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Philosophy of
Epicurus

By Joseph McCabe

JUNE 1, 1929

Science vs. Religion As a Guide to Life

Harry Elmer Barnes

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I

The struggle between science and religion today is but one phase of our general cultural complex in which we have, on the one hand, a very advanced scientific and mechanical civilization, while our ideas and institutions, on the other hand, retain the taint of primitivity and superstition.

The scientist is bound to come into contact and conflict with orthodox religion. In the first place, it is continually hampering his activities in different ways and by various methods. Even today he has to devote a part of his attention to protecting himself against anti-evolution, blasphemy and censorship laws. Then, if the scientist is an educator and has any self-respect, he desires to have his views of the nature of the cosmos, the universe, man and society, dominate the minds of men. The orthodox conceptions of the universe and man clash at every point with the scientific. The conventional religious view of the universe is one in which the earth is regarded as the largest and most important entity in the cosmos and the sole center of divine interest. Man is portrayed as primarily a theological exhibit who should be chiefly concerned with saving his immortal soul and securing an eternal life in the world beyond. Society is looked upon as the environmental equipment es-

sential to test out man's fitness for salvation. The codes and institutions are believed to have been divinely revealed and to be above legitimate criticism by man. The good life is not that which will make man most happy here on earth but that form of conduct which will make eternal salvation absolutely certain.

The scientific and esthetic conception is the direct opposite of all this. In the first place, we should make reference to the contributions of the evolutionary viewpoint. Here the first striking implication to be noted is the complete revolution of our time perspective which the evolutionary conception has made necessary. In the place of a very brief period of some six thousand years for the age of the earth and all living matter, we must reckon with a time conception which defies both the human imagination and our conventional standards of measurement. Hundreds of millions of years must be assigned to the earth in a minimum estimate, whereas the sun had passed its maximum radiance before the earth was separated from it in whirling particles. When one turns to the probable amount of time involved in the evolution of the cosmos, the conceptions and standards which prevail in measuring time for earthly purposes seem quite trivial and inadequate. Indeed, we may have to admit that, in the new cosmic time perspective, the very notion of time as we understand it may be nothing more than a convenient human illusion. Einstein and others have, indeed, suggested that time and space are but incidental manifestations of energy. The age of man in this new time perspective, instead of being co-existent with the duration of the earth and all the heavenly bodies, must be regarded as but the briefest trifle in earth

history, to say nothing of its utter insignificance in terms of cosmic history.

Along with the revolutionized time perspective has come the dynamic notion of change as the vital and universal principle of cosmic development. In the place of the older static notion of a perfect creation a few thousand years back, with but slight subsequent alteration of the nature of the heavenly bodies, the earth and its organic life, we have to recognize that change appears to be the most vital law of cosmic development and to realize that there is no such thing as a fixed and changeless condition to be observed in the universe. Everything is in a state of alteration, some of this being in the way of development and progress while other changes definitely manifest disintegration and devolution. We have, then, the conception of a dynamic and ever-changing universe in the place of the static outlook of a half-century ago.

A third vital implication of evolution is the fact that man has been demonstrated to be, not a theological exhibit a little lower than the angels or higher than the earthworm, but a highly original biochemical entity, at the present time the temporarily dominant type in the animal kingdom inhabiting this planet. There seems to be nothing about human life or behavior which is in any sense unique and not susceptible of explanation according to naturalistic laws and principles.

The implications of modern astrophysics are absolutely destructive of the orthodox version of the Christian epic, as well as of orthodox Judaism or any other type of geocentrically circumscribed religion. The old view of God as a venerable and somewhat gigantic being, resembling man in every detail, fre-

quently taking up his abode upon this earth and being at times accessible to call from his more faithful supporters; the notion of the earth as the chief product of the creative endeavor of God and the supreme object of his divine solicitude; and the view that Christ could have been in any literal sense "the only begotten son of God" offered up as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of a small group of rather backward peoples dwelling at the extreme eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea—all such conceptions become easily and immediately recognizable as primitive anthropomorphic and geocentric misapprehensions.

