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**The Love Affair of  
Priest and a Nun**  
By Joseph McCabe

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## Our Century: Is It the Most Admirable? E. Haldeman-Julius

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Is there any reason why a man living in the twentieth century should look back upon some period of the past and declare that it was more wonderful, more intelligent, more agreeable in the elements of civilized life? Time was when such a wistful and humbly admiring respect was natural enough and had much justification. European civilization was undeniably inferior to the civilization which left such a magnificent record in the ancient world. Worship of a sort was indeed well bestowed upon the glory that was Greece and upon the power and organization of elegant, rich, imperial Rome. Life had fallen from that high level, had descended to the very depths, and was rising once again, uncertainly and painfully, with the Greek-Roman "golden age" as the visioned goal of wisdom, virtue and happiness. In the eighteenth century, let us say, Pagan classicism and humanism appeared to the few who cared—the few in whose sight the claims of culture were important—as something ideal toward which men, after the lapse of lost centuries that had indeed been worse than wasted, might look up with emulation. Classic times had been the best times. The brightest song and story of mankind—the most puissant achievements, the most splendid dreams—lay in the past. There had been improvement within the span of five centuries; but there had been a startling retrogression within the span of fifteen centuries.

It is that eighteenth century when the cultured minority gave worship to the classic ancient world—that eighteenth century when it was necessary to look backward to man's greatest period—which H. L. Mencken now in this third decade of the twentieth century, acclaims as the best and most admirable of centuries. He places it above the present time, as greater and more worthy of admiration. Like the thinkers of his favorite century, he feels that man has wandered from the ideal or fallen from a once higher estate—but certainly with not the same reason. It is also to be

remarked that the leaders of thought and culture in the eighteenth century, while they drew inspiration from Greece and Rome and recognized the superiority of the ancient world, were inspired too by a new, an emergent philosophy of progress; and while it was beyond human powers for them to have a full prophetic vision of the modern world we live in, this world would have been hailed by them as a dazzling realization of their wish for progress and as incomparably more to be wondered at and admired than the Pagan world which then represented the best mankind had known. Mencken's choice of centuries is that century which, looking across the darkness of the Middle Ages at the spacious, sunlit brilliance of a former day, was beginning to see more clearly in the rising dawn of a new day—the new day of modernism. The Pagan civilization at its meridian was certainly greater than the modern civilization at its dawn; but this second dawn was followed by an immensely more enlightened and powerful day. By 1850, suggests Joseph McCabe, Europe had reached a level of civilization equal to that of the ancient world. In 1750, the recovery from medievalism was not complete—civilization was below the Greek-Roman standards. In 1929, we have the greatest civilization in history, with a scientific culture never known before, and creatively working toward a still greater future.

In fact, the importance of the eighteenth century lies in its partial suggestion of what has been so fully and richly achieved in this twentieth century. It was a century of beginnings, of destroying old things and clearing the ground for modernism, of liberating the energies and aspirations of men so that far greater things might be. To say that the eighteenth century (the dawn of modernism) is the most admirable of all centuries is equivalent to saying that the twentieth century (the meridian of modernism) is not so great as the ideals which it has so triumphantly fulfilled; that the completed work, as it were, is not so fine as the suggestion of that work; that the building is less than the foundation. It is a logical impossibility to exalt the eighteenth century in derogation of the twentieth century, because the latter is the grand justification of the spirit that distinguished the former. Our admiration for the one century can only be felt as a reflection of our greater admiration for the century which

it in some degree foreshadowed. If the thinkers of the eighteenth century were right and therefore to be admired, then this modern civilization which has embodied their vision and corrected it and expanded it is obviously deserving of more, not less, praise.

We should bear in mind also that the ideals of a few intellectual leaders of the eighteenth century are not to be taken as representative of the conditions of life and generally the condition of the spirit and culture of mankind in that century. It was the glory of these few that they protested with courage and persistence against the crying abuses of their century. Voltaire, for example, was a great figure of the eighteenth century—why? Because he denounced the intolerance of that century, its slavish Catholicism, its inhumanity and injustice, its neglect of civilized ideals. If we consider France as the great enlightener of Europe in the eighteenth century, we find that its educating and liberating influence was not crowned with triumph until toward the end of the century. It is to be remembered, however, that England, while socially and politically it was ridden by grave abuses, enjoyed an atmosphere of liberalism considerably more favorable than that of France, where it was a crime to demand what Englishmen familiarly cherished as rights. Yet in England, in the closing days of the eighteenth century, booksellers were imprisoned for the sale of Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*, political corruption and oppression were notorious, and Christian superstition (though not the vicious intolerance of medieval Catholicism) was supreme over the thoughts of men. It is in France of the eighteenth century that we observe despotism both of Church and State at its worst, and it was precisely the greatness of thinkers in that century to challenge that despotism and to hail a new era of modern liberty and knowledge.

Assuredly we must admire the eighteenth century at its best—that is to say, in those respects wherein it most daringly suggested the spirit which has reached such glorious maturity in this twentieth century. In fairly bestowed praise of the eighteenth century—its idealistic, revolutionary spirit, its crusade against intolerance and declaration of the rights of man—in praise, moreover, which is bestowed upon the thoughtful few who led the great movement to free their enslaved, oppressed age, I shall be in wholehearted accord with anything Men-

cken may say. I insist only that it should be thoroughly understood that our praise is due not to the conditions of life nor generally to the level of thought or the sum of culture in that age, but rather to the men who were gallantly ahead of their time.

Today we admire Voltaire; we honor him fully as a prophet of the modern spirit; but in the eighteenth century, while he had honor and triumph too, his life was one long struggle with persecution. His books were burned; he was forced into exile; he waged war upon the most formidable powers, the most infamous and dangerous foes, of his time. Did Voltaire think that his century was civilized? On the contrary, he compared it unfavorably to the civilization of China. He denounced his century as base, slavish, cruel, uncivilized—save in that hopeful spirit, that bold and difficult protest, of the minority which promised relief from the evils of the age. When we think of the greatness of the eighteenth century, we think of Voltaire; and that should sufficiently warn us against the error of idealizing the society in which Voltaire lived; he was great as the liberator of his age or rather the prophet of the coming age; his century is significant because it was a century of revolt—sadly, desperately needed revolt against intolerable evils.

What, then, does Mencken intend by saying that the eighteenth century was greater than all others and that we should today bow to it in proper humility? His statement would be self-contradictory if it meant merely that the eighteenth century was great because a few men struggled against the evils for which that century was ignominiously notable and from which we are free today. It is impossible to pay intelligible, consistent tribute to the eighteenth century in this respect and at the same time speak of the inferiority of the present century. For if our century is inferior then the eighteenth century was wrong and was the inspiration of a retrogressive instead of a progressive movement in history.

Is our democratic society so much worse and poorer than the feudal, monarch-ridden society of eighteenth century France? Then the French Revolutionists—the proclaimers of the rights of man—were egregiously mistaken; then they did harm rather than good; then they serve to illustrate the error rather than the greatness of their age.

