salaries were larger than they had been when they were only instructors with M. A.s. Now that they were called "doctor" they would soon be "professor." And the respect shown these titles was gratifying. They had printed these adorned by their full names to place conspicuously on their desks, and they knew a few more obscure facts with which to befuddle their pupils. Otherwise things were much as they had been before they left. They would still lead chapel on week days and on the sacred Sabbath teach Sunday school, and in faculty meetings they would still cast their vote against the "immoral" student.

The moral of this tale may be a little uncertain. I have chosen these three Southern students because it is with their background that I am most familiar, but especially because if the Northern students with whom I was in touch had any strong religious convictions when they came to Cornell they kept them strictly secret. Perhaps the Southerners were exceptional, but I don't think so. Certainly there are Southerners who become debunked through graduate study, yet even if they are numerous the chances are that their attitude would have changed without that added stimulus toward rational thought. I think these three are more nearly typical. And if they are, the South need have no fear of letting its sons and daughters associate with the infidels in the North. For if reason ever had the odds on its side in a bout with fundamentalism it had them in this case. No one taunted these students with being fundamentalists and no one tried to belligerently convert them to rationalism. They merely heard men they had sought as intellectual guides continually point out the contradictions, the stupidities and unreason of mystical thinking. Yet their own ideas never received the slightest jolt.

It would seem, from these cases at least, that an intelligence above the average (if measured in terms of academic achievement), an earnest desire for more information, and a most favorable intel-

lectual environment are no guarantees of deliverance from fundamentalism. What these three people lacked, as shown by the disappointing quality of their research work, was a real desire for independent thinking. They came, at considerable expense and sacrifice, to the university they considered the best in the country. While there they were willing to work tirelessly to receive the recognition of this university: its degree. They were willing to accept and believe what was taught them there, so long as it did not conflict with what they had accepted and believed in at home. When there was a conflict they ignored it. In one pigeon hole of their minds they stored the facts of psychology, in another they kept intact the faith of their childhood. And they faced the world serene and secure. But serenity and security are not the two qualities which are most essential for creditable scientific research. They saw people they considered their intellectual inferiors surpass them in this. But even that did not worry them much. As soon as a degree was won there was that better position waiting at home. So now in spite of all a great university tried to do for them they are smugly guarding the youngsters of the South from the very ideas for which that university was founded.

THE DRUMS OF HOLLYWOOD

BY DON GORDON

IF you are an average citizen—and who isn't?—Hollywood lies awake nights plotting new devices to impress itself upon your consciousness. If you are not an average citizen—and who admits it?—you are the cause of the same sleeplessness but you know what's going on. In either case the drums of Hollywood beat their way into your brain. You can't escape them as long as you remain within reach of what is popularly known as civilization.

Pause for a moment to recall the day that has just passed. At the breakfast table your favorite newspaper has flung at you columns of empty studio gossip and pages of voluptuous nereids somersaulting on the surprised sands of Venice (Calif.). If it has been Sunday, the rotogravure section has emphasized the point in sepia. The magazine you picked up on the stands has retailed the luscious anecdotes at greater length and there, too, the same nereids disport themselves. Your most abominated billboard has shrieked the latest from Hollywood in not-to-be-overlooked letters, all red and two yards wide. Upon your return home, your daughter was probably to be found posing before the mirror and demonstrating Gloria's last coiffure and your son was manfully lighting his cigarette a la Fairbanks or whirling an improvised bolas at the family cat. After dinner your radio no doubt regaled you with the lisped accents of a baby star aided by the quite audible promptings of mamma.

If you are the most obscure individual in the farthest hamlet, still you have not eluded some mention of stars, some Hollywood chatter, some "leg art." All this is not a matter of chance. Behind

these apparently innocent diversions is a complicated and expensive publicity mechanism.

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EVERY studio has a staff of writers or other hacks whose sole duty it is to see that the names of Hollywood and its inmates do not for a single day fade from the eyes and the ears of the reading and the listening public. A star, or even a featured player, cannot marry, omit the ceremony, change a bob or a mustache, buy a car or a dog or a ticket or particularly a pair of garters, kiss his wife or her husband or what-have-you, without setting the elaborate publicity machine in motion. The glad tidings are spread over the face of the earth. The more minute and ridiculous the act, the better the "copy."

Whether or not the stars perform enough interesting antics each day is immaterial. The machine grinds out its stories anyway. The usual procedure is to compel each harassed writer to turn in from six to a dozen stories a day. It sounds easy. Multiply this effort by three hundred and sixty-five and you perceive why the copy is so thin. And you see why there is no news in the news from Hollywood.

It is all manufactured to order. The idea is to repeat the names of stars and pictures so often that they register upon the brain of every potential theater patron. Let him feel that he knows everyone in Hollywood. Let him believe that he is "in" on all the state secrets of the studios, that he is permitted to peek into dressing rooms—and bedrooms if necessary. Then he will feel himself to be a part of the industry, he will unconsciously repeat the magic names to his neighbors, he will gossip familiarly about Hollywood though he live in the forests of Maine—and what is more important, he will deposit his money at the box-office for the privilege of seeing the official performances of those whose unofficial lives he has been graciously allowed to share.

There must be a reason for the fact that there is more picture publicity than any other kind. It lies in this—Hollywood realizes that its productions are not, in themselves, unique enough to attract even the multitude. It is, then, necessary to stimulate interest and excitement in other ways. Modern advertising demonstrates that you can sell anything if you talk about it long enough and loudly enough.

You can foist inferior pictures upon the public if you first make the public believe that your stars are next to deities in beauty and personality, that you spent staggering sums to make these pictures and that you endured nameless hardships to photograph them. Or it is even simpler to show your actresses in their bathing suits or in negligee—behold! here are legs, here are forms divine; pictures must be perfect that reveal these wonders. That is enough for the public. For, say what you will about this childish appeal, that public stands in line for its tickets night after night.

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THERE is legitimate advertising, advertising that brings a product to the attention of the ultimate consumer. We have no quarrel with it. There is that other advertising that is mere inflation—a smoke-screen thrown out to conceal essential weakness.

The Hollywood argument is this: dazzle the public with the everlasting wonder of your stars and that public will then be too blind and too ecstatic to see your anemic pictures clearly. Divert its attention from the main issue—the quality of pictures—interest it in trifles, throw it publicity sops, create an atmosphere and smother your public with it. The public is a Cyclops anyway. Wave a glittering bauble before its single, astigmatic eye and, like Ulysses, you may easily ram home the sharpened log.

There is another angle. Paid publicity is annihilating honest criticism, or, rather, stifling it before it is born. This is the system: a newspaper or periodical that sells advertising space to studios or exhibitors is forced to devote equal space to unpaid blurbs in its supposed news columns. The advertisers do not permit genuine critical analysis of their products to creep into the same journal that contains their advertising. It is the old story again—that the business office dominates the editorial department. Intelligent motion picture reviews are badly needed. Intelligent reviews are almost impossible under the present arrangement. Willingly or unwillingly, the newspapers are at the beck and call of Hollywood.

There was recently a pertinent example within half an hour's ride from Hollywood. A certain town has a population of about fifty thousand. It has one newspaper. Exhibitors and studios advertised in that paper. A certain young man who knew studios and pictures from the inside out became a columnist and picture reviewer on the paper. He wrote honest, trained and intelligent reviews. His column contained frank and impartial comment on pictures.

In a short time protests began to come in to the editor. Studio publicity departments wrote frantic letters. "Did we not buy space in your paper? What's the idea of all this criticism anyway? We want boosts, not knocks. Take it easy, Mr. Editor." More of the same came from the exhibitors. They objected to the reviews, no matter how fair. They objected to comment, no matter how sound. They wanted every picture to be praised, whatever its value. Otherwise they would cease to advertise in the paper. They blustered and threatened and pawed up clouds of dust.

The editor was in a predicament. Personally he knew that his reviewer was impartial and capable. His readers were pleased with the reviews and the comment. They wrote letters expressing their interest in them. But here were the studios and the exhibitors clamoring for the usual blurbs in the news columns.

Financial expediency won the day. The editor was forced to tell his reviewer to write more gently, to pocket his intelligence, to put the public back on its customary diet of pap. The result is that the paper now contains only the publicity sent in by the studios, the petty manufactured publicity; and reviews that are not reviews at all but the emptiest of comment, lifeless and without point.

Multiply this case by almost every journal in the country and you perceive why Hollywood is able to ballyhoo unmolested. The picture industry is so huge, it has such fortunes at its command that

few dare oppose it. No single newspaper can afford to speak freely. The columns of comment are closed corporations. There is constant need of trained and discriminating criticism. Someone ought to stand on his hind legs and shout as loud as Hollywood or louder. Unfortunately, Hollywood has bought the right to shout through the only available megaphones.

It is a strange thing that with all this obvious and forced publicity, people are still talking about the *art* of the motion picture. An art does not have to be floated into port on a sea of blurbs. It stands on its inherent value or falls with the lack of it. It may, with dignity, present its case. It does not require the services of an auctioneer. The very nature of film publicity gives away the secret of the business. It is not based upon sound values. It seeks, not to call attention to a desirable product, but to conceal the weakness of the product behind a smoke-screen of words. It is cheap, noisy, garish and false.

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DESPITE the ridicule that has been heaped upon the intelligence of the public, it is undeniable that at least a portion of that public is not without some discrimination. The picture industry has made no effort to reach that part of the public. Hollywood assumes that the public would not know good pictures if it saw them. Why bother to make good pictures as long as you can sell poor ones and force them down with the sugar coating of cheap publicity? Why create an art when you can manufacture a standard product? Why vary the product when it is easier to vary the publicity and make the consumer believe that he is getting something new?

Perhaps even this would be bearable if only they wouldn't talk so much about art. Every gathering of Hollywood people is festooned with garlands of words, long, tinkling words about the great art of the motion picture. Those who utter them know full well what nonsense they speak. It is evident that they are insincere. Else why do they so fiercely resent impartial criticism? Great art can withstand attack, serene in the consciousness of its own integrity. It is only the imitations that fear analysis.

If only, for once, they would come out and say what they really think. "Yes, we make stupid pictures. Certainly we turn out a standardized article. Why not? We sell it. Art? Rubbish. This is Hollywood." Instead, they go on with the same old platitudes, the same old Rotarian back-slapping.

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I REMEMBER one occasion on which Mr. Will Hays addressed a studio gathering. Incidentally, the gathering occurred because a studio had put up half a dozen stucco shacks for offices. Narrow alleys formed avenues between the shacks. These alleys were named after the great thoroughfares of New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Rome. For the occasion, the flags of all nations were hung in profusion. A tiny fountain in the center of the courtyard was covered with what looked like a chemise but was intended to be a curtain. Amid martial music and the wild applause of the spectators, the

chemise was withdrawn and the inscription, "One picture is worth ten thousand words," was revealed in all its glorious originality; the flags waved and extra girls, lightly clad, passed a pink carnation to each visitor. It was a Hollywood holiday and cameras clicked the record of the gala day. More publicity.

It was then that Mr. Hays addressed the throng. He said that those he addressed were engaged in a great work, a work that was a well-nigh sacred mission; that they were bearers of light in the dark places and that from them emanated noble ideas that were transmitted to the thirsting minds of millions. And every speaker who followed Mr. Hays said, "As Mr. Hays said, we are engaged in a great work, a work that is a well-nigh sacred mission . . ."

* * * * *

THE Hollywood smoke-screen has another unfortunate but prearranged result to its discredit. It often creates stars where there are no stars. Publicity and publicity alone clothes with splendor the gaunt skeletons of many film celebrities. There has been more than one instance in which a star has actually been ordained through publicity.

Someone's daughter or wife or mistress is given a name that looks, in bright lights, as though it ought to belong to a great actress. She is given the lead in a picture. She blunders through. Advance publicity familiarizes the public with the "discovery." The new star is mentioned and her photograph displayed in hundreds of newspapers and magazines with a circulation of millions.

The picture comes out in a blaze of glory. More stories for the paper. The star is "interviewed." Her views—dramatic, religious, sexual—are carefully presented by trained writers who sometimes have not even seen her. The barrage goes on. After a while the public begins to believe that the new star shines with her own light. It does not perceive that this is but the reflection in the mirror held up by skilled exploiters.

A little later, if one is to judge by the quantity of printed publicity involved, the public takes, or is forced to take, an astounding interest in the new star's clothes, her children or her dogs, her domestic habits, if any, her coiffure and her garters—most frequently her garters. Don't forget them. They are important. Their display is called technically "leg art" and is the most persistent and successful of all publicity devices. What it has to do with histrionic talent has not yet been revealed by the prophets of Hollywood.

All this is equally unfortunate for the star who is a star by virtue of genuine talent. Not every actor or actress has been raised among the constellations by sheer force of words. Some deserve their fame. But these are made to go through the publicity mill with the others. They are not permitted to rely upon their work, upon their honest efforts to give great performances. They, too, must be made ridiculous, their foibles must be displayed, their private lives must be laid as naked as Helen's. Sometimes they are intelligent enough to despise this trickery, to resent the implication that their work cannot stand on its own feet. But their protests are in

vain. If they do not furnish copy with their actual idiosyncrasies, then copy is written anyway and they are presented with as fine a set of antics as you could wish.



IT would surprise Hollywood to find that part of the public is disgusted with this incessant and petty publicity. But this is by no means an impossible assumption. It has often been said that the public has the intelligence quotient of a child. If this be so, it is still capable of recognizing nonsense when it sees it. A child has at least rudimentary perceptions.

There is already a faint and far-off murmur of ennui. The voice of the people, adolescent still, begins to find itself. A growing number of malcontents are spreading dissatisfaction. The first child-like acceptance of everything that comes out of Hollywood is giving place to an increasing sense of discrimination. When this sense comes to maturity, pictures may fall as rapidly as once they ascended. Already exhibitors have seen the handwriting on the wall. They have tried to attract audiences, no longer with pictures alone, but with vaudeville and prologues and music, anything to hold their patrons. Later, when these patrons become even more picture-wise, the problem will be greater. The structure reared by publicity will collapse like a house of cards.

The picture industry is notoriously short-sighted. It never knows what it is going to do or where it is going to be even a few months in advance. The gates are always closing at intervals because there is no vision. In the publicity field this short-sightedness is only too apparent.

Hollywood has never tried to base its reputation upon sound value. It has, on the contrary, erected its glittering edifice in the form of a pyramid standing on its pointed head. The product, the picture, is that point. Upward and outward the publicity superstructure rises. It spreads widely, mushroom-like, far beyond the precarious base. The law of gravity is for the moment miraculously suspended. The vast structure sways dizzily under the weight of disproportionate values. Yet the builders labor recklessly, prodigally, still depending for foundation upon the frail point that is the base.

It will be too bad if the wind blows some day.

THE HIGH COST OF PRAYING

BY ZAVE WOLFE

IN the maze of the modern large city newspaper one frequently overlooks many items of great interest for the simple reason that these items are either intentionally or inadvertently placed in some obscure corner of the page. One of such items is the report of a survey just completed in New York which shows that during the past year over two billions of dollars have been contributed in the United States to educational, philanthropic and religious organizations. Similar sums have been donated by the American public annually for the past four years.

One naturally begins to wonder what becomes of these huge sums. Have they been usefully employed?

A close examination of the way the money has been spent does not prove very encouraging. Only about one-fifth of this enormous sum has been gainfully spent by health and educational organizations, the money going toward establishing or maintaining institutions whose aim is to repel the invasion of man's deadliest enemies, disease and ignorance. The major portion of this vast fortune, however, was devoted either toward temporary relief or religious organizations, the latter receiving the lion's share.

That an enormously wealthy country like the United States should have to spend about two hundred and fifty millions of dollars on organized charity is in itself a sad commentary on our much-talked-of, but unfortunately little realized, Coolidge prosperity. That the sums spent are vastly insufficient and are merely like an oil drop thinly covering the surface of the huge pail of misery need not be demonstrated. Let anyone who wishes go into the poorer sections of any large city, or try to answer a "Help Wanted" advertisement, or, still better, observe the children coming to school in the morning and see their hollow eyes and ragged clothes. Our prosperity perhaps does exist after all, but in places difficult of access for the average man. It is only the man higher up that cleans up everything in sight, prosperity or no prosperity.

The next item of great interest to us is the huge consumption of money by religious organizations, a billion dollars! What an enormous amount of good could have been accomplished with such a sum! And what has been done with it? The news item does not give any details. We can well afford to assume that a part of this sum went toward the upkeep of the parish charities, thus swelling the amount spent annually to patch up the holes of our threadbare civilization.

But the rest? Where has the rest gone to?

A perusal of the daily press from day to day will tell us at least

part of the story. Every now and then we are informed both in print and in pictures that this church or that synagogue has been dedicated, and that it cost so much and so much, in many cases mounting into the hundreds of thousands, with the cost of upkeep proportionately large.

Who needs these buildings? Who wants these huge, although in some cases admittedly beautiful edifices? Are the already existing churches so crowded that more room must be provided for the faithful? Or has God become so uppish and fastidious like the newly rich and cannot receive the penitent and the pious except in million-dollar structures? Were the early Christians less worthy because they worshipped in caves which were not adorned with huge candelabras and costly ornaments?

The answer is not difficult to find. We as a nation have become the "Show-Offs" of the world. We are forever boasting of our wealth and power, dangling it before the eyes of the world as a boy holds a bone before a hungry dog. And in order to make good our bragging we build new places of worship when the old ones are almost always empty.

And this in a land of superlative efficiency!

COD, BEANPOT AND BOOT: A BOSTON FARCE

BY W. P. NORWIN

THE well-bred God who presides over the traditional decorums of Boston, though generally straitlaced in both principle and practice, has at times his moments of weakness. On such occasions the ancient sages of the community proclaim the degeneration of the moderns; virtuous businessmen hide the ungracious sight from the eyes of innocent women and children; and the whited bones of the Puritans turn and rattle in dismay. Yet even the gods declare their right to occasional lapses, and though those who disapprove may shriek their horror, there is nothing to be done about it. For a moment the serious routine of the world is relaxed, and in human events is inspired a levity unbecoming and preposterous.

It must have been in such a moment of careless humor that the stately god who watches over Boston recently caused to be enacted there a legislative farce in which a goodly number of Massachusetts citizens more or less seriously took part, and which became momentarily the jest of the town. For however great the quantity of dignity which tradition has assigned to the administration of government in New England, the most conspicuous thing about that administration in recent years has been the frequency and completeness with which it, or some part of it, has succeeded in becoming the laughing stock of the rest of the country. Often enough, as well, Boston citizens themselves appreciate the joke.

In the instance under consideration, a mere interlude in the sober routine of the State government, they appreciated it to the full. The immediate actors in the best comedy to be put on by Massachusetts dignitaries since the beginning of the year 1928 were the legislators of the House Rules Committee, the mayors of several cities, and the representatives of various industries and organizations who assembled in solemn conclave in a hearing room of the State House. The momentous question under discussion was whether the codfish, the beanpot, or the boot should have the place of honor on the State's automobile license plates.

Many of the participants took the business in all seriousness, but others were moved to joviality. A large audience which watched the proceedings, in fact, was in a constant state of amusement. Many of the arguments put forth were as complete as a course of Harvard lectures in biology or economics, and the committee in charge of the hearing acquired more information about codfish, beans, boots, whips, corsets, silk stockings, cotton looms, stoves, sewing machines, quahogs, whales, and toothbrushes than the historic or industrial milieus of their State had ever equipped them with. For each of these various objects and products demanded the disputed place on the license

plates, and had impassioned orators to advance its claims. All this excitement and tumult, however, was merely the sequel to another farce that had been played out with mingled mirth and bitterness some time before.

Mr. Frank A. Goodwin, who became registrar of motor vehicles some years ago, first conceived the idea of placing a distinctive State emblem on the license plates, and adopted for the purpose the codfish, long cherished in Massachusetts tradition. But as the fortunate fish appeared on the plates, it was a finless cod. Some resident of Gloucester, doubtless a ship master or at least connected in some way with fish and their fate, wrote to Mr. Goodwin that the fish on the plates resembled no cod that he had ever seen before. In the first place it had no fins, and in the second no Gloucester codfish, which was the true and only historic Massachusetts cod, had ever looked like this fish. Residents of other towns and of Boston made further public banter on the subject in the *Transcript's* columns.

As everyone in the East knows, one of the large canners of fish in Massachusetts is a certain Mr. Gorton; in fact, Gorton's boneless codfish has long held a worthy place beside that other Massachusetts contribution to the hazards of civilized existence, the Boston baked bean. Therefore, being called upon to make some answer to the protests over the fish on the license plates, Mr. Goodwin replied jocularly in a letter to the *Transcript* that his cod was a boneless cod, and that it was intended simply as free advertising for Mr. Gorton. Naturally then it had no fins and bore a rather depressed and stereotyped aspect. It was shortly after this, though not primarily as a result of it, that Mr. Goodwin and Governor Fuller had a series of rows which provided the Hearst papers with extremely decorative headlines; and after both men had called one another liars rather profusely, Mr. Goodwin was forced to resign his office. But the cod on the license plates was still a matter of public amusement. Apparently this was not in keeping with the dignity of the State, and Mr. Goodwin no longer being about to defend his codfish, a committee of the legislature decided to settle the business for good and all.

Such was the situation when the House Rules Committee began its hearing on the matter: the cod, suffering from the political stigma which had been fastened on the departed registrar, was plainly on the defensive before a host of other flora and fauna which threatened to cast it into outer darkness and usurp its high social position on the license tags. But the fish had its stout defenders. The first petition presented, in fact, argued that it should legally remain forever in its proud place, for, said the representative from Gloucester, ever since 1784 the famous wooden codfish in the House Chamber had been the emblem of the Bay State. And the Mayor of Gloucester, tracing the history of the cod from the distant time of Eric the Red, declared it represented the pioneer industry of the country. "They're trying to make a comedy out of this fish," he said, "by introducing beanpots, rubber boots, and Teapot domes, but it is a serious matter. The sacred cod is the accepted emblem of Massachusetts. . . ."

II

A NUMBER of other officials, dignitaries, and plain citizens were on hand to stand up for the sacred fish. A former mayor of Gloucester, two representatives of the Massachusetts Fisheries Association, the president of the Master Fisherman's Association, members of the Gloucester board of aldermen, Mrs. Nellie Parsons, the State Senator from Rowley, and several others all spoke in behalf of the cod. Councillor Al Fish of Boston asked to be recorded in its favor. The State Senator from Wareham on Cape Cod said that some of his people favored the notion of using a clam as the emblem on the automobile plates, but that he was sure they would gracefully give way to the honored codfish. The Speaker, John C. Hull, asked another supporter of the fish, Whitfield Tuck of Winchester, if there were any cod in the Aberjona River, of which Mr. Tuck is particularly proud, and the latter answered that the questioning of the cod's high estate was merely another attempt to cast aspersions on the ousted registrar, who had first adopted the fish and made it the subject of popular merriment. The present registrar was the only speaker in opposition, and he said that a cod, not finless but now sufficiently equipped with its full anatomical requisites, would appear on the licenses for motor trucks next year, since these had been already made. But forty thousand plates had also been made for passenger cars minus any kind of cod, with or without fins.

Then Representative Anderson of Boston defended his bill, by which a beanpot would replace the sacred cod on every set of automobile plates. He said, "Some people may assume this is a joke, but when it comes to the early history of Massachusetts it was the bean and not the cod which became historic." He then went into the historical background of the bean, Boston's proudest symbol of dyspepsia, and told of how in 1643 the Massachusetts General Court ordered the election of senators to be conducted with white and black Indian beans as ballots. Then someone had conceived a grudge against white beans—the very sight being sufficient, perhaps, to dispirit even hardy politicians with unwelcome reminiscences of indigestion—and white corn kernels were used in place of them. Even today the Massachusetts Historical Society preserves this ancient usage, voting on questions of membership with white corn and black beans.

At this point in the historical survey of the bean another representative interrupted, "Isn't Boston known as the home of the bean *and the cod*?"

"But you will notice," replied Mr. Anderson, quick to seize the flaw in this thrust, "that the bean comes first."

The authority of religion, following that of tradition, was now invoked in behalf of the Boston Bean. One of the previous speakers had quoted from the Bible on the general subject of fish, and Mr. Anderson proceeded to quote chapters from II Samuel and Ezra which tell about beans. He then issued a defiance to anyone to show where the codfish was specifically mentioned in the Scriptures.

For what, he went on, does the unemployed man on the street humbly ask money from passersby? Why, for a plate of beans, of course! . . . What delicate object graces the tables of Brahmins in the Back Bay on Saturday nights? Why, the beanpot! . . . Thus, beans are the emblem of democracy in Boston.

At this point Speaker Hull asked if there was not a danger that the number plates would be stolen if they contained a pot of beans. "They are stolen now," Mr. Anderson replied.

But there was opposition to the beanpot bill, and Mr. Tuck of Winchester put a sad crimp in it when he brought out the fact that the beans used in Boston are not Massachusetts beans, but come from New York. And Massachusetts is not in the license plate business solely to advertise "New York and Tammany Hall."

III

NEXT Representative Osbourne of Lynn championed the boot as a worthy emblem of the State's economic life. Criticizing the sacred cod, he said that the desire for it was mainly a Gloucester obsession and that, anyway, the haddock had now surpassed it in production. Besides, the cod is not really a Massachusetts citizen, however popular, since its real home is on the Grand Banks, outside the three-mile and also the twelve-mile limit. But boots and shoes are not dirty foreigners and in addition have been a leading industry in Massachusetts since the first shoe equipment came over on the third trip made by the Mayflower. Mr. Osbourne gave all the statistics on the boot and shoe industry, and was firm in declaring that it should have the place of honor on the number plates. But Representative Fitzgerald of Boston demurred, declaring he thought that a boot on the licenses would be entirely too suggestive to bootleggers.

Following this, the cod came in for more criticism. The Assistant Secretary of the Lynn Chamber of Commerce said that it was not codfish which made the fortunes of the Massachusetts forefathers, but slaves and rum. But no one, even a hardened satirist, he said, would suggest for the number plates a reproduction of a slave holding a bottle of rum. Then another Chamber of Commerce secretary spoke up again for the plain and democratic boot, but suggested that a different industry could be represented each year.

In fact, there were a dozen or more speakers ready and bursting with eagerness to say a good word for all the various industries of the State which desired the coveted place on the licenses at the expense of the present incumbent. There were those who burned to declare the virtues of the Westfield whip. Others desired to set forth the ravishing graces of the Worcester corset, and still others the lofty values of the Ipswich silk stocking. The sturdy qualities of the Hopedale cotton loom would have formed the subject of further panegyrics, and the sober Taunton stove only craved the opportunity to prove its domestic and homely merits. The Athol sewing machine had its prophets as well; the New Bedford whale and the quahog of Cape Cod their stout and devoted partisans. Lastly, others would

have hymned to legislative ears the surprising powers of the Northampton toothbrush.

But all in vain. The other competing industries had no chance, for following the various arguments historical, political, industrial, gustatorial, and what not, the Committee rudely voted down even the cod, the beanpot, and the boot, and the number plates of future years, it seems, will bear the emblem of none of the sturdily championed traditions of New England. It is too bad, for even the cod at present to be seen on the licenses does bear some faint resemblance to a maltreated and defenseless fish. And who knows how much better the designers of future emblems might have succeeded with material so far more rich, various, and suggestive!

THE MEDICAL MAN AND ADVERTISING

BY R. R. WINTERBOTHAM

WHILE in Wichita, Kansas, in May I strolled into the lobby of the Hotel Lassen and found it full of medical men. The Kansas State Medical Association was having a convention, which meant that a good many doctors were attending meetings, some having a good time and others were doing both.

I met a practicing physician there whose age, I should judge, was about 35 and who seemed to be doing a little bit of both. So I joined him in having a good time.

During the course of the enjoyment I mentioned to him that I was an ad. writer. The doctor gazed at me for a moment, as if to diagnose my case, and then with an air of sagacity, he said: "Young man, if you want to make a fortune, figure out a way for us M. D.'s to advertise and still be ethical." That is what this yarn is about—to correct the impression that doctors don't advertise.

My friend's statement showed that some doctors, at least, want to advertise in the legitimate way. Doubtless he was not aware of the hundred-and-one methods used by professional men to get themselves known synonymously with their profession.

Of course the most common method is free advertising through the news columns of the daily and weekly local papers. In small towns a doctor is always an important person and when his wife gives a party or Doc goes to a neighboring city or buys a new car, it is always good for a three or four line item.

As a former newspaper reporter I can say with authenticity that all professional men, with a few hypocritical exceptions, dearly love to get their name in print. This statement might be enlarged to include the whole of human nature but professional men are publicity seekers extraordinary.

Any man who has been a "news hound" knows that the place to get "hot" tips and the place where he is always treated with friendliness is in a lawyer's office. Preachers are becoming pests in all newspaper offices with their continual bombardment of publicity.

Doctors are sometimes a little reluctant about giving out infor-

mation concerning patients but the health officer and the coroner (if they are doctors), oh my! And if the reporter fails to mention the source of a story he gets from them he will hear about it the next time.

There is a form of paid advertising still used by medical men. In villages and cities, where advertising rates are not too high, doctors sometimes insert cards in the local papers. The following story will illustrate several facts about paid and unpaid professional publicity.