Yet, while the earth is reduced in cosmic importance, its significance for man becomes greatly enhanced. We stand or fall entirely with our planet. We are alone in the universe of universes and all that counts for us is what takes place here on earth. Modern astrophysics, then, provides the framework for a truly mundane and secular outlook with respect to human life. We may survey the heavens and thereby cultivate terrestrial humility and cosmic reverence, but in our life aspirations and achievements we are thrown back solely upon our earthly habitat. Man can no longer be regarded as "the lord of all creation," but shrinks to the position of the highly organized mammal which has just now succeeded earlier species as the definitely ascendent form of organic life now existing on our planet. But if man dwindles in cosmic importance, he has been elevated with respect to his own pretensions. From now on we must realize that human problems are the only valid problems which face man and that the increase of our happiness is the only vital issue which confronts us. Society cannot continue to be looked upon as the testing-grounds for the

scheme of salvation but must be viewed as the means whereby man may, through cooperative endeavor, work out institutions and cultural traits designed to make his mundane existence ever more efficient, decent, happy and beautiful. The criterion of the good life is its relative contribution to the realization of such mundane ideals. In the new outlook there would seem to be no good but human desires and their satisfaction, though we should recognize that the satisfaction of desires may well express themselves in ever higher forms of manifestation and must be guided ever more perfectly by science and esthetics.

Now, insofar as the scientist has any pride, self-esteem and passion for enlightenment he must naturally desire to have his view of the universe and man prevail over the ancient religious interpretation which contrasts so directly and markedly with the scientific version. He may further legitimately demand that if we are to retain any conception of God, then that interpretation must be made compatible with at least the rudiments of the scientific knowledge concerning the universe and man.

An even stronger motive for a scientific criticism of orthodox religion may arise from the apprehension of the scientist that human misery and suffering are being increased and perpetuated by orthodox religion and from the belief of the scientist that he can reduce this suffering and increase human well-being. The scientist looks upon the great volume of fears and superstitions which obviously have not the slightest scientific validity, but, nevertheless, continue to affect countless millions. He notes the expense connected with the great organizations devoted to exploiting these superstitions and imaginary fears

and reflects upon what might be done with such resources of money and potential intelligence in advancing the secular welfare of mankind. He considers the unhealthy and unhappy mental states which afflict millions in America today because of false theories of life inculcated in earlier ages when man was solely concerned with salvation and when he had no command of the scientific knowledge essential to the understanding of what constitutes a healthy and happy life here on earth. He surveys the suffering due to the wide-spread contraction of mental and nervous diseases which are a product of this same unscientific conception of desirable human behavior. He observes the wide prevalence of serious physical diseases that are today extant solely because of that prudery born of religion which prevents us from undertaking adequate education in regard to venereal prophylaxis. He contemplates the unspeakable suffering and the many deaths resulting from our barbaric laws regarding abortion.

He discovers families in dire poverty, and the world approaching the saturation point in population growth which may well turn humanity back into barbarism, as a result of the necessity for a struggle for bare existence—all on account of an archaic religious prejudice against birth-control and population limitation. The candid observer of modern conditions must further note our barbarous divorce laws which degrade the institution of marriage and, in hundreds of thousands of cases, rob the family of the essential elements of freedom, sentiment and independence. They make it necessary to deal with the family as a theological entity—something which God has joined together—rather than as a secular institution designed to further social well-being. Likewise, he

cannot escape taking cognizance of a fanatical Prohibition scheme, parading 'under the guise of a "noble experiment," but actually debauching American morals and political loyalty, stimulating crime and corruption and paralyzing our system of criminal justice, with results as fatal to real temperance as to civilized modes of utilizing alcohol to promote human happiness. He deserves many unscrupulous employers exploiting supernatural religion as a socioeconomic anesthetic, thus enabling them to escape their decent obligation of adequate wages and satisfactory working hours. By aiding the priesthood in their effort to perpetuate superstition and other-worldliness, they are reasonably successful in inducing the laborers to accept their harsh and miserable life here on earth in the hope of better things in heaven. If he possesses, in addition to scientific knowledge and acumen, some degree of esthetic appreciation, the scientist must also deplore the ugliness, brutality and wastes which are inevitable by-products of the superstitions, prejudices and solemnity of orthodox, supernatural religion and its puritanical proclivities.

Once one observes these matters in a thorough fashion he is not likely to continue to believe that the scientists can persist in ignoring religion. If he is thoroughly conversant with contemporary conditions and issues the scientists will also contend that supernatural religion must be further criticized on the ground that it absorbs the intellectual efforts of many able men whose talents we need for the all-important task of coping with the increasingly complex problems of our material culture and our social institutions.