Is our twentieth century freedom from religious superstition and tolerance a sign of our inferiority to

the eighteenth century, when medievalism still was in power and Voltaire's slogan was "Crush the infamy"? Then Voltaire and Diderot and their brave fellows were ensnared by a monstrous delusion, they were remarkably misled in their mighty crusade, they were not so great as we had thought nor was their century honored, but rather dishonored, by them.

Is our scientific culture a poor thing, not to be admired in contrast with the almost primitive material culture of eighteenth century France? Then the pioneers of science in the eighteenth century, and in the nineteenth century as well, were not benefactors of mankind but were plotters against the best interests of the race.

Actually these are foolish suggestions and Mencken would not be so reckless as to affirm them; yet it seems clear enough that they follow logically upon the statement that the eighteenth century is most deservedly to be called great among the centuries. That statement must mean that the eighteenth century was preeminent in certain respects—that it was definitely, not vaguely, great—that its superiority can be shown in convincing catalogue and description. It is therefore right that we ask in what respects was this century better or greater or more admirable than the present century.

It is an amazing statement, surely, that Mencken makes and so it challenges comparison. Would he say that the century of his choice was greater in government? Or was it greater in productive ability, in the comforts of life, in the organization of labor and trade? Or was it higher in its moral, intellectual, cultural standards? Was thought freer and culture richer and general intelligence higher in the eighteenth century than they are now? Was life more interesting then than now? Was life safer then than now? Were education, law, medicine, sanitation, and the other arts and sciences of human life more intelligently conceived and practiced then than they are today?

These are factors of the highest importance in civilized life. These are measures of greatness which we must apply to the eighteenth century in testing Mencken's large—truly astonishing—claim. To indicate how astonishing this claim is let me quote, as an impressive text for my remarks on a century which I admire (but judiciously), these lines by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes (*How Capitalism Developed*, a forthcoming

article in *The American Freeman*):

In the middle of the eighteenth century modern society bore little resemblance to the state of culture which today exists in the more advanced European areas. Intellectual life had advanced little if any beyond the state which it had reached with the Attic and Hellenistic Greeks before the Christian era, and material culture had not been transformed in its major outlines since the dawn of written history. Even the Lake Dwellers of Switzerland and Northern Italy, who lived perhaps ten thousand years ago, possessed much the same industrial technique as that which existed in Western Europe in the middle of the eighteenth century. Most types of domesticated animals, the chief fruits and cereals, and many aspects of manufacturing technique, particularly in the textile industry, had been widely known and utilized in the Neolithic Age. The two outstanding improvements in material culture since the Stone Age had been the art of utilizing metals and the development of the science of navigation. There is no doubt that Voltaire or Thomas Jefferson would have been more at home in the material culture of pre-dynastic Egypt than they would be today in Paris or New York City.

Dr. Barnes is writing chiefly of material culture, which I shall certainly and rightly emphasize in drawing a comparison between the eighteenth century and the present time. This material culture is, after all, simply the science and art of managing the business of life; and the extent to which this art and science is developed, its skill and variety and accustomed use, is a vital test of the degree of civilization. It is significant, as a commentary upon Mencken's extravagant praise, that in the eighteenth century "material culture had not been transformed in its major outlines since the dawn of written history." And in less than two centuries the material culture of the race has been marvelously revolutionized, transformed, expanded beyond the utmost imagination of the eighteenth century; in a word, our century is enriched by a scientific culture that in two centuries has exceeded by infinite degrees and varieties the total culture of the race for thousands of years. But it is not only in the industrial and mechanical progress of our age that we are superior to the eighteenth century. Giving that kind of progress its full importance, we have also to see how our social, political, and intellectual life is advanced beyond that which Voltaire knew—to see how wide has been the sweep of progress.

It will be simple to take first the state of government in the eighteenth century, as well as the tyranny of social life—the forms of class rule and the attitude toward human

rights—as a test, admittedly serious, of greatness. To begin with, despotic monarchy was enthroned over practically the whole of Europe. Kings claimed to rule by divine right. Certainly, their rule, whether humanly or divinely upheld, was forcible enough and reckless and unscrupulous. At the end of the century monarchy had a bloody collapse in France; but throughout the century it worked its will—its crazy and cruel will, for it is exact to ascribe to it both these qualities—and it is this sort of government which we must consider in describing the life of the eighteenth century. Moreover, during the greater part of the century there was no marked movement against monarchy. Intolerable conditions of serfdom, the utter mismanagement of government, and the slowly penetrating and spreading germs of new ideas would in time bring their catastrophic yet liberating result; but meanwhile there was perforce submission to a tyranny as bad as, not worse than, any to be found in the historical record.

Now, the monarchy that sat in fancied security on its throne in the eighteenth (and that was secure enough to the very last) was not merely evil in principle. It was not merely that the rule of one man over a nation was an outrage to the sense of justice and humanity—an outrage, for that matter, to common sense. It was, further, an inefficient and ignorant monarchy. There is in all history perhaps no more glaring record of mismanagement than that in France during this "great" eighteenth century. The country was denuded and impoverished to supply money for the idle and senseless extravagance of the monarch. Court life was a species of malignant parasitism. Money was raised anyhow, by reckless loans and taxes, and thrown away with the abandoned spirit of licentious folly. From the king down through all his officials and parasites, corruption was rife. Even as an unjust business, the government was run as badly, as carelessly, as any business imaginably could be run. Its splendor was indeed the splendor of fools, incompetents, and vandals. The king and all his train were apparently bent on destroying the nation.

But the evils of monarchy were not only financial. The king had power of life and death over his subjects. Secretly he (or courtiers who could gain his ear) might imprison anyone in the Bastille, usher him to all intents and purposes out

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## Can People Be Made Good by Law? L. M. Birkhead

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How to make people good—this is the problem of an increasing number of people in America. (It is the problem of approximately one hundred percent of my profession.) We call them reformers and uplifters. They assume the responsibility of saving all of us from moral evil. They feel that it is their divinely imposed duty to do us good. Their attitude is one of moral superiority—"a holier than thou attitude," it is. They propose to make us over according to their own pattern of goodness.

The weary weight of all the moral evil of the world rests heavily upon the shoulders of these moral saviors. Moral evil to them is not merely such anti-social behavior as murder, theft, prostitution and drunkenness, but, also, social drinking, card-playing, theater-going, reading "unclean books," seeing risqué plays, teaching evolution, doubting the Bible, and thinking and expressing "dangerous" opinions.

These uplifters and moral saviors of mankind feel themselves the sole custodians of truth, righteousness, morality and patriotic loyalty. This belief in their own righteousness impels them to feel that it is their duty to do us good, and so they busy themselves "being right and doing good." They are suffering from what one of our popular writers has called the "something-must-be-done-about-it-complex." A cartoon was published in one of our national weeklies the other day. It portrayed one of these uplifters with a long, solemn face, marching in a parade and carrying a banner entitled "Everything is an outrage and something must be done about it."