Some years ago the medical men of Salina, Kansas, decided that it was becoming too expensive to continue the insertion of their cards in the Salina newspapers. At a medical meeting a resolution was passed to the effect that the doctors considered the insertion of cards in local papers to come under the class of "unethical advertising." The two editors were notified.

"All right," said one editor, "you're the doctors."

So in the *Journal's* style book appeared a new line: "Always refer to a man of the medical profession as 'Mr. Soandso,' never as 'Dr. Soandso.' The doctors do not choose to advertise." Or words to that effect.

The indignant M. D.'s, when they found themselves being called "Mr.," stopped the paper, refused to give news and slandered the editor. But the editor was used to that and the doctors were only hurting themselves by not telling the society reporter about their wives' parties. The editor had his fun and then gradually resumed calling doctors by their proper titles.

Almost invariably it is necessary for a doctor to begin his practice in a strange city. The home folks do not trust the youth, who seemingly only yesterday was stealing watermelons and playing hookey from school. I was talking to a young doctor recently who was practicing in his home town.

"The only patients I get are total strangers to me," he told me. "The old folks know too much of my past history."

So the young doctor must get acquainted in a strange locality and he must not "advertise." A wife is of utmost importance to a medical man. She must be a mixer, a diplomat and a social butterfly. She must be well liked because she is a doctor's best medium of advertising.

The doctor himself must have membership in at least one golf club, he must be a Rotarian or Lion or belong to a similar civic club, he must belong to a few lodges and donate regularly to the charities which will give him the best advertising.

Other methods of publicity which he must use are his appearance, his attitude and his personality. He must dress neatly, never eat onions and never become excited.

He must make a show of dignified prosperity. He must not be too showy or his patients will think he is charging too much. It hurts worse than the operation to see the family doctor buy a new car after your trip to the hospital.

The most successful doctors are dignified. The jocular, gay-

living rascal rarely gets his income from the finer diseases in life.

The dignified, quiet, scientific gentleman who holds his patients in awe of him is the most successful. To him come the wealthy patients and the interesting disorders. His own personality is his advertisement and frequently his cure.

You ask me how I know? My grandfather was a successful doctor and my father still is successful as a practicing physician and a specialist in electrical therapeutics. I took up medicine at college until a chemistry professor told me I'd make a better poet and flunked me. I've sold \$2 worth of poetry in my life.

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE RESIST DISEASE BETTER THAN OTHERS?

BY T. SWANN HARDING

THERE are, roughly approximating, seventy-five thousand nine hundred and sixty charlatans of sorts in this country who could answer that question fully, completely and finally in five minutes. These shock troops are reinforced by, making our estimate a modest one, some twenty million state lay militia who can offer you other explanations quite as full, complete, final and quickly. It is, therefore, rather shocking to remember that experts in diathesis, that segment of science treating of constitutional resistance to disease, cannot answer the question definitely at all.

This reminds us, perhaps, that in the Island of Dunk, which lies off the West Queensland Coast of Australia in case you want to investigate further, there lives a frilled clam that scientists have elect to dub *Tridacna Compressa* in their light and airy way. This clam in its tender infancy seals or anchors itself in a tiny crack or crevice and by a continuous and imperceptible elbow-rooming movement deepens and enlarges this cavity as it develops. The point is, though it grows assiduously during its lifetime its limestone compartment is never too large; it is always just a neat fit and clam fills every last cubic centimeter of it!

Very many people are precisely like that frilled clam in the manner in which they completely fill their own private universes. They can always fill every nook and cranny of their world completely and they understand everything. Life, for them, is perfectly simple, all its problems are easily explicable; simple causes produce uncomplicated results—this is clearly and plainly related to that so that nothing remains mysterious, complex or ill understood.

One of the surest tests of ignorance—it is extremely delicate and reliable—is simplicity, glib simplicity. Practically anything, no matter how complex, is exceedingly simple to the ignorant. Yet a wise man can spend a lifetime on a vitamin or an amino acid and wind up lamenting his ignorance and the complexity of nature which makes the solution of problems so elusive.

This fact may often be very useful. When a layman picks up a book or a periodical wherein the author knows all about how glands

affect the personality or each other, how kidney trouble is caused and cured, how cancer and high blood pressure come to be and may be banished, or how men may readily be rejuvenated—or any such thing—he may feel quite sure that the author is too simple to be wise, too pre-logical or religious in his approach to be scientific.

Books *soi disant* scientific may readily be classified by this means. Those containing dogmatic, positive assertions tending to imply that it is all very simple and easily settled being discarded as of questionable value and authenticity. For life and science are both complex, tentative and fragmentary in their conclusions.

It was very simple for Pepys (whose entire Diary in nine volumes the writer just read in a fit of lurid impetuosity) to prevent his "colique" by carrying a rabbit's foot. Just so it was quite simple and easy to prevent rheumatism by carrying a raw potato. Yet rheumatism is actually one of the most complex pathological conditions and, as it ramifies into arthritis of sorts, often defies scientists who seek its cause (etiology) and cure.

A bacillus is surely very simple—to many people. Yet what could be more complex in so small a space? Simple as it appears a bacillus within its minute self performs all the major functions of life—ingests and digests food, elaborates appropriate enzymes to accomplish this, shows irritability and reaction to stimuli and reproduces by fission. Fed upon one sugar a bacillus will elaborate an enzyme specifically appropriate to cope with and digest that sugar; fed another it will unerringly produce another enzyme, again appropriate. If malignant from a human standpoint a bacillus will indulge in miracles of adaptation and mutation given a little opportunity.

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THIS establishment of the fact of complexity may very well preface a brief consideration of diathesis, whatever that is. Certain people are observed to be peculiarly immune to diseases; certain others seem to be exceedingly hospitable, even to inherit diseases. Certain old women of both sexes in almost every community can tell you at once why these people are immune and why those cannot resist such and such a disease. A specialist in diathesis like Sir Archibald Garrod, Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, could not be so sure in "The Huxley Lecture" delivered at Charing Cross Hospital November 24, 1927. The answer to that question carries a true scientist all over the wide field of biology and then he is not quite positive of very many things when he at last emerges.

In his famous "Categories" Aristotle remarked that "men are called healthy in virtue of the inborn capacity of easy resistance to those unhealthy influences that may ordinarily arise; unhealthy in virtue of a lack of that capacity." As we should be prone to remark today Aristotle said a trunkful and it was time for him to check himself. That statement may stand at the foundation of scientific therapy today and now that we realize the complexity of living protoplasm and the innumerable difficulties in the way of ascertaining the optimum condition for its healthy existence, we can realize the intricate basic problem confronting all medical therapy.

Health is really a state of unstable equilibrium and it represents the continued success of a series of difficult and delicate adjustments. If we are healthy we are not only well adjusted to our surroundings but are also capable of adjusting ourselves within reasonable limits to a rapidly changing environment. Disease, as Draper has it expressed, is "an expression of the reaction between a complex set of external circumstances, and an equally complex organism striving to survive in the midst of them." Hence what we call "symptoms" of disease are really indications of a struggle between the organism and its besetting enemies. They indicate that the organism is putting up a game fight and hence inflammation and fever, for instance, may be regarded as really benign and beneficial manifestations.

Now some individuals and some races have long been recognized as singularly resistant to certain maladies. Upon this fact hangs diathesis. For some writers diathesis is nothing more than a predisposition to this or that disease; to others it is a cloak for ignorance—a name masquerading as an explanation. Early writers, of course, freely claim as diathetic certain diseases we now know to be due to bacterial or protozoal invasion and others we now know to be caused by deficient nutrition. That was before the days of evolution, hormones, enzymes, vitamins, and chromosomes and may be pardoned.

Not very long ago medical attention was rather exclusively focused upon the agencies causing disease. Today interest has again been aroused in the constitution of the patient and his inherent disease resistance. We may briefly define diathesis as "a permanent or an acquired condition of the body which renders it liable to certain special diseases or affections; a constitutional predisposition or tendency."

Today it is held that microscopic chromosomes in the germ plasma are the carriers of our inheritance. As Leathes has said they "are packed from the beginning with all that preordains, if not our fate and fortunes, at least our bodily characteristics, down to the color of our eyelashes." Lest this be construed as supporting some of the too popular, Wiggamized but quite unscientific eugenics let it be said that the human chromosome is but poorly understood and that no mental trait has yet been correlated with any chromosome or gene. Mental traits of course predominate in importance in human stock.

Natural selection seems, however, to work through chemical as well as through structural modifications. Therefore the features in which the organism differs from type are foreshadowed in the complex molecular structure of which the germ cells are built up, and there lies the innate ability to resist disease! Whatever may happen to somatic (or body) cells affects the individual only, according to present theory, but what happens to the precious germinal cells—if anything—is of racial significance and importance.

There is nothing at rest in a living cell, neither in its molecules nor in the atoms which compose it. Here is perpetual motion and also an infinite structure of baffling complexity. As evolution proceeds organisms are produced which differ in chemical composition

as well as in physical structure, so much so that the proteins composing them become foreign to each other, a fact which ultimately establishes distinct species, making interbreeding no longer possible.

Of course if a good protein is elaborated it is used over and over again in certain structures. However much they may differ otherwise animals through wide variety have essentially the same proteins in their eyeballs while rye, wheat and barley all contain certain proteins so very similar that agronomists accuse them of coming originally from one parent stock. But there are perhaps differences more subtle than we can easily observe and there is much reason to believe that every individual is chemically as well as physically unique, the possibilities for variation being little short of infinite.

We have seen that very simple organisms will vary to suit their environment. Naturally the more complex the organism the more opportunities there are for deviation from type for the same reason that a delicate chronometer has at its disposal more ways of becoming defective than an hour glass. But among organisms there can be beneficial departures from type which spell progress, or unfavorable modifications which would be atavistic but tend to be eliminated by a process nature uses constantly.

A new departure may even be both good and bad, Chestertonian as that sounds. When man became erect in posture and relinquished the hammock-like support of his abdominal viscera he thereby let himself in for hernia, varicose veins and a few other ailments. But the loss has more than been covered by the gain for his new posture made modern civilization—or industrialization, if you please—possible.

Modifications an animal acquires during its lifetime are not transmitted, as Weismann found by monotonously cutting the tails off many generations of rats, to the heart rending anguish of a low organism called "Anti-Vivisectionist." Mutations—step-like, *per saltum* variations that just simply happen now and then, originate in the germ plasm itself and are transmitted. How they occur remains a mystery through modern physics with its "stripped" atoms which have lost an electron and its molecules with atoms punched out of them can supply us with analogies. We presume that we have to do with an addition to, a subtraction from or an alteration in the inheritance factors. In the laboratory such modifications may readily occur spontaneously in a complex molecule and it does not stretch our credulity at all to conceive that they may occur in living cells with equal facility.

Some of these mutations are dominant and tend to predominate, others are recessive and tend to be eliminated by the race. Albinism, for instance, due to a lack of the usual ability to elaborate a certain enzyme which in turn produces a skin pigment, is recessive. A rare recessive characteristic for which both parents contribute recessive genes is thus likely to come out in closely consanguineous matings, a scientific fact that may underlie ancient incest tabus. Yet to improve the race biologically we should have to shock the Wigamites by deliberately breeding defective types in order to eliminate these hidden recessive genes which normals carry around in their

germ plasm and which we cannot recognize by any means known to science save breeding for bad stock and eliminating it.

A characteristic giving a diathesis for a certain disease and which is handed down from generation as some people think (erroneously) cancer is, is doubtless dominant. The chemical control of such processes becomes apparent when we consider the endocrine glands and the tremendous effect their chemical secretions have upon the body. Indeed the thyroid has been nominated by some biologists as almost a specific evolution promoter, potent as it is in the control of growth and the rate of living.

This subtle chemistry also probably differs from human to human as no two are alike. Even normal twins have different finger prints. Certain diseases of the muscular and nervous system—ataxias and dystrophys—are transmitted by the germ plasm. A tendency towards fragility of the bones is another such inherited condition. Enlarged spleens and lymphatic glands are also diathetic, as well as progressive ossification of the whole body which occurs rarely. Such conditions emphasize the importance of the constitutional factors in disease and faulty metabolism (upbuilding and downtearing of the bodily tissues) underlies them.

Some individuals have a decidedly disturbed metabolism, or even produce in their bodies abnormal products. They may actually generate poisons within their organisms by the specific perversion of normal metabolic processes. Here again chemistry is in control, this control differing in individuals of the same species.

Cystinuria, which results often in stone or calculus formation, results from the rampages of a benign amino acid, cystine, the one containing sulphur—a harmless thing which the writer has spent years of research upon, along with its near relatives. By an error in protein metabolism large quantities of pure cystine are secreted in the urine. The abnormality may occur throughout an entire family and many may be quite unaware of its existence. Yet one brother, like Samuel Pepys, may suffer from stone at intervals throughout life due to a slight infection of the urinary tract resulting in the deposition of crystalline cystine from the acid urine.

Gout is diathetic and hereditary in the same way. It is recurrent with spells of robust health intervening and is again a tragedy of insolubility, for it is due to a congenital tendency to deposit crystalline uric acid, a tendency provoked by seasonal variations, dietetic indiscretions, overstrain or injury. In some families the most flagrant violations of the laws of good living produce none. The basic metabolic fault is doubtless inherited and constitutes a fundamental weakness ready to break out pathologically under irritations too trifling to upset a normal person's health. In somewhat similar manner some people suffer from a constitutional inability to withstand ultra-violet irradiation and break out in skin eruptions.

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TODAY it is often assumed that modern habits of living deteriorate our constitutions and the race. There might be some foundation for this if we knew exactly how our ancestors lived, what they ate

and drank, how much and how often! We really do not know, bar noise and speed, just how much our way of living differs degeneratively from theirs.

To find out something about this old journals and diaries are infinitely more valuable than history for they give the day to day life of the people. Thus it is curious to come across Aaron Burr experimenting with his coffee day after day in order to find some method of roasting lightly which will make the infusion harmless to his stomach!

So a good, careful reading of Pepys' entire diary is quite a revelation as to regularity of living habits, much stressed today by physiologists as a *sine qua non* of health. Yet the diet of his time appeared to be grossly carnivorous. Meals were eaten at times of revolting, even gluttonous, abundance with six or eight varieties of meat at a sitting. On the other hand, just as among primitives, long fasts often supervened—days during which the amorous Clerk of the Acts went twenty-four hours on a bit of bread and cheese. Breakfast seemed to have been a mere draught of coffee or chocolate at some coffee house—not in the home, for Mrs. Pepys was no slave to arise and get her master's breakfast. He left her abed. As a matter of fact his pretty maid Mercer dressed him; he could contentedly leave his poor wife abed!

But hours of eating in the England of 1660-1670 just as among savages, were irregular in the extreme; eating heavy suppers before retiring was common. The same held for sleeping. They arose quite debonaire at two in the morning to do the washing or to sail down the river and in the latter case returned at five the next morning. They lay late if they felt so inclined but used the night hours as quickly as those of day if the riotous spirit moved them. They sang in the garden till all hours of the morning and the neighbors listened and Pepys declares applauded; they did not throw brickbats. Yet all these chaotic proceedings are directly counter to what we are taught today about the necessity for sleeping and eating regularly and moderately while it is almost certain that the habits of moderns in these matters are actually, on the average, more regular than those of the merry Restoration English.

So much for popular ideas on such matters. Dancing all night was far from uncommon when Charles II flourished. The exact effect of all the myriad factors making towards health or disease is also a very complex problem still. Yet while there are very many things we do not know one fact seems to stand forth in rugged silhouette.

The individual who in book, lecture or advertising says, in effect, "Hear Ye! I have discovered the proper diet or cure for you and for all sufferers; I don't want your money, I want to help humanity"—is very probably a cheat, a fraud, a swindler, an innocent but ignorant enthusiast or a plain liar. Men are complex and they differ individually. The same may be said for disease pictures and in such matters simplicity of explanation or therapy is usually the hall mark of pure ignorance.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

BY SANFORD JARRELL

THE gringo is a firm believer in legends. He believes that George Washington as a little boy chopped down his father's favorite cherry tree and then naively said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet." He believes that all the members of the American revolutionary army were patriots and gentlemen, that the British were devils, and the Tories a blood-thirsty crew of traitorous wretches. He believes that all of our martyred Presidents were statesmen of breadth and learning, including McKinley. He believes in the Betsy Ross legend. He believes that we as a nation were inspired by high motives when we invaded Mexico in 1846 and gobbled a vastly rich territory from that baby republic. If I were to enumerate the popular legends of Americana it would fill many pages of agate type.

Most of these legends are fiction, propagated almost wholly by the cultured men and women who teach our public schools. They have a mighty champion, for one, in the Hon. William Hale Thompson, lord mayor of the up-and-coming city of Chicago. All political orators, knowing that the mass mind has developed but little since the classroom, gain votes by mouthing about this fine legend and that one. And there is one legend that even Southerners, who ought to know better, are convinced is chivalrously true. That is the general belief as to the sincerity and open-handedness of Southern hospitality.

A generation or more ago perhaps the slave states were the most hospitable of the Union, but I doubt it. And as to Southern hospitality today it is a sheer myth, doctored up out of fancy, and kept alive by the minions of the late Confederacy themselves. Having lived East, West, North and South, I do not think any one section can pride itself on its hospitality. But of the several regions of the land of the free, Dixie, in my opinion, wins all laurels for inhospitality, seconded ably by the city of Chicago.

Southerners can be, of course, the most charming of our hosts and hostesses. They have a bounteous table, and the master of the family rarely is without some pretty fair liquor to offer his guest. To those visitors from the cold Northeast and the crude West who have money enough, and proper and conventional means of introduction, the true Southerner can throw a party of unusual merit. And, among themselves, their spirit of hospitality is unbounded.

Before I go any further into this theme, I want to endeavor to erase any thought that I have a personal ax to grind, for I haven't. I have always been well treated in the land of cotton and its boy friend, the obnoxious boll weevil. I married into a Southern family, and when it was learned I could stay reasonably sober after it ceased to be fashionable to get dead drunk, did not balance peas with a

knife, spoke English without breaks in grammar although with a harsh Western accent displeasing to the ear, and did not fraternize with the Negro gentry, I found the hospitality of the erstwhile rebels very comforting.

However, my case was not a true test of that hospitality which Southern people are much given to boast about. If you are a person of moderate means, go to some Southern city and attempt to crash the gate. I do not necessarily mean to attempt to make a hit in the finest social circles, but in the ordinary bridge playing, gin drinking, golf playing Country Club sets. Try it in Nashville, Atlanta, Savannah, Richmond, Montgomery, Charleston, Jacksonville, Macon, Greensborough, Greenville, Jackson, Mobile, Little Rock, Raleigh, Macon, Charlotte or Columbia. I do not include New Orleans, for New Orleans is no more like the other Southern cities than is Montreal. The old Creole aristocracy of New Orleans is as high hat as the "very best people" of Atlanta and Charleston, or the First Families of Virginia. However, rattle together enough dinero in your pocket, and the formidable Creole front line will waver, just as the battlements put up by those powerful entrenched socially in any other city of the republic.

Nor do I include the Texas cities, for Texas, although one of the Confederate states, is essentially Southwestern rather than Southern, with a great influx of Northerners into such rapidly growing cities as Houston, Galveston, Fort Worth, Dallas, Wichita Falls and El Paso, and to a less extent, I believe, in San Antonio, Beaumont and Waco. The Florida boom cities, of course, have such a mongrel population that they can no longer be classed as sectional communities.

One trait the Southerner has which is extremely boring to the outsider is the vast and interlocking family chain. The ramifications of the highbrow descendants of English convicts whom Oglethorpe brought to Georgia in 1733 are unique. The Georgia aristocrats go in heavily for cousins many times removed. Everybody in that great state, it seems, knows everybody else. That is, everybody who counts. The poor white trash, constituting more than half of the population, and the white-collared nobodies, are as dirt beneath the feet of the gentlemen and ladies whose forefathers were emptied into Georgia from the prisons of Great Britain.

A Northerner is still a "damned Yankee" to the cultivated Southerner, unless he comes down with the cash to run a bank, operate a mill, clear vast tracts of timber, buy a fleet of ships and otherwise invest in local enterprises. Then he is taken in, and on his perennial visits to his homeland he praises the hospitality of the South, affects a slight drawl, and his children talk like darkies. He and his Southern friends chaff each other about the Civil War, in which their fathers or grandfathers bore arms against each other, and they agree that the conflict between the states was a marvelous instrument in cementing forever the greatest nation in the history of the world. There is one topic that is taboo, especially in Georgia, and that is Sherman's march to the sea, unless the ex-Northerner condemns Sherman as a scoundrel whose atrocities equalled the rape of Belgium by the unholy Prussians in 1914. On this point I can hardly blame

the Georgians; their venom against Sherman must be well founded. I have been assured of this by Georgians who today venerate Lincoln and who have no fault to find with Grant, Sheridan and the other Union generals. If the ghost of William Tecumseh Sherman ever is caught wandering on the trail he burned from Atlanta to the sea it will be boiled in oil.

In Miami on one occasion while in a very idiotic mood among a party of Atlantans I made some foolish pun about Sherman civilizing an extensive swath of Georgia territory, and for ten days I was *persona non grata* among that crowd. It was not until after I had apologized, laying my remark to the quality of the Bimini Scotch of the evening, that I was taken back into the fold, somewhat grudgingly at first. I never repeated that error, although prior to that, in a joshing moment, I brought home a record, "Marching Through Georgia," and put it on the phonograph. The record was promptly smashed by the rebel member of my family, and I was the object of a tongue lashing that would have driven a less Puritanical and law-abiding man to drink.

There is a charming stretch of country in the geographical South that I believe is the most hospitable area in the country. That is the Evangeline region of Southern Louisiana, lying along the beautiful Bayou Teche, and embracing several parishes. Here, in the famous "Sugar Bowl" of Louisiana, are generous planters who, although hard hit in recent years financially, are ideal hosts who do not limit their guests to Southerners of old family, or to sleek Northerners with money in the bank. I covered the famous Le Boeuf murder trial in St. Mary Parish last summer, along with a score of other newspaper reporters, and we were all treated regally. Nothing was too good for us, despite the obvious fact that we were merely salaried reporters, most of us originating far afield.

In this section of Louisiana, if you have a puncture on the road, every passing motorist will stop and offer assistance. This was more or less general way back in 1908 all over the country, but now it takes a pretty lady in distress—and she has to be a pippin, and unaccompanied by a man—before the motorist will slow down, even if flagged. However, the people living along the Bayou Teche are nearly all of French descent; many of them speak English poorly, if at all. A large number of talesmen called in the Le Boeuf trial were excused because they could not understand the English language. More than half of them, I think, are descendants of Arcadian refugees, who found sanctuary there after having been driven out of Canada by the British in the eighteenth century.

Therefore the Evangeline country is out when we are considering the matter of Southern hospitality. It is not Southern; it is continental in atmosphere and spirit.

A young couple moving to a Southern city would naturally, after hearing so much about it, expect to get a taste of rare cooking. But, being an average young couple, they would be invited to dinner with the same frequency as they would be in Omaha, and that is not at all. They might have the luck to employ a Negro cook of the old

school, and I will say here and now that the old colored gals know how to manipulate a skillet and roast pan. But, as a rule, young married couples cannot afford a servant, and about all they can do is to make the best of it with what the bride learned at her high school domestic science course.

Restaurants? Here and there, so rare as to be conspicuous, places with excellent kitchens may be had. On the whole the restaurants are unspeakable, except in New Orleans, where one may eat cheaper and far better than in any other city on the continent. Greek restaurateurs are everywhere, and the popular chain cafes abound. There are some magnificent hotels, like the Atlanta Biltmore and the winter palaces of Miami and Palm Beach, but it costs a young fortune to dine there. On the whole, one fares no better and no worse in Atlanta, Nashville, Richmond or Norfolk than in the big cities of the Middle West which, to their credit, do not brag about the way they feed. There is a famous chop house in Minneapolis, two or three out-of-the-way spots in Chicago, a fish house in Detroit—such commendable food marts for the hungry man do not have their counterparts in the South. However Mr. Childs is here, there, everywhere, with his flapjack window artist, his cereals with real cream (extra), and his spotlessly clad biscuit shooters, if that is any consolation.

In the small towns of the Southland the restaurants are barbarous. In an automobile trip over several states last year I stopped usually in hamlets and got only one good cup of coffee, and that was in a backwoods collection of shacks in the impoverished Western part of Florida, not far from Pensacola. As a resident of New Orleans, where good coffee is imperative or the restaurateur goes into bankruptcy, I was much annoyed at the sloppy substance that went for coffee.

In conclusion I want to repeat that if you jingle enough coin in your jeans, Southern hospitality is delectable. If you are of a good Southern family, you can have not the slightest complaint. If you are a power in a Southern community, a political office holder of the better sort (I believe there are such, even in Dixie), a money grabber with a few acquired manners and social graces, you will receive courteous and gracious treatment at the hands of the Confederate nobility.

But go down there as an average man or woman, without family ties (families in the North, and especially in the West, count for nothing), without a new Cadillac or Packard, without a wardrobe like a Rumanian Queen *en tour*, without a bank balance like a Tulsa oil king—in that even, you might as well be prepared to kick another legend into the nearest man-hole. The Latin phrase, *non quis, sed quid*, (Not who, but what) is appropriate. Wearing the rough slicker of a Cape Cod fisherman or the soiled leather chaps, gaudy red silk shirt and ten-gallon hat of a Montana cowpuncher would be a better attire than your ordinary store clothes, for then you at least would be stared at and attract the passing glances of the dowagers in their limousines.

MONKEY GLAND BUNK

BY T. SWANN HARDING

A CERTAIN gentleman named Durgins advertised far and wide his ability to rejuvenate ambitious elderly men. Since the public still remains quite generally misinformed as to efficacy or inefficacy of such procedures business was good enough to justify him in using considerable space to picture happy Col. Bemis, who did not feel his seventy years, and his young wife of seventeen. Col. Bemis, the exact replica of a Northerner's idea of what a Southern Colonel really never is, stood erect, happy and smiling and his delighted wife hung affectionately upon his arm. The sex appeal of the advertisement was one hundred percent. It was therefore somewhat distressing that the *Journal of the American Medical Association* crudely broke in upon this truly artistic triumph with the announcement that the pair were professional photographer's models, that "Col. Bemis" was in reality a jewelry salesman and that he was in no sense below normal in mentality—i. e., he had neither taken the Durgin's treatment nor been married.

Though the *Journal* continually breaks in upon such seductive advertising schemes with harsh discharges of unpalatable and ruthless facts it cannot possibly expose American quackeries half so fast as charlatans invent them. Today plenty of people of very considerable intelligence piously believe monkey gland bunk and it seems that an analysis of the scientific aspects of rejuvenation might not go amiss if it could be made comprehensible to laymen. This will be attempted, basing our remarks somewhat upon an article that appeared in *The Medical Journal and Record* of August 4, 1926.

Metabolism is the process of turning stable, non-living chemical compounds into the living, unstable protoplasm which characterizes animal tissues plus the reverse process of breaking down these living, unstable tissue cells into stable, non-living chemicals ready for excretion from the organism as waste. The former section of this process is called anabolism; the latter catabolism. And there you have life in a sentence which may be worth rereading once or twice for complete comprehension. Certainly nothing hereafter will be quite so thick.

In the lower reaches of biology simple organisms perform the business of life simply. There is no division of labor. Every cell acts as a full organism, performs the complete functions of life all by itself and every now and then, in a moment of relaxation, splits by fission to produce a new organism quite like itself. It then shakes itself and walks off. These are happy days of immortality, for as far as we know, such simple, undifferentiated cells are immortal.

It is such cells that Carrel has grown for some years in New

York. For you can take rather highly individualized tissues and, by growing them outside the body, differentiate them. Thus kidney tissue may be reduced to a mass of undifferentiated embryonic cells showing no characteristics of kidney tissue. Put in a bit of connective tissue, however, and very soon the tubules characteristic of kidney tissue begin to appear. A breast cancer, for instance, is composed of hardy, dedifferentiated embryonic cells. It also may be grown successfully outside the organism and a little connective tissue added will cause characteristic mammary tissue to appear. The simple life, however, was lived by single, undifferentiated cells.

But then ambition took a hand. Cells began to coalesce into organisms. Division of labor set in. This process can be observed in the growth of the human embryo, arising as it does originally from single cells procreating simply by fission. But soon some set of cells apparently makes up its mind to be hair or eye or alimentary cells. Cell caste systems come into being and in time exceedingly complex organisms like human beings may result. But in doing so such organisms get away from the easy rejuvenescence characterizing simpler cellular life.

The bigger and better system has the defects of its qualities. By means of nerves and endocrines an amazing height is attained. Man is capable of extraordinary mental feats so utterly different from the performances of lowlier organisms as to make comparison absurd and to assure the fundamentalist that these twain cannot be related.

But man loses immortality. He is compelled to take a brief though highly organized life in place of one which is endless but unorganized. He faces senescence and ultimate dissolution for his pains.

True he retains in his tissues some vestigial power of rejuvenescence. Unlike the lizards of Galapagos who shed and grow new tails with abandon—and who escape their enemies while the latter watch the fantastic squirmings of their dying tails—man cannot sprout new members. But cuts heal; nails and hair grow continuously. Unfortunately new teeth do not move forward in serried array over the roof of his mouth to take the place of those worn out in the front lines. The shark has a decided advantage there. Yet the very ability of man's sexual glands to secrete spermatozoa and ova denotes a considerable regenerative ability which typifies the simpler and less differentiated organism capable of rejuvenescence.