[To be continued next week]

Opinions and Observations

What the Editor Has Been
Thinking About
E. Haldeman-Julius

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THE RAIN OF LAWS

It never rains but that it pours in the legislative assembly of an American State. For instance: In this year's session of the Missouri legislature no less than seventeen hundred bills have been introduced by members who are no doubt ambitious for their country's good as well as for their own distinction among the home folks.

Although not personally experienced in the needs or the technique of legislation, it does seem that such an outpouring of bills is fantastic. It is fantastic, but it is the usual thing. Every time a group of patriotic American citizens, chosen for any reason except wisdom, gather to deliberate upon the welfare of the country there are hundreds of laws proposed to add to the thousands which already have the sanction of statutory print. Almost every feature of life, private or public, small or large, important or unimportant, is touched by the restless-ranging eagerness for law-making. It's the great indoor sport in State capitals.

By good luck, or by sheer inability to remember and enforce all the laws, it is not as harmful a sport as might appear at first glance. It would be a weird business to try to imagine what would happen if all the laws were suddenly to be dusted off and put into execution.

Even so, this law-making mania is foolish and dangerous no less. Who knows at what moment some forgotten, idiotic law will be dug from the rubbish heap and flung at us? Laws that have slumbered through decades of oblivion have at times been stirred to life and employed by cranks and bigots in the enforcement of their impertinent aims. If any group wants to raise mischief and interfere with our lives and liberties, they can quite likely find a law to back them up. And the public (or an active and zealous minority) has erratic fits when it is capable of taking the most absurd law seriously.

It is sometimes lamented that there is not enough respect for law. But so far as most laws are concerned, it is not disrespect for them but complete oblivion of them which must be counted as the good fortune of civilized people.

DEAD GENIUSES

When Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, supposedly drowned, sat hidden in the church gallery and heard their mourners say what good and brave boys they were, they learned something very characteristic about human nature. Praise and tears are too often reserved for the dead.

Splendid monuments are raised to the memory of men who were but poorly appreciated while they were alive.

I think of this belated, and after all rather empty, glory when I read that a group of memorial buildings in honor of Edgar Allan Poe is being arranged in Richmond, Va., and that in Düsseldorf, Germany, the native town of Heinrich Heine, a monument is to be at this long remove dedicated to that baffled and tragic genius. I suppose these should be gratifying things. Both Poe and Heine are infinitely more than worthy of the honors done them. It is certainly better that there should be a memorial to the poet, who has given beauty to the world, than to the general who has been an agent of death and destruction.

Still, one cannot help reflecting upon the obvious fact that this means nothing new to the mere lifeless dust that once was Heine or that once was Poe. It is superfluous even as a symbol of glory in the eyes of posterity, for they left their true and lasting monuments in their works. A statue in every city in America would not make Poe a greater poet than he is—nor would it make anyone appreciate Poe who would not have done so without the statues. Düsseldorf may call attention—with the usual self-pride, of course—to the genius of Heine (in which that town had no slightest share) but this is not needed. He belongs to the world. He made himself known, stamped his own speech and thought upon his life of his time, and commended himself by his work to the significant consideration of those who came after.

It is fitting, so that the truth of human nature shall not be lost sight of, that both Poe and Heine followed a sad, lonely road in their living days. Lonely it was, so far as meant any general respect or understanding of their work or their ideals. Poe died like a dog in a ditch. He was immediately heaped with vilification, and the libels upon his art and character were of course at once commonly and unquestioningly accepted. He seemed abnormal to the American mind, anyway—and still seems so. Heine was an outlaw and exile from his own country. He was viewed with horror by all respectable persons as an enemy of society and even possibly that dread mythical figure, the Anti-Christ. Düsseldorf didn't appreciate him a hundred years ago; and, so far as that went, I am sure Heine didn't care particularly for the appreciation of Düsseldorf. He knew, as every true artist and rebel knows, that he was choosing "wounds and death" when he chose to serve as a disciple of beauty and as a "soldier in the liberation war of humanity."

Fortunately, we do not have to visit Richmond and Düsseldorf to pay our tribute to Poe and Heine. We need only turn to our book shelves.