We are all familiar with the people who are suffering from this "something-must-be-done-about-it-complex." As a matter of fact, most every American citizen is somewhat of a reformer. It is almost impossible now to find anyone who doesn't belong to some kind of a reform or

uplift organization. The number of uplift committees and organizations has increased phenomenally in America in recent years. About every other person you see on the streets or highways, is an uplifter. He looks belligerent, determined and half angry, and you know that he is seriously going about his purpose of doing good. If Thoreau could say in his day that the profession of doing good was overworked, what superlatives would adequately express the situation in our time?

We read in the daily papers and the magazines regularly of the activities of these various uplift organizations. Their names are familiar to everyone. When reform or uplift work is discussed, there comes to one's mind right off the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals, the W. C. T. U., the D. A. R., the Lord's Day Alliance, the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Cigarette League, the Bible Crusaders, the Clean Book League, the American Legion, et cetera. The very names of these organizations are significant of the direction in which we are going. I am not surprised that one of our national humanists has recently uttered his protest against the uplift movements, with the exclamation that it won't be long now before the reformers will be telling us that nine-tenths of the crimes are caused by drinking coffee and chewing gum. (As far as I am personally concerned, I am ready now to join with Dr. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, in his "reform to end reforms.")

The motto of these uplift movements seems to be "Thou shalt not do what I cannot do, or dare not do." They propose to make the conscience of a few narrow-minded, puritanical individuals the conscience of all of us. Just here I ought to say, I think, that I do not question the altruistic impulses of "these uplifters with panaceas," but I do question the wisdom of their movements, and, especially, their methods. The most of the reformers are sincere; that makes them all the more dangerous.

The most menacing aspect of all of these uplift and reform movements is the loss of confidence on the part of the uplifters and reformers in moral suasion—hence their resort to salvation by legislation. They have great faith in legislation as a panacea. First of all, they have been

alarmed by the "evils" of our time, and their immediate exclamation is "Something ought to be done!" When they cast about for a method of action against these "evils" they begin to shout that expression familiar to all of us now, "There ought to be a law!"

Our own time is not the first period in the history of the world when there were leaders who thought that people could be made good by law. A fourteenth century English king, for instance, tried to regulate the amount and kind of food that his subjects should eat. Familiar to all of us are the so-called "Blue Laws" of colonial New England, which forbade kissing on Sunday, running on the Sabbath day, walking, except reverently to and from meeting, et cetera.

The difference is that whereas only a few government authorities formerly believed that legislation could cure widespread evils, now most everyone believes in salvation by legislation. Uplifters believe that by making laws, they can make all of us better. They have great faith in the power of the government to save us by legislation from the consequences of our own sins and follies. They look upon the government to use an expression of the late Senator Beveridge, "as an omnipotent and omniscient being which can do everything—stop all evil, give all good, make everybody prosperous, happy and righteous." These uplifters are not content merely to have moral scruples, but they also propose to put their moral scruples on the statute books. They intend to force their own doctrines on others by law. They have an ambitious plan, which is to regulate every phase of human life by law—food, clothes, religion, morals, habits, customs, opinions, and politics. And, if they have their way, they will make us all "goose-step." They will put human conduct and human thought into what one of our statesmen has called "statutory strait-jackets."

One of the surprising characteristics of our generation is that even the most ardent Diogenes couldn't find a person who didn't believe that some kind of a law or other ought to be passed. One of our editors has written that "Everybody says that this country has too many laws, yet every man thinks that he knows of a law that ought to be passed." And, because of this widespread and almost universal belief

of salvation by legislation, we have had quantity production in legislation.

"Excessive law-making is the chief political characteristic of our time" is the statement of one of the most thoughtful students of our generation. One of our statisticians has figured out that we have 32,647,389 laws in America. We have, in other words, what one of our former courageous United States Senators called, "a plague of laws."

Right here, let me set down the fact that I believe in the importance of law. I recognize that our laws are what one of our sociologists has called "the sum of secular rules for social control." Certainly, a minimum amount of legislation is necessary. When I read a book like Florence Kelly's "Some Ethical Gains Through Legislation," I am convinced of the necessity of a minimum amount of regulatory legislation. I can see that legislation does help in many instances. We have to be protected against harm from others. We have to be shielded from anti-social conduct on the part of the maladjusted.

But one of the greatest needs of our time is a recognition of the limitations of the accomplishments of legislation. All legislation is not useless or harmful; it has its place in our complex civilization. But we must not expect very much help from our legislative bodies. Spinoza said that "he alone knows what law can do who clearly sees what it cannot do." That point of view does not very generally prevail as yet in America. We still have the faith that we can "bring in the millennium by the ears." That is the main reason why "our statute books are the records of our aspirations rather than our achievements." Uplifters are the last people to recognize the limitations of legislation. They firmly believe that people can be made good by force. They are the advocates of the whipping post, and they are the ones who quote most frequently, "spare the rod and spoil the child." One day, after a particularly searching discourse, Dr. Keats of Eton shouted at the boys, "Boys, if you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you!"

If such a faith in legislation were justified, the United States would be one of the most perfect countries on the globe. Our books are a full of a number of laws,

That I'm sure that our lives must be without flaws.

But just now there is beginning to dawn on some of us a skepticism with respect to the value of the legislative efforts of our reformers. The fundamental questions of human happiness and decency are not much affected by our numerous laws. "There is no act of Parliament that I should be happy" Thomas Carlyle shouted to his contemporaries. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who lived in the eighteenth century, had a genuine understanding of the limitations of governments and legislation then. He wrote—

How small of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cure!

I have written at length about most obnoxious and objectionable method of the uplifters. Practically all of their efforts to do us good are of a threatening and coercive character. There are even threats in their moral advice and preaching. They would bluff us into being good.

But why must something be done about everything that is supposed to be wrong with humanity? Why must we always "go about doing good"? It is possible that Lao-tze, the Chinese philosopher of twenty-five hundred years ago, was right when he said, "Do nothing and everything will be accomplished." If we cannot subscribe wholly to his gospel of pacifism and inactivity, at least, we can subscribe in part to it.

Why is it that we want to do good to people anyway? What is back of our altruistic impulses to uplift others? Why do we want to censor the conduct of other people? Why do we want to dictate to others the thoughts that they should think, and the books that they should read? Why uplifters and reformers anyway? I do not know. I have no ready answer to these questions. There are, however, some interesting and suggestive speculations. The new psychology has given us some illuminating answers to these hard questions.

It is a fundamental human trait to love to lord it over others. Many of us suffer from an inferiority complex, and we envy those who are superior to us. We envy those who are happy, but not happy in our own way. Dr. Samuel D. Schmallhausen, in his recent challenging book "Why We Misbehave," puts it in this fashion:

Can you imagine a more reliable

source of self-importance than playing the role of censor? The melodramatic thrill of moral superiority is the most exquisite kind of sadistic delight. To sit in judgment: that poses such a humane beauty. To find scapegoats for one's moral viciousness is the most interesting of pastimes. Those who have suffered deprivation and frustration cannot be contented on to be generous. Their only source of compensatory satisfaction lies in a malicious kill-joy attitude that seeks to prevent others from enjoyment.