Man does therefore have left some natural power of rejuvenation, least of all, however, in his nervous system—a very significant fact. Most highly differentiated of all and relatively a new development biologically nerve tissue obstinately refuses to subdivide and reproduce and thus most hardily resists regression or rejuvenation. Physiological death in man is almost undoubtedly conditioned by the senescence of his nervous system.

All organisms die eventually of old age unless the trend towards senescence is a little more than matched by the trend towards rejuvenescence. In lower organisms this death point may never be reached because a low degree of individuation and complexity per-

mits ready rejuvenation. In higher organisms like man death comes because stability and complexity, the differentiation of tissues to varied specific uses, radically limit the power of rejuvenescence. For his high degree of individuation man pays the supreme penalty of physiological death.

Yet men badly want to be rejuvenated, men and women also! They are constantly and utterly beguiled by seductive tales of goat and monkey glands and by fanciful stories which appear to promise ready relief from old age—in short, regression to youth. For it is a return, a going backwards. We shall consider this further in a moment.

True, old age and death may be retarded in time. But when we remember that the constitution and properties of human protoplasm have been developing their peculiar characteristics throughout millions of years of evolution, we must realize that human rejuvenation is a most difficult and complicated problem today, far different indeed from what a casual reading of "Black Oxen" or the public press might indicate to the mentally unwary.

The idea has gotten deeply imbedded in the popular mind that senility is tied up with the glands of sex and their secretions alone. This is a most extraordinary delusion. The thyroid, anterior pituitary and suprarenal changes are just as much involved as the gonads. Chronic intestinal toxemia, focal infections of sorts, belated reactions to acute infections earlier in life and, above all, worry and anxiety all have their effect in bringing on senility. Aging is a complex phenomenon in a complex organism. Diet, exercise, economic status, the mental state of health, heredity all come into play. An apparently aged man, out of a job, penniless, on a poor diet, disillusioned, utterly broken mentally by failure has often been observed to rejuvenate magically under different conditions. Let him get a position, have proper food, regain his confidence, live in pleasant, stimulating surroundings and associate with younger people and years drop off astoundingly. Not only that, sexual virility sometimes returns as well. In short every body cell is involved in senility and even in gland treatment by operative procedure it is difficult to tell how much purely psychic factors have to do with apparent recovery of youth.

In very low organisms, on the contrary, rejuvenation is so simple that the ability is often carried along to safeguard life in starvation. In slightly differentiated tissues the back-to-youth movement occurs quite readily. Not only can protozoa produce new cilia at will, vertebrates from fish to reptile renew teeth, deer renew antlers, lizards tails, crabs limbs or even eyes, not to mention shells, newts limbs and most worms can contentedly and in routine manner produce an entire new organism from any dissected segment.

The lowly planarian, the flatworm which has given scientists so much amusement and edification, will, if merely starved, not only decrease in size but become actually juvenile in its tissues. It becomes only one-fourth its original dimensions. Cell dedifferentiation takes place and the organism is really young, having the same

abilities and capacities as if newly born. Feed it and it grows precisely like a young worm; starve it and you can again rejuvenate it. This process may be repeated twenty times or more, or until the worm is living in the period of its very remote descendants. Though senile chronologically it may be as young in tissue as any worm on earth. So also the zooid of *Clavellina* in an unfavorable environment loses its alimentary canal, its nerves, its excretory, respiratory, circulatory and reproductive apparatus and actually reverts to a small white mass of simple cells, totally undifferentiated yet capable of regenerating the entire normal organism if again favorably environed and properly fed.

Man has lost the power to perform such prodigies. He has especially lost it in his nerve tissue. "You've got your nerve," takes on a new meaning with this in mind. We have got it and there it is. It refuses point blank to regenerate like bones and skin will in cases of injury. Its cell number is fixed at an early age and though nerve cells often grow to rather stupendous size they steadfastly refuse to sub-divide to increase the population. On the other hand an internal gland whose secretion actually sets new cells free is really occupied with regeneration and the genital glands actually are capable of an enormous production of new cells.

The uncritical idea that senility was completely tied up with the activity of the sex organs was first broached years ago. But the so-called Leydig's cells are very far from being the sole factor influencing male virility. It is true that their cessation of activity is concomitant with senility, but so are other things. By tying a certain duct Steinach found that he could cause an atrophy of the generative portion of the male glands and could also increase the activity of Leydig's cells. But clinical results varied from those simulating the effects of a mild endocrine tonic to apparent rejuvenation.

Many have supposed that the Steinach operation reactivates the entire endocrine system, being generally stimulating and regenerative. This is entirely incorrect. In very many cases no rejuvenation occurs. The operation is an old one anyway and was often performed in the past as part of the surgical routine in certain types of prostate trouble to which elderly men were susceptible. Regeneration was not then observed. Temporary rejuvenation may actually occur but such results are too infrequent to bank upon. As a matter of fact it may safely be assumed that if an operation so simple did actually cause rejuvenation in a majority of cases surgeons would be performing it in routine fashion just as they remove an appendix to forestall trouble.

Sex power can be lost in many other ways—by destruction of the thyroid, the anterior pituitary or the suprarenal glands. On women Steinach, using the X-ray, was very far from successful. Many first-class surgeons disagree absolutely with his conclusions even if he did convince the Austrian biologist Kammerer to a remarkable extent. His technique he kept mysteriously secret which is always a bad sign and of the quack quack in most cases.

As a matter of fact actual bad results sometimes occur after the operation has been performed upon men. In some cases difficult psychoses take place. In others the rejuvenation is temporary and is far from an actual return to youth; it consists only in a passing outburst of sexual passion. Such operations may at times decrease the blood pressure and cause an untrustworthy feeling of well being but they have never been proved to increase the span of life which is the real proof wanted. Of course you can find certain authorities in a state of glowing enthusiasm and willing to believe that such procedures cause almost magic rejuvenescence but it is alas true that authorities, like more ordinary humans, will every now and then burst into enthusiasm without just cause.

In the matter of actual sex gland transplantation there have been recorded some successes, but sheep and rams are much more often used for this purpose than monkeys. Voronoff employed apes and goats. Such transplantation was also supposed to remedy neuritis and arthritis and to improve memory, eyesight, hearing and the processes of mental functioning. But again we have no conclusive evidence anywhere that gland transplantation will ever cause more than a temporary rejuvenation. Not many cases of successful transplantation exist and none of these have lived long enough to be evidential. On the other hand there do exist authentic cases of treatment given the senile by absolute quacks and frauds who used demonstrably impotent preparations often given by mouth, yet said treatments due to some psychic or other factor were remarkably potent in completely rejuvenating the elderly patients—at least for the time. This points to a factor that can never be sufficiently emphasized in considering the effects of any sort of therapy, a factor the animal, lacking man's vivid imagination, does not share.

Take the actual case of a professional man, senile at fifty-five and ready to be relegated to the old man's class. Then he decided to grow young again. He completely changed his mode of living; he picked out young associates exclusively; he walked four or five miles daily—quickly and holding himself rigidly erect; he became careful of his diet, of his personal appearance; he attended light entertainments at the theater and learned to dance until he could outdo the young. As a matter of recorded fact his sexual powers returned and at fifty-five he was never taken for more than fifty. The results were manifestly better than any doctor ever obtained by any glandular treatment of any sort. Worry, care, mental depression and economic distress do more to age than any other factors. Hope is the strongest psychic stimulant known. Steinach himself very often claimed that his operation was frequently a failure when the patient did not expect to be rejuvenated thereby! They did not hope, consequently they were not helped!

Then what can we do? We can help ourselves most perhaps by following the procedure adopted by the professional man of fifty-five just mentioned. The infections of childhood should be more perfectly prevented; focal infection should be quickly corrected when

actually present—as it actually is in some few cases; chronic intestinal poisoning should be avoided. Eat well, sleep well, do not strain the heart and kidneys, have pleasant surroundings and then society must see to it that economic independence is the portion of all—for today, with the best intentions in the world, many an elderly person cannot possibly achieve economic independence and dies senile and worn out largely because of this one factor.

TEN THOUSAND SUCKERS--THE KU KLUX KLAN IN SASKATCHEWAN

BY H. H. KRITZWISER

MANY Americans are of the impression that the “suckers” are indigenous to their country, that the United States has a monopoly on this class of human beings, and that confidence games are exclusively American. The United States may have a great many of the “suckers” but by no means all. The “sucker” is a true cosmopolitan and Barnum’s remark aptly applies to all races.

Within the last two years the Ku Klux Klan has been thoroughly discredited throughout the United States. It is now rather a sickly body and only kept inflated by the wind of the magnificent bigots and their propaganda. Social students in Canada have been interested observers of the rare tragedy and comedy afforded by the activities of the Ku Klux Klan south of the boundary, and perhaps little thought that this malodorous organization would later appear in Canada.

It did, naturally. Canada although sentimentally and politically a part of the British Commonwealth, is geographically and economically bound with the strongest of ties to the United States. We here read your newspapers and magazines; we use the products of your factories; we see your moving pictures; we listen to your radios—all of which tend to a closer union of interests. And if Canada is influenced by these material things—why not by the products of your social system? It was only a natural course of events that the Ku Klux Klan should appear in Canada. Even the name Canada lent itself to their purposes and changed to Kanada would supply another K to their already imposing alliteration.

With the Klan on the wane in the United States and the object of widespread ridicule, there is no doubt that unscrupulous and clever men of organizing abilities discovered with delight the possibilities of the appearance of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada. Bigotry and intolerance are always well-baited hooks for the morons, the ignorant and the prejudiced. The possibilities were greatest in Western Canada and particularly in the province of Saskatchewan. Why?

First. The question of immigration in Saskatchewan. Saskatchewan is the fastest growing province in the Dominion. The population has increased by leaps and bounds, largely because of the great influx of immigrants who come to take up land. The greater

number of these immigrants are not of Nordic origin, and the influx of these non-Nordics is being looked upon with increasing distrust by a certain section of the Anglo-Saxon population. Their Anglo-Saxon egoism is working overtime and it blinds them to the economic necessity of immigration, particularly in the Western provinces.

Second. These newly arrived immigrants tend to coalesce in their respective national communities. This coalescence is a tremendous barrier to the rapid Canadianization of these immigrants and to the fostering of Canadian ideals. It is to be noted that the greater number of these non-Nordic immigrants are Roman Catholic, and, therefore, the communities to which they drift are, predominantly, of the same faith.

Third. The population of Saskatchewan is largely rural. The urban population is practically centered in seven cities, none of which can boast of over 40,000. The total population of the province is 700,000. City life tends to a more worldly wise and tolerant attitude. Rural isolation does not. Here was a fertile field for Ku Klux Klan organizers.

Fourth. The average of wealth in the province is fairly good. The average man is in fair circumstances and most of them have at least a small surplus of money. And money is what the Ku Klux Klan organizers look for.

Besides considering the above points, it would be well to note the proportions of religious populations in Canada. Enumerating the chief groups they are:

Roman Catholics.....	3,383,663	Methodists	1,158,744
Presbyterians	1,408,812	Baptists	421,730
Anglicans	1,407,859		

On looking over these figures, it will be seen that the Roman Catholics outnumber any other sect easily and are only approximately a million less than all the other sects combined. What would these figures lead the Ku Klux Klan to claim, knowing their antipathy to Rome?

There is no Negro question in Canada, and the Oriental population has not yet become a menace. But there were the Roman Catholics (a terrifying bogey of three million) and there were the immigrants.

About November, 1926, three organizers known as Lewis A. Scott, Harold L. Scott and E. Emory arrived in the province. Little was known and is now known of their personal history and previous activities, but they claimed to be bona fide organizers for the Ku Klux Klan and to come from South Bend, Indiana. The two Scotts posed as father and son. It now is very doubtful that they were of that relation. They made their headquarters in Regina, the capital city. Emory (whose name later proved to be an alias for Emmons) made Moose Jaw his bailiwick.

These three clever men began their insidious campaign. That their activities were quiet is evidenced by the fact that little or nothing was heard of the Ku Klux Klan for some months. But in the spring of 1927 outward signs revealed the presence of the organiza-

tion. First came the appearance of sundry fiery crosses burned at various times and always anonymously. No one seemed to know who was responsible. By this time the organizers had, no doubt, gathered together a fair nucleus of an organization, for during the summer of 1927 the Klan came out in the open to make a bid for an increased membership. A provincial headquarters was established at Regina and the mails were flooded with invitations to join. The Klan sponsored many public meetings, and these addressed by the organizers proved excellent advertising. At these meetings were aired the conventional accusations against the Catholic Church and the stock shibboleths of the anti-Papists. Added to this was the new agitation against immigration of non-Anglo-Saxons. This platform afforded the prejudiced and bigoted an opportunity for a concrete manifestation of their sentiments. They joined the Klan.

The advent of the Klan proved a new and live issue injected into the public life of the province. Men and women took sides. Opinions were formed and expressed and on all sides one heard the question, "What do you think of the Klan?" with varying answers. A heated newspaper controversy arose among those who cared to state their opinions in print and at length. The newspapers themselves left the question severely alone and accounts of the Klan activities were generally of the briefest. Prominent men and politicians avoided the matter altogether, maintaining a complete silence. Possibly such an organization as the Klan, in their opinion, well-merited such a stand.

In Moose Jaw, publicity was given the Klan, when, during the summer months, a member of that city's police force was discharged because of his alleged membership in the Ku Klux Klan. Later, the Klan threatened the Chief of Police of Moose Jaw if action were not taken against a certain individual for an alleged misdemeanor at a dance in that city. In Regina a newspaperman was called to the offices of the Ku Klux Klan to listen to threats of what would happen if some proceedings then pending in the courts were not published. In June a well-arranged advertising scheme matured. From Regina, a special train was chartered by the Klan from the Canadian National Railways and run to Moose Jaw. At that city a monster celebration was held in an outlying area of the city. A giant fiery cross was burned, speeches were made, the burden of which was fervent pleas for an one hundred percent Canadian Protestantism. It all appeared to be a piece of excellent advertising and the whole affair bore the earmarks of a well-boosted parade and ballyhoo.

The growth of the Klan continued, possibly faster in the rural sections than in the urban. Solicitors were employed to comb the province for members. These solicitors worked on a commission basis. Ten dollars was the entrance fee, of which the solicitor retained two, and the remaining eight were turned over to the organizers. Along with the initial fee of ten dollars, each member paid three dollars for the current year's dues. It appears to have been a very lucrative business for both the solicitors and the organizers, as was seen later. The membership in Regina grew to approximately

800. Moose Jaw, because of local vice conditions which the Klan opportunely opposed, proved a fertile spot and gave 2,000 members. Saskatoon failed to show any marked enthusiasm for the doctrine of the Fiery Cross. This was possibly due to the efforts of Gerald Dealtry and his debunking weekly sheet known as *The Reporter*, in which he bitterly opposed and ridiculed the Klan. In all, it was estimated that 10,000 in the province fell for the sales campaign of the Fiery Cross.

Following the Moose Jaw parade, there appeared a lull in the affairs of the organization. For a period of about a month, little or nothing was heard of the Klan. Then on October 1, the bubble burst. The evening newspapers of that date carried the headlines—"Ku Klux Klan Organizers and Funds Missing."

This proved to be the most sensational news of the province in many a month and developed into a much-discussed topic. The province was a-buzz with this latest development of the Klan. The scoffers jeered on learning of the occurrence; the tolerant smiled; while the Roman Catholics, hitherto mostly silent, laughed up their sleeves.

It was as stated in the newspapers. Investigation developed that the Regina organizers, the two Scotts, had left Regina by automobile about September 18. At Wilcox, small town south of Regina, they boarded a Soo Line train. And with them disappeared approximately \$100,000, practically all the funds collected in their intensive drive for Klan members. From that date to the time of writing nothing has been heard of them, or the \$100,000. The same date witnessed the disappearance of Emory, the Moose Jaw organizer. The whole business proved to be one of the neatest games worked in the history of the province.

Warrants were immediately issued for the arrest of the Scotts, and shortly afterwards, for the arrest of Emory (or Emmons). They have not been apprehended and it is extremely doubtful that they ever will be. Theirs was a "clean getaway."

Feverish efforts were made by local officers and members to bolster the toppling structure of the organization. Temporary committees were hastily formed in an endeavor to keep the machinery in operation. It was claimed that organization work would go on; that plans were being made for a provincial convention and for the formation of a ladies auxiliary. A professional demagogue and religious agitator, a renegade Roman Catholic who had turned to Protestantism, J. J. Maloney, was injected into the branch. His paper, *The Freeman*, published in Victoria, B. C., and which pandered to the anti-Papist Protestant, took up the cause of the Klan.

But the monkey wrench which the absconding organizers threw into the gears of the Klan seems to have done lasting damage. The gear-teeth do not seem to be meshing in smooth performance. The Klan does not appear to be prospering. It seems to lack the vitality of a year ago. No doubt, they need the zeal and energy of the missing organizers.

It is hardly to be doubted that the Klan in Saskatchewan is

slowly dying, and it is only a matter of time before the obsequies are performed. The ridiculous position in which the Klan found itself when the funds disappeared proved a malicious body blow. A Klansman became synonymous with a "sucker"—and who wanted to become a "sucker"? This ridicule was more effective than any opposition could hope to be. Only the "die-hards" seem to be keeping at the game.

THE ABSURDITIES OF SECRET SOCIETIES

BY BEN MOORE

OUT of every five American business and professional men, four will admit—yes, avow—affiliation with at least one secret society. There is authority for the statement that the total enrollment, male and female, of the one thousand fraternal orders in the United States, is no fewer than thirty million otherwise normal adult human beings. Apparently the time is at hand, if not already arrived, when lodge membership itself shall be deemed a fair test of normality.

A candidate for Governor in West Virginia recently announced as one of his qualifications for office that he is a member of thirty-five fraternal organizations.

Is it any wonder that a writer recently referred to America as "Sweet Land of Secrecy"?

How do they think up names for them all? The Bible, Mythology, History, Legend, Zoology, Fairyland, Past, Present and Future, all are ransacked, and the result is as kaleidoscopic as it is illuminative of the American scene.

By comparison with the nomenclature in this land of make-believe, the most resounding titles of medieval knight-errantry shrivel into insignificance. For example, the humblest member of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, who has attained to the thirty-second degree (and, although this is the aristocrat of secret orders, its membership runs into six figures) has thereby attached to himself the following titles: Perfect Master, Provost and Judge, Illustrious Elect of the Fifteen, Sublime Elect of the Twelve, Grand Elect Perfect and Sublime Mason, Knight of the East, Prince of Jerusalem, Knight of the East and West, Prince Rose Croix, Grand Pontiff, Prince of Libanus, Prince of the Tabernacle, Knight of the Brazen Serpent, Prince of Mercy, Knight of the Sun, Grand Scottish Knight of St. Andrew, Knight Kadosh, Grand Inspector Inquisitor Commander and Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret.

The list of contemporary fraternal orders includes such alluring names as: Iridescent Order of Iris, Modern Order of White Mahatmas, Ancient and Illustrious Order of Knights of Malta, Eastern Order of Magian Masters, Sheiks of the Mosque, Owls, Moose, Elks, Beaver, Deer, Orioles, Serpents, Roosters, and Bears.

It may be ventured that rampant fraternalism, either in the near past or the not-far-distant future, has claimed or will claim kinship

with every animal in the zoo, with the possible exception of the skunk.



JOHN SMITH is strangely excited. During his placid thirty years of existence, the last ten of which have been spent as a street car conductor, life has favored him with a plentiful lack of experiences which could, by the farthest stretch of his imagination, be termed advantageous. The day he was assigned to the new inter-urban run; the night his child was born; the fight on the car with the drunken man who refused to pay his fare, and threatened him with a pocket knife when he attempted to eject him; the crossing wreck, and his attendance as a witness at the trial; these are the memorable events in the life of John Smith.

And now he is to be initiated into the Ancient Order of Olympians. Weird stories have filtered out to the ears of the profane concerning the esoteric practices and mysterious vows of this great fraternity, which traces its origin back through the remotest reaches of antiquity, to the Golden Age of Greece, and proudly boasts of Pericles as its first Grand Master, and of Aristides the Just as the first Illustrious Guard of the Outer Temple. Who but a lout could fail to feel a quickening of the pulse at the prospect of becoming an Illustrious Knight of the Ancient Order of Olympians?

Our hero repairs at the appointed hour to the ante-room where, surrounded by awe-inspiring symbols of the mysteries that lie hidden behind the inner portal, he waits with such patience as he can command for the summons which shall call him to his place among the elect.

At length who is this that approaches? An emperor, at the least, judging by his magnificent apparel. No, it is merely a messenger sent from the sanctum sanctorum to inform the candidate that Thrice-Worshipful Jupiter has held forth the scepter, and will now deign to give audience to such neophytes as may, with suitable vouchings by the brethren, kneel in the august presence.

He allows himself to be hoodwinked, having first had draped about him, so as to completely cover his drab-looking Sunday suit, a long white robe emblazoned with a crimson circle.

The guide knocks twice at a large heavy door. An answering knock is heard, whereupon John Smith's conductor gives three solemn raps, which bring forth the following colloquy:

"Who stands without in bitter darkness and obscurity?"

"Most illustrious Seneschal of the Holy Mount, it is a poor mortal, who desires to encounter all the ordeals which are in store for those who would aspire to the society of the immortals."

"Let him beware. Dangers lie before him; perhaps death. Is he, after being warned, willing to proceed?"

"He is."

"Then let him enter."

As they pass through the door, a strong hand seizes John Smith from each side, and a cup is held to his lips.

"If you would be called brother here, you must first drain the

cup, wotting no whether it be the fatal hemlock or the ambrosial nectar of the gods."

Trembling, he takes a meager sip, and almost feels the poisonous lethargy of the hemlock stealing into his blood, as a few drops of grape juice trickle down his throat.

"August Jupiter, the neophyte hath quaffed the dread potion."

"Then let him advance to the altar, there to take upon himself the vows of our holy order, after first proving himself worthy."

It is a large, well-lighted room, and were it not for the bandage about his eyes, this is the scene that would present itself to John Smith:

On a raised dais sits Jupiter, father of the Gods. His robe of snowy white is partially concealed by a flowing surtout of imperial purple, and his brow is encircled by a diadem, surmounted by a glittering golden sun. On his breast is the crimson circle of the order, emblematic of immortality. In his upraised hand he holds a sceptre richly jewelled, and as he solemnly strikes three times with the sceptre the pedestal of porphyry behind which he sits, the dignitary at the right of the hall gives an answering signal, rises from his seat, and makes a low obeisance.

"Neptune, Lord of the seven seas, it is the will of Jupiter that thou shouldst ascertain who approaches, and make the same speedily known to us."

"Thy will be done, O great Jupiter." Neptune knocks three times on his pedestal. One clad in somber robes replies from the opposite side of the room, makes due obeisance, thus:

"Pluto, Lord of all the nether world, it is the will of Jupiter that thou shouldst ascertain who approaches, and make the same speedily known."

"The will of great Jupiter be done, O Lord Neptune."

At Pluto's three raps, everybody stands up, and Pluto proceeds to inquire into the serious question of the candidate's identity.

What follows during the next half hour is more or less hazy to John Smith. He is caused to kneel, first to Pluto, then to Neptune, then to Jupiter. A fearful oath is administered, wherein he is made to vow that, sooner than disclose any of the secrets of the order, he will permit himself to be scalped, his toe nails to be pulled out by the roots, and his forehead to be branded with a red-hot iron. Having sealed this vow with a drop of his blood, his hoodwink is removed, he blinks around on the smiling faces of the brethren, discovers that Jupiter is no other than the man who delivers his ice, perceives no anarchism in the spectacle of the Roman deities inhabiting a symbolic Olympus, and allows himself to receive the congratulations which are his due.

As the lodge concludes its labors, Jupiter, with the customary three knocks, addresses Neptune:

"My son Neptune, where dwellest thou?"

"Atop the seven seas, great Jupiter, with trident in hand, to

guard against the approach of any who might seek to attain immortality without having been found worthy."

"My son Pluto, your dwelling place?"

"Upon the throne of the nether world, great Jupiter, with the three-headed Cerberus at my right hand, to warn of the approach of any who might seek to attain immortality without having been found worthy."

And finally:

"Brethren, let the lodge be closed with the mystic numbers, two, three and four."

Clap, clap.

Clap, clap, clap.

Clap, clap, clap, clap.

"So mote it be."

Another red letter day on the calendar of John Smith, street car conductor, has passed into history.

THE ART OF BEING LAZY

BY SANFORD JARRELL

THROUGHOUT the forty-eight states, the District of Columbia and the several territories and insular possessions of this magnificent republican empire millions of alarm clocks rudely awaken the abject slaves of our industrial civilization to inform them of the new day.

The alarm clock invariably is soundly cursed and cartoons depict the gringo hurling it across the room, smashing its cheap mechanism against a framed copy of Millet's "Angelus" or a glass-enclosed honorable discharge from the United States Navy. However such events are rare in real life. As Executive Secretary of the American Association Against Regulation by Damned Alarm Clocks I caused an investigation to be carried on for ten and one-half months in 1927. Agents of the Association penetrated the larger cities and virtually every wilderness except the broad mesas of Nevada and were unable to discover a single incident where a Big Ben had been deliberately manhandled.

In this day and age laziness is, unhappily, discouraged and belittled. Frequently one hears disparaging remarks made about some rich man's son because he does not arise when the cock crows and work as a day laborer in his father's sausage factory or his uncle's plant for the manufacture of cider presses. If my father were a Swift or an Armour or a Gary or a Schwab or any other of our moneyed nobility and gentry I doubt if I could be tempted to do any chores for a living, either menial or lofty. Sometime between 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. I would get out of bed, leisurely bathe in a sunken marble tub after a valet had drawn the water, enjoy a solitary drink and a light breakfast while still clad in a \$250 silk dressing gown, and then don one of my hundred-odd suits of clothes, pressed to a nicety by my assistant valet. I might devote the balance of the day to golf or

tennis, or to gambling on the races, or to taking a swell looking dame to a matinee. Then, dinner at Sherry's or the Everglades Club (depending whether it was summer or winter) and after that sumptuous meal I would attend the snappiest party of the evening.

Wearying of that sort of life, I would take the old man's yacht, load it up with champagne, chorus girls, poker players, professional entertainers and other congenial people, and go where my fancy directed. Or I would play in the winter's snows at Chateau Frontenac or the Swiss lakes, hunt big game in Africa or South America, fly over the Caucasus Mountains, flirt with Samoan maidens, be a first-nighter in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, and visit such out-of-the-way spots as Iceland, Stanley pool, Bokhara, Formosa, Ecuador, Albania, Finland, Timur, Tasmania, Tiflis, Juan Fernandez, the Aleutians, Andorra, Madagascar, Tierra del Fuego, Little Rock and Elba.

At no time, were I a Swift or a Schwab heir, would I arise at a vulgar hour in the morning, nor would I earn my living by the sweat of my brow or by taxing what little brains the Lord endowed me with. I admire and envy the gay life led by some of our scions of great wealth, but I'll admit that such a pious and hard-working Baptist as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., excites nothing in my heart but pity. I have often wondered if John D., Jr., ever had what I would call a good time. From all accounts he always has been a good boy and he has directed the family disbursements in late years with an efficiency that shows that on his shoulders there rests a business head. The Rockefeller benefactions are, it is true, of tremendous value to mankind, especially in matters of medical and scientific research. And John D., Jr., has conducted himself so nobly all his life that he probably never will bust loose and raise all manner of Hell. And what an opportunity for Hell-raising he passed up!

Level-headed men and women—I am not referring to readers of this family journal of opinion especially—level-headed persons will say that it is all right for the rich man to cavort around, but the poor man must by necessity abide by the rule of the clock. In a sense that is true. It does take money to make merry and quaff of the flowing bowl and all its companion sins. But it does not take money to practice successfully the art of laziness. That is a profession open to almost anybody with the will to learn.

For fifteen years, except for a few lapses, my career was regulated by the alarm clock or, what was much worse, the trumpet of an army bugler. Had I not taken the bull by the horns the alarm clock would have been vice-president and general manager of my personal conduct for the balance of my misspent life. The evil genii of Waterbury, Connecticut, where most of the infernal machines are made, would have my destiny in the greasy palms of their ugly hands.

During those long years I was usually on the payroll of evening newspapers. Once upon a time evening newspapers were content to get out on the streets at two, three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Now many of them have mail bull-dog editions the night before, and they begin putting out street editions as early as 9 a. m., which means a copy desk deadline of 8 a. m. or shortly thereafter. For

that reason, on most evening newspapers, most of the copy readers, rewrite men, city desk executives and police reporters must be on the job by six o'clock, or seven o'clock at the latest. It has always been my misfortune to serve in the capacity of copy reader, rewrite man, or makeup or city editor, and the alarm clock in my manor house invariably sounded its horrible siren in the dark hours before the break of day. Sunday was my day to sleep, but habit is a horrible thing, and good habits are infinitely worse than bad ones, so I was unable to snooze beyond dawn on the Holy Sabbath much as I wanted to.