"AS GOD MADE THEM"

A recent book of character studies by Gamaliel Bradford bears the quaint title, *As God Made Them*. Mr. Bradford is a serious and re-

ligious gentleman. The title is not meant as a joke. Yet it is amusing to be reminded of the notion—quaintly reminiscent of the old-fashioned theology, and certainly having no credit among educated persons today—that a creative designer sits in some secret place in the universe (or outside the universe, independent of its so-called laws and limitations) and makes men and women to satisfy his fancy. This is making God out to be a sort of super-novelist who creates rather than selects characters to fit the roles arbitrarily decided for the dramatic stories of human life: stories of blood and thunder, of sentimentalism and crime, of sublimity and sordidness, of gross superstition and high culture, of social follies and outrages and of personal idiosyncrasies no end, of genius obscure in its generation and mediocrity or stupidity enthroned in power.

As Fiction, one may admit that all this is very interesting, although it is not always artistic in conception: it is often incredible, which art cannot be; and life, we know, has not the logic and symmetry of art. But as a revelation of intelligent or intelligible Purpose, as a vast labor of reasonable and useful Design, life is unsatisfactory and the characters of men and women cannot be explained, save foolishly or as a sort of cosmic humor, in this light. God must delight in fools. He must have a curious, profound malice in making the passions of men sway their better reason or in producing a brilliant, fine character which is destroyed by one fatal weakness. He must indeed love to make men so weak that they will generally yield to temptation, while, in another mood, he makes men who are strong and cunning and unprincipled and will trample pitilessly upon their fellows. He has evidently taken pains to turn out a large number of charlatans, who shall lead men into folly; and men of egoistic, ruthless ambition who will sacrifice human life and all peaceful things for their greedy, conquering aims. He creates situations in which the most unworthy characters will have a meretricious success, and other situations in which the most strong and noble characters will break tragically.

In short, the formula, "As God made them," must have for its corollary the idea of a capricious God, inconsistent and malicious and merely playing a vastly ridiculous game with the human race; or a bungling God, who doesn't know from one day to the next what sort of character he wants to make in human beings, who blindly tries one combination after another, who doesn't learn from experience but repeatedly turns out the same imperfect and unsatisfactory, and contradictory types, mingling them with a weird vacillating collection of other types, or strange individual specimens that must be the products of his careless, unthinking impulsiveness.

The unreasonable, however, is in man's idea of an intelligent Purpose, a great and carefully arranged Design, a plan of Life which moves toward "some far-off divine event." Once we disabuse our minds of this idea of a Purpose, we are not so surprised at the curiosities and con-

traditions of life. Then we expect human nature to be full of eccentricities, imperfections, inequalities. It conforms to no design, but follows blindly the shifts and compulsions of accident: while we may trace, though not with unvarying perfect knowledge or certainty, the operations of cause and effect, we do not see purposeful cause nor planned effect; one thing leads to another, a particular set of circumstances produces explainable results, but there is no planning in it although it sometimes turns out fortunately. Within limits, there seems to be purpose—for a number of warning and not far-sighted purposes—in human action; but even here we have to bear in mind that men are creatures of circumstance, nor are they free of influences obscurely ramifying through the past. The man's brain structure, his body, his glands, his heritage so mixed and remote, his environment so shifting and incalculable, the accidents that befall and help to shape his course—by all these, not by a God nor any intelligent guiding spirit, is the man made.

Thus we are able with cynical realism to look upon such curious products of purposeless nature and confused social forces as "Billy" Sunday, Calvin Coolidge, William Hale Thompson, Henry Ford, Jack Dempsey, Eddie Guest, Aimee McPherson, Harry Thaw, Harry Daugherty, Harry Sinclair, Josephus Daniels, Clarence True Wilson, and many others who cannot be satisfactorily explained on any theory of divine will and purpose. It really appears too simple to believe that a God made, with careful attention to every detail of their characters and careful forethought and knowledge of every event of their lives, such a motley array as we see taking part in this human show, from Chicago gangsters to United States Senators, from bootleggers to Southern Baptists, from yokels in Tennessee to Babbitts in Zenith City, from the stupid people through all grades of mentality up to civilized intelligence, from murderers to eminent generals and statesmen who pompously produce peace pacts and scientists who try to predict the future of the human race, from sinners of infinite variety to fanatical moralists who insist that everyone must strictly observe their dogmas of virtue, from one contradiction of character to another.