Besides, the desire of the uplifter (who is usually a sadist too, according to Dr. Schmallhausen writes:

To achieve significance! That's the be-all and end-all of human yearning among a race of humans who are pledged to do every incredible thing in their power to keep their fellow men from being unique. The search for distinction, the quest for prestige, the desire for dominance run very deep in human nature.

Why does the Catholic hate the Protestant? Why do Christian institutions of learning bar the Jew? Why does the white man despise the black man? Why do the rich feel superior to the poor? Why does an ignoramus among a race of humans insist on being a Puritan and a special zeal in tormenting a Hester Prynne? Why do Socialist comrades devote themselves so mercilessly to criticizing one another? Why, in short, is every situation in life made use of to set people off against one another? Though the answer to these questions involves economic and social factors, the ultimate essence lies in certain perversions and pathologies of human nature, say I will.

Half the cruelty of man's inhumanity to man (and to woman) is explicable in terms of that unbearable personal inadequacy which must at all costs be screened from self-consciousness by the development of mutually exclusive loyalties that feed this impulse to differentiation.

Hate is the most universal dramatic means of setting people off from one another with the satisfying consequence that they can feel superior to all those whom they hate.

Another answer that the new psychologists give to the question of "why uplifters?" is that the reform movements are due to the suppressed sexual desires of the uplifters. Many of the uplifters are maladjusted sexually. They do not enjoy a normal, healthy, and wholesome sex life, and so they give expression to their maladjustments in reform and uplifting.

There are some who claim that about all of our reform movements are due to the country dweller's envy of the city man. The rustic cannot understand the complexities of the urbanite's life. He is jealous of the rich and varied life which the city dweller enjoys, and so he seeks to do good to the city man by trying

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The Dramatic Career of General Grant E. Haldeman-Julius

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III

In Mississippi, Grant was left to face what seemed to him the most important problem presented by Vicksburg. If this formidable entrenched city were taken, the Confederates would be completely routed along the great river. All along Grant had thought the war should be first won in the west and that the Confederacy should be cut in two. He had kept steadily at this objective. The railway communications in the South had been badly damaged. Saving Vicksburg, they had been forced to relinquish their hold on the Mississippi. This campaign showed Grant's patience and persistence—his determination not to turn back nor let go—at its best. It began in the fall of 1862 and was not successful until the summer of 1863—nearly a year of wretched difficulties, repeated failures, impossible plans and attempts, and finally the problem—a problem, after all, of transportation—solved.

For Vicksburg was by nature all but impregnable. It stood on a bluff two hundred feet high, before which (on the west bank) the river made a sweeping curve, with low inaccessible ground in front. North was the Yazoo river and a tangle of creeks and swampy land; to the east was a difficult country of ravines and hills. It was finally seen to be necessary to attack Vicksburg from the south. One plan that had failed was for Sherman to transport men up the Yazoo river, and for Grant to go around and attack from the east; but the two bodies of the army, thus separated, could not work together; the obstacles of nature were too great; and a daring Confederate raid was made on Grant's base of supplies at Holly Springs. Sherman made his attack, a hopeless one, and lost about two thousand men. Another scheme was that of breaking down a levee that separated the Mississippi from a tributary of the Yazoo, so that the flooded inland waters might enable the troops to be taken by steamers within striking distance of Vicksburg. It seems at best to have been a desperate scheme, and in any event it failed when the steamers could not

pass Fort Pemberton, an outlying protection for Vicksburg and a long way, too, from the latter goal. Again, "On one occasion Porter's vessels [Admiral Porter, commanding the naval forces that cooperated with Grant] got tangled up in a bayou that was too narrow for them to turn around in, and then Porter found that the Confederates had cut down trees so that they would fall across the stream and stop his progress. While he was considering this state of affairs a Confederate regiment appeared in the swamp and after that it was as much as a man's life was worth to be seen on the decks of the vessels. Porter began to back his gunboats slowly downstream, but he soon discovered, to his chagrin that the enemy had felled trees in his rear, too. It seemed to be all over with the navy. Porter was about to blow up his boats and try to escape when Sherman's troops arrived unexpectedly on the squishy banks of the creek. They drove off the Confederates, but it took three days to raise the trees from the stream so the gunboats could gingerly back out."

In the North the Vicksburg campaign was condemned as a disastrous undertaking. But Grant hung on. It being evidently out of the question to run past the Vicksburg batteries, by way of the river, the army was moved to the west bank of the Mississippi. A canal was begun, to cut through the low land of the curve and through which the army could be taken below Vicksburg on steamers and then across the river to the southern side of the city; but a flood destroyed that attempt; to make things worse, there came a smallpox epidemic and conditions in camp were terrible; still Grant was determined to find some way into Vicksburg. It was absolutely essential that steamers should be got to a point on the river below Vicksburg, so that they could be used in ferrying the troops across. Finally it was agreed to try running the gunboats and some steamers past the formidable batteries; the steamers were in charge only of small crews and bales of hay and cotton piled on the decks and barges tied to the sides for protection. Even so, one steamer was set on fire and lost at night the boats made their way, under the guns of Vicksburg, which were fired in the glare made by houses that the Confederates burned for the purpose.

And now Grant's way was clear: that is to say, he could put his army on the east bank of the river and use the one practicable approach to Vicksburg—from the south. There was, of course, the consideration of

what the enemy would be doing meanwhile. Grant could only move his men across the river slowly. The Confederates, under General Pemberton, could have prevented his landing under the circumstances; from all other directions the city was perfectly safe; but again Grant fortunately faced a general of poor judgment and decision—who obligingly gave him plenty of time to transfer his men from one side of the river to the other; and who, for a week while Grant had only 30,000 men on the east bank and he, Pemberton, had 42,000 men, had not enough aggressiveness to move on the Union position.

Pemberton neglected to move until Grant had an equal force, well organized and ready for battle. Then he left the city and joined battle, with only a part of his army, and was driven back. General Joseph E. Johnston, with 12,000 rebels, was too late to unite his force with that of Pemberton. He was at Jackson, forty miles east, with Grant between him and Vicksburg. In this situation Grant moved quickly. "He fought Pemberton with his left hand and defeated him, while with his right hand he struck at Johnston and drove him out of the state capital. Then he turned to face Pemberton again, but the Confederate commander had retired behind the defenses of Vicksburg. . . . In nineteen days after the crossing of the river Grant marched one hundred and eighty miles, fought and won five battles and captured 6,000 prisoners and nearly a hundred pieces of artillery. . . . and during this time he was in a hostile country, without a base of supplies or a line of communications. For ten days the War Department did not hear from him at all."

Now Grant had Vicksburg at his mercy. He was unsuccessful, however, in fighting a way into the city. He was reduced to the waiting tactics of a siege, lasting more than a month. On July 4, 1863, the Confederate army surrendered: 31,600 prisoners were taken, one hundred and seventy-two cannon, and sixty thousand muskets. It was truly a stupendous victory and a severe blow at the South—and it made Grant's fame and power as impregnable as Vicksburg had seemed to be. At once Lincoln made him a major-general in the regular army.