Three precious years of my young manhood were spent in defending the republic from the onslaughts of foreign devils. In 1916, fired by a call for volunteers issued by President Wilson, I enlisted as a private second class in the Missouri National Guard, and for many long and hot months I kept the troops of Villa from crossing the Rio Grande, hell-bent on destroying our cities and crops and ravishing our women. Then, until May, 1919, I was instrumental in strafing the boche. I made such an excellent soldier that after serving eighteen months as a private I was promoted to corporal; six months later I became a hard-boiled artillery sergeant, and a month before I sailed for home in 1919 I was created a battalion sergeant-major. In another year or two, had the war lasted that long, I firmly believe I might have been commissioned a second lieutenant. Unfortunately the world conflict ended too soon, and the Armistice kept me from being officially ordained a gentleman by the Congress of the United States.

This brief recital of my military career as one of the enlisted personnel of the 35th Division is not braggadocio, although I am much given to boasting. I bring it in to prove that although for three years I did not once hear an alarm clock explode, the damnable shriek of reveille every morning soured my soul. Certain bugle calls really are beautiful: tattoo, for instance, is exquisite, although I have been informed it is rarely if ever used at our army posts today. Taps is rather nice, if a bit sad. "Soupy, soupy, soupy," as mess call is irreverently referred to, is an ugly tune, but the army always answered it with a pleasant anticipation usually ill-founded. But reveille: God knows I would have liked to have written the song about committing homicide with the trumpeter as the victim. I've forgotten who wrote it, but he should be placed on a pedestal with Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, Puccini and Tchaikowski, to say nothing of Jerome Kern, Al Jolson and Gershwin.

When I was not in the army or working on evening papers, I was generally employed in the morning field, which means, that I had to work at night, which was worse. Night is the time to play and while away the hours pleasantly. It is no time for labor. It has only one advantage: those misguided fellows who drink have the opportunity to sleep off their hangovers the next morning.

So, as I have remarked before, for fifteen years I was the slave of the clock and the bugle. Lazy by temperament and inhibition, I was deluded by the idea that I had to earn my living by holding on

to my job with grim tenacity. How foolish! The year begins, as everyone knows, on January 1, and ends on December 31. In company with about nine-tenths of my fellow Americans when I counted my chickens on New Year's Eve I found I had just what I started out with twelve months before, to wit, exactly nothing.

In the last year or two I began to evolve a philosophy probably old as the hills but new to me. This took definite shape in the ten or fifteen minutes after the alarm went off in the morning, minutes devoted to hasty dressing, often in a cold room, shaving in chilled or at best lukewarm water, breakfast bolted down in a Greek cafe if I had the time or by sending out a copy boy for a sandwich if I loitered, and in between early morning rewrites or headlines scribbled over the flimsy of the night A. P. report.

This philosophy, briefly, was this: Civilization is a curse and barbarism a blessing. The hybrid tribes of northern South America, the Negroes of Africa, the South Sea island loafers, the Mongol tent dwellers, the Malays in their houses on stilts, the Arabs in their oases—these ignorant fellows know how to live. Except for certain commercialized oafs among the Arabs and Chinamen, hundreds of millions of adults live like simple little children. Those of the tropics have all the food they want for the asking, and the women do what little work is required, which I regard as quite commendable. They have few clothes and less money, and except when missionaries, traders and other unsatisfactory folk come among them they spend their time sleeping, eating and drinking home brewed stuff that has a kick in it and which they manufacture in open defiance of the Edict of Jehovah, as exemplified by the sacred ordinance drawn up by the Hon. Andrew J. Volstead, former M. P. from the great state of Minnesota, and now legal adviser to the prohibition area centered about the up-and-coming city of St. Paul. These savages begin their year on January 1, although they probably are unaware of that holiday which finds most civilized individuals possessing brown tastes in their mouths and violent headaches, and their year ends on December 31. The twelve months pass without the acquisition of anything worth mentioning, except perhaps a pickaninny or the dried head of an enemy. They have no public service companies to threaten to turn off the gas and lights, no landlords to bicker with, no automobile traffic to dodge and no congested streets barren of parking spaces, no keeping up with the Joneses, no undesirable and stupid neighbors to drop in and spoil an evening, no bridge parties, no telegrams or special delivery letters arriving at midnight, no city editors to growl at, no politicians talking over the radio, no Community Chest drives, no foreign mission boards seeking funds, no grocer or butcher haunting the doorstep wanting his money, no suits to send to the presser, no shoes to buy for the children, no Ku Klux Klan Klavern around the corner, no bootlegger selling overnight whiskey made of barbed-wire and prune juice, no taxes, no ancient phonographs playing "Vo-Do-Do-Deo," no neighborhood brats using crayon on a first edition of "The Cream of the Jest," no newsboys howling extras about a new war in Turkestan, no noisy street cars, no popcorn vendors, no agents

trying to sell a combination bottle opener and stove polish, no Little Theater movement, no national, state or municipal elections, no intellectual, bank balance or "family" snobs, no Heflins, Bleases, Stratons, Bryans, Wheelers, Booles, Canon Chases or Gypsy Smiths, no Hickmans, Aimee Semple McPhersons, Mrs. Halls, Loebs, Leopolds, Ruth Snyders or Judd Grays, no Florida boom, no tabloids, no servant problem, no women politicians, no bastilles, no English literary lecturers, no Anti-Saloon League, Women's Christian Temperance Union, American Legion, Kiwanis Club or civic improvement league, no book censorship by an Irish cop as in Boston, no skyscrapers—in a word, no nuisances whatsoever.

Unfortunately, the Nordic takes to the dogs rapidly when he succumbs to beach-combing or goes native. For a year or more I pondered on a way out. Then I recalled vividly my past experiences in the Rocky Mountains, which are peopled largely by families who live fairly well without overworking. Three years ago I spent six idyllic months in a log cabin on the side of Pike's Peak, far removed from the cares of the world. As some readers of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* may recall, I wrote joyously of this carefree existence. But in my system at that time the dollar bacteria had not entirely been eradicated and the lure of the gold rush in Florida got into my blood. With a J. Rufus Wallingford complex I went there, became an advertising copy writer, stayed the boom out, and then resumed my career in journalism.

One winter's day I burned my bridges behind me and lit out for the Colorado Rockies. I have very little capital. In a delightful and tiny summer resort up Ute Pass I rented a comfortable log house for ten dollars a month. My nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away. The village boasts of a postoffice and a store, both open half an hour each noon during the off season. That is the social hour for the eight or ten families of natives residing here all winter. The Colorado winter climate, despite the altitude of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, is mild and salubrious. Every day there is sunshine, and at this writing we have had only one cold spell, and that lasted less than a week. I go to the community center at noon for my mail and groceries in my shirt-sleeves. It takes only a little work one or two days each month to secure enough firewood to last several weeks.

I do have an alarm clock in my present and, I hope, permanent home, but I don't know whether the alarm part of it works, and I don't give a damn. Sometimes when I feel ambitious I arise at 9 o'clock in the morning, but that urge is seldom with me. Usually it is 10 or 11 o'clock before I get up, build a fire, and breakfast in fine leisure. My house is equipped with electric lights at a flat rate of a dollar and a half per month, and running water. And there is nowhere in the world where a breakfast of bacon and eggs and buttered toast and hot Java tastes as good as it does in the mountains of the West.

The living expenses for my whole family average less than fifty dollars a month. It is not hard to make them that much and a whole lot more by devoting a few days each month to the typewriter. I

am working on a novel, but whether I sell it or not I will have the fun of writing it. Inasmuch as I write when I please, and make no attempt to systematically work so many hours each day, or turn out so many thousand words each week, I am having the time of my life. I am free to write what I like. No longer do I have to report the mouthings of some silly politician, or take a story over the telephone about a meeting of the Ninth Ward Improvement Association, or taxi down to a tenement to get the sordid details of a new "love nest" murder. I punch no time clock, figuratively or literally. I have no deadlines to meet. I have no business office assignments. I do not have to beg Mr. Mel Washburn, dramatic editor of the last paper I worked on, for passes to the theater. I don't have to wear white shirts and keep my pants pressed: a wool shirt, corduroy breeches, high-topped boots, a ten-gallon hat and, in colder weather, a lumber jacket or mackinaw, constitute my wearing apparel. The rest of my family dress just as simply and as sensibly.

Thanks to the heirs of the late Thomas Cusack, multi-millionaire sign-painting king, there are now a hundred miles of bridle trails leading from my new home. The Cusack horses are at my disposal when I want to ride, and my feet, now hardened and tough as those of any hobo, are equally at my disposal when I want to hike. Mountains all about me soar to an altitude of 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea, with Pike's Peak, 14,109 feet, climaxing the whole region, a sentinel of such rugged beauty that I never tire of gazing at it in all seasons and in all degrees of weather.

And is there no romance in these pine-clad peaks? There is. One day I followed an almost obsolete foot trail up a high mountain, through dry washes and ravines, past ridges and precipitous slopes. At the end of the trail, probably 2,000 feet higher than Cascade, I came across a rude log shack that had not been occupied in many years. A hundred feet away a tunnel led into the mountain, and on the summit a shaft had been sunk, meeting the tunnel. The cabin was in a state of disrepair, but I could see that at one time it had been cozy and comfortable. The view from the front steps was magnificent.

Later I learned that the prospector who had built the cabin and had worked the mine for eight years was a poor devil whose wife had run away with another man some time before he drifted out to the mountains. For eight years he tried to forget his troubles by tunneling into the mountain and bringing out a quantity of ore that assayed very poorly. He had a small income from some outside sources and was able to make both ends meet. But he never recovered his balance. One day he shot himself and the body, half devoured by an army of pack rats, was discovered a month later.

Then, a mile or two above my cabin, there is a cottage where Broncho Maud, once the toast of the open range, lives in squalor with her daughter and son-in-law. Broncho Maud at one time was the champion woman broncho buster, taking all the laurels at the annual Frontier Day celebration at Cheyenne. She had performed before President Roosevelt and other notables. She was the Helen Wills of

broncho busting and old timers say she was the most graceful figure that ever cinched a girth or mounted a roan. Now Broncho Maud is but a memory in veteran cowmen's minds, able to eke out an existence somehow out of her little place at Ute Lake, a forlorn and unhappy old woman.

Up in the mountains back of the cabin elk and deer make their habitat, warily keeping out of the reach of ravenous wolves, mountain lions and coyotes. Native trout multiply in the lakes and streams. Trim forests of spruce, fir and pine cover thousands of acres, as well kept by nature as the estate of a plutocrat by man. The ancient happy hunting grounds of the Utes are almost as devoid of white trespassers as in the days before Columbus, because the tourists who come to Colorado in the summer time rarely leave the well-built automobile highways. In the winter there are no tourists.

If a man can pick up a few hundred dollars a year, he can be supremely lazy in the mountains. A little capital will build two or three cabins to rent out to summer visitors. A patch of ground will raise enough chickens and garden truck to keep the wolf from gnawing at the door mat. A scribbler like myself can bring in a check or two a month—some months—and ease away the days in praise-worthy lassitude. A handy man with tools can find enough odd jobs in the summer to keep him from starvation in the winter, providing he supplements his scanty income by hunting and fishing. Another way is to build a pool fed by a spring or mountain brook, secure a quantity of baby trout from the government hatchery at Leadville, and peddle them when they reach maturity to the markets of Colorado Springs and Denver, or to the summer residents of Manitou and the Ute Pass resorts. Trout are more shameless than rabbits when it comes to reproduction of the species.

I do not advocate absolute laziness but a practical laziness, if there is such a thing. One should be able to bring in some money each year and do it with a minimum of effort. One must eat, and to eat one must pay his grocer and butcher, either in cash or in an exchange of marketable merchandise. Of course, one may secure a large house and take in summer boarders, but that is not a pleasant vocation, and it means hard work for several months out of the year. No one is so hard to please as a summer boarder, and the task is one for an industrious person, not a lazy man or woman.

In my colony of lazy persons I do not want any of those early to bed, early to rise, cranks. Early to bed and late to rise, or late to bed and still later to rise, would be a good slogan for my mountain colony of personable individuals, if I should so far forget myself as to have a slogan at all. The colonists are to be in mufti what soldiers in olive drab call gold-bricks. During my own Napoleonic career I observed that the gold-bricks not only had the easiest time because of the exercise of their wits but they were held in high esteem by their comrades. They were the boys who were battery clerks, office orderlies, motorcycle couriers, sergeants-major, color sergeants, supply sergeants, corporals and aids, headquarters clerks, personnel ser-

geants, message center agents and other such pleasant special detail jobholders.

This colony will be the realm of the lackadaisical, the habitat of congenial folks who believe in fat living and leisure. We will ape as near we can the idlers of the tropics and make laziness our religion, the glowing fireplace our shrine, the crystal-clear snow-water of the mountains our wine, and shut ourselves off from the vulgar world as securely as if we were enclosed by a towering rampart of glass colored by all the radiant hues of a rainbow seen through rose spectacles on a misty day in the springtime.

THE NOTORIOUS CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI

BY W. P. NORWIN

A Complete Survey (Concluded from the August Monthly)

V

THE LOWELL COMMITTEE AND ITS REPORT

SINCE the Supreme Judicial Court for the second time had refused to reverse Judge Thayer's denial of a new trial, every usual legal recourse to obtain a hearing on the new evidence was exhausted. It thus became impossible even for the Supreme Court or the Governor to order another trial; there remained only the possibilities, on the part of the latter, of recommending the pardon of either or both the condemned men; of recommending their commutation to life imprisonment or to a term of years; and of non-intervention.

The last course, by which Sacco and Vanzetti would have been executed without even a reference to the new evidence discovered since the first verdict, had been made impossible by the powerfully supported demand for an impartial rehearing. Sacco and Vanzetti had been condemned to be executed during the week of July 10, 1927, and were now respited till August 10; before that date should arrive there was opportunity for a new survey of all relevant matters, as a result of which Governor Fuller either would refuse to intervene, allowing the death penalty to be carried out, if he found the new evidence worthless, or would recommend the pardon of the defendants if he found it convincing. It was understood that these were the two probable courses; the possibilities of commutation merely lay open.

Since Sacco and Vanzetti were either definitely guilty or not guilty, either death or freedom must logically be decreed to them. Commutation could hardly be a sensible solution.

In order to review the case and obtain a satisfactory basis of judgment upon which to refuse clemency or grant pardon, Governor Fuller undertook a personal investigation of the case on his own account, thus invoking for the first time in the history of the state the Governor's power of review; and he also appointed an advisory committee for the same purpose whose work was to be entirely separate from his. When this committee had concluded its investigation it would report to the Governor; and he, combining its conclusions with

those independently arrived at by himself, would draw from them a final decision which would settle the fate of the condemned men.

At first glance this seemed the long-desired solution, which could hardly fail to give impartial and trustworthy results. But it is important to note that by this arrangement the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti were entrusted to the discretion of only four men, the Governor and his committee of three, and in the final judgment to only one: this was wholly different from an open examination in court according to due process of law, with counsel for both sides, before a jury of twelve. But it was the only relief which was afforded by Massachusetts law, now become powerless; distinctly not a retrial, it afforded in the last analysis only a synthesis of four opinions, arrived at by a method wholly divorced from that of ordinary judicial procedure. The trustworthiness of the results depended entirely on the manner in which the investigation was conducted and the conclusions reached.

The advisory committee, as appointed by Governor Fuller, consisted of Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, Mr. Samuel W. Stratton and Mr. Robert Grant. Mr. Lowell is the president of Harvard University, a distinguished innovator in education, an author of important books, and a very able lawyer of Boston. By tradition and connections he stands among the older aristocratic and conservative elements in Massachusetts.

Mr. Stratton is president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a school whose directing forces are largely the same as those of Harvard. Both men are at the head of institutions behind which lie enormous resources of related capital, and it is presumable that they would not occupy their present positions if they were not identified in some measure with the capitalistic wealth and conservative tradition of the ruling factors in the state.

Mr. Robert Grant, a former judge of the probate court, is a notable lawyer. All three men were well advanced in years; they represented legal capacity and public service of a high order; they were certainly men of a type who could be called "distinguished citizens of Massachusetts."

The committee held its sittings during mid-summer of 1927, beginning on July 25 to hear the arguments of counsel; at length it finished its report on July 27, 1927. Meanwhile Governor Fuller conducted his own investigation. Sacco and Vanzetti were visited in prison several times; the evidence was reviewed and necessary conferences were held. The committee first read the record and the various affidavits and documents concerning the motions for a new trial then heard all available witnesses and all evidence which opposing counsel desired to present.

All the testimony brought to the committee was heard in the presence of both counsel; none of the three members received evidence separately; the counsel were given an opportunity to meet and rebut all testimony and to hear and question all the witnesses who appeared excepting Judge Thayer, Chief Justice Hall, and the jurors. Mr. Katzmann, to whom the committee wished to extend this excep-

tion, consented to be questioned by Mr. Thompson. The only communication made by the Governor to the committee was the suggestion of one or two persons whom it would be well to examine. The scene of the murder was visited and Madeiros, likewise condemned to death and respited so that his testimony might be available, was interrogated in prison.

Apparently all measures were conscientiously taken to be scrupulously fair. The Governor, receiving the committee's report, dated July 27, 1927, finished his own review a few days later, calling in Judge Thayer for a final conference; but his decision was delayed by the temporary illness of his son. His verdict, expected on August 3, when he met with his council, by which the decision had also to be considered, was given out a little before midnight on that day and communicated to the condemned men by Mr. Thompson on August 4. As is well known, in a document of twenty-five hundred words he decided that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty, refused clemency, and declared that the law should take its course. The report of the Lowell committee was made public on August 7 and published complete in the *New York Times* for that date, to which those who wish to study it in full are referred.

We have now to consider the circumstances which surrounded the investigations and the value of their results. From the first both inquiries were conducted in complete secrecy. The Lowell committee gave as the reason for this fact that much publicity had attached to the case, that many witnesses were unwilling to testify under conditions in which they might be exploited by journalists or by the propagandists of the Defense Committee, that therefore, since the committee itself as a private body had no power to compel their presence, it had resorted to secrecy so that all witnesses would feel themselves personally secure in coming before it.

Presumably the Governor's reason for secrecy was of a like nature, though I have found no official statement to that effect. However, the nature of the facts demanded an open and public examination; both inquiries were seriously compromised by the secrecy in which they were conducted, and by the rumors which consequently got about as to what was occurring. Again and again counsel for the defense protested against this secrecy to no avail. Certainly public opinion also had demanded, if anything, an open inquiry, every phase of which should have been made known as it progressed. It seems likely, too, that protection could have been extended to the witnesses who balked at publicity without keeping back the whole substance and the important incidents of the inquiry which did not personally concern them.

The largest part of the witnesses, besides, had already had a good share of publicity and could hardly have refused to testify publicly again after having previously done so. By the clandestine methods pursued, moreover, the investigators gave renewed and justifiable grounds for suspicion from protesting individuals, whose reassurance was certainly one of the reasons for the inquiry. To satisfy the elements of protest and criticism by a public procedure was thus

a primary necessity, in order to assure the elimination of all doubts, or so it appeared to many who had themselves urged the appointment of the committee. The case had had so many dubious and mysterious aspects that an unrestricted airing of all its facts was essential; to surround the investigation with secrecy was merely to foster more suspicion and raise more doubt. From the start, then, the inquiry and with it, its results, were compromised by the methods pursued.

For the report of the Lowell committee, which gave these results, the reader is referred to the full text, as it cannot be analyzed in detail here. Briefly, the committee set before itself three questions: 1. Was the trial fairly conducted? 2. Was the subsequently discovered evidence such that a new trial ought to have been granted? 3. Is it convincing beyond reasonable doubt that Sacco and Vanzetti are guilty of the murder?

The committee held that the trial and the conduct of the judges were "scrupulously fair"; that the new evidence was immaterial and had not justified the granting of a new trial; that the condemned were, beyond reasonable doubt, guilty. But it was forced to find that Judge Thayer had seriously abused "official decorum" by talking about the case outside the court room during and after the trial. (In doing so he had revealed himself as biased against Sacco and Vanzetti.)

But the committee then agreed that in the court room he had nevertheless been perfectly impartial, having evidently executed for that purpose a lightning change from an opinionated human being to the scrupulously just and impersonal instrument of the law.

In almost every case, the committee accepted the evidence of the prosecution and rejected that of the defense. Its report was of some length, but to persons who had asked for a rehearing it must seem essentially superficial and unsatisfactory. The evidence was not reviewed in detail, point by point, with logical or factual explanations of the conclusions reached, as it should have been; by such a procedure the report, of course, would have run to book length, but under the circumstances it was quite necessary that it should have done so.

Since the proceedings were kept secret while in progress, every item and detail of them should have been made public when they were finished, if only to show a satisfactory ground for a decision. Instead, the report is simply a summary of conclusions and opinions, together with a very light and partial analysis of certain details of evidence, mainly those which tended to convict the defendants.

Again and again the committee says that it "believed" that such a fact was true or untrue, but hardly ever gives the *grounds upon which* it believed or disbelieved. For this reason the manner in which it simply said that it did not believe the alibis of the defendants but did believe the witnesses against them, the manner in which it peremptorily dismissed as worthless the confession of Madeiros, the manner in which it arbitrarily accepted some facts and refused to accept others of apparently equal worth is essentially unsatisfactory.

Many of the statements in which evidence is evaluated seem incredible and at times even naive; in places the essence of certain

facts seems deliberately overlooked or interpreted with a new and unsuspected meaning. Trifling points are stressed and important ones abruptly discarded. Perhaps if the grounds for these conclusions had been fully stated, they would have appeared in a better light; for the essential purpose of the whole investigation was not the beliefs or disbeliefs of the committee, but a full analysis of why they believed and why they did not believe.

The public asked from them not necessarily a declaration of opinion, not necessarily any definite conclusion, but a complete survey of the facts, an exposition of the grounds for an opinion. The fundamental requirement was that everything should be thoroughly aired and the essentials of a new and open trial obtained privately since its legal equivalent was no longer possible.

The committee should rather have considered itself as a sort of citizens' trial court, responsible as such to the people, not as a group of investigators whose only responsibility was the reaching of a necessarily circumscribed and personal opinion. It is impossible to impeach the conscious impartiality or good intentions of these distinguished men; but to many it has been possible to suspect an unconscious bias and a fundamental misconception of the purpose of their effort. Therefore, considering the secret proceedings and the superficiality of the Lowell report, the critics of the case could still, without any diminution of former emphasis, reasonably hold that justice had not been done, and that further measures were imperative to secure it.

But there were no further effective measures. The Governor's review, concerning which the same criticisms can be advanced as against that of the Lowell committee, though it seems also to have been thoroughly honest in intention, was the last resource.

Indeed Sacco, in a letter in the *New York Times* of July 31, 1927, to a friend who had attempted to cheer him, showed that he had never had any illusions that the committee would render a favorable decision; only an international clamor, he said, could possibly bring freedom. On July 17 the two men had begun a hunger strike as a protest against the excessive secrecy of the Governor's investigation, but perhaps also as an attempt to draw public sympathy and force the committee's hand, or from sheer despair. In any event it was an unwise measure; Sacco continued it steadily, though Vanzetti after a time abandoned it for the most part.

Presently they were said to be showing the effects of the fast, an Vanzetti's reason seemed to be affected. However, it appears certain, according to the opinions of doctors, that neither of the men became mentally deranged, though Sacco may have shown morbid psychological manifestations due to confinement.

The men were moved into the death house at Charlestown prison on August 2. Meanwhile large mass meetings were being held and demonstrations and protests were redoubled by active sympathizers. When the final decision of Governor Fuller was communicated to them, Sacco and Vanzetti remained calm. Vanzetti had at times been

optimistic; but Sacco, it is apparent, had never expected any other result.

* * * * *

THE END: EXECUTION AND PERSECUTION

UP to the moment when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, somewhat past midnight on August 22, 1927, their counsel and friends never ceased to work to free them. Various legal maneuvers of a technical nature were resorted to, never with much hope of success; but every recourse was exhausted to no avail. Never was there a more frantic and determined attempt to obtain relief for condemned men at the last moment than that employed in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti.

On August 4 Mr. Thompson and Mr. Herbert Ehrmann, who had skillfully directed the many efforts in behalf of the two men, retired from the case and Mr. Arthur D. Hill, a Boston lawyer, was retained by the Defense Committee as the new counsel; the reason for the retirement was that the new attorney would be "less disturbed than we by a sense of injustice," and in a long statement Mr. Thompson criticized the secrecy of the Fuller investigation.

Guards were now placed at the State House in Boston and at the homes of the Governor and various judges. Admission to the men at the Charlestown prison was refused to members of the Defense committee, because the warden had become angry at the publication in the press of letters from Sacco and Vanzetti which the visiting members were said to have smuggled out of the jail. Evidently then, it was not right that the condemned men should make known their feelings to the public.

Attorney Hill meanwhile conferred with a number of men who had been identified with the case, including Professors Frankfurter and Francis B. Sayre of the Harvard Law School; the latter, the son-in-law of the late President Wilson, declared that action would probably be taken in the United States District Court of Boston.

In fact, on August 7, three legal moves were begun by the new counsel. On August 8 they brought before Justice George A. Sander-son of the State Supreme Court petitions for a writ of habeas corpus, a stay of execution, and a writ of error, all of which were denied on grounds of lack of jurisdiction and of impropriety. Petitions for a new trial on the basis of newly discovered evidence and for a stay of execution were brought before Judge Thayer. (One item of the new evidence was an American Express Company receipt for a barrel of live eels sent from Boston to Vanzetti in Plymouth on December 20, 1919; the defense claimed that they were delayed and were marketed by Vanzetti on the day of the Bridgewater crime, for which he had been sentenced before the Braintree murder trial.)

Mr. Hill asked Chief Justice Hall to assign some other judge to hear this last motion for a new trial, but Justice Hall refused, saying that it was in accordance with precedent that Judge Thayer should preside.

As was to be expected, Judge Thayer denied it on the ground of

lack of jurisdiction; but he entertained a motion for revocation of sentence, only to deny it and to refuse a stay of execution on August 9, although on the 11th he allowed exceptions to all his rulings, thus opening another avenue of escape. Another petition for a stay of execution was addressed to Governor Fuller.

Meanwhile, on August 7 several meetings of sympathizers on Boston Common were arbitrarily broken up by the Boston police; permits were suspended and arrests made as soon as anyone began to speak about the case. Mounted officers rode into the crowd, and with half a hundred plain clothes men, dispersed it; the absurd reason for this action was the "interest of public safety."

The Defense Committee planned for a death watch for the condemned men, the execution being set for the 10th, and called for a national march on Boston. Protest strikes and demonstrations occurred in South America and Europe. On August 9 several alibi witnesses for Vanzetti appeared at the State House and asked, since the Governor had refused to believe them and hence implied that they had lied in court, to be arrested as perjurers. Everywhere tension reigned, and double guards were set over the Charlestown prison, bridges, and public buildings.

President Coolidge let it be known that he would not interfere whatsoever in the case. Strikes occurred and parades of sympathizers were broken up by mounted police in New York; in Boston raids and arrests crushed the spirit of a sympathetic strike in the needle trades industry.

From the decision of Judge Sanderson in refusing a writ of error the defense counsel took an appeal to the full bench of the State Supreme Court. To give time for this and other legal action Governor Fuller and his council on August 10, within thirty-six minutes of the time set for execution, granted a respite till August 22, a reprieve of twelve days. On the same day Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court denied a writ of habeas corpus on the basis of lack of authority. But in spite of this reverse, the respite gave renewed hope to the condemned men, who were now removed from the death house. A crisis had been passed, and the army of two hundred and fifty police who had mounted guard over the prison with machine guns was withdrawn.

Sympathizers who had "sauntered and loitered" in front of the State House, a convenient charge upon which seventy-eight arrests had been made, were released with small fines. On August 14 prominent sympathizers attempted to hold a protest meeting on the Common, only to find that their permits were not to be used on Sunday; they began to speak anyway, whereupon Powers Hapgood, a man of national reputation, and Cosmo Carvotti of South Boston were arrested.

On the 15th Sacco, who had consistently maintained his hunger strike, broke his fast under the threat of forced feeding. The following day the full bench of the Supreme Court heard the various arguments of counsel, and at the conclusion a new writ of error was also filed. On the 19th the court denied all the defense's exceptions to the decisions of Judges Sanderson and Thayer and the writ of

error as well, wholly on grounds of law. The Supreme Court of the United States now alone remained; and the defense took steps to bring the record of the case before it and obtain a stay of execution.

One of the associate counsel left for Washington to file a petition for a writ of certiorari. On August 21 Acting Attorney-General Farnum offered to open the files of the Department of Justice to Governor Fuller, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, or the Lowell Committee, but added that the government had no jurisdiction over the case and that a checking of the files had shown no evidences of collusion between state and federal agents in obtaining the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti, as the defense contended.

However, one must note that the opening of these files had been requested before and had been refused; and the offer to make them available now came surely at a very late date. Why had it not been made before, when time was not so precious as it was so near the end of the second respite of the condemned men, within a few hours of the moment set for their death? However, belatedly as the chance came, appeal was instantly brought that the Lowell Committee undertake an examination of the files, and Governor Fuller was asked by Arthur Garfield Hays of New York and Francis Fisher of Philadelphia for another stay of execution to permit this to be done.