To say that God is the creator of the whole unreasonable and unpurposeful show is certainly not to flatter his intelligence nor his motives nor his ability to plan consistently. Even assuming the theory of a wilful creation, this would have to be the work of many Gods, working at cross-purposes as human beings are, and as various in character. The belief that "God made them" leads to such comparably mysterious beliefs as that God sent Coolidge (so the great Calvin himself has suggested) to the White House in order that his son should die from a blister on his foot and that God made the son die in order that Coolidge should wonder why God sent him to the White House.

CHANGING IDEALS

A preacher talks solemnly of Christian ideals. A politician grows eloquent in eulogy of American ideals. Journalists, educators, lecturers, big business men all talk of ideals. For the most part, this popular talk of ideals is misleading and without the slightest sense of comparison. The average man, listening to the usual discourse on ideals, is apt to get the impression that here is something brand-new which has come into the life of men and has freshly, peculiarly made an appearance in this country and this period. Actually, I remember to have heard a professor of a small college in the Middle West explain our superiority to the ancient Greeks by the statement that we have "ideas and ideals"—and he implied that the poor, benighted Greeks had been without "ideas and ideals." One wonders what is his conception of the intellectual significance of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Pericles, Phidias, Euripides, and other brilliant thinkers, artists, and statesmen of ancient Greece.

Certainly the Greek civilization did not perish for lack of ideals. They had ideals, and good ones too. The superior Athenians (and every civilization, by the way, is represented at its best by its superior men) had a well-rounded view of life, they were particularly enamored of ideal form and thought and behavior, and they did as great a job of pure thinking as has ever been done on this planet. Political and military reasons brought their downfall. Greek civilization had no scientific basis and it was necessarily confined to a few. Besides, in ancient times civilization covered only a part of the world and was menaced by barbarian hordes in the as yet unknown and undeveloped areas.

Came the Roman civilization, and it too had strong ideals. We think of it mostly as being dominated by the ideal of world conquest, of law and order, of government. And those ideals, by the way, have strongly influenced all subsequent civilization. But the Romans also had ideals of culture. They were on their way to developing social ideals. They had, like the Greeks, an ethical philosophy which was idealistic to the last degree.

The ideals of Europe under Christianity, until the modern age, were very different. And they were not the same as the ideals which dominate our present civilization and which are mixed inconsistently with various old doctrines and called "Christian ideals." If we are to judge historically, by what Christianity was and what it tried to impose unalterably upon the world, Christian ideals include the degradation of women (due to the superstition of the sinful nature of sex), the physical and mental slavery of the masses of mankind, belief in the comparative meanness and worthlessness of worldly concerns and the reference of all intellectual and social questions to a problematical other world. Christian ideals are the ideals of slavery, superstition and stagnation. Modern ideals cannot be called Christian, since they repre-

sent actually a revolt against the too long rule of Christianity.

The ideals of the Renaissance reflect an early stage in this revolt. There was a rebirth of joy and curiosity in life. There was a reawakened interest in a rediscovery of, indeed—the culture and art of the ancient world. And this was clearly in opposition to Christian ideals, which threw contempt upon the bright, intelligent interests of this human life. It is true that Christianity never did keep men moral and never specially tried to do so; but it was sternly antagonistic to an honest, free-minded philosophy of joy—to an artistic concern with the pursuit of beauty—to love when it was exalted into an imaginative as well as a sensuous idea, instead of a sordid, sinful indulgence of animal appetite.

The Reformation, religiously speaking, had two ideals: freedom of belief and a Puritan way of life. Freedom of belief was limited, however, which means that several new kinds of tyranny were elevated to the place of authority occupied by the single tyranny of the Catholic Church. The new creeds were based on intolerance. No Catholic bigot was worse than John Calvin. The Reformation, however, had both causes and effects that were beyond the scope of religious sentiments and doctrines. Commerce greatly increased and organized the secular interests of life. Europe grew from a medieval wilderness into a land of rising cities, more regular communication, with the beginnings of sound literary traditions encouraged by the new art of printing, with the political interests of nations less narrowly circling around questions of religious power and doctrine, and with discoveries beyond the seas to quicken men's ideas about the world they lived in and which appeared to be a larger and more promising world than they had previously suspected. Politically, the idea of monarchy was supreme. Yet there were, notably in England, at least ideals of aristocratic freedom. And in England, too, there were vigorous, youthful ideals of glory and adventure and love and drama and curious speculation about life: the rich Elizabethan age, that produced Raleigh and Bacon and Shakespeare.