Grant, with his wife and children, passed a quiet two months in Vicksburg. In October he took personal charge of the army at Chattanooga, where the Union troops had been themselves besieged after the defeat in the battle of Chickamauga. They

had suffered from a famine, as the Tennessee river and all the railroads were held by the rebels. Grant, by the way, got undeserved credit for relieving this famine; as a matter of fact, the plan to capture the Confederate battery commanding the river and bring in food by this route had been agreed upon before Grant's arrival. Rosecrans, the general in command at Chattanooga, was not as favored by fortune as, for example, Grant undoubtedly was; by telegraph Grant relieved him from command, appointing Gen. Thomas to succeed him—and the famine that he apparently could not overcome was the reason for his removal; yet, unknown to Grant, the problem had already been solved and neither by Rosecrans nor Thomas, but by Brigadier-General W. F. Smith, chief of engineers. Credit, blame, responsibility are not always what they appear on the surface: the idea that responsibility, either for success or failure, lies fairly and squarely at the top is an old fallacy.

As an instance, the dramatic and brilliantly successful battle of Missionary Ridge was not planned by Grant. The rebels were entrenched at the bottom and up the side of the mountain; and Grant's orders were merely to take the line of trenches at the base of the mountain. But the soldiers, spontaneously carried on by the flush of victory, went on up the slope and turned a partial into a complete victory. Grant's first emotion, when he saw the men go on beyond their orders, was one of anger. "Who ordered those men up the heights?" he challenged. "No one," replied General Thomas. "They're doing it of their own accord." "It's all right if it succeeds," said Grant. "If it doesn't, some one will suffer." Its spectacular success made Grant still more a hero, yet Woodward observes: "If we analyze this achievement we find that Grant did not have much to do with it. The question of feeding the garrison and raising the siege was solved by W. F. Smith before Grant arrived; and the battle of Missionary Ridge was won by the soldiers of the army who, by common impulse, went beyond anything that had been planned."

Nevertheless, Grant was now beyond criticism: he would not be blamed for any mistake and the good work of others would become a part of his record of success: "nothing succeeds like success," and unpopular is the critic who examines the circumstances of that great success. After Missionary Ridge, Grant was the most popular man in the North. Probably he could have been President had he wished, and that was a thought that worried Lincoln. Gratefully learning that Grant was not interested in politics, and staking his judgment on Grant as the man to lead the Northern armies to victory, Lincoln made him lieutenant-general (after the war he was made a full general, the first to have that rank since George Washington) with supreme command in the field over all the armies. In March, 1864, Grant appeared in Washington—it was his first visit to the city—and shortly he assumed direct command over the Army of the Potomac and proceeded to carry out his plan for the defeat of the Confederacy and the ending of the war.

It was a simple and an eminently sensible plan which, one may add, was made possible by the enormous superiority of the North in men and materials. After all, it was from the beginning Grant's idea, a very obvious one it now seems, that, having such great strength, the Northern armies should use that strength aggressively in real fighting. When all is said, there is no disputing the fact that Grant's success was due to the fact that he "had the guns, he had the men, and he had the money too." Well—others, brilliant generals, had talked and planned too much and got nowhere; Grant, if he was not a brilliant general, at least knew that the business of war was fighting: he was just the man Lincoln wanted.

Grant intended, for one thing, to surround Lee and hammer him to defeat. His plan was to throw his strength decisively and persistently against Lee. In Tennessee Sherman faced the other Southern army of consequence, under General Joe Johnston—and Sherman, according to Grant's plan, was to invade Georgia, the heart of the South. It proved so easy for Sherman that he went farther—from Atlanta to the sea. General Ben Butler, commanding a smaller Union army in Virginia was to move resolutely upon Richmond, forcing Lee to fall back upon the Confederate capital or send part of his army to its defense; but General Butler was frightened by a hastily improvised army of old men, boys, and government clerks and did not carry out his part of the Virginia scheme. Both Grant and Sherman were successful, Sherman with comparative ease and Grant at the cost of the bloodiest fighting of the war. However, the North was ready for bloody fighting. The war had dragged on discouragingly. There seemed too little to show for all the cost in men and money. It was generally felt that the Government had not put forth its best efforts. On the whole, Grant had popular sentiment back of him in his colossal sacrifice of men to gain his objective, although such a terrible slaughter as that at Cold Harbor was too much; but then the attack on Lee's fortifica-

tions at Cold Harbor was undoubtedly a blunder; it was a hopeless, impossible attempt; the soldiers knew it and before entering into action fastened slips of paper to their names, on which were written their names and home addresses. In one hour at Cold Harbor the Union loss was seven thousand men. Despite the intense longing for the war to end, the bloodiness of the Wilderness campaign (as it was called) provoked the title of "Grant the Butcher." In six weeks Grant had lost (killed, wounded and missing) 54,926 men. His loss almost equaled the strength of Lee's entire army. Grant started the campaign with double the strength of Lee. Fighting on the offensive, naturally he lost more men. But reinforcements came steadily to him, while Lee had scarcely any more men to draw from and was able but poorly to supply his army with food; it was a ragged, dwindling little army of rebels that struggled bravely and cleverly and fell back so slowly before Grant's irresistible hordes.

"God," said Napoleon, "is on the side of the heaviest battalions." And: "In six weeks Grant had pushed Lee, by main strength, across the northern part of Virginia, and finally stood almost in sight of Richmond." Admit that Grant was a fighting general. Woodward says that he had military genius—and very conscientiously disproves his own statement throughout the record. There was common sense, there was determination, there was a good deal of sheer luck and, first and last, of the factor without which Grant's career would have been impossible—there was the "main strength." He could afford to commit blunders, to sacrifice men, to take his time, to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"—he was bound eventually to win.

When Grant moved upon Petersburg (almost succeeding in a surprise which would have shortened the war by months), Lee was forced to bring his main army to join the small force already occupying that city, twenty miles south of Richmond and connecting the capital with the South. In June, 1864, the war settled down to a siege that lasted until April, 1865. Grant had 120,000 men; Lee's army, when it surrendered, numbered only 25,000 and only 8,000 men had arms or ammunition. Even then Lee made a last desperate effort to retreat into the far South. But it was the end. The Confederacy was a wreck. At Appomattox, after the surrender, Lee had to beg from Grant rations for his starving men.

If Grant had been a bloody fighter, he was a generous victor. The rebels had only to sign their paroles and they could go home. Personal belongings (officers' sidearms, baggage, and—the last at Lee's suggestion—horses and mules) could be retained by their owners. The war ended, Grant was simply, thoroughly in favor of peace. Neither Lincoln nor Grant exhibited the least sign of the spirit of the conqueror.