Meanwhile on August 20 a stay of execution was asked from Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, and refused; and a few hours later on the 21st Justice Brandeis also declined to intervene on account of personal relations of members of his family with the case; for his wife was a friend of Mrs. Glendower Evans, a Boston society woman who had greatly interested herself in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Mr. Hill then sought Justice Stone, and Mr. Musmanno, his associate, attempted to communicate with Chief Justice Taft. A petition for a third respite had been filed on August 20 with Governor Fuller. However, the Governor had declared that if action of individual members of the United States Supreme Court was unfavorable he would grant no further stay; and as the action of the Justices was at least negative, the Governor refused further relief. Therefore the original verdict of Judge Thayer's court, reached six years before, was carried out: Sacco and Vanzetti were executed a little past midnight on August 22, 1927, and the long and desperate struggle to save them was ended.

Presumably every legal resort except a hearing before the full bench of the United States Supreme Court had been exhausted by the defense attorneys; and Governor Fuller doubtless believed that he was justified in granting no further respite to permit steps leading to such a hearing on the ground that, as the individual Justices were unfavorable when consulted separately, the case would either not be allowed to come before the Supreme Court or, if it did, would not have a different issue at the hands of those same Justices sitting in a body. So considered, a respite would merely have prolonged matters to no different result. However, in a case which had excited such universal concern, and in a time when capital punishment itself

is so much under suspicion, it seemed to many observers that opportunity should have been given to test this final recourse no matter what sure suppositions could be held as to its outcome.

The attorneys for the defense had progressively exhausted every possibility but this; a decision from every source, including the last, would have made the record of the case clear in law. Besides, a final respite would have given opportunity for examination of the government files and new evidence might have resulted from such a search, as the defense believed it would. This would have put a different aspect upon all matters and might have influenced considerably either new motions for retrial or a final review by the Supreme Court. It became plain, besides, that Governor Fuller and his representatives had no intention of examining the government files in accordance with the offer of Acting Attorney-General Farnum. Yet the defense and public opinion as well had imperatively demanded the inspection of these documents, which were claimed to have great relevance to the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti; without such an investigation doubt could still be cast on the proceedings of the first trial. It should have been a matter of pride and justice to the prosecution to eliminate every basis of condemnation; but as it was, suspicion still could and did reasonably remain.

On the 22nd the atmosphere of tension and frantic activity which had featured the last day of the first respite, August 10, returned once more. The Defense Committee called again for a death watch at the State House and at Charlestown prison. Thousands of appeals for clemency poured in upon Governor Fuller. To the distinguished names of those who had already protested others were now added; at this late date, after every sort of legal procedure, many persons satisfied as to the justice of the verdict.

of authority and importance made it clear that they were still not

A petition was addressed to Governor Fuller from prominent American authors and thinkers, among whom was such a one as Ida Tarbell, the noted biographer of Abraham Lincoln. From every corner of the world came the appeals; and one hundred prominent liberals planned to prevail upon the Governor for sympathetic action. A strike of garment workers was called as a protest. On the 21st Boston Common was the scene of a riot: At the announcement that pickets would appear in spite of the cancellation of permits, and when about twenty persons assembled bearing placards relating to the case, a crowd of ten thousand people gathered. Mounted officers charged into the masses and set them in motion; many arrests were made. It was in the face of demonstrations of this sort that the Governor refused to intervene again.

The scene in the death room at Charlestown was simple and brief. The two men had refused the so-called "consolations of religion"—and to offer them in this case was surely the irony of bitter ironies—going to their death with quiet courage, holding to the principles by which they had lived, and refusing to the end the Catholicism of their childhood. Neither showed any emotion. They said farewell to the guards. Vanzetti, in a last show of feeling, forgave some of

his enemies. And in a few moments they were dead. Madeiros was executed the same night.

In the city outside pickets waited and watched. But this simple service of sympathy and protest was not to be tolerated under the ordinances of the city of Boston as administered by its vigilant police; it was regarded by them as a menace to the public order. Consequently more than a hundred and sixty of these sympathizers were arrested and fined; a few appealed who had pleaded not guilty. They were Edna St. Vincent Millay, the famous poetess; Ellen Hayes, former professor at Wellesley College; William Patterson, president of the American Negro Congress; Miss Catherine Huntington of Beacon Hill, Boston; Ella Bloor of San Francisco; and John Howard Lawton, the playwright. Arthur Garfield Hays appeared for the whole body of pickets, and appealed for a writ of habeas corpus for Powers Hapgood of Pittsburgh, who was held at the Psychopathic Hospital for observation after being arrested for the fifth time. In Charlestown nine were arraigned for parading, eight of whom appealed.

The demonstrations following the execution were not as decided as had been expected, but all over the world the death of the two men was denounced. For three days the bodies lay in state, devoid of all religious appurtenances: crowds came to view them. The funeral march was held on Sunday, August 28: along eight miles of city streets, under the eyes of more than one hundred thousand people, the bodies of Sacco and Vanzetti were borne to Forest Hills through the rain. Thousands joined the procession and thousands watched. The crowd was orderly, but when the police checked the following throngs outbursts of protest occurred, which were sternly repressed. Hearses carried the bodies; in cars following them rode Mrs. Sacco, Miss Luigia Vanzetti, sister of Vanzetti, Sacco's son Dante; and Aldino Felicani, Gardner Jackson, and Mary Donovan of the Defense Committee. Mrs. Sacco and Miss Vanzetti fainted on the way and did not enter the crematorium chapel at Forest Hills. About a hundred sympathizers filled the small building where the last service was held. They sat in silence for the most part, though a few women wept, while Miss Donovan pronounced the funeral eulogy. It was a dramatic indictment of the ruling class, which had condemned Sacco and Vanzetti to martyrdom as symbols of the workers and of their revolt from bondage. At the end, her voice broke, and pointing to a red band worn on her right sleeve, she spoke the word printed in black upon it: "*Remember—justice crucified—August 23, 1927.*"

The ashes of the two men, whose bodies were cremated at Forest Hills, were divided, half to be returned to a Malden cemetery, half to be carried to Italy for burial. After the funeral Miss Vanzetti collapsed and was taken to the home of a friend. Later she sailed for Italy.

Death masks had been made of Sacco and Vanzetti and were distributed in New York, where on August 29 Mrs. Sacco was given an ovation and a mob of ten thousand persons who assembled was dis-

persed by the police. The Defense Committee began to draw up its financial statement, and announced that the entire records of the case would be published. Thus the last events of the celebrated affair began to draw to a close.

But all its incidents are not yet completed. On August 25, Miss Mary Donovan, secretary of the Defense Committee, was arrested at the undertaking establishment of Joseph A. Langone, where the bodies lay in state. She was arraigned on the 29th in the Municipal Court, fined ten dollars for "obstructing foot passage," and sentenced to a year in jail on two counts: for displaying a placard which a reporter was copying and which a police sergeant considered objectionable, and for resisting arrest. Miss Donovan stated that she did not resist when she knew she was under arrest and that she had no intention of inciting a riot or of advocating anarchy; she appealed and gave bail of eleven hundred dollars.

In the case of Powers Hapgood, which was finally decided on December 3, 1927, this writer, lecturer, Harvard graduate and nephew of Norman Hapgood, was convicted of speaking on the Common without a permit. Arthur Garfield Hays contended that Superintendent of Police Crowley had granted nineteen other permits for speaking on the Common on August 14 and had denied one to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee; this he held an act of discrimination, but the judge would not allow argument along this line and charged the jury to the contrary. Mr. Hays held that Mr. Hapgood was exercising the constitutional right of free speech in talking without a permit, took exceptions to the judge's rulings, and promised to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

On the two other charges of riot and assault against Hapgood and Carvotti the jury could not agree, and the district attorney did not indicate when they would be retried. On the same day the Suffolk jury freed the eight prominent picketers of the State House whose cases Mr. Hays had appealed, and whose arrest, he claimed, was an effort by the police to stifle the constitutionally guaranteed liberties of self-expression. Among these picketers, most of whom have been mentioned, were also Powers Hapgood, George Kraska, George L. Teeple, a New York engineer, and John Dos Passos, the novelist and playwright. The appeals in the cases of Mr. Hapgood and Miss Donovan have yet to be heard; but it is evident that the issues at stake in them are the rights of free speech and free assembly, both of which seem now to be submerged under petty city ordinances of Boston. These cases, as protests against official violations of individual rights and rising, as they do, from sympathy in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, are part and parcel of the great case and represent a sort of aftermath of it. Hence they deserve to be watched by all citizens who still cherish concern for individual liberty and the rights of personal expression. They furnish as much an index to the times as the great human and legal battle of which they are the concluding skirmishes.

THE case of Sacco and Vanzetti has now been reviewed completely in all its developments up to the present. The attempt here has always been to present the facts first and let opinion follow; for in a matter of such moment it is necessary that the facts, above all, should be fully known. If in general the comment offered has seemed more to sustain Sacco and Vanzetti, more to condemn the prosecution and the official attitude, it is because the data of the case seemed to me to point more strongly in that direction—not in order to bind the reader to either viewpoint.

It is only fair to admit that though some time ago my own opinion was quite neutral, my work for the purposes of this survey and the obvious indications of all that has occurred have led me to believe strongly in the innocence of the two men as well as in the fundamental injustice of the verdicts against them.

But aside from details of personal viewpoint, it is hard to understand how an impartial mind can fail to view the first trial as a mockery of justice and many of the succeeding events as highly dubious. If they are rightly so considered, one must conclude that the legal murder of two innocent men has occurred in spite of all the judicial guarantees of a modern state. This is a charge of such appalling gravity, indeed, that few will care to assert it with finality though they may believe it with assurance. If it is true, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti cannot be ended; for the friends of these two men will never rest until they are vindicated and until that vindication is publicly established.

While one hesitates to accept with certainty any dogmatic viewpoint, the inference of present developments is unavoidable: there is much more to come before the public in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. After the lull of discouragement and depression which naturally followed the execution, activity is being renewed. One needs only to mention as examples such a work as Upton Sinclair's *Boston*, a novel by one of the most prominent and skillful of Socialist propagandists, who has, moreover, investigated this case to the bottom. One may add, besides minor events, the valuable enterprise of the Defense Committee, which in time expects to publish the entire record of the case. By placing these documents before the public a stronger basis for true judgment will be provided than any publicity so far has done; and reliable commentators agree that the record is in itself the most scathing indictment of the prosecution that the most rabid partisan could desire. Sooner or later, too, the files of the Department of Justice bearing on the persecution of Sacco and Vanzetti must be searched and the results made known. Only then, after all the facts are before us, shall we need to agree on the absolute truth.

Though the two men are lost now beyond recall, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, it appears, is not concluded: one of its most important developments are before us. We may not prophesy their issue: they are for the future to see.

THE PASSING OF JIMMY

BY GERALD V. MORRIS

I KNEW him as Jimmy, that was all. What his last name was he never told me, and I never thought of asking him. Once he told me that he was from Cleveland. He had a homely face and a big heart. It was a wonderful face too, something like the map of Scotland or Norway, all points and promontories.

I met him in New Orleans, in the fall of 1913. We washed dishes together in one of the largest eating houses below the Mason-Dixon line. I was assistant. He had landed the job a half hour before me. He was the chief. In the language of kitchenland, we were pearl divers. It was the first time that I tackled the job, and the last. It was Jimmy who introduced me to the mysteries of the sink, to the poetry of dishwashing.

He washed and I dried them. Had we reversed we would have been swamped. We were immersed in crockery as it was—plates, cups and saucers, pots and pans, all the paraphernalia in use to feed the mob. Fifty cents a night was the wage. That was what the cook said. Twelve hours of perpetual motion, and all that we received was twenty-five cents, two-bits, a quarter of a United States dollar. At seven in the morning we filled our pockets with cooked roast beef and fried oysters, and quit. We didn't tell the cashier that. The rule of the house was three days' notice. We asked for an advance, two-bits. We crossed the Mississippi to Algiers and caught a freight heading north.

We crawled out of a box-car loaded with lumber at the first stop in Mississippi. The lumber had shifted as the train switched. There was danger. Shifting lumber is hard to handle in a closed box-car. We decided to risk meeting the railroad police on the chance of finding another car. "Watch out for the dollar-a-head men in Mississippi," we were told. "They'll grab you quickly. The road camps need men. There's a dollar on the head of every hobo."

We looked down the length of the train. The way was clear. It looked like we were on a siding awaiting the passing of another train. We walked down the track, found an empty coal truck and sat down. Two more of the migratory fraternity climbed in. One of them began growling about the delay. "Shut up," said his partner. "The bulls will hear you."

A flashlight appeared above the edge of the freight truck. "You bet we can hear you," said a voice that was hard. "Pile out and be damned quick about it." The last man was slow to move. "Swish," it sounded like a piece of rubber hose. I heard it as it landed. "Yes, sir," I heard him whimper.

There were two of the railroad police. One held a gun, the other had the blackjack. They lined up seven of us in a row. Jimmy was fifth. I was sixth and the slow man was last.

They asked no questions. "I'm going to beat up on all of you before I run you in," said the one with the blackjack. "Go ahead," said his partner. "I'll watch them." "Swish," went the sap. Cries of pain came from the first victim. "Shut up," said the sleuth. "Stand over there; that will do you for the present." "And don't try to run," said his partner. "It won't be healthy." "Swish," down came the sap on victim number two. Number one was moaning and number two began the howling again. "Get over there with the other rat. You'll feel it worse when my partner takes the blackjack." "Swish," down it came on victim number three. There was deliberation in the way he handled the blackjack. I was afraid. There wasn't a chance in the world to rush them. The gun was menacing. "He'll never beat up on me," said Jimmy in a whisper. The fellow with the blackjack heard him. He quit on number three and turned to Jimmy. "So you're a tough guy, eh? We'll see how you like it." "Just a minute," said Jimmy. He walked up to him. The blackjack dropped and a gun took its place. A flashlight shone in Jimmy's face. He stopped. The gun was at his stomach. "Mister, you're going to beat me up, ain't you? Well, if you do, you'd better make a good job of it. If you make a pass at me with that sap, you'd better kill me." "Who is going to beat you up," said the bull. "What the hell are you doing beating your way?" "I'm walking the track," said Jimmy. "It's private property," said the bull. "Get to hell off the track and be damned quick about it, all of you." We went.

II

THE snow hit St. Louis and we were financially lighter than a straw hat. I was eighteen. He, I imagine, was about thirty, perhaps a little more. We were held together by the law that makes friends.

We landed a job in a bowling alley, setting up ten-pins. We came every day at noon and worked until one in the morning. We averaged about three dollars a week, receiving two and half cents a game. Twenty-one balls are allowed to be thrown by the bowler in one game. In that number of balls the pin-boy averages fifty-five jumps for safety, an average of one-half a cent every eleven jumps. We received few tips. A nickel is famous in that part of the U. S. A. It is called, by the migratory fraternity, a St. Louis dollar. Pin-setting is good exercise. It keeps you from freezing in winter time. It kept Jimmy and me eating regular for two months.

We shared a room that had a stove. We made coffee and carried home doughnuts from the bakery in the early morning hours.

I was hit by a ten-pin and didn't show up at the bowling alley for three weeks. Jimmy kept the rent paid.

When the soreness was gone from my ankle I went back to the bowling alley. Another fellow had my job. I couldn't even make it as an extra. Jimmy blamed the manager. They had an argument. Jimmy was fired.

For three more weeks we both hustled to keep the rent paid. We couldn't make it. The landlady put us out. The dough in the doughnut disappeared and for a couple of days we lived solely on the hole. We slept on the floor of the Four Courts Building, delighting in the privilege granted homeless men by the officials of St. Louis. We had company. Fifteen hundred other men spread their newspapers on the floor alongside of us.

The heaviest snow of the winter fell and we got a job. We moved our domicile to a ten-cent lodging house on Broadway.

I left the snowshovelling job on the second day and headed for the city dispensary. I was as thin as a rail, my cheeks were hollow, and I had a cough like T. B. The doctor at the dispensary didn't examine me. He called an ambulance.

Jimmy was at the hospital that night. "I asked at the dispensary," he said. "They told me you had a bad case of exposure. You're not in pain, old timer?" He grinned back at me. "All right," he said. "I'll be over tomorrow." He carried on with snowshovelling.

I was fed well and rested for four days. On the fifth day I asked for my clothes. I was advised by the doctor to remain a little longer, but I was restless. He agreed to let me leave next day.

Jimmy sat by my bed that night and for two hours we talked. I told him that I was leaving the next day and intended to head for the Southwest and warm weather. "I have six dollars coming from the job," he said. "I'll quit in the morning and we will pull out together for California." I had no more to say. He was teaching me something, something about friendship, the lesson of trust. He had been holding me up for a month or more, carrying a double load, splitting the nickels.

When he arrived at the hospital next day I was dressed and waiting for him. He had two mackinaws. One he was wearing, the other was for me. They were new. I was suspicious and I asked him where they came from. "Put it on, kid, put it on. They're warm. We needed them."

III

AFTER dark we climbed on the blind baggage of the Missouri Pacific passenger as it slowed down for the crossing on Vandeventer Avenue. She highballed, and through the night we huddled together on the long jump to Kansas City.

Several times she stopped for water and we stood rigid against the steel hoping we would not be seen.

Once she changed engines. We saw the brakeman coming down the track to release the coupling. We hastily climbed to the top of the train and stretched flat. We were fortunate. The brakeman flashed his lantern on the blind baggage before uncoupling the engine. "No bums riding the blind tonight. It's too cold," we heard him say.

When the new engine coupled up we decided we were safe. I raised my head and saw the fireman standing on the water tank.

"You'd better lay up there awhile," he said. "The bulls are hostile here." "Thanks," I said.

We lay there for some time. It was cold. Five minutes passed. "She's a long time getting under way, Jimmy," I said. "There is a hot-box on the car behind us. I can see the flame from the wheel. It won't be long, kid. They're putting water on it."

In a minute the drawbar tightened. "We're off, Jimmy. Let's climb down." "No, they are cutting that car out. We'd better stay up here until she highballs."

My fingers were becoming numb. I worked them, but I couldn't exercise my feet. From my toes sharp pains were shooting. I shouldn't have left the hospital. I was going to shout out to Jimmy that it was his fault. "Jimmy!" "What is it, kid." His voice relieved me. "Are you cold?" "Hell no," I answered. "These mackinaws are sure fine." "They sure are, ain't they, kid?"

We climbed down when she pulled out. It took all the will I had to make it.

Back in the hollow of the blind baggage I huddled close to him. We had little to say. Station after station flew by. She stopped for water. The friendly fireman said something about the wild night. Jimmy answered with a laugh. "God, but it was cold." Jimmy put his arms around me. "Kansas City bound, kid?" he asked. I didn't answer. All that I could think of was the cold and the eternal click-click.

IV

IN Kansas City I was in bed for a week. Jimmy paid the rent and brought a doctor. The doctor advised rest and left a prescription. It was never filled. I tore it up. We didn't have the money. Jimmy had six dollars when we left St. Louis. It went to the doctor and the landlady. She was kind. We received enough food from her to more than make up for the rent paid.

So far the giving was all one-sided. It was Jimmy who gave. And it was years afterwards before I realized how generous he was. 'Tis the way of youth to forget, years later to remember.

He panhandled the main stem that week in Kansas City. He begged the passersby. Every night he brought home extras, a rabbit for the landlady to cook, oranges, bananas, a pie. Once he came home smiling with a bunch of roses and a chicken. I never asked him where they came from. I didn't care, but I was always afraid of him being arrested for panhandling.

It's worse here than in St. Louis, he told me. "The skidroad is crowded with men. They're bunched up around the employment offices, and every other man that you hit for a dime is panhandling himself." "Stay home with me, Jimmy. I'll be all right soon." "Sure you will, kid, but I've got to hustle. We'll need a few nickels to pull out with."

We rode the Santa Fe out of Kansas City. The passenger trains were closely watched. Thirty days was the rumor if you attempted to climb one without a ticket.

We made the manifest freights, and luck was with us all the way to Albuquerque, New Mexico. There we worked six hours unloading a car of gravel. We had a big feed and hiked for the Western yards. We were tired, but the sun was shining and we were happy.

The train crews from Albuquerque were openly hostile. We were put off the train a few miles out of town and we hiked half the night to the first water tank. There we found a big hobo camp and we slept between two fires of blazing railroad ties.

About noon Jimmy shook me. "Wake up, kid, and take off your shoes. I'm going to sole them. Look at mine." (He had made a good job. They were rubber soled and heeled. I watched him work. His tools were a railroad spike, a pocket knife, and tacks taken from the bill of lading attached to a box-car. For material he had a piece of rubber hose, likewise from a box-car, part of the hose used to carry the air to the brakes. "That fellow can sure do a good job," said a man making coffee. "It's not the first time he's done that job," I said with pride. "That fellow's been in the pen," said his partner. "How do you know?" I asked. "I've done time in Stillwater myself," he said. "I've watched them Bighouse shoemakers work.")

We tried to get out on the freights. We couldn't make it. The train crews were lined up, putting everyone off, and on guard against anyone getting on. They carried short clubs, and it didn't look healthy. "We will have to make the passenger tonight, kid," said Jimmy. "We will have to make it underneath on the rods." I agreed with him.

At midnight the passenger stopped for water. "We'll make the second car," said Jimmy. "Wait until she gets underway." She highballed. The drawbars tightened as it gained momentum. We ran. "Grab," shouted Jimmy. I reached out for the upright with one hand, grabbed the beam with the other and swung on. Jimmy was behind me, he knew the game. We stretched ourselves across the rods and hung on.

"It's the flyer, kid. She's a fast Rambler. We're lucky. Let's hang her down as long as we can." I heard him. "Just as you say, Jimmy," I shouted.

Clickety click, clickety click, clickety click. We made Gallup. Hours passed. We made Winslow, then Flagstaff. It was cold now. We were going up, and up; hanging on, and listening. There was the song of the rails. I was drowsy now. "Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep." "We will soon be over the hill, kid. We're at the highest point. We will be at Williams soon, then it's down grade to California and warm weather. Are you all right?" That was Jimmy's voice. I shouted. I was awake now. "Hang on, Jimmy, hang on." He was satisfied.

We pulled out of Williams. The snow ceased to whirl from the track. Gravel flew up. A piece of sharp rock struck me on the cheek. I screamed. "What is it, kid? What is it? Are you all right?" I heard him moving on the rods. I shouted. "Hang on,

Jimmy, hang on." There was a scrambling sound and a thud. Above the roar of the wheels I heard him. "Christ, Oh Christ!" The train struck a curve. I forgot Jimmy, damn Jimmy. There was the love of life, and Fear, and the song of the rails had changed. "Keep awake, keep awake, keep awake, keep awake."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SPEAKS UP FOR THE APE

LONDON.—Through their mouthpiece, George Bernard Shaw, the long-suffering apes have gone on record with their view of mankind. *The Daily News* recently printed a letter signed "Consul, Junior" (a famous performing chimpanzee), dated from the monkey house in the London Zoo, which the paper regards as "one of 'G. B. S.'s' richest jokes." The handwriting of the letter, according to *The Daily News*, left no doubt that it came from Mr. Shaw.

"Readers," *The Daily News* said, "will share our appreciation of the joke which Mr. Shaw's sunny disposition prompted him to try on us and will readily agree that he in any case does not require the Voronoff rejuvenation treatment."

Mr. Shaw recently was reported as having told Dr. Serge Voronoff, the Vienna gland specialist, in an after-dinner conversation that the world would not stand for application of the rejuvenation expert's treatment to him.

The letter from Mr. Shaw, purporting to have been written on behalf of "fellow-guests of the Royal Zoological Society," is couched in the form of a reply to a statement by Dr. Edward Bach, a well-known British physician, who in answering Dr. Voronoff's claims of rejuvenation treatment discoveries declared that "when the glands of an ape are grafted onto human beings the characteristics of the ape are bound to be transplanted" and added that "the characteristics possessed in a high degree by the anthropoid ape are cruelty and sensuality."

Mr. Shaw, on behalf of the apes, wrote in part as follows:

"We apes are a patient and kindly race, but this is more than we can stand. Has any ape ever torn the glands from a living man to graft them upon another ape for the sake of a brief and unnatural extension of that ape's life? Was Terquemada an ape? Were the Inquisition and the Star Chamber monkey houses? Were 'Luke's iron crown and Damier's bed of steel' the work of apes? Has it been necessary to found a society for the protection of ape children, as it has been for the protection of human children? Was the late war of apes or men? Was poison gas a simian or a human invention?

"We ourselves are not concerned with what men call science except as mutilated victims, but we are concerned with experience. We perceive that vaccination and antitoxin have given men neither the virtues of a cow nor the qualities of a horse. Man remains what he has always been: the cruellest of all animals and the most elaborately and fiendishly sensual. Let him presume no further on his grotesque resemblance to us: he will remain what he is in spite of all Dr. Voronoff's efforts to make a respectable ape of him."

FACT AND FICTION ABOUT HEALTH

BY T. SWANN HARDING

IT is very fortunate for the mental tranquillity of the human race that the validity of an idea has little to do with its practical utility. Tolstoy once wrote a story about Siberia in which he committed the gross artistic blunder of having certain convicts die of sunstroke. It is of course quite easy, in reality, to die of sunstroke in Siberia at certain seasons, but fiction is usually expected to adhere more closely than that to the common idea that it is always bitter cold in all of Siberia.

As Vilhjalmur Stefansson (in his delightful little "Standardization of Error") reminds us Tolstoy was ill advised. The movie producers revised him and in the film concocted from Tolstoy's story the convicts very properly and decorously died frozen stiff. Siberian cold is very useful, therefore, in fiction.

So also is the literary ostrich which, unlike any real ostrich, sticks its head in the sand at the approach of disaster. It should by all means exist for the ease and comfort of writers in need of a suitably inaccurate metaphor to convey their meaning. The fact that if real ostriches had followed such technique there would long ago have been no ostriches at all does not invalidate the literary ostrich one bit or even curtail its usefulness.

A certain amount of fiction is likewise absolutely necessary to good health. It is useful medicine. In the August, 1927, *Harpers*, Dr. Joseph Collins was robustly correct when he said, "The longer I practice medicine the more I am convinced that every physician should cultivate lying as a fine art."

Thus a physician friend of mine when confronted with a badly desiccated patient wanted him to drink the conventional eight glasses of water daily. But a physician can never tell patients procedures so simple as that and hope to earn a living which society will not grant him for preventive measures, as it should. So this physician told his man to take a pink pill eight times a day with a full glass of water. He prescribed the pills, which were composed of colored sugar of milk, the patient drank and was restored to extoll the pills. As a matter of fact the assumed universal effectiveness of copious water drinking is a fallacy, but I pass on to other fictions.

In cases of debilitation it is still quite a common thing for doctors to prescribe phosphorus as glycerol phosphates or as hypophosphite as a tonic. The former placebo contains almost as much phosphorus in highly assimilable form as egg yolk, which is much cheaper. Worse still phosphorus so prescribed is therapeutically impotent because excreted unaltered and such medication has been called "an affront to sound therapy" by medical men who know their drugs.

Furthermore there is as yet no positive evidence that nervous debilitation arises from or is correlated with a low phosphorus content of the nerve tissue or that phosphorus in assimilable form goes elsewhere than to the bones anyway. But it is a perfectly charming idea and this fiction has been as curative as chiropractic or spiritual healing.

So also patients go to physicians with symptoms which are later diagnosed as "intestinal autointoxication." They often get something called "salol" which is prescribed as a bowel antiseptic, and they depart in peace and get well with alacrity. The fact that physiological experiments have shown that salol does not diminish the putrefactive intestinal bacteria in the least, even when prescribed in abnormally large dosage, does not interfere with its fictional efficacy at all. The further fact that exceedingly reliable investigators aver that it is exceedingly doubtful whether any such entity as "autointoxication" exists at all, again does not obliterate the effectiveness of this ritual.

A medical man of unusually alert mind and with extraordinary opportunities for observation—he is an intestinal specialist—writes me that in all his practice he has not come across more than two or three cases where he could absolutely prove autointoxication to be the most likely explanation of the symptom picture presented to him. The crux of the matter is—do the symptoms disappear when the bowel is empty? If they do, and they do in a large majority of cases, autointoxication cannot be the difficulty. This physician continues, "Perhaps five out of a hundred do not admit that emptying the bowel clears up their symptoms, and in them I generally found that such things as hypertension or migraine caused their headaches."

Even the fact that patients have no more right to expect an omniscient diagnosis in five minutes from a medical man who never saw them before, than they have to expect the same magic from a garageman working on their automobile, does not alter the fact that thousands of patients obtain apparent benefit from casual, snap diagnoses with their unscientific prescription sequels. We might continue in this strain but it would merely be supererogatory, not to say ill-humored.

There is in every art, profession and industry a necessary lag between the work of the advanced pioneers and the applications of mere practitioners. Sometimes this lag is surprisingly long. This is often the case with medicine—insulin being one of the few worthwhile products quite generally adopted without delay and carping criticism.



IT is therefore very fortunate that perfectly unsound ideas will nevertheless work so well therapeutically, a fact upon which quacks flourish and which suggests that men are not primarily creatures of reason. It seems of interest, therefore, to consider some common fictional fallacies which surround one or two common pathological conditions—for instance our old friend high blood pressure and its ancillary evils autointoxication and constipation, the "chronic intestinal

stasis" which Sir Arbuthnot Lane so casually burdened with the responsibility for most diseases.