Then the most significant ideals, for our modern age, flourished in eighteenth century France. Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Holbach, Helvetius, a remarkable group of philosophers (not in a technical sense, but in the sense that they were bold thinkers about life and society) spread abroad the ideals of human rights. Particularly Voltaire advocated the idea of toleration, Rousseau advocated the ideal of free personality, Diderot advocated the ideal of orderly scientific knowledge, Holbach advocated the ideal of a rationalistic understanding of life—and all advocated the ideal of a free-thinking, just, humane civilization. Some of their ideals, ironically enough, are claimed as "Christian ideals" today, although they represented in their day and for long after the sharpest kind of warfare with Christianity. Indeed, when after the bloody conquests and the downfall of Napoleon reaction set-

tled blackly upon Europe, this reaction was heralded as the reaffirmation of Christian ideals and none were more firmly arrayed against the rights of man, against the ideals of the French philosophers and revolutionists, than the preachers of the Christian religion, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Yet, in a new land across the sea, American ideals showed a great resemblance to the ideas of those same French philosophers. The ideal of revolution, the ideal of democracy—a thoroughly modern ideal of human rights—reached a decisive climax almost simultaneously in America and France. And that ideal steadily grew in all of Europe (even in Russia, though with tragic slowness and pain and difficulty) although it fought a terrific war with the forces of reaction throughout the nineteenth century.

Our American life, literary and historical and moral, was closely connected with that of England. And in the nineteenth century England had a mixture of ideals that is interesting to study in the perspective of history. We hear most about the ideal of virtue that was preeminent in the Victorian age. There was an effort to keep sex out of mind, out of sight, cloaked with a vague sentimental romance in literature, not frankly discussed either in an artistic or a scientific way. Chastity was a ideal persistently upheld—at least for the female sex; and its pretense at least for men who would be considered respectable.

That was an unnatural ideal (and a Christian ideal) but it could not endure. Today we have definitely put behind us that Victorian ideal, and we are really far closer to the Pagan attitude toward sex. There is a difference, however, in that our attitude toward sex is more and more based upon a scientific knowledge. We have now really the hope of settling down to a sane, well-balanced sex ideal: one that is perfectly natural, accepting sex frankly and joyously, yet at the same time recognizing it only in due proportion with other things: and, above all, dealing with it not as an entire mystery, whether pagan or Puritan, but as a field of behavior in which scientific knowledge is to be applied for the greater health and happiness of the race.

English thinkers in the nineteenth century, influenced by scientific discovery and industrial growth and the forces of liberalism and not least by the complacency of success, were enamored of the ideal of Progress. In some ways they were naive about it. They believed, it seems, that a swift, sure, neatly arranged order of Progress was immediately in the future of mankind. They conceived Progress as an infallible law of nature. They were not altogether wrong, although our viewpoint has shifted and we no longer sentimentalize about Progress nor think of it as a law of nature nor indulge in easy optimism about the quick redemption of mankind from its age-old errors and vices. But we do recognize in science the knowledge and the power that may enable man to forge a greater destiny for himself. The most important ideal of

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In the World of Books

Weekly Reviews and Other
Literary Reminiscences
Isaac Goldberg

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THE NEW COLUMBUS

The Rediscovery of America. By Waldo Frank. New York: Scribner's. \$3.

As between the retrogressive Messianism of Ludwig Lewisohn and the symphonic ecstasies of Waldo Frank, give me Mr. Frank. Frank does not write the fluent prose of Lewisohn; at times he is pebbly, hectic, mad with visions of the moon. But he is of our day, and not of a yesterday that parades in the disguise of tomorrow. He has a mystic message; its language, at least, is that of a modern mysticism. Yet his language points to contemporary realities. It diagnoses a disease of the hour. It discusses remedies. His own remedy we may reject, but we get, from his fevered book, a sense of ills and of need for cure.

There is little in Mr. Frank's work that is new; the air of novelty comes from his application of an

old wisdom to the present chaos in the United States. We have lost the sense of wholeness—that wholeness which is another name for health. We have become a number of parts, functioning badly or not at all. We have lost the sense of integration. Our emphasis is upon possession, upon power, rather than upon love. Possession and power are parts; love is integrity, health. Power is acquisitive self; love is integrated selfhood. And so on in a series of chapters as interesting for the author's manipulation as for his thesis.