IV  
Apart from the Civil War, Grant's life was not very interesting although he was certainly celebrated in an even more gaudy fashion. He was President of the United States, he made a grand tour around the world, and he was deeply involved in a spectacular business crash in Wall Street. He was a world-famous character. But he was not an interesting man. His character was commonplace and stolid. At the head of great armies, his own significance as a person was touched with the dazzling reflection of the mighty significance of the events in which he was a protagonist. The sound and important part of Grant's career is confined to three years of the war—from Fort Donelson to Appomattox. During his remaining years, he lived on that reputation. He was not a statesman; and he was a poor politician.

He was, however, friendly to the South after the war: that is to say, his common sense and his natural kindness told him that the right policy was to heal the wounds of strife and genuinely reconstruct, in an honest and peaceful spirit, the shattered Union. He was not vindictive. He had never been greatly stirred by the slavery issue. On a trip of investigation in the South he saw the situation eye to eye with President Johnson, who after temporarily agreeing with the Stevens-Sumner-Chase combination of extreme reconstructionists who wanted to rule the South as conquered country had committed himself to Lincoln's policy of conciliation. Left to his own observation and fair judgment, that was Grant's attitude toward the South. But he had no firm political ideas. He was not a thinker and when constitutional questions were raised he was in confusion.

Again, he was easily flattered on the side of his ambition. Congress was dominated by the bitter-enders who were against President Johnson. They cultivated Grant, as the most likely man to be the next incumbent of the White House. It was not difficult to swing Grant around to the ultra-reconstructionist view. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, under both Lincoln and Johnson, wrote in his Diary that: "General Grant has become severely afflicted with the Presidential disease, and it warps his judgment, which is not very intelligent or enlightened at best. He is less sound on great and funda-

mental principles, vastly less informed, than I had supposed possible for a man of his opportunities." Even so. . . . Welles himself was naive. There was nothing in Grant's opportunities or training to make him a statesman and his mind was quite ordinary. A general in the field doesn't necessarily obtain a profound insight into affairs of state or principles of government. Any "bloody shirt" conquerors and punishers of the South. As the hero of Appomattox he was the most popular man in sight to run for President. What fitness he had for the office nobody seems to have intelligently considered. He was swept into the White House on the wave of warm-made enthusiasm.

Actually, no man could have been less fitted for the peacetime leadership of the country. Nor was he a leader in a true sense, although he was jealous of his authority and prestige and stubborn enough at times. His cabinet selections were erratic and during his two terms the seven cabinet posts were occupied by twenty-seven men successively.

It would have been much better for the consistency and purity of Grant's fame if he had lived quietly after the Civil War and kept himself out of politics. As President he displayed his worst qualities: his small-mindedness, his lack of any real understanding of ideas or affairs, his helplessness in every way. He simply advertised his own deficiencies. If he had been wise and if he had been discreetly modest, he would have rested on his laurels as the victorious leader of the Northern armies. That certainly was glory enough for one who only a few short years before had been employed (simply as a favor and because he was fitted for that job) as a clerk in a leather goods store in a small town in Illinois.

Undoubtedly Grant was spoiled by success; and, worse, he was made innocently a tool and a shield for the secret designs of others. His administration was notoriously grafted. It was very like what the Harding administration was later to be. Under both administrations there was a lot of easy crooked work to be done. Grafters were in the cabinet departments. There was the great Credit Mobilier scandal. And Grant, through the clever flattery and deception of Jay Gould, was unwittingly involved in a Wall Street scheme to "corner" gold. In fact, a good deal went on during Grant's administration which he did not know about and perhaps never really understood. He was not himself dishonest. Personally his reputation was unstained by all the graft that surrounded him. He was merely an incompetent and too trusting and too easily fooled man, trying to fill an office quite too large for him.

He was so foolish as to defend a crook and allow himself to be turned against an honest man who exposed the crook. For example, in the Whiskey Ring scandal (a conspiracy to evade the internal revenue tax on the products of distilleries) Grant stood by his secretary, one Babcock, when the latter was shown to have had money and other gifts from the Whiskey Ring. And politically emissaries of these grafters prejudiced Grant against Benjamin H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, who had interfered with their crookedness. It seems to have been very easy to "get around" Grant with a little smooth talk and thin misrepresentations. Similarly, Grant defended Belknap, Secretary of War, when the latter was involved in bribery for the enjoyment of a very lucrative job as an Indian agent; and Grant accepted his resignation "with regret" when Belknap hurried to evade, by a matter of minutes, action against him by the Senate. He probably would have been convicted by the Senate (which did try him) had it not been that, since he had left office, there was doubt as to whether the Senate could legally do anything about the matter.

And if Grant, though personally honest, was helpless and tricked in the midst of a dishonest tangle of affairs, his administration was even worse in its "statesmanship." The flagrant evils of "reconstruction" and "carpetbag" government in the South were outrageously inflicted during his administration and with his own ignorant approval. It was not hard to persuade him that the policy of "reconstruction" was right. What did he know about it?

Eight years in the White House left Grant weary and disillusioned. It had been a much harder and more perplexing job than he, naively, had imagined. He was tired of politics and was even glad to depart from all familiar scenes and enjoy the splurge of a tour about the world. The adulation he received in his foreign travels, which was all show and no responsibility, was more to his liking. He was flatteringly reassured that he was, after all, a "great man." No doubt this pleased a childish sense of vanity, although Grant was not a boaster and never made exaggerated claims for himself. He liked fame but he did not foolishly pretend to the role of greatness. Even so, he was ready to believe politicians who told him that, after an interval of four years, he could obtain a third term in the White House. He was disappointed, and even to have considered the proposal was to show that he had no very intelligent estimate of himself and his position.

ARE YOUR HOPES UNFULFILLED? Is this YOUR PROBLEM? Have you tried in every possible way to improve your financial and social position so that you can be free from debt, free from worry, and free to enjoy the bounties of Nature? Have you labored and put into effort every ounce of strength and mental power without success? IF SO, then this is MEANT FOR YOU. The laws of life are at your disposal. One simple metaphysical principle will turn failure into success. The world-wide Rosicrucian Order is composed of men and women who have used Nature's arcane principles in bettering their positions in life. Your inner self—the power within you—is at your service. Do you use it? INTERESTING FREE BOOK TELLS STORY The Council of the Rosicrucians will give you, sine qua non, without obligation, a copy of a new book explaining how you may use the knowledge preserved by the Rosicrucians for your OWN SELF IMPROVEMENT. It is called, "The Light of Egypt." Just write and say you are sincere in your desire to read it. Address—Librarian F. R. H. AMORC, Rosicrucian Order, San Jose, California.