In view of all this we have read and heard about "autointoxication" it is rather shocking to observe that a competent investigator, Adami, says in *The British Medical Journal* that "The term 'gastro-intestinal autointoxication' is pernicious and not to be employed by any self-respecting member of the medical profession." This might be a good sentence to memorize and to orate dramatically, with just the faintest touch of superciliousness, the next time your doctor accuses you of autointoxication, as he quite surely will—if your teeth are sound and your tonsils absent.

Then there is Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic, who opens one of the best discussions of "Intestinal Autointoxication" to be found anywhere, in the July, 1914, *Physiological Reviews* with these words:

The idea that disease can be produced by the absorption of foul material from the intestine, especially in the presence of constipation, is one of the oldest in medicine. The layman has taken to this idea very kindly because it seems so rational. Besides, today he can scarcely escape. No sooner does he begin going to school than there appears the school nurse who is likely to hold up to him the bogey of autointoxication. Later his doctor will ascribe many of his complaints, large and small, to intestinal poisoning; and every newspaper and magazine he picks up will tell him of the terrible results that will follow if he fails to buy so and so's laxative pills, patented syringes, paraffin oil, sour milk, agar or bran.

Woolley says flatly "that absorption of poisonous materials from a healthy bowel has not been shown to produce symptoms of disease." Clendening fully concurred in this opinion and entered in upon an elaborate refutation of Lane's thesis in the bargain. Then what is the actual truth about "autointoxication," leaving the utility of fiction aside for a moment?

In the Middle Ages one Johann Kampf taught that intestinal stasis caused most diseases. The idea is therefore far from new. In modern times Sir Arbuthnot Lane has been the prophet of this dogma. He has enthusiastically traced tuberculosis, for instance, to constipation as a cause, in spite of the cow's immunity from the latter and susceptibility to the former.

For ages physicians have purged patients as a matter of routine, a technique they undoubtedly filched from the priest in the first place and which even today has the ear marks of eschatology about it. The common preoperative purge is part of the sacred ritual of surgery in spite of its detrimental characteristics in most cases. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic long ago suggested that it be abandoned and several other independent thinkers, including Crile of Cleveland, now find it quite superfluous. They, in fact, find that patients do better without it—which reminds us that blood letting went on for centuries before some hardy fool dared see how patients would progress without it!

But are poisons likely to penetrate the bowel wall and cause disease? Many substances which are active poisons when injected into the organism are harmless when ingested or eaten. Thus tetanus, diphtheria and cholera germs may be swallowed with perfect im-

punity and are not then toxic. Can the bowel ever pass harmful poisons on to the system? If so, just what poisons?

The poisons could scarcely be proteins. High protein diets are not toxic nor do the end-products of protein digestion poison us, sectarian vegetarians to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course in an artificially prepared Eck fistula it is true that a protein diet is manifestly intoxicating to a dog but, again, this is probably due in turn to the removal of the liver as a natural barrier to such poisoning.

Proteins as such cannot normally penetrate the bowel wall, except in "allergy," a pathological condition quite different from auto-intoxication, so they cannot be accused. Ammonia is formed in the bowel in amounts too small to be poisonous. Ill-smelling hydrogen sulfide must be acquitted because it is not harmful intestinally. Carbohydrates cannot be blamed because their most toxic end-product, oxalic acid, is again formed in amounts too small to poison.

Then there are those nauseous-smelling things formed when proteins are eaten to excess and putrefy rather than digest. They bear such names as indol, skatol, etc. Can we blame them? Their odors alone seem to condemn them but it has been demonstrated that while they are toxic and can produce a few of the auto-intoxication symptoms, it takes such quantities of them to do this as are enormously in excess of those the bowel ever contains. The same may be said for a troop of distressingly named substances that might theoretically be held guilty—phenol, cresol, histamin, tyramin . . . which seems sufficient display of erudition for the moment.



WE have in the body a three-line system of defense trenches—the intestinal mucosa refusing to allow toxins to pass, the liver and lungs operating chemically to destroy such poisons as may reach the circulatory system. A certain minimum dosage of any toxin must reach the circulatory system in order to be effectively poisonous. Even then organisms often adjust to poisons remarkably and rapidly. A few tenths of a cubic centimeter of nicotine will kill a rabbit in a few seconds. But begin with a minute dose and repeat it every few minutes and you can actually get five or six cubic centimeters of this terrific poison into the body of one small rabbit without killing it.

But what about intestinal bacteria themselves? Some might harm yet their presence is all but universal. Metchnikoff made a curious blunder when he fancied that he could repopulate the intestines with kind, gentle bacteria by drinking sour milk. It was again a charming idea, but founded on fiction. Actually the Bulgarian bacteria will not live in the intestine, while it remains unproved that Bulgarian longevity is caused merely by drinking sour milk. Of course there appears to be some potency in acidophilus, although some good investigations fail to get results from it. Yet a surprising amount of so-called acidophilus is marketed which is inactive or does not contain the remedial bacteria. At best it may render the intestinal flora more salubrious. As a whole bacteria cannot be regarded as poisons to be absorbed and causing auto-intoxication symptoms,

WE continue the search for the vagrant facts underlying this entrancing idea. No poison circulating in the blood stream could be the offending agent because the symptoms disappear so rapidly once constipation ceases. As a matter of fact the whole autointoxication group of symptoms may be brought on by packing the lower bowel with cotton. All have been cured at once by removing the cotton—bad breath, coated tongue, headache, “biliousness”—the condition usually attacked with calomel—again for no particular scientific reason.

In actual truth these symptoms are as often due to “reverse peristalsis,” an abnormal backward motion of the small intestine which forces its contents towards rather than away from the stomach, or to plain bowel distension, as to any more mysterious cause. When such bad habits are learned by the intestine and the normal urge towards the colon is in abeyance, normal movement is sometimes restored to the bowel by the physiological shock of calomel or of some laxative drug. Calomel, of course, never acts on the liver as fiction holds.

Thus reverse peristalsis, controlled by a nervous mechanism which is in turn ruled by higher psychic centers, is one—and probably the main—cause of so-called “autointoxication” symptoms. There may of course occur some latent, low-grade infections, quietly but insidiously seeping from tooth, tonsil, appendix or gall-bladder and producing the symptoms. This is very difficult to trace because it is a fact that most of the massive and very popular “focal infection” theory depends upon rather unscientific analogies and assumptions of cause and effect too arbitrary to be justifiable. Then again strange bacteria may at times somehow set up housekeeping in the bowel and throw off poisonous excretions not normally produced there.

Finally there is the possibility that the formation of as yet unidentified poisons which are usually destroyed but which, in pathological conditions, escape destruction, may explain some symptoms. This inability of the system to destroy such poisons may arise from low-grade infections and the toxins may thus be reabsorbed into the system. At any rate the cause is to be sought elsewhere than in intestinal stasis or fecal impaction and, like most catchwords, “autointoxication” conceals more ignorance than you would imagine from its impressive sound and appearance.



IT might be well, before leaving the subject of constipation, for us to consider briefly a few common misconceptions. During recent years Americans have gone mad on the subject and pay it morbid attention. Diets high in cellulose and other roughage have been acclaimed generally as necessary in cases where the constipation itself is really far from alarming. Yet, such roughage is really very bad indeed for many people and the psychic and nervous factors are assuming more and more importance as causative agents productive of chronic intestinal stasis, which is the proper name for constipation over the radio or in polite society.

Alvarez, to whom we have previously referred, reminds us that in many cases of nervous indigestion the surest help for the patient is to take away his bran mush and muffins. The bran enthusiast constantly forgets that he is eating the most highly indigestible substance in nature, a substance designed by an inscrutable but very artful providence to enable seeds to pass through the alimentary canal of herbivores unaltered. And a herbivore, as the dissection of a cow's alimentary tract demonstrates, has a most efficacious digestive system. Its intricate and numerous stomachs are ferocious in their attacks and what will withstand them is imperishable indeed!

Certain people who have perfect health except for bad constipation may be benefited by the addition of roughage to their diets. But people with short, irritable bowels simply get into trouble when they follow the universal "now you'll like bran" advertisements. One patient, with adhesions producing abnormal narrowing of the bowel at one point, but who had been kept in health for years on smooth diets, actually succumbed to acute intestinal obstruction requiring surgical interference upon taking up the bran habit, and that at a physician's command! Very many constipated people should no more eat food high in cellulose than you should put paper, bits of wood and cotton down a drain which has a poor drop or which, somewhere in its course, has an uphill stretch. For very many constipated or obese patients a rough diet is a boon, but by no means for all individuals indiscriminately.

A point which merits emphasis here is that all people do not necessarily need a bowel evacuation daily, much less twice or thrice a day, to keep in health. Many live in perfect health with movements but two or three times weekly. Bowels differ markedly in their rate of passing along food residues. Ordinarily about fifteen percent of the daily food residue is evacuated within twenty-four hours; forty percent follows the next day, fifteen the third and ten percent the fourth, while it may actually take weeks for the last residue to leave the body. No symptoms of disease are found in many persons who regularly take a week or more to evacuate seventy percent of the food residues from a given day, yet such people may often unwisely resort to purgatives or laxatives. If they neglect this their friend's solicitude will railroad them into conventional procedure. Fast bowel rates, on the other hand, nearly always correlate with soft, badly digested stools.

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RUSSELL S. BOLES, M. D., of Philadelphia, has more recently still emphasized the neurogenic factor governing constipation. Persons of quiet, phlegmatic make-up appear to get along quite well in many cases with but one bowel movement per week. Those of emotional, high tension, hair trigger make-up require at least one evacuation daily. To advocate more than a single movement daily is fadistic, not scientific. The hair-trigger type with a spastic colon which only spasmodically acts as it should constitutes the bulk of our notorious constipated populace. In these people the nervous mechanism controlling the bowel acts poorly instead of functioning

with normal regularity. Such depression of tone results from worry, fear, pain, grouches and other psychic causes more often than from faulty diet. In such spastic cases vegetables and fruits high in cellulose, and of course bran, are positively harmful. Yet they read the advertisements, hear the roughage gospel, become converted and go on bran debauches when what they really need is a temporary diet of potatoes, rice, macaroni, strained cereals and white bread. Later they can have stewed fruits and very well cooked green vegetables with meats in moderation. How few realize that two moderate slices of whole wheat bread daily will supply them with sufficient roughage anyway!

When meat is mentioned we can readily get deeply involved for there is much to be said. For one thing it is now fairly well established that excessive meat eating does not demonstrably cause half the diseases that have been blamed upon it, and for another no evidence yet exists to prove definitely that the end products from meat digestion are positively injurious to the organism. Finally it even remains to be proved that a high meat diet is constipating, provided no attempt is made to avoid bulk altogether.

Even then Stefansson, for instance, would probably look the most unregenerate vegetarian or recalcitrant physician squarely in the eye and declare that a one hundred percent meat (and fat) diet is not constipating. One reason that he might do so is that he himself lived for a total period of nine years on an exclusive meat diet and was not only unconstipated; he was in excellent health, attained his best body weight and, at the end of the period, a complete physical examination by a competent physician failed to disclose any pathological lesions. His physician, Dr. Clarence W. Lieb, of New York, reported this in an article.

There is a point, often overlooked, which should be considered in this connection. Experimental animals when used to test high protein diets are fed rations otherwise scientifically complete in every detail. Only the protein is varied. Human beings who are heavy meat eaters are quite liable not to balance their diets scientifically as to minerals and vitamins which may act protectively. Excessive meat eating may, therefore, be more detrimental to human beings on average diets than we might casually think, as the animal's more perfect diet may afford it considerable protection. If this but emphasizes the complexity of the subject something will have been accomplished. Certainly this is true, however, we are quite sure that animal proteins are more complete and more useful biologically than vegetable proteins and therefore, in reasonable amounts, they better supplement the carbohydrate and fat of the diet.

It is also a fact, apparently, that the Eskimos are not constipated although they live consistently upon a one hundred percent animal diet—pure protein and fat, that is. Yet they develop a passion for laxatives when they adopt the white man's mixed diet. It may also be of interest to observe that when Dr. Lieb reported to the American Medical Association on Stefansson's condition he also reported

on two American patients of his who had lived for years on exclusive meat diets, like Stefansson, under all sorts of climatic conditions, but unlike him, always in America. They also were unconstipated and untroubled with the heart and kidney complaints or the high blood pressure usually associated with high meat diets in health fiction. Similarly the Eskimo fails to show high blood pressure (hypertension) on his carnivorous diet.

A few sentences from Boles' article merit direct quotation here. "Final emphasis may be given to the fact that the great need of these (constipated) patients is psychic culture as well as physical culture. A strict individualization is essential in each case, if a proper estimate of the significance of the patient's constipation is to be made; and if an intelligent program of treatment is to be carried out. To this end I would commend the words of Pottenger when he bids us remember that 'There is a patient who has the disease as well as a disease that has the patient.'"

Nevertheless intestinal stasis stands out (in fiction) among the close friends of high blood pressure and most physicians persist today in regarding them as mutually dependent and definitely correlated. Are they really related so closely though? Is constipation a cause of high blood pressure? We will dignify the condition with the medical term hypertension, reserving hypotension to designate low blood pressure. How are these conditions related to constipation? What are the facts?

A reading of Pitirim Sorokin's masterful "Contemporary Sociological Theories" at once demonstrates to us the faulty and unscientific correlations very prevalent in all the social sciences. This fact is generally admitted and most people say that such sciences merely tell us what we already know in words that we cannot understand. But exactly similar fallacious correlations and assumptions are prevalent in orthodox healing today and it seems well to attack a few of them.

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IT is a matter of actual fact that after years and years of this assumption in this modern scientific era only one investigator ever thought to put the fiction to a statistical test. That was Alvarez. What did he find? He found that constipation had no effect upon blood pressure in men and that it tended slightly to *lower* the blood pressure of women! On another occasion he found high blood pressure in twenty-one percent of 5,700 men examined and in only three percent of 8,934 women. Since women are habitually more constipated than men further dallying with this subject is superfluous except to remark that thousands of orthodox, quack-denouncing physicians today still believe in a correlation which investigation easily demonstrated to be non-existent.

It is very curious indeed to observe that no other investigator ever thought to make an experiment so obvious. This is another proof of the fact that *soi disant* self-evident truths are often the greatest of errors. The best of us are at times curiously blind to what lies right at hand. The untested assumption that constipation

was etiologically correlated with hypertension stood unchallenged, and no one desired to interview readily available facts. Exactly so phlebotomy remained impregnable for years before tests were made to see whether patients really did progress better with than without blood letting. Even after evidence had accumulated to show the disastrous effects of the procedure many eminent people were bled to death.

Similarly the medical profession fought off or ignored the new truths formulated by Pasteur and Lister. Here medicine is not, of course, especially stupid. A primitive steam engine was discovered more than thousand years ago but the resistance of material and non-material culture put the day of practical application off for centuries. Modern science has today an excellent plan for the construction of "garden cities." It is practicable and far in advance of our chaotic, unscientific, congested cities, but the resistance of our material culture will not permit the realization of such sensible plans for centuries yet.

Quite as extraordinary is the fact that though constipation has been accused of causing disease for upwards of two thousand years—for the idea was old when the pyramids were built—no one to date seems ever to have done any statistical work to show that the constipated are more apt to have, say, arthritis or arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) than the unconstipated. We again face a medical fiction of great respectability, an uncle, perhaps, to the assumption that bad tonsils cause various forms of "rheumatism"—another prevalent fiction.

How is blood pressure related to other things—age for instance? It is no longer considered to be contingent upon age in the sense of some years past. Indeed an extensive and progressive rise in blood pressure of healthy persons as life proceeds is not now considered altogether natural. Some healthy people of seventy have the low blood pressure of normal youth, though slight increases up to age forty are not alarming.

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How about exercise? People are usually told to avoid strenuous exercise if they suffer from hypertension. Yet experiments have shown that there is a very variable blood pressure response to exercise and the entire subject is foggy and full of contradictory evidence. In fact if people would more generally eat only what they require instead of eating too much and taking violent exercise to work off the surplus, they would probably be more healthy without exercise than with it!

On the other hand it is quite definitely established that extraordinarily high blood pressure may occur even in sleep, during dreams of high emotional content. The blood pressure changes induced emotionally are indeed actually very much greater than those induced in the very same person by cycling, walking, stair climbing or straining abdominal efforts.

While apoplexy and sudden death are obviously more closely cor-

related with hypertension than with obesity, for instance, there are no statistics to indicate a higher incidence of these fatalities among high blood pressure patients than among normals. This seems extraordinary but we continually run into surprises when we seek the facts underlying superficial fictions. Of course the combination of hypertension and hardened arteries is bad and it must surely predispose to cerebral hemorrhage and thrombosis, especially when emotional stress causes severe rises in the blood pressure.



A GAIN we come to meat. High blood pressure patients are always cautioned against high meat diets, especially against the "red meats." Why? In the first place meat is meat, protein is protein, and some red meats actually digest more rapidly than chicken and lamb. Again it has been shown that the amount of protein eaten, even when varied within wide limits, does not affect the blood pressure. Of course a general reduction of the diet will reduce blood pressure, but proteins cannot be regarded as specially at fault.

Furthermore it is a general rule that if one must eat to excess it is healthier to overeat fats or carbohydrates than proteins; but this is true for all people. No one should yield to the seductive temptation of eating meat in great excess of their structural requirements just because it tastes good and because our digestive tracts have roughly doubled the capacity we need under present civilized conditions.

The meat prohibition is probably based upon another insecure fiction that kidney disease and hypertension are associated. If so, it is devastating to learn that no incontrovertible proof as yet exists that excessive meat eating causes kidney lesions in human beings. There is much experimental evidence, but it faces both ways. With animals the preponderance of this evidence is certainly in the negative.

Should high blood pressure patients eat salt? Yes and no. Certain investigators inform us that there is no relation whatever between the chlorides of the blood plasma and the blood pressure, although there certainly would be such a correlation if eating salt increased the blood pressure. In fact no change was found in the blood pressure of human beings even when their salt intake was varied considerably. Yet other workers have been very successful in reducing blood pressure by putting their patients upon an insipid salt-free diet and there, so far as I know we shall have to leave this subject.

In short the cause of high blood pressure is unknown to date and we know shockingly little about how to combat it. We are in the same situation regarding low blood pressure except when hypotension is caused by some acute infection or cardiac weakness. But "the pronounced effects of mental stress, excitement and worry in producing and maintaining high blood pressure emphasize the significance of the nervous system here." Since such strikingly exaggerated pressure changes may occur very rapidly in response to nervous disturbances the warning to avoid emotional stress and to become pay-

chically educated is about the most useful bit of factual advice that could be given.

People do not realize how bafflingly complex medical problems really are. The physician must to date operate largely as an empiricist. Medicine is as yet far from a science. Therefore opinions differ, arguments occur, sects arise, data contradict each other and purely unscientific procedures often seem depressingly effective. The problem underlying medicine is the great problem of the fundamental constitution of living protoplasm which underlies all biology. To be strictly scientific medicine will have to solve such horrible riddles as these—

How can cell processes be restored to normal after a profound disturbance? What kind of system, in physico-chemical terms, is this living protoplasm of our tissues anyway? How can it best be kept in equilibrium and what actually are the best conditions for its normal self-maintenance?

This protoplasm which makes up our tissues is, chemically, what may be called an irritable, unstable system in which the ratio of constructive to destructive metabolism varies widely. Now it is being broken down more rapidly than it is being built up; now the reverse is true. The problem of medicine is both to prevent abnormal growth—such as cysts, tumors and cancers—and large scale regressions for both end disastrously.

This, then, is the intricate riddle underlying all therapeutic experimentation. Although this problem of the tissue cell, its normal state and its most favorable environment, is indescribably complex, it simply must be solved before medicine can ever become fully scientific. Meanwhile let us be thankful that the doubtful validity of a therapeutic idea often has little bearing upon its utility, but it is also well to remember when we are dealing with fiction and when with fact.

GREAT HUMBUGS

BY MARC T. GREENE

NO one has ever taken any serious exceptions to the pronouncement of the late Phineas T. Barnum, that the American people like to be "humbugged." For the great showman was offering no affront in that observation. He meant only that the average American parted genially with his fifty-cent piece for the privilege of gazing tolerantly on much that was so obviously a departure from the genuine as, in that very fact, to provide amusement. Moreover, for their half-dollars the show-goers of Barnum's day got a good deal more than humbuggery. They got many strange things that even the "world's greatest" circuses of these days cannot or do not provide. In short, they got their value and more; and if that were being humbugged it was naturally accepted without rancor.

But what would Phineas T. say should he find himself in the midst of the thousand and one forms of quackery, the numberless varieties of humbuggery, that are practiced upon the American people today, and not admittedly for the purpose of furnishing a little harmless entertainment, but mostly with malice aforethought for the purpose of securing the largest possible amount of coin for the least possible value in return? Barnum's "humbugs" were mild and inoffensive, and as obvious as those of the ten-year-old who demands his parents' attendance upon his own first "circus" consisting of the patient family domestic animals in slatted boxes.

But the great American humbug of today is in many respects a dangerous and a menacing thing. It not only parts its victims from their worldly goods on any and every conceivable kind of false pretense, but over and over again seriously threatens their peace of mind and their physical well-being. Yet despite the fact that "exposures" of fakes, one and another, are almost as frequent as the issues of the weekly and monthly periodicals, the quackery goes merrily on, proving beyond cavil that the American people, tolerant and slow to distrust, are the most gullible of all people.

Yes, there is no doubt at all that Americans, on the whole, are a trustful folk, not readily regarding with suspicion any person or thing, surprisingly prone to believe what they are told, if the telling carries the least degree of conviction, and to believe what they read, too, if only the subject is set forth in large type and in sufficiently forceful language. To illustrate:

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TURN the pages of the average "popular" magazine, and what is about the first thing we encounter? Ah! Our old friend, "Lionel, the Lion-hearted." Observe what *he* offers you and in what effective language, emphasized by photographs revealing the surprising results

of his "system" upon himself. "Come on now, you moochers, get a little pep into the old system! Don't fool yourselves any longer that you are anything like men! Come to me! I'll straighten up that shrimp-shaped spine! I'll give you an arm that'll look like Gene Tunney's! I'll take six inches off your belly and stick it on your chest! Come on, now! Quit looking like something the cat dragged in, and come to me, *come to me*, COME TO ME!"

Thus the "get-strong-quick" man. You all know him, and if by any chance you have yielded to his urge to "fill out the coupon" his airily-worded "literature" has followed you for years ere he has abandoned hope of landing you. He has many variants, nor do they all address you thus forcefully, language as quoted being distasteful to certain delicate sensibilities, even in America. The variant takes some such form as this:

"Do you crave a greater degree of physical manhood, my friend, a greater efficiency in all concerns? Do you feel that you are unable to make the most of certain opportunities? Then let us consult together. By the aid of my enticing elucidations (an exact quotation from a popular magazine advertisement) all that you desire can be accomplished. But I respectfully urge you not to delay. An addressed envelope will bring full particulars. And five dollars down with five more in three months will secure the enticing elucidations."

The very number of these folk make it clear that this is a profitable form of quackery. Yet nothing that they can do, or expect to do, for you is in the least degree beyond your own capacity to do for yourself, especially with the aid of suggestions and advice from the family physician. It is humbuggery, pure and simple, and such humbuggery as would have left Barnum aghast.

* * * * *

ANOTHER magazine. What have we here, pray? "Would you like to write stories?" Well, who wouldn't? Come on, then; here's the way to do it! "The Selleman Gryn School of Fiction Writing, 217864 Ocean Boulevard, Santa Bonica, California. Our pupils have just sold three scenarios to Charlie Chaplin for \$1,000 each. You may be the next. We'll teach you in ten lessons how to write fiction, poetry, essays, history, science, biology or scenarios, whichever you like. Ten dollars now and a hundred when you've sold your first story. Why drudge at the desk or punch the time-clock when you can enjoy the glorious independence, freedom, happiness and wealth which are the possession of every writer? Look at Victor Hugo, look at Bernard Shaw, look at Mrs. Selleman Gryn! You can do it, too! Fill out the coupon and send ten dollars at once!"

How is it that people fall for such obvious bunk as that? Yet they do, for the magazines are full of these advertisements. If they didn't pay they wouldn't be there. Nothing can be more certain than that. And the American people, victims of the great national scheme of humbuggery, do the paying. Yet no single person who ever answered one of these advertisements learned to "write" by any such means. The thing simply cannot be done in that way, of course, never has been and never will be. And no writing person having the

least respect for himself—or herself—would lend the authority of a name to such arrant quackery. If you have the gift of expression, soon or later you will write—with more or less success. If you haven't it, you never will write—in any degree that will bring you any distinction or fortune, that is to say. And though you devote a lifetime to it, and patronize every "school" of literature on both shores of the Atlantic and Hollywood Boulevard, you will achieve nothing. The man who said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains was an ass and knew it. For achievement in literature or music or painting—call it "art" or whatever you like—is not a matter of industry or perseverance except as you possess the golden gift; then it must be, or even the gift will avail you little. But without that—stick to your desk and your time-clock, and deem yourself lucky to have a job at all. And incidentally, to console yourself, place no faith in the glowing descriptions of a writing man's highly-colored existence, "free, independent, happy and rich." Know that it is not in the scheme of things mundane that these much-to-be-desired conditions should go together.

* * * * *

I HAVE lately received—in response to the coupon and addressed envelope—a "contract" from a "song-publishing house." I shall have, to admit that I played a low-down trick on these gentry. Yes, I sent them a couple of published poems of my own, poems published in a periodical which I deemed it highly improbable they would have seen or be interested in. They selected the inferior of the two lyrics which they agreed to "revise" in accord with their professional experience and poetic judgment, after which suitable music would be composed by a gentleman of much ability. The latter was convincingly attested by an accompanying list of his prolific output of "popular" songs, at least one of which was "generally acknowledged by experts to be the greatest song-ballad of all time."

Clause "7" of the contract entailed a first payment of five dollars by the "author" to the "principal," and similar sums at monthly intervals until the full amount of \$105 had been paid. In return for this "one thousand professional copies of your song will be printed, forty copies sent to forty music publishers, fifteen copies to fifteen manufacturers of phonograph records or player-piano rolls, thirty copies to thirty radio-broadcasting stations, and one hundred copies to one hundred theater managers and theater orchestra leaders with instructions to distribute them among professional singers."

Inasmuch as a number of these crooks have been jailed for misuse of the mails during the past ten or fifteen years, their "contract" now invariably contains the following qualification, printed in small type on the back: "This contract is not an indication of belief on our part that you will profit financially. We absolutely refuse to express an opinion about the commercial value or merit of any song or song-poem."

I hear you observe that "there must be something lacking in a man who falls for that sort of stuff." Well, for the matter of that, I heard a young woman at an adjoining restaurant table the other

day express the rather depressing opinion that there was something lacking in everyone of us. But mark you this. There never has been a time in all recorded history when the urge to make money quickly was greater than it is in America today; or when money would—or so runs the popular impression—gain more for its possessor. Thus any chance is worth staking a little upon. Wild yarns are spun of the fortunes made by writing asinine drivel to be perpetrated upon a long-suffering people by means of radio and other nuisances. It looks easy. One is told in convincing advertisements that it *is* easy. Why not have a go at it? Thus, once more, the aforesaid American gullibility.

All this sort of quackery has the effect of destroying one's peace of mind because it is full of suggestions that all is not as it should be with one, that one is weak where he might be among the elite of earth, that he is drudging through an uncongenial occupation when he might be achieving the glory—and fortune—that is popularly supposed to be the lot of the literary man. And so on. There are many more advertisements that hold forth impossible ideals and point to unattainable goals. Not infrequently it becomes a conviction with these victims that they are far too good for their job, that they have hidden talents and latent abilities which might bring them to independence and glory; and so they become useless at the thing they are doing.

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BUT even worse than all this is the humbuggery, so widely practiced in America today, that seriously endangers physical health. It is a thousand forms, from vicious smokables constructed of anything and everything but pure tobacco, to synthetic drinkables and eatables, and even to certain cults and isms. Glance at this blithe bit in another well-known periodical which I shall call *The Official Organ of American Rabbitttry*. Recognize it, don't you? "Come on, now! Pack up that old jimmy-pipe and get set behind it! And don't let the fact get away from you that King Canute's the stuff to pack it with! Get that, fellows? It's the he-man smoke, is King Canute, and the guy that's behind a pipe packed with it is all set for anything from a game of checkers to a lion hunt. Don't fool yourselves, men! As to good imitations, there ain't no such animile! We've got a special process that puts King Canute where the Gods of Olympus would have hankered for it. Get busy, now! Play the he-man and get behind a jimmy-pipe full of good old King Canute!"

Regard the glorious scenery from a railway train. Do you see any of it? You do not! Here is what you *do* see. "Hot diggetty dog! Here's the best cigarette since Cleopatra lighted the original Egyptian for Mark Anthony!" Or, "Here you are! Blend of the best tobacco on earth. Heavy Wallop Cigarette! Our process costs a million but we do it for your good!" Amazing altruists, these makers of near-cigarettes. And so it goes, this beautiful American roadside scenery consisting chiefly of billboards and ghastly disfigurements of the landscape bearing names of a thousand and one things, at least half of which are accurately described as humbugs.