"The Re-Discovery of America" is one of those books—they are generally books of importance—that rouses fruitful dissension in the reader. Its main thesis is relatively unimportant; by a nice paradox, it is the parts of this book that are more interesting and more creative than the whole. We must each, it seems, make our own worlds out of our own chaos.

I have a notion that Frank, had he tried, could have made the matter more simple than it appears on his pages. His main theme is, after all, but the old Unity-in-Variety in new garb. He is more brilliant than original. He is much too schematic. Yet his book is packed with shrewd observation, and has a dynamic sense of culture, as well as an organic conception of nationality.

"ISMS"

The New Science Series. New Volumes: *The Basis of Memory*, by W. R. Bousfield. *What Is Darwinism?* By Thomas Hunt Morgan. *The Battle of Behaviorism*, by John B. Watson and William MacDougall. Series edited by C. K. Ogden and published by W. W. Norton & Company, New York, at \$1.

Norton's New Science Series continues to maintain the standards originally set. The monographs, especially when one considers the nature of the material that they treat, are surprisingly clear and unambiguously of interest to the layman. I recommend them most of all, indeed, to the artistically-minded as a salutary antidote to the airy-fairness and the speculatively-mystical that so easily creep into the thinking of literary and musical persons. The manner in which these gentlemen proceed to their task is in itself an education. This is not to say that scientists are exempt from the foibles of their brothers outside the laboratory. Not at all. I was surprised to see how objectionably personal Professor MacDougall could become in his debate with Watson. The more surprised, indeed, since I know that when he first came to this country he was startled and offended by the unacademic manner in which his opponents would handle him. He seems lately to have taken

over the less scientific of their attributes.

These gentlemen, then, may seem surprisingly like ourselves, but as a group they present, in their papers, a wholesome lesson in disinterestedness, in relative objectivity—in those qualities which are as the ideal rather than the goal attained. Bousfield on Memory shakes the confidence of the pure mechanists; MacDougall delivers more than one body-blow to Behaviorism; Morgan shows that for all the details in the criticism of Darwin, the great outline of the theory remains essentially unaltered. Bousfield, in particular, is refreshing for his insight as to the importance of theory to science, and as to the employment of theory in the sciences.

I take it as the first requisite of the scientific outlook to wave aside all question of personal superiority; whether one is right or wrong is of distinctly minor importance. In this country of the intellect, it is the demonstrable fact that is the hero. Nor do I see any balm here for the religious, who have suddenly awakened to the realization—is it such?—that religion and science are not enemies. With the progress of science, such an amiability on the part of the religious will increase, until religion vanishes into the limbo of forgotten superstitions. The doubting scientist and the dogmatic theologian have little in common.

Doubt is life, dogma is death. Religion and Science may have one thing in common, however; science is forever reading a new burial service over Superstition. It does so, not in enmity; science—which we must distinguish from individual scientists—proceeds impersonally in its quest of the fact. It is the fact that superstition cannot withstand. This is the spirit behind the finer pages of The New Science Series.

THE ONE-HOUR SERIES

Another series that holds promise for the reader is the new One-Hour collection being issued by Lippincott of Philadelphia and London. Three of the handy dollar volumes have already appeared: "The English Novel," by Ford Madox Ford; "American History," Samuel Eliot Morison; and "Health," by Morris Fishbein. In the offing are "American Poetry," by Charles Edward Russell (one is somehow surprised to see that name in that place); "Motion Pictures," by Gilbert Seldes (he ought to be good); "Psychology," by C. K. Ogden (he edits the New Science Series); "The American Novel," by Grant Overton (not a new name); "American Music," by Paul Rosenfeld (they could hardly have got a better man for this); "American Drama," by Barrett H. Clark (see comment on American Music); "American Art," by Walter Pach (ditto again); "English

Poetry," by Alfred Kreymborg, and "The French Novel," by Pierre Milleville. The format and the typography of the new series is pleasant. The books are excellent values from every standpoint.

OBSERVATIONS

Now that "The Well of Loneliness" has been given a bill of health by the authorities, the requests for the loan of the book from my library have fallen down considerably. Even intelligent people—so called—are lured by the forbidden.

The battle of the Book Clubs at the recent Publishers' Convention held in Boston seemed rather amusing than anything else. What altruistic motives were alleged by the opponents of the Clubs? Mr