Grant had a modest personal fortune: at the close of the war New York City admirers had presented him with the gift of one hundred thousand dollars, Philadelphia admirers with a house worth sixty thousand dollars, Galena (Ill.) citizens with a house worth sixteen thousand dollars, Boston patriots with a library worth five thousand dollars; and he had been presented with many fast horses (he had fourteen at one time). He was not very extravagant in his desires and he was not bitten by the virus of greed. He did, however, have a tremendous (and naive) respect for wealthy, successful men. He knew no more about finance, of course, than he knew about politics—rather less. Thus, when he had seen the world and settled down in New York City, he was an easy mark for a young adventurer in Wall Street, one Ferdinand Ward, who persuaded Grant and his son, Ulisses, Jr., to engage with him in a banking and brokerage business under the name of Grant & Ward. Grant and his son, who had made a rich marriage, invested one hundred thousand dollars each; Ward contributed "a bundle of doubtful bonds and worthless stock" and his "experience." It is an episode that can be briefly told, and is important only as showing Grant's childlike helplessness in business, another scandal in which he was involved through his inexperience. It was a swindling venture of young Ward's and poor Grant did not know what it was all about; he took everything at its face value, and none was so shocked and distressed as he when the crash came. He himself lost heavily; but there is no doubt that he hated the scandal more than the loss of wealth.

He was growing old and shortly the disease that killed him—cancer of the throat—had him in its grip. And it was in pain, a dying man, that he, to whom writing was slow and distasteful labor, penned his *Memoirs*: a job which only the urgency of financial need would have driven him to undertake. It was published by Charles L. Webster & Co., of which Mark Twain was the principal owner and, as Twain had confidently foretold, it made a fortune (about half a million dollars) for Grant's widow. Grant ended his days in pain, regret, and bewilderment. One thinks of him as always rather bewildered by life. The writing of his *Memoirs* was literally a fight with death. He began the huge, unfamiliar task in February, 1885, and in July of that year he died, finishing the work with only a week to spare.

Grant's fame is secure. Whatever his own abilities may or may not have been, whatever part luck and accident had in his career, he is inseparably associated with great, unforgettable events. He was one of three chief actors in the greatest drama of American history: Lincoln, Lee, and Grant. Greatness, looking at it in one way, may be entirely aside from the man himself. His name is written large in history and so it will stand.

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mass of Englishmen were in any real sense free. Like the people in Europe, they were in a condition of serfdom, oppressed and benighted, victims of a government which was indifferent to their welfare. In a word, one must acknowledge that the entrenched social structure, the customary social and social life, of the eighteenth century was indifferent to human welfare. It was a combination of senseless monarchy and blind, cruel, arrogant class rule.

We need not take a flattering view of conditions today in order to realize, at a glance, the vast superiority over the eighteenth century. There is still enough corruption, injustice and folly in government, still enough oppression and suffering in social life, to keep the critics usefully at their work of denunciation. Yet these evils are a great deal less and the chances of life are a great deal better than they were in the eighteenth century. Government is

vastly more capable, its responsibilities and benefits alike more fairly distributed, and its principles such as men can with honesty and intellectual self-respect acknowledge; whatever the imperfections of democracy, it works more happily and it is a more reasonable idea than monarchy or aristocracy. Human rights are of infinitely more concern in our day than they were in the eighteenth century, when, as I have said, they were officially and in actual practice scarcely even acknowledged. It is the glory of the eighteenth century that in its best and finally triumphant expression it rejected its own example and turned toward human rights and liberal principles. It was, however, left for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to work out (and fight out) an advancing realization of these principles. Monarchy and narrow, hereditary class rule, a gigantic distortion and disfigurement of eight-

eenth century life, weigh in the balance to disprove the greatness of the eighteenth century and emphasize the higher governmental and social level in the present century.

That century, which Mencken hymns as the greatest, was a contrast of magnificence and wretchedness. Yet even amid its magnificence, displayed by the few who lived in criminal irresponsibility as cruel, arrogant parasites upon society, there were lacking such comforts as are commonplace today. Great mansions, for all their majestic and overwearing appearance, were draughty and cold, for the most part ill-lighted, not very clean. The facilities of an average, simple household today for cleanliness, comfort and efficiency are far superior to the best facilities of the eighteenth century. And the conditions of life for the overwhelming majority of the people were poor, shabby and

difficult indeed. Poverty was the prevailing note—poverty and squalor and shiftlessness. One may be impressed by accounts of the splendors of courts and the idle, gay, spend-thrift life of the nobility; yet the society of that time was on the whole very poor. Its productive technique and equipment was, as Dr. Barnes says, the heritage of unchanging, unprogressive centuries. In physical control over the means of life, it must be said that the eighteenth century was severely handicapped, without ingenuity, and with scarcely any imaginative or impatient desire for something better. High and low, men were satisfied to live very much as their ancestors had lived. Certainly the eighteenth century exhibited no great spirit of material progress. That century witnessed little or no improvement in the simple, characteristic, important living ways of men. [To be concluded next week]

# You Always Get Exactly What You Are Looking For

A million people—yes ten million people are ready to say that the above statement is not true, but I say most emphatically that You Always Get Exactly What You Are Looking For, and I can prove it in a thousand ways and by hundreds of incontrovertible facts.

Let us suppose that you have lost money at some time in your life by buying mining or oil stocks or some other kinds of stocks. You will say at once that you would not have bought these stocks unless you had expected to make money. You say that you were looking for profit, and that you did not get what you were looking for.

The fact is, when the average man makes an investment or speculation, he is simply "going it blind"; he is not really looking for anything. He is merely stumbling around, hoping that he will stumble over a bag of gold in the dark. The result is, that he falls down the cellar steps and breaks his financial legs.

Such a man is really not looking for anything, in any proper sense or intelligent sense. He is merely stumbling along like a drunken sailor, looking for nothing in particular. He is without chart or compass, and he don't even know the name of the port he is supposed to be headed for, and as for having any definite idea whether he is headed north, south, east or west, he has none whatever.

## Investing Money and Speculating

The man who is headed for some place with clear ideas as to where the place is and just how and when he is to get there, will get there in due time.

The man who enters into a new enterprise, knowing that the "proposition" is all right and that the management is all right, and knowing the the road is well charted, will come out all right. He knows what he is looking for and he knows that he is going to find it. He knows that some engine trouble or tire trouble or detours may be met with. He knows that storms and muddy roads and swollen streams may possibly be his lot; but he knows that he is going to get there "safe and sound." He knows he may be a few hours or a few days late, but he knows he will pull through in due time. He knows that he is going to find what he is looking for. Whether Christian, Mohammedan or Buddhist, he believes the saying: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

No man on God's footstool can imagine how foolish people can be when it comes to buying stocks unless he has had twenty-five or thirty years' experience with thousands and tens of thousands who have been "unfortunate" in their investments, and a few hundred who have been "fortunate."

It is really not a matter of being "fortunate" or "unfortunate." In the long run, luck, either good or bad, plays a very small part in people's financial success or failure. At times and for short period, "luck" seems to play an important part, but in the long run, and by and large, you really get exactly what you are looking for and exactly what you deserve.

The trouble is, that not one buyer of stocks out of a hundred has any very definite idea what he is looking for. He has but a very hazy idea (if he has any real idea at all) as to where he is going or how he is to get there. He is not really looking intelligently for anything in particular. He just imagines that he is looking for something, but he is trusting to luck or idiotic tips and he is really staggering around in the dark, and sooner or later he falls down the cellar steps and breaks his leg, financially.