EVEN more menacing are the synthetic drinks, the artificially-colored and artificially-preserved fruits, the ices "renewed" for weeks and even months and utterly unfit for human consumption. Several years ago, as a result of long-continued agitation against this sort of thing, it began to be required that every establishment selling artificially-preserved condiments make that fact clear to the public. But is the consumption of such filth affected? Bless you, no! For the shop-keeper will tell you that benzoate of soda, formaldehyde and what not does you no harm "if taken in small quantities." Yet the fact is, that every time you consume a liquid with artificially-preserved and artificially-colored syrup, every time you eat near-ice cream which has been refrozen and renewed anywhere from four to forty times, every time you attack those vicious and viscous masses of chemically-preserved fruits and syrups and venerable ice creams known as "sundaes," you are not only insulting your patient stomach, but in most cases actually menacing your health. They are all humbugs of the first order, such stuff as our sensible forefathers would never have dreamed of touching, such concoctions as none but Americans make a habit of consuming even now. The enormous increase in this consumption since prohibition is distinctly and definitely one of the evils thereof; and that is so without regard to your views for or against. But the form of these offerings—and especially their color, chemically originated though it is—appeals to the eye; and there the American succumbs.

Yet all these are but a few of the great American humbugs of today. Think of the thousand and one "isms," especially prevalent in southern California, which have nothing whatever back of them but the cleverness of some man or woman who has found a new path to riches leading through the well-known and oft-proven American gullibility! Think of the hundreds of quack remedies for this and that, particularly popular under a prohibitory regime! Think, indeed, of what the American people swallow—literally and figuratively—and then wonder if Barnum wasn't very moderate in his pronouncement of fifty years ago.

WHAT RURAL FUNDAMENTALISTS TALK ABOUT

BY CHARLES LEE SNIDER

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Barnes, deacon of Little Bethel Baptist Church.

Mr. Basinger, ditto.

Mr. Lippard, ditto.

SCENE: The grove in front of Little Bethel meeting house.
Time: "Preaching Saturday" early in June—that is, Saturday afternoon, the time of the regular monthly "business meeting." The weather is hot, the season is a busy one, only the more consecrated members of the church are in attendance. A few middle-aged women and a few children may be seen standing in the shade, near the church door. The three deacons have gravitated to the coolest spot in the grove, underneath a large oak tree. They are waiting for the preacher to arrive and open the service. While waiting, they discuss the issues of the day, both spiritual and temporal, in the most approved Little Bethel manner.

Mr. Barnes. It shore is a dry summer, ain't it?

Mr. Basinger. I ain't never seen the beat. My daddy, he'll be eighty year old next August, an' he says he ain't never seen the creek below my house as dry as it is now 'cept onct.

Mr. Lippard. Corn an' stuff shore is a-burnin' up. Iffen it don't rain 'fore long, they jist natcherly ain't a-gonna be nothin' made.

Mr. Barnes. Wheat's a-ruinin' too. Last year my wheat weren't nigh ready to cut this time a-year, an' now I got some I gotta cut Monday. It's a-dryin' up an' fallin' down.

Mr. Basinger. Wheat crap shore is gonna be off this year. This dry spell's jist natcherly ruint mine. I bet I don't make half a-crap.

Mr. Lippard. Me nuther. I got eighteen acres sowed an' I bet I don't make a hundred bushel.

Mr. Barnes. Well, I sowed twenty-five acres last fall, me an' my boys, an' I ain't a-spectin' more'an two hundred bushel at the outside. Some o' my wheat's on good land, too.

Mr. Basinger. Folks shore is a-gonna be up against it, ain't they, if this dry spell keeps on? Makin' no wheat hardly an' no corn nuther.

Mr. Lippard. Ain't it the truth? It shore is a-gonna be tough times. Iffen it don't rain 'fore long they jist natcherly ain't a-gonna be nuthin' made.

Mr. Barnes. I see in the paper last night where the Governor has a piece a-callin' on everybody to meet in the churches tomorr' an' pray for rain.

Mr. Lippard. Ye say he is?

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, I seen that too.

Mr. Barnes. Well, whadda ye think of it?

Mr. Lippard. It mought be a good i-dy. One thing shore: it wouldn't do no harm.

Mr. Basinger. I seen in the paper where they wuz a church down in South Kéerliner where they prayed for rain an' it come up a cloud 'fore the folks got home. Rained a good rain, paper said.

Mr. Barnes. Them folks must of had the faith.

Mr. Lippard. Yeah, they shore must of.

Mr. Barnes. Tell ye, way I figger it, 'bout prayin' for rain. Or 'bout prayin' for anything else, for that matter. Ye gotta have faith if the prayin' does any good.

Mr. Lippard. Why, shore ye gotta have faith. Don't the Bible say that Christ hisself couldn't do no meracles where they didn't have no faith?

Mr. Barnes. That's what it says. It says if ye got faith the size of a grain o' mustard seed ye can move a mountain. But without faith ye can't do nothin'. That what the Bible says.

Mr. Basinger. You know what I bleeve? If folks would jist natcherly git together an' humble theirselves an' git right down in sackcloth an' ashes, ye might say, an' pray with a real genuwine, sincere, honest-to-goodness faith like people had back in olden times, why, you know I bleeve the Lord would send rain.

Mr. Barnes. Why, shore, if people would pray with faith, like they did back in olden times. But that's jist the trouble. That's how come so much of the prayin' now'days don't 'mount to nothin'. Folks jist natcherly ain't got the faith like they had back in olden times.

Mr. Lippard. Ain't it the truth? You know what's so? They jist natcherly ain't got hardly no faith at tall no more, most o' the church members this day an' time.

Mr. Basinger. Back in olden times people could pray for rain an' git it. Don't the Bible say that old Elijey prayed for rain an' it rained right off? An' they hadn't been a drap o' rain fell for three year.

Mr. Lippard. Yeah, but I have an i-dy old 'Lijey wuz a differ'nt cut from most o' the preachers now-days. He wuz out to serve the Lord, in my estimation. He weren't studyin' 'bout his sal'ry all the time.

Mr. Basinger. People has got so wicked these days, that's what's the matter. Didge ever see the like? Stealin' an' robbin' an' killin' an carryin' on? Why, ye can't pick up a paper no more what ye see where somebody's been robbed or killed or somethin'.

Mr. Lippard. Ain't it the truth! 'T ain't no wunder the Lord don't answer no more 'an he does. People has got so mean—

Mr. Basinger. Ain't it a sight! Didge see in the paper last week where that Methodist preacher at Lexington run away with that gal?

- Mr. Barnes.* Yeah, I seen it. One of his Sunday school teachers, too, paper said. Weren't that some come off?
- Mr. Lippard.* It shore wuz. *You jist natcherly can't tell what a preacher's gonna do these days.*
- Mr. Basinger.* Be dogged if it don't look like it. They's 'bout as many preachers git in trouble as anybody, look like, 'cordia' to the number.
- Mr. Barnes.* Well, I tell ye, way I figger it, 'bout a preacher gittin' in trouble. Preacher's human, jist like anybody else. An' then he comes in contact with all classes o' women, ye know. An' then you know how a-lotta town women is this day an' time. Specially these high-flyin' siciety women. Tell ye, when ye come right down to think of it, a preacher's up against a-lotta temptation these days. Specially if he's a big fine young buck. They'll be some o' the women jist a plumb fool about him.
- Mr. Lippard.* Yeah, that's the way it goes. Preacher's apt to git in trouble—ifen he don't watch out. Looks like some of the most brainiest preachers they is git in trouble with the women now'-days.
- Mr. Basinger.* Well, I reck'n it's always been that way. Look at old King David. He wuz one of the most inspired men ever lived, I guess. Bible says he wuz a man after God's own heart. An' ye know what he got into with a woman.
- Mr. Barnes.* Yeah, an' look at old King Solomon. He wuz wuss yit. He had sebam hundred wives and three hundred concubines.
- Mr. Lippard.* Old Solomon shore wuz a rounder, weren't he?
- Mr. Barnes.* He shore wuz. Ye know, they's some things in the Bible that's always been a mystery to me. Now you take old Solomon, for instance. He wuz the wisest man ever lived, Bible says. He wuz a inspired man, too. Wrote parta the Bible, ye know. An' yit he lived what ye mought call a loose life, with all them women around him. I jist don't understand it. It's a puzzle to me.
- Mr. Lippard.* Me too. Don't look like old Solomon could a-been a Christian an' a-done like he done, does it?
- Mr. Basinger.* Solomon wuz a livin' under the old dispensation. They wuz a lotta things allowed back in them times that's been forbid since Christ come.
- Mr. Lippard.* That preacher must a-thought he wuz a-livin' under the old dispensation. (Laughter.)
- Mr. Barnes.* Yeah, he shore must of.
- Mr. Basinger.* All jokin' aside, a preacher does have a lotta temptation this day an' time. No doubt 'bout that. Specially in these towns. It's jist like Brother Barnes wuz sayin'. If a preacher's young an' good lookin', why they'll be some o' the women jist a plumb fool about him. But then what I say is, *if he can't let the women alone, let him quit preachin'!*
- Mr. Barnes.* That's what I say. Preacher's supposed to be settin' a good example, ye know. He's supposed to be a pattern for the rest o' the people to go by. An' whenever a preacher goes an'

gits hisself into a scrape like that preacher at Lexington, why I dunno what ought to be done with him.

Mr. Lippard. That preacher ought to be took out an' cowed. Iffen they ever catch him.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, an' that gal, too. That gal's jist as much to blame as he is. Tell ye what's a fact: I don't see what's a-gonna go with this country nohow, the way the gals an' women are a-doin' these days. It ain't no wonder the men don't behave theirselves no better than they do, the way the gals is a-dressin' an' a-showing their legs an' everything.

Mr. Barnes. Ain't it the truth! When me an' you wuz a boy, if a gal had a-showed her knees or a-had her hair bobbed, why her mammy would a-beat the life out of her.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, an' now it's got so the gals dress jist any way they want to. Be goin' 'round in their chemise next, I reck'n. It's scandlas, I call it.

Mr. Lippard. Well, I tell my gals this way: iffen they want to bob their hair an' go naked up to their knees when they git twenty-one, why, I ain't got nothin' to say. But iffen they go an' git their hair cut 'fore then, why, they can jist natcherly hunt 'em a new boardin' place.

Mr. Basinger. I ain't never seen nowhere in the Scriptures yit where a woman wuz given any authority to bob 'er hair.

Mr. Barnes. Me nuther. I ain't never seen nothin' like that.

Mr. Basinger. 'Postle Paul says it's a shame for a woman to have 'er hair cut. I wuz readin' that in the Testament not long 'go. An' 'nother thing, too, you'll find, if you'll read the Scriptures close: Paul didn't have no use for this here woman suffrage, nuther.

Mr. Lippard. This here woman suffrage is what's ruind the country, one thing. That an' this blamed evolution business.

Mr. Barnes. Ain't it the truth! Didje see in the paper last week where that perfessor at the State University said they wuz men a-livin' thousands an' thousands o' years afore Adam?

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, I seen it. He jist ez good ez said the story of Adam an' Eve wuz a lie.

Mr. Lippard. That man's a-gittin' too big for his britches. He ought to be kicked outen his job.

Mr. Basinger. Ain't it a shame! Teachin' sich infernal rot, an' us church people a-helpin' pay his sal'ry.

Mr. Barnes. Didje see in the paper where that perfessor down at Duke's University said they wuz mistakes in the Bible?

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, I seen it. You know one thing? *That's one of the most dangerousest evils that's a threatenin' our country today—inifidelity!*

Mr. Lippard. You're right about that. Like I said to our school teacher last winter. He wuz up at my house one night an' we got to talkin' Bible an' one thing an' another, an' the question come up about how long go the earth wuz made. He said he didn't

bleeve the earth wuz made in six days like the Bible says it wuz; he said he bleeved it wuz put here in a meltin' condition, red-hot, like they say the sun is, ye know, an' it gradgelly cooled down for millions o' years an' so on. I ax him how come he think that. Well, he said when he wuz in college they had a lotta rocks down thar that had been dug up out o' the ocean with dead fish bones in 'em. So I listened at him awhile, an' he talked on, an' after bit I says, S'I, you put a passel o' dead fish bones ahead o' the Bible, do ye? Well, sir I never seen a young feller chawed out so bad in all my life. He looked like he'd stole a sheep or somethin'.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, I bet that did git away with him.

Mr. Lippard. Then I says, I guess you bleeve in this here evolution, do ye? Well, he 'lowed they mought be somethin' to it—so many o' the learned men this day an' time did bleeve in it, he said. Well, I says, I allus have bleeved in edgication. I keep my children in school ever day when school's a-runnin', 'cept when I hafta have 'em at home in the cornfield. But they's one thing shore: iffen it's a question o' my children a-notta gittin' a edgication or a-bein' brought up to conterdick the Bible, then I say, let 'em go without a edgication ever time. 'Cause iffen they git as much edgication as the President an' go an' turn infidel, why it ain't a-gonna do 'em no good.

Mr. Basinger. You're right about that, brother. The Bible's the only thing we got to go by. An' whenever a man begins to conterdick the Bible, why, I don't know if a little Ku Klux mought not be good for 'im.

Mr. Barnes. They tell me they's jist a whole lotta preachers up North now'days don't bleeve in no hell. Preachin' this blame Modernism, they call it.

Mr. Lippard. They'll find out where they's a hell or not, whenever they come to die.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, they'll find out they's a hell. You know, I think that one o' the most wickedest things a man can be guilty of: man settin' hisself up to preach an' then turnin' right around an' beginnin' to criticize the Bible.

Mr. Lippard. Man like that's a Judas, that's what he is.

Mr. Barnes. That feller Fosdick, paster o' Rockefeller's church—man that talks on the radio sometimes—they tell me he don't bleeve a lotta things they is in the Bible.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, I wuz a-readin' a piece about him in the church paper. If what that paper said wuz so, that man ain't fitten to preach to a nigger church. Paper said he claimed the Lord mought a-wrote a parta the Bible, but they wuz a whole lotta stuff in the book that wuz jist made up an' put in thar by men. Don't you know that man ain't fit to preach?

Mr. Barnes. Why 'course not. If ye gonna deny one thing in the Bible, ye jist as well to deny 'it all, so fer as it's bein' a inspired book's concerned. That's the way I see it.

Mr. Lippard. That's the way it looks to me. But ye know they's jist a whole lotta people this day an' time don't bleeve a lotta things

they is in the Bible. Take old Joney a-bein' in the whale, fer instance. They tell me they ain't none o' the preachers up North hardly bleeve that no more.

Mr. Barnes. Why ye don't hafta go up North to find men a-contradictin' the Bible. Look at Dr. Poteat* down here at Wake Forest.

Mr. Basinger. You know one thing? I ain't got a bit more use fer old Po-teat than I have for Bob Ingersoll.

Mr. Lippard. Me nuther. Fact is, I don't know iffen Po-teat ain't wuss'an Ingersoll. Old Ingersoll, he didn't pretend to be doin' nothin' but servin' the Devil. But old Po-teat, he claims to be sich a good Christian, ye know, and then turns right around an' teaches this blamed monkey stuff.

Mr. Barnes. If a man sprung from a monkey, wunder where he says the monkey sprung from?

Mr. Lippard. That's what I'd like to ax 'im.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, an' another thing: if men sprung from monkeys, why ain't monkeys still a-developin' into men?

Mr. Lippard. Yeah, I'd like to ax 'im that, too.

Mr. Basinger. That man shore will have a lot to answer for in the Judgment. They's a-many a boy on his way to hell from a-listenin' to old Po-teat.

Mr. Lippard. Why is it the churches don't all git together an' put old Po-teat outen 'is job?

Mr. Basinger. I declare I dunno. He seems to stand in with the crowd down at Raleigh. It's got so ye can't ebem print nothin' in the church paper no more 'bout old Poteat. Why, the preacher hisself wrote a piece last summer 'bout how old Po-teat wuz a-teachin' infidelity an' all, an' you know the *Recorder* wouldn't print it? Why, no they wouldn't! They sent it back to 'im. Said they had been too much wrote 'bout old Po-teat already.

Mr. Barnes. Well, they's one thing shore: I ain't goin' to pay narry 'nother cent to no collection that goes to Wake Forest College so long as that man stays on the faculty.

Mr. Lippard. Me nuther. I ain't a-gonna pay no money to nobody to teach no monkey stuff.

Mr. Basinger. Same here. I said that long time ago.

Mr. Barnes. Why is it a smart man will be sich a fool as to bleeve this blamed evolution stuff? Why, anybody knows it makes the Bible out a plumb lie.

Mr. Basinger. 'Course it makes the Bible out a plumb lie. They ain't no gittin' around that.

Mr. Lippard. Yeah, an' another thing. Iffen a man didn't have no respect fer the Bible, looks like he mought have a little respect for hisself, don't it? You know, I think a man must be a-gettin' mighty low down to be puttin' hisself in a class with a monkey. What makes a man sich a fool?

*William Louis Poteat, President Emeritus and Professor of Biology at Wake Forest College, a Baptist institution in North Carolina. Dr. Poteat is a man of enlightened views, hence under fire from the Fundamentalists.

- Mr. Basinger.** It's the Devil's work. That's what it is. The Bible says that in the last days Satan shall mighty nigh deceive the very elect. An' it looks to me like the last days wuz mighty nigh here. Scripture's bein' fulfilled more an' more every day. *The Devil's a-gittin' this country right under his thumbs!*
- Mr. Barnes.** Yeah, an' if Al Smith's elected, the Devil shore will have the country then, good an' proper.
- Mr. Lippard.** Ye reckon' Al's a-gonna git the nomination?
- Mr. Barnes.** It looks that way now. Be dogged if it don't.
- Mr. Basinger.** Yeah, I wuz a-readin' in the paper the other day where it said look like everything wuz a-goin' Al's way.
- Mr. Lippard.** Well, I dont bleeve Al'll be elected, ebem if he gits the nomination. 'Cause they a-gonna be too many o' the preachers agin' him. An' the Ku Klux, they gonna fight 'im, too.
- Mr. Basinger.** Yeah, but he'll git all the Catholics. An' all the licker men—
- Mr. Barnes.** Yeah, an' all the Jews an' all the infidels, too, be for 'im. Tell ye, it's a-gonna be mighty close. He may git in.
- Mr. Lippard.** Ye reckon North Ca'liner will go for 'em?
- Mr. Basinger.** I don't much bleeve it will. I hear a lotta Democrats say they won't vote fer no Catholic.
- Mr. Barnes.** Yeah, I know. They's a lot of 'em talk that way now. But trouble is, when time comes, most of 'em will go right on an' vote the straight Democratic ticket, Catholic or no Catholic.
- Mr. Lippard.** Well, they's one thing shore: *I ain't a-gonna vote fer no Roman Catholic!*
- Mr. Basinger.** Me nuther. This old Roman Catholicism is somethin' I don't want nothin' to do with.
- Mr. Barnes.** Well, I'm a Republican myself, but I always have said I never wouldn't vote for no Catholic for President, an' I'm a-gonna stick to it. If Al Smith wuz on my side, I'd turn 'im down jist as quick as I would a nigger.
- Mr. Lippard.** We got all the old Roman Catholicism in the gover'ment now that we need.
- Mr. Basinger.** Ain't it the truth! Didge see in the church paper last week where it showed how the Catholics wuz a-gettin' stronger in this country every year?
- Mr. Barnes.** Yeah, I seen it. Them Catholics has been plottin' to elect a President for a long time.
- Mr. Lippard.** Iffen Smith does git the nomination, it shore is gonna be one more hot campaign, ain't it?
- Mr. Barnes.** You're mighty right it is. It's gonna be the most serious election they's ever been in this country. You know what's so? *If Smith's elected, we go right back under the old Roman rule!*
- Mr. Lippard.** I hear a lotta people sayin' iffen Smith's elected they'll be war. They say the people down here in the South jist natch-erly won't stand for to be ruled by the Catholics.
- Mr. Barnes.** That's them Ku Klux a-talkin'. But lemme tell ye: if Smith's elected, it'll be jist like it wuz when Woodrow Wilson

got us in the war. People said they wouldn't go cross the water to fight them Germans. But when time come, they went right on.

Mr. Lippard. I hear a lotta people say iffen Smith's elected he aims to turn the licker loose, too.

Mr. Basinger. Why, yeah, Smith's a licker man. Ye mought know he wuz, bein' a Roman Catholic.

Mr. Lippard. Yeah, that's one reason lotta people say they gonna vote fer 'im. They say iffen Smith's elected, it'll be fixed so's ye can git good licker then, where now ye can't git nothin' but this old bootleg stuff.

Mr. Barnes. Well, I tell ye. 'Course I'm as much opposed to Al Smith as any man. You know that. I don't never want to see no Catholic in the White House. But lemme tell ye somethin'. Way I figger it, 'bout the licker. If we could git some *good* licker, like we used to could git, why, I don't bleeve a little now an' then would hurt a feller. Fact is, I don't know but what the country would be better off. They's jist as many people a-killin' theirselves a-drinkin' this old bootleg stuff as they wuz a-gittin' drunk before prohibition. Now you take me, for instance, when I had pneumony. Doctor said that a pint o' licker he got for me wuz what saved my life.

Mr. Lippard. Real, puore good licker is good for sickness, some cases. They ain't no doubt about that.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, that's all so. But same time, they's too many automobiles a-runnin' now'days. 'T wouldn't do to turn the licker loose liked it used to be. They'd be somebody killed in North Ca'liner ever five minutes.

Mr. Barnes. Yeah, but jist look at the way things is now. We pretend to have prohibition, an' ye can't pick up a paper what ye see where somebody's been arrested for drivin' drunk. I never seen the like.

Mr. Basinger. Yeah, but the pint I'm a-makin' is, if licker wuz turned loose they'd be a dozen fellers a-drivin' drunk to where they ain't but one now. Ye gotta admit one thing: prohibition has made licker a lot more expensive an' harder to git. An' another thing: whenever a feller gits on a drunk now'days he don't go 'round cussin' an' fightin' an' raisin' hell like he used to. He knows he'll git took up if he does that.

Mr. Lippard. Seems to me like it's 'bout preachin' time. What time you got, brother?

Mr. Barnes. It's ten minutes past two. Past preachin' time.

Mr. Lippard. An' preacher ain't here yit. He musta had a blowout or somethin'.

Mr. Basinger. He told me last preachin' Sunday—he stayed over at my house, ye know—that he mought not be able to git to his 'pintment today. Said he wuz 'spectin' 'is wife to be confined 'bout the last o' this week.

Mr. Lippard. He must be purty lucky on babies. How many is that he's got now, six or sebem?

serve who, while not great scholars and not claiming to be, are worthily equipped to be soldiers, if not generals, in the liberation war of humanity: who can strike a blow for freedom and help win a trench for the civilized attitude.

The objection to popularization loses sight of the fact that the ideal is not necessarily that of making every man a complete, perfect scholar; of giving him full encyclopedic knowledge; but that the more vital aim is that of spreading the civilized attitude toward life: the tolerant, the inquiring, the cultured, the interested and interesting attitude. Scholars will always have plenty of special work to do, and can take special pride in doing it; but, beyond the scholars, we see the possibility—certainly the desirability, calling for our best efforts—of a civilized race.

It will be a free-thinking race—a heretical race, naturally, in contrast with the superstitions of the past. But why is Mr. Grattan so displeased that heresy should become more respectable? Why is heresy a fine thing when only a few are heretics, and not so good when heretics are multiplied? Heresy is to be judged not by numbers but by its soundness; and it is sound heresy—as a part of sound knowledge—that we are interested in making popular. Assuredly, Mr. Grattan cannot persuade us to be sorry that heresy is growing, which means that more people are thinking freely and are ridding themselves of bunk. This is an excellent result of the popularization of knowledge: it is a triumph of enlightenment—of better reading and better thinking—and we who believe in enlightenment cannot pretend to be doleful about this triumph. The growing respectability of heresy (which ceases to be heresy), in contrast with the former respectability of a stupid orthodoxy, is a reminder of the purpose and effect of popularization: namely, *multiplying the number of intelligent people*. In this simple, clear, unimpeachable form we can rest the justification and the hope of making knowledge popular.

intendents interpret the teachings of such philosophers as Snedden, Cubberly, and Sears. It is easier for the uninitiated to assimilate the doctrines of these sages after they have been chewed, partly digested, and regurgitated.

Equally interesting, though not as democratic, are the summer training schools for teachers, at Las Vegas, El Rito, Silver City, and Albuquerque. To these founts of wisdom come the intellectual *creme de la creme* . . . those prodigies who are able to discuss with calm assurance the subtleties of minimum essentials, tests and measurements, norms, curriculum revision, probability curves, record systems, and that mystic quality designated as Service.

They lend a cosmopolitan air to the institutions where they gather, for they represent the far corners of the state. From the San Juan to the lower Pecos and from the Cimarron to the Gila they come . . . Anglos, Spanish, and Indians. Among them are a goodly number who have made the unbelievable journey from the verdant Corn Belt to the arid Southwest. These can almost always be distinguished from the natives by that indefinable air of assurance which much travel invariably leaves upon one. Every type of dress from trading post silk shirts to wide brimmed stetsons and boots, from the latest Parisian creations of Sears, Roebuck to brilliant native shawls, add a touch of romance to the otherwise severe scholastic air of the classrooms.

But it would be wrong to draw the conclusion that the gay dress of these teachers indicates a frivolity of mind that is likely to serve as a dangerous example to impressionable youth. Indeed no! New Mexico teachers have a mission. This seriousness of purpose and devotion to duty was beautifully expressed in one of the Summer School classes last year. A university student somehow had found his way into a class of ninety serious-minded teachers. He caused more or less trouble from the very start by his flippant attitude toward serious things, such as intelligence quotients, achievement tests, vocational guidance; but the climax came when he flung rank heresy into the faces of the class. "Most teachers," he said, "are creatures of ordinary capabilities; in fact, many of them seem to be somewhat below the ordinary."

There was an ominous murmur from the ninety, but instantly a promising young grammar school principal—at thirty he already had a degree from a Baptist college in Alabama—had the situation under control. Rising to his feet and choosing his words with the deliberate care of the trained logician, he challenged the statement. "I beg leave," he said chillingly, "to ask the speaker upon what ground he bases his assertion that many teachers are of less than ordinary capabilities." The heretic glanced about the room and stood for a moment staring at his interrogator; then he sat down without answering the question. The Baptist scholar admitted later that he felt sorry for the young man, he was so utterly unprepared for the letting down he got.

The most exacting reportorial account of summer school routine would be inadequate to convey a true impression of the life that these

scholars lead among the cloisters. It is only by their works that they can be known intimately. Ergo, the following excerpts from manuscripts and examination papers, prepared by New Mexico teachers while attending summer school, are appended.

Important contribution to science by a young woman teacher in a Spanish community:

Climate is different in all times. Sometimes, the climate is healthy for people, sometimes its not. So it depends upon the climate for almost everything. When the climate is so hot it doesn't rain its awfully bad for the fields for they dry up soon, and when the climate is just good the fields grow up soon. So the climate is very important for our health. Lots of people come to New Mexico just because we have a good climate, they come only for their health.

The life zones of new mexico are very important to us because we live in New Mexico and we wouldn't study about the life zones we would always be guessing about the weather. Because the zones tell us what kind of weather and in which places the different kinds of weather are.

A woman who says she has taught nine years in the Pecos country, and who expects to make teaching her life work, supplies this interesting information about herself and her unusual father:

I like literature. I have just finished reading "Ben Hen" by Len Wallace.

. . . When three years old my father became a railway mail clerk.

Interesting solution of the transportation problem by a rural teacher:

I bought me a bycle to ride to and from school on.

Literary tastes in an up and coming community on the Rio Grande, as evidenced by a composition written by a lady teacher:

I have spent lots of time reading a magazine the name is the People Popular monthly magazine,

In that magazine are very interesting stories, and I like them so as soon as the magazine comes I get it and read it through

There are some good advertising in it so I mail them and get lots of free offers from them.

Peculiar effect of the Rio Grande upon the life of a future leader:

The Rio Grande's tributaries risen by the rains in the Fall, caused the Rio Grande's banks to overflow. In the year 1905, when I was born my early childhood was spend in a small farmhouse situated Sandoval county. Being that my father's occupation was a farmer, we did not move to town until I was seven years old.

Insidious effects of the primrose path, as observed by an earnest sage of the cow country:

Some students let the social side of life overshadow their intellectual side. This is a very true fact. In every school you will find a few students whose sole reason for coming to college is to better themselves socially. . . . To them life is just one social event after another. This kind of students usually meet with disastrous results, especially if they have financial reverses, for then they find out that, as a rule, their social friends are merely sunny weather friends, and now that they are forced to resort to their intellectual knowledge as a means of livelihood, that they have very little, and their good manners and ability to attend or conduct social events avail them very little.

How a lady teacher acquired a brilliant technique in letter writing, as stated in an intimate composition about herself:

I went to town and bought a business letter writing book and studied

the book two whole weeks after I studied the book I could write any kind of letter they asked me. So now I am not afraid to write letters and I don't spend much time in writing them either. Lots of my neighbors live by my house so they go and ask me to write them letter to their friends or some-other persons, so I thing its very easy to write letter.

Enlightenment upon the evils of wealth, from the pen of a young man who turned aside from worldly temptations to become a New Mexico pedagogue:

Can a man be wealthy and poor? Money will buy most anything nowadays, but yet it isn't everything. Money will buy most anything, even friends, but not real, true friends. We live to have a good time and to help others do likes wise; this can be accomplished only by having real friends and being friendly. Since a poor man is a man in need of something, any man without real friends is really poor.

A scholarly dissertation upon the prevalence of romance, by a consecrated young teacher:

Every persons life is a romance. There may be many alike in a general way, but there are no two alike when related in detail. Some may be full of adventure, roving and love; others, uneventful, passive, and retiring. Some are so extraordinary and unusual that they are almost supernatural and unbelievable, and others so ordinary and common that we take them as a matter of course. Many may be short romances having been closed by destiny or death—ours are in the making.

A discriminating taste for sports, as revealed by a masterpiece penned by a summer school student:

What is it that makes us call some sports bad and others good? Have we any basis upon which we may judge; whether a sport is good or poor? Some sports offer violent exercise for the muscles of the body; others may offer very little exercise to the muscles, but require a good deal of brain work. Some sports require several players; others require few. Then what have we to work on when we select a good sport?

Ethnological note by a woman student in New Mexico history, a course required of all teachers in New Mexico:

The mixing of Spanish and Indian culture is that some Spanish go an live in the Indians territory and they plant just like the Indians and then they mix the culture with the Indians. And Some spanish person get married with the Indians and they begin to get mixed so that is the way they get mixed with the Indian. And then the Spanish begin to make just like the Indian do and they get all mixed up. So that's the way the Spanish and Indians have mixed culture.

Amazing insight into the intricacies of the modern business world, exhibited by an earnest molder of youthful thought in the arid country:

In the business world, if a man wishes to apply for a job, he must not only be qualified to do a certain kind of work, but it is required of him that he be able to write, and write definitely intelligently. The business man, if he would have a flourishing business, must also be able to write. The business man who cannot write may do a good business but he is always handicapped and never does as much as he could if he had the ability to write.

And so they go. The excerpts I have quoted were chosen at random from dozens of manuscripts I have in my possession. They represent neither the best nor the worst efforts of New Mexico teachers; they are average.

Perhaps it is a situation that is inevitable in a sparsely settled

region that still wears more of the aspects of a territory than of a state. I know of no remedy; I offer none. I simply state a situation.

It would be unfair to leave the impression that nothing is being done to improve the educational status of New Mexico. The State University compares favorably with those of the other western states, and it is doing all in its power to raise the level of all the schools. Graduates are encouraged to become teachers, and in the summer the doors of the University are thrown open to all who care to attend, the theory being that, while most of the rural teachers are incapable of doing University work and will never be candidates for degrees, they will profit to some extent by their attendance.

But improvement in the New Mexico elementary school system must come slowly. Salaries in the grade schools are too low to attract university graduates; those who become teachers almost invariably go into high school work, and usually the mischief is done before the children reach high school.

The young crop of incompetents could be disposed of by raising the standards so that they could no longer obtain certificates; but the curse of loose certification in the past cannot be dealt with so easily. An army of old-timers, many of them veterans of the territorial schools, who possess life certificates, and who—secure in the knowledge that their right to teach cannot be taken away from them—have no incentive to improve themselves by any sort of training, would still remain. Their elimination will be a matter of years, for “few die and none resign.” Meanwhile they continue to hold their sinecures because they will teach for starvation wages, or because local school authorities believe in this particular kind of charity.

CAN KNOWLEDGE BE MADE POPULAR?

Continued from page 16

whom we remember today as the most brilliant and noble benefactors of mankind. *They* did not hold aloof from humanity, coddling their own knowledge selfishly as hermits might coddle their virtue, remaining indifferent to the state of general culture, which is to say the state of civilization. Such men as Voltaire, Diderot, and the great French encyclopedic group did not despise the work of popularization. On the contrary, they devoted their energies tirelessly to this work; they popularized knowledge and, as the most important result of their labors, they brought forward a new viewpoint; and we are today less bothered about their errors than we are impressed by their tremendous achievement. They raised aloft and passed on the torch of enlightenment.

In a later day, such scholars as Huxley and Haeckel—that splendid group which fought the victorious battle of science in the nineteenth century—did the same: they, too, were popularizers and, far from holding such work beneath their dignity or as a degradation or cheapening of knowledge, they considered it the most important work to be done by them. Scholars and common men have enjoyed the

fruits of their labors: they worked, not simply for a little privileged coterie of scholars, but for the enlightenment and the sound advantage of the race. They thought in terms of humanity, as the greatest and wisest men have always thought. It is not a mark of greatness, but of narrowness and weakness, to sit in an ivory tower and let the world go by unheeded, indifferent to what the crowd thinks and does.

What the crowd does has been and is very vital to thinkers, and to liberal-minded citizens, especially when they have felt the enormous fist of the ignorant, intolerant mob in their faces. What the crowd does—and, correspondingly, what the crowd thinks—checks or advances, as culture is isolated or made popular, the degree of freedom and civilization that we can enjoy. To make knowledge popular is to make life as a whole freer and more intelligent. From the viewpoint of the scholar and thinker, even though he believes that the masses can never reach his lofty level of learning, I should say that the popularization of knowledge is an obvious policy of self-defense. Popularization, if it does nothing more, creates an atmosphere favorable to culture: it brings respect for the scholar and freedom for his work—while it means also that scholarship has a greater responsibility and must meet a wider test of usefulness.



THIS responsibility of scholarship is acknowledged, and is successfully borne, by such eminent popularizers as Joseph McCabe, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis—in fact, by the most significant intellectual forces of our time. In that masterly work of popularization, *The Key to Culture*, McCabe has given the best possible proof that knowledge can be made popular. This great scholar presents an immense and authentic sweep of knowledge to the common reader in a simple way. He is not a hermit of learning; but he is an educator; an enlightener; a transformer of the thoughts of men. McCabe is too active and purposeful a man to be content with the mere acquisition of knowledge and its polite, reserved exchange among a few scholars; he is impelled greatly to put that knowledge into general use, making it bear fruit in far places, holding it up as a light for all men who will see. The difference between a McCabe and an esoteric scholar is the difference between knowledge at work and knowledge lying idle. It is the difference between a light that shines fully forth and a light that is hidden.

What Mr. Grattan calls "the popularization craze" is thus seen to be consistently in line with the great movements of historic progress. The other so-called evils that he deprecates—the growth of heresy and the merchandising of literature—are, of course, essential features of the movement to make knowledge broader and freer. Naturally, the spreading of culture demands a merchandising technique commensurate with the extent of the task, which, I certainly agree, is no light one; which is not immune from error and grief; which will be delayed here, disappointed there, and confused betimes—but which will go on, and which will have the steady general effect of bringing light, knowledge and freedom to mankind; if some scholars do not choose to aid in this work, other scholars will; and many will

serve who, while not great scholars and not claiming to be, are worthily equipped to be soldiers, if not generals, in the liberation war of humanity: who can strike a blow for freedom and help win a trench for the civilized attitude.

The objection to popularization loses sight of the fact that the ideal is not necessarily that of making every man a complete, perfect scholar; of giving him full encyclopedic knowledge; but that the more vital aim is that of spreading the civilized attitude toward life: the tolerant, the inquiring, the cultured, the interested and interesting attitude. Scholars will always have plenty of special work to do, and can take special pride in doing it; but, beyond the scholars, we see the possibility—certainly the desirability, calling for our best efforts—of a civilized race.

It will be a free-thinking race—a heretical race, naturally, in contrast with the superstitions of the past. But why is Mr. Grattan so displeased that heresy should become more respectable? Why is heresy a fine thing when only a few are heretics, and not so good when heretics are multiplied? Heresy is to be judged not by numbers but by its soundness; and it is sound heresy—as a part of sound knowledge—that we are interested in making popular. Assuredly, Mr. Grattan cannot persuade us to be sorry that heresy is growing, which means that more people are thinking freely and are ridding themselves of bunk. This is an excellent result of the popularization of knowledge: it is a triumph of enlightenment—of better reading and better thinking—and we who believe in enlightenment cannot pretend to be doleful about this triumph. The growing respectability of heresy (which ceases to be heresy), in contrast with the former respectability of a stupid orthodoxy, is a reminder of the purpose and effect of popularization: namely, *multiplying the number of intelligent people*. In this simple, clear, unimpeachable form we can rest the justification and the hope of making knowledge popular.

THE HOLY GHOST IN ARKANSAS

BY CLAY FULKS

MUCH to the spiritual travail of the consecrated citizens of this, the "Wonder State," the Holy Ghost has heretofore been rather negligent about taking a hand in the political government of Arkansas. This can hardly be attributed, however, to any lack of prayer and supplication on the part of consecrated Arkansawyers; it is probably attributable to the Spirit's engagements elsewhere. The Holy Ghost has a large circuit to make and many lines of human endeavor to supervise. Many well anointed fundamentalists in divers places throughout the world have strong claims on the time and attentions of the Ghost: the medicine men of Africa, the shamans of Tibet, and the voodoo sorcerers of Haiti, to say nothing of the equally well greased bishops and elders of Tennessee, Mississippi, and other Southern States. So the shamans of Arkansas have had to hide their time with whatever degree of Christian fortitude they could face such a sad situation.

Of late, however, signs and wonders are beginning to make manifest the coming of the Holy Ghost among us to bring the laws of this neglected jurisdiction a little more in accord with the will of Yahweh. Led by the Baptist Jacks of the State, the prophets of Arkansas have successfully initiated a petition for a bill, to be voted on at the November election, making it unlawful to teach even the theory of evolution in the public schools of this State; and the most doughty soldiers of the cross are grimly girding their loins for the coming fray. More recently, the inspired female saints of the W. C. T. U. have launched a petition for a bill, to be voted on at the same election, for a law requiring all public school teachers of the State to read a passage of Hebrew Scripture and to send up a verbal supplication to Yahweh (presumably) at the opening of every school day. This petition is a luscious literary peach, well worthy of reproduction and study. Get down on your all fours, brothers and sisters, and say, after me, the fetching words of this inspired petition:

Whereas, The supreme court of the United States has declared "that this is a Christian nation," and that the Bible is not a sectarian book; and,

Whereas, The supreme court of the United States has declared "The constitution of the United States makes no provision for protecting citizens in their religious liberties"; that is left to the state constitutions and laws; and,

Whereas, The constitution of the state of Arkansas declares that "religion, morality and knowledge are essential to good government," and that "intelligence and virtue are the safeguards of liberty and the bulwark of free government"; and,

Whereas, It is in the interest of good moral training, good citizenship and noble living that "what we would have in the life of the state we must put into the schools of the land"; and,

Whereas, The Bible is the highest code of morals known;

Therefore, be it enacted by the people of the state of Arkansas—

That at least 10 verses from the Bible shall be read without comment at the opening of each and every public school upon each and every school day by the teacher in charge, and that prayer be offered, or the Lord's Prayer repeated in concert by teacher and pupils.

If any teacher in this state, whose duty it shall be to read the Bible as directed, shall fail or omit so to do, said teacher shall upon charges preferred for such failure or omission and proof of the same before the governing board of the school district, be discharged.

Teachers of the first, second and third grades may use some book of Bible stories to be approved by the county superintendent.

On written request of a parent or guardian a pupil may be excused from the Bible reading and prayer, and by this, our petition, order that the same may be adopted, enacted or rejected by the vote of the legal voters of the said state at the regular general election to be held in said state on November 6, 1928, and each of us for himself or herself says: I have personally signed this petition; I am a legal voter of the state of Arkansas and my residence, postoffice address and voting precinct are correctly written after my name.

Now, my beloved, let me comment for a few minutes on the wonderful words of the foregoing petition; and, while I do so, I want the earnest prayers of all the saints who read this magazine.

* * * * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the deistic and agnostic founders of the Republic, thoroughly aware of the disastrous effect on liberty and on all intellectual advancement of every union of church and state, deliberately "left God out of the Constitution," the saintly sisters of the W. C. T. U., under the first *whereas* of their petition, inform us that, by decree of the august Supreme Court, "this is a Christian nation and the Bible is not a sectarian book." By what authority the Supreme Court issued such alleged decree, the petition saith not. Perhaps the Holy Ghost, hastily leaving the voodoo sorcerers of Haiti to their own devices and surreptitiously gliding beneath the ample folds of the somber robes of the august justices, supplied the necessary authority. If not, whence did it come and how? And, notwithstanding that the Constitution does require that all officials of the Federal and State governments, on being inducted into office, shall take an oath (or affirmation)—one, by the way, of the most vague and general nature possible—why is it not just as constitutional for him to swear by Allah, by Buddha, by Brahma, or by his father's beard as it is for him to swear by Jehovah, or Yahweh? Otherwise, what sense or meaning could there be in that plain, explicit declaration, in the same clause of the Constitution, that "no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States"? Also, it may be asked, what has become of the opening declaration of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion"? And if, under this alleged decree of the Supreme Court, the Bible is not a sectarian book, what, then, of the Book of Mormon, the Koran, the Talmud, the Veda, and other "sacred" books? Would they be classed as sectarian?

Note next the wonderful words of the second *whereas* of this inspired petition, to-witless: "The supreme court of the United

States has declared, 'the constitution of the United States *makes no provision for protecting citizens in their religious liberty.*'" But the First Amendment does declare that "Congress shall make no law . . . prohibiting the free exercise" of religion; and any State law doing so would be a plain violation of the spirit of the Constitution. Moreover, it is my impression that the constitutions of the several States guarantee religious liberty to all citizens upon equal terms despite the dogged opposition of all typical fundamentalists to such liberty. But whether such constitutional guaranties will be of sufficient force to protect citizens against the assaults of the saintly sisters of the W. C. T. U. and their male coadjutors is, unfortunately, very doubtful.

Consider, now the oracular declaration under the third *whereas*: "The constitution of the state of Arkansas declares that 'religion, morality and knowledge are essential to good government.'" But does it say what *brand* of religion is essential to good government? Does it undertake to say that the *Christian* religion is any better than any other religion? It does not. Moreover, what legal force and effect could such a declaration have? It is mere rhetoric, intended to express a mere *opinion*. It is declared under the same *whereas* that intelligence is one of the safeguards of liberty, etc., but it can hardly be maintained that the framers of even the Arkansas Constitution intended thereby to provide a way for legislating either religion or intelligence into people, though I, for one, should be perfectly willing for the law-makers of Arkansas to make the attempt, provided they would legislate intelligence into the people *first*.

The fourth *whereas* can be peremptorily disregarded, patently carrying, as it does, by its very terms, as much argument against the question at issue as it does for it. It is, indeed, a complete begging of the whole question and means absolutely nothing in the way of argument.

But the fifth *whereas* is explicit and courageous enough: "The Bible is the highest code of morals known." It may contain the highest code of morals known to fundamentalists but, fortunately, modern society, in all civilized countries, requires that they conform, in outward practice at least, to a far higher code than that practiced by a majority of the leading characters of the Bible. It is true that in the reputed teachings of Christ are to be found some ethical doctrines of high merit but those who are at all conversant with the intellectual history of the race know that Eastern philosophers and sages had long before laid down as good or better moral doctrines. In fact about all the alleged teachings of Christ which have commended themselves to intelligent persons are those paraphrasing older philosophies. Only unlettered fundamentalists labor under the delusion that Christ was unique in that he was endowed with supernatural wisdom and knowledge. Will Durant does not include him in his list of major philosophers and no critic was surprised or annoyed. Who, indeed, but an ignorant fundamentalist would think of putting the eccentric Nazarene in the same intellectual class with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche, Santayana, and Dewey? It can hardly

be maintained that Christ announced any new moral precepts of exceptional value.

* * * * *

BUT this leaves out of consideration the fundamental fact that morality and religion are two quite different things, having nothing, necessarily, to do with each other. Persons of the highest moral character and of ethical enlightenment may be, and frequently are, irreligious; while immoral, and even unmoral, persons may be, and frequently are, very religious. Examples illustrating both of these propositions might be heaped in volumes. Yet, despite the fact that it is a cardinal doctrine of Christianity that even the highest moral character counts for absolutely nothing in the "plan of salvation," Christians insist on confusing their religion with morality and are even dishonest enough, or ignorant enough, to set up the claim that all morality is an effect of their religion but infinitely inferior to it. The plain facts are that ethical principles as high as any we have now were announced long before the world ever heard of Christianity; that ethical codes have persisted even in spite of Christianity; and that, necessarily, morality is incomparably superior to any possible religious system. The only worth-while things about any religious system are the moral principles, if any, which it has adopted.

One vast and vital distinction between religion—particularly the Christian religion—and ethics is this: ethics does not, and cannot, oppose human liberty or intellectual advancement; while religion has always, in the main, bitterly and uncompromisingly opposed both.

* * * * *

IT is utterly preposterous to look to the Bible for a modern moral code. Let the ladies of the W. C. T. U. refer to their Bibles and refresh their memories concerning the unspeakable escapades of the leading heroes of the Old Testament. I say plainly that if murder, rape, incest, robbery, not to mention scores of lesser crimes and misdemeanors, are immoralities, then the Old Testament reeks and stinks with immorality on almost every page. If there is a single crime known to law or morals that was not commanded or approved by reputed Author of the Old Testament, it must be one that is rare and strange indeed. Would the women of the W. C. T. U. be willing for their sons and husbands to follow the moral practices of, say, Noah or David? Of all the men living just before the "Deluge" Noah was selected by God as being the most fit to survive and to furnish the basis of a new sociological experiment after God had "repented that He had made man." Would the women of the W. C. T. U. be willing for their husbands to do what Noah did in a certain cave on a certain occasion? David is held up as a man "after God's own heart." But would these ladies be willing for their sons to do the things that David did? Let them answer yes or no. If they say yes—well, they would simply be lying. If they say no, why, for shame, don't they cease their hypocritical chatter about the Bible's being the highest moral code known?

"At least ten verses from the Bible shall be read without com-

ment," etc. Strange that they don't fix the minimum number at seven or nine. There is so much more "sacredness," you know, associated with seven and nine. There are seven days in a week and a cat has nine lives. Yet of all the eleven States of the Union said to have this law, not one of them, I believe, varies from ten as the minimum number of verses required to be read. But why the requirement that they be read "without comment"? Are the public school teachers deemed too dishonest, or too ignorant, to be trusted for comment? Or is it because they are not inspired? Some of them are doubtless inspired. Are they not to be permitted to comment? Another thing I should like to know: Would the teacher be permitted to read *any* ten verses he or she might decide to select? I'll wager that not one of the W. C. T. U. ladies will agree to read in public any ten verses which any ordinary humorist might select.

* * * * *

AND the prayers which the teachers are to be required to pray—what about them? The proposed law seems rather vague here. For what are they supposed to pray? Anything they may wish to pray for? Suppose, then, some teacher should pray, morning after morning, for the repeal of the law—just that and nothing more? Would such teachers thus be keeping within his legal rights? If not, why not? Nor does this proposed law say a word about what attitude the teacher should take while praying, nor in what manner or tone the prayer should be made. It would be permissible, evidently, under the terms of this proposed law, for the teacher to stand squarely facing the pupils and pray with wide-open eyes in this wise:

God, this is Sallie Smith speaking. I should like to have your attention for just a moment, please. First, we wish to thank you for all the many blessings you have bestowed upon us. There is no use in my attempting to name or enumerate them—you already know about them. But I do wish particularly to mention the increase of salary I am to get this year. It should enable me to buy a new Ford and some nice new things to wear. And, Lord, I certainly do need them: you'll admit that. I don't think I was ever more embarrassed in all my life than I was last night at church when Mr. Weeks of the Citizens Bank at Clinton was introduced to me. I think he had intended to ask the privilege of calling on me but I was so ashamed of the tacky outfit I had on that I think my consternation rendered me so ridiculous that he changed his mind. I may be mistaken about this but, Lord, you know. But, Lord, do put it into some young Christian gentleman's heart to—to— Lord, you know what I mean. I get so lonely at times and feel so weak and foolish. Still, Lord, I want to thank you again and again for giving me a beautiful face and a lovely form. The young men all tell me that I am wonderfully sweet and charming for which I thank you most profoundly, Lord. But, Lord, I would not pray a selfish prayer. Bless all my pupils, Lord. There's Johnny Jenkins, you know him. His adenoids are just terrible, Lord. I wish you'd do something for him. Idelle McFadden, too, needs your help badly, Lord. The poor child has been forced to use a crutch all her life, and that through no fault of hers whatever. Why don't you take pity on her, Lord, and heal her. I would if I could. Why, Lord, do you permit little children to remain cripples, anyway, when you could heal them instantly and so easily?

Help us all, Lord, to acquire more knowledge and wisdom and understanding. Help us, Lord, to have patience and sympathy with one another.

And, now, Lord, there is one other matter wherein you might help me: I want to hold my job here, Lord. That's why I pray here before

my pupils every morning. Surely you will be willing thus to help a poor girl who has an invalid mother and a younger sister to support.

Well, Lord, I believe this is all for this time. Thanks for your attention. Lord, I do hope you can grant part of this petition, anyway.

* * * * *

Now, I submit, yes, I insist that the foregoing prayer of Sallie Smith, teacher of any grade of any common school in the country, may be uttered with honesty, sincerity, and propriety; it truly represents some of the things that are uppermost in Sallie's mind all the time—and a pretty decent prayer I should call it even though Sallie would probably faint from amazement to discover that Johnny's adenoids or Idelle's withered leg had been really helped by it; yet I dare say that she can't pray this prayer a second time and hold her job a week.

Why? Well, it would be too honest, simple, straightforward, and original. Sallie will have to parrot the old formal, meaningless, ritualistic prayers that have been hypocritically prayed for time out of mind. She need not expect any answer to her prayer whatsoever. On the contrary, she is expected to forget all about it as soon as it is finished. Even Christians themselves would consider her "nutty" if she stood waiting in hopeful or anxious suspense for an answer to her prayer.

But the Holy Ghost is not to have complete and exclusive jurisdiction over young Arkansawyers. I think I see the fine, cunning hand of my old friend, Satan, even in this proposed law, for which I am mighty thankful. Note the proviso: "On written request of a parent or guardian a pupil may be excused from the Bible reading and prayer." Bully for you, Nick! You have certainly slipped one over on the stupid old gals of the W. C. T. U.

WHY WAS GOD SO HARD ON WOMEN AND SNAKES?

BY CLARENCE DARROW

I HAVE been considerably worried of late about a theological question which possibly some of your readers might answer. Perhaps someone else has found trouble with this before, but I have never seen the matter in print and it may possibly be a discovery of my own. Of course, I am very much interested in religion and have been a student of Genesis, as everyone should be. The origin of the human race, to say nothing about the earth, is made very simple in the inspired record.

After God made Adam the best way he could, he discovered that Adam was lonely, and so he made Eve to keep him company. After that he was never alone again. God also created all sorts of plants and animals, and amongst the rest of the animals he made the snake, and either God or his amanuensis or someone else, said the serpent was more subtle than any other beast of the field. Of course, barring this story, I would hardly believe that the serpent was the most subtle of animals; at least it has no such brain as many other animals. Still, that is not the point that troubles me. God put Adam and

Eve in the garden and gave them the right to eat everything excepting the fruit from the tree of knowledge. This seems rather reasonable to me, because God's chosen agents here on earth have always been busy keeping people from eating that fruit. In this endeavor they have been very successful. But that likewise is not the point. One day the serpent came to Eve and said something to her about eating this forbidden fruit. Thereupon Eve said to the serpent—the language in which they spoke not having been recorded—that God had told her, or at least she had heard it as coming from him, “Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die.” Thereupon the serpent said unto the woman that even if she ate it she would not die. Of course, I am not interested in that. Which one was right I am willing to leave between God and the serpent. But, anyhow, in a short time they heard the voice of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day (*they* being Adam and Eve) and they hid themselves in the trees. And God spoke to Adam and asked them why they ran away, and Adam said because they were naked. Thereupon God had a hunch that they could not have found out that they were naked if they hadn't eaten the fruit. God asked Adam why he ate it. And Adam put it off onto Eve, who tempted him. And when God talked to Eve about it, she shoved it off on the snake. So there was nothing left for God to do but pronounce sentence, and he began with the snake and said to him: “Thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.” It would be interesting to know how the snake traveled before this curse, but I find nothing about it in Genesis or any other part of the sacred book. It would be likewise interesting to know how the snake after this time managed to live on dust, but that has never been explained, until close observers of the snake discovered that it ate other food.

After pronouncing this sentence upon the serpent in the case, God turned to Eve and said: “I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.”

When he reached Adam, he said: “Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, ‘Thou shalt not eat of it,’ cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.”

The passage is a little ambiguous as to whether Adam was cursed because he hearkened unto his wife or because he ate the fruit. Still, that is scarcely worth discussing.

On account of this terrible theological sin of eating from the tree of knowledge, all human beings thereafter were born in original

sin and misery and consigned to a burning hell for all eternity. For further particulars see the Westminster Catechism or any other orthodox authority.

Anybody with a sense of justice would say that probably Adam and Eve and the snake got what was coming to them. That the punishment was not only coming to the said Adam and Eve and the said snake, but also to all their "successors and assigns" down to the end of time. Evidently God relented somewhat, and sent his only begotten son to be crucified so that men should be relieved of hell-fire and enter into a joyful state of blessedness for all eternity on the simple condition that they believe the story. Surely nothing could be more reasonable than this, and no greater reward could be expected at a cheaper price. But, that is not it.

Here is what is bothering me: On account of the great Jehovah relenting and sending his only son to die on the cross, we are all of us saved from hell-fire unless we are too wicked and perverse to believe the story. But what is the matter with Eve and the snake? The daughters of Eve still bear the curse and every child born since then has come through the pain and suffering of the mother, all on account of the curse delivered on the original mother of the human race.

And what about the snake? Why didn't God give Eve and the snake a chance while he was in the business and his heart was soft? Why should all the little snakes coming on to eternity be compelled to still go on their bellies instead of walking on their tails as they probably did before the curse? Why should the seed of woman always be smashing the snakes with stones?

If one were to determine God's motives as one would on any other question, he would say that God slipped a cog or that he had a special grudge against women and snakes.

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Clay Fulks, speaking from Arkansas, has contributed an amusing one-act play depicting the Southern fundamentalist in all his "glory."

Other debunking articles which are scheduled for the October issue are as follows:

**JOURNALISM: A SORRY TRADE**, by Sanford Jarrell. A newspaperman exposes the pathetic source of red streamers, black headlines and "pink" editions.

**"JUSTICE" IN A FEDERAL COURT**, by Volta Torrey. A busy Omaha court was disposing of a score of liquor cases a day by trading light sentences for pleas of "guilty" until someone threw a wrench into the machinery.

**LIFE IN CAMP LEWIS IN WARTIME**, by Earl Wright Shimmons. A Personnel man from the office of that famous military camp recalls the days of the real "Big Parade" and how he found men who had volunteered for the aviation service sawing logs at Ft. Vancouver.

**THE WONDERFUL WEST**, by Pearl Swann Powell. Honace Greeley's Eden for young manhood gets a little deserving debunking.

**THE HERO RACKET**, by Jonathan Eddy. In the words of Alexander Pope, "The greatest can but blaze, and pass away." A new contributor to the *Monthly* debunks the business of blazing.

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Next month this magazine will be as full of interesting, lively reading as ever before. Contributions by Clay Fulks, Sanford Jarrell, L. M. Birkhead and E. Haldeman-Julius are already scheduled for the October issue.

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# FORTHCOMING ARTICLE

## Lively Wide-Awake Reading for Progressive People

An anti-evolution campaign in Arkansas and Oklahoma holds the spotlight of intellectual interest. Will science, knowledge and freedom of thought be suppressed by narrow and bigoted theology? L. M. Birkhead in his article, "Campaigning Against the Fundamentalist Inquisitors," tells his adventures while combating America's reactionary religious leaders. He gives the full details of the situation in Oklahoma which has been suffering from the evangelistic onslaughts of the Rev. John Roach Straton, Uldine Utley, the Rev. J. Frank Norris, the Rev. W. B. Riley and the Rev. Mordecai Ham.

Clay Fulks, speaking from Arkansas, has contributed an amusing one-act play depicting the Southern fundamentalist in all his "glory."

Other debunking articles which are scheduled for the October issue are as follows:

**JOURNALISM: A SORRY TRADE**, by Sanford Jarrell. A newspaperman exposes the pathetic source of red streamers, black headlines and "pink" editions.

**"JUSTICE" IN A FEDERAL COURT**, by Volta Torrey. A busy Omaha court was disposing of a score of liquor cases a day by trading light sentences for pleas of "guilty" until someone threw a wrench into the machinery.

**LIFE IN CAMP LEWIS IN WARTIME**, by Earl Wright Shimmons. A Personnel man from the office of that famous military camp recalls the days of the real "Big Parade" and how he found men who had volunteered for the aviation service sawing logs at Ft. Vancouver.

**THE WONDERFUL WEST**, by Pearl Swann Powell. Honace Greeley's Eden for young manhood gets a little deserving debunking.

**THE HERO RACKET**, by Jonathan Eddy. In the words of Alexander Pope, "The greatest can but blaze, and pass away." A new contributor to the *Monthly* debunks the business of blazing.

**NO PLACE LIKE HOME**, by Sanford Jarrell. A home-loving man has lived in 50 places and each "old home" is having its nostalgic effect.

**AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES.**

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