When he is picked up, partly stunned, and questioned as to how it happened, he will tell you that he was looking for that bag of gold. If you ask what bag of gold, and where it is supposed to be and a few other intelligent questions, he will likely give an answer that will cause you to question his sanity.

## Plenty of Money

There is plenty of money made in stocks—millions and billions of dollars, but not by gambling. The way money is made in stocks is to buy good stock cheap and hold it until it has gone up in price a few hundred percent and then sell, or hold on to it for the dividends.

We want you to investigate a good mining stock, and when we say A Good Mining Stock, we mean exactly that.

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## Science vs. Religion As a Guide to Life

Harry Elmer Barnes

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[Continued from last week]

We have just considered the matter of the conflict of science and religion from the standpoint of the different classes of religious leaders and the varying levels of religious beliefs. We may now examine the question briefly from the point of view of these scientists who have offered their services as liberal theologians and have declared that there is no conflict between science and religion. Among the best known of these have been the eminent British biologist, J. Arthur Thomson, the brilliant American physicist, Robert A. Millikan and Michael I. Pupin, the prominent zoologist and promoter, Henry Fairfield Osborn, and the active Harvard geologist, Kirtley F. Mather. These men, and many others of their kind, have vauntfully proclaimed that there is no conflict between science and religion. The most decisive and lyrical pronouncement is the following statement by Professor Pupin. It is the summary of an interview with him by Mr. A. E. Wiggam, the well-known popularizer of modern eugenic doctrine, and published in the latter's "Exploring Your Mind" (pp. 385-6). A more extended view of Professor Pupin's views may be discovered in his "The New Reformation," but the following summary by Mr. Wiggam will suffice to make clear the tenor of Professor Pupin's views:

Science is making us better Christians. Science teaches us that the Universe is guided by an intelligent Divinity. Science is teaching men how to cooperate intelligently with God; it is teaching men what His laws are and how to obey them. Science is proving that the human soul is the greatest thing in the Uni-

verse, the supreme purpose of the Creator.

Science is leading us closer and closer to God. Science has made us better homes and is teaching us how to make a better democracy and a better social life; it is thus preparing us for the greatest spiritual, artistic and intellectual life that men have ever known.

Science does not contradict belief in the immortality of the human soul. Science is revealing God in greater and greater glory, and teaches us that in time we may possibly even see Him face to face.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, is reported to have said recently that, while talking with Dr. Pupin he felt that he was witnessing the curtain being lifted upon a new and brighter world. I believe he would make you feel the same way, and I should like to convey that feeling to you through his own words.

The reconcilers from the scientific camp support their case in many ways. A familiar method, used by both Cardinal Hayes and Dr. Osborn in their condemnation of the writer's paper before the New York Academy of Medicine and the History of Science Society December, 1928, is to enumerate an impressive list of scientists who were devoutly religious. The Catholic register will always contain Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, Pascal, Mendel and Pasteur, but those who exploit it never call attention to the rudimentary and inoffensive observations of Albertus, to the clerical persecution of Bacon and Galileo, to the ecclesiastical intimidation of Copernicus, to the notorious compartmentalized mind of Pascal, to the fact that Mendel did not dare to give publicity to his researches in genetics and that they were recovered and disseminated through the efforts of non-Catholic evolutionary biologists, and to the fact that Pasteur's researches in pathology in no way raised issues which conflict with orthodox theology. This appeal to the list of names of religious scientists is both infantile and ineffective unless one examines each scientist individually, to discover the nature of his scientific work and his competence to discuss religion. The fact that a man may be an eminent physicist does not, in itself, entitle him to speak with any more authority upon religious questions than would the possession of an enviable record

as a skilled blacksmith or plumber. There are a number of classical examples of internationally famous physicists and chemists who, with great gusto and pride, continue to read Sunday school classes in orthodox religious circles. A great scientist, who is religious in an orthodox sense, either offers one more example of the notorious incapacity of the human mind to compartmentalize itself and entertain mutually exclusive conceptions and attitudes, or is an illustration of the one-sided nature of our present-day education, which allows a man to participate in the physics of Einstein and yet share the religious outlook of his Methodist or Baptist grandmother.

Professor James Harvey Robinson, in *Harper's Magazine* for September, 1928, has offered a very ingenious and convincing explanation of the so-called compartmentalized mind, insofar as it relates to the religious question. He holds that our religious beliefs and attitudes remain essentially on an infantile level, while we carry further the development of our psychic life in the field of science, technology, art, literature and the like. In other words, the pious physicist is a person whose scientific views are on an adult plane, while in the religious field he is intellectually a youth in short pants. We may here quote the most cogent section from Robinson's views:

Bryan exhibited through his life no more knowledge of religious matters than he could have easily acquired at ten years of age. Sermons of the common type contain only what both preacher and audience accepted before they were grown up. Religion does not tend to mature in most cases. It is what we learned at our mother's knee. In later life we are preoccupied with business and amusement, and there is no time to keep up with the course of religious investigation, even if we had the slightest disposition to do so. Billy Sunday talks as a big husky boy to other boys and girls. Even distinguished scientific men solemnly discuss the relation of religion to science, when, if they but stopped to think, they would find that they were assuming that they knew all about religion, without having given it much thought since childhood; although they would readily admit that after a lifetime's work they knew very little about science.

Dr. Thomson seeks to harmonize science and religion by the well-worn device of holding that science is supreme in the realm of the intellect while religion reigns over the emotions. As Professor Max Otto has well pointed out, this is no solution of the problem at all, for emotions do not function in *vacuo*, but associate their expression with definite beliefs, most of which have thus far in human history been contrary to the well-established facts of science. Indeed, the great value of psychological and social science lies in its potential service to the achievement of a scientific control and direction of the emotions. Professor Millikan resolves the conflict between science and religion by redefining religion in such a manner as to divorce it entirely from orthodoxy and to make it the inspirational adjunct of ethical dynamics. It is to be the great psychological stimulant to social well-being. As long as it is kept in general terms there can be no serious fault found with this suggestion. The difficulty comes in the recognition that this does not alter the fact that there remains a conflict between science and the orthodox cults which Dr. Millikan rules out as true religions. Yet one must remember that for one religious person who accepts Professor Millikan's view of religion as "the great dynamo for injecting into human society the sense of altruism" there are a thousand who enthusiastically espouse the primitive doctrines set forth by Cardinal Hayes and John Roach Straton. Dr. Osborn endeavors to prove that no conflict exists between science and religion by essentially the same means as does Professor Millikan. He struts along the threadbare list of devout scientists and then arbitrarily defines science and religion in such a fashion as to make religion accept the facts of science as a point of departure, something which orthodox religion is singularly loath to do in actual practice. Professor Mather employs another time-honored expedient, namely, that of denominating all the facts and processes of nature as essentially miraculous. He thus gives evidence of a sad lack of information regarding technical theological terms, for a miracle is by definition something which defies not only all existing but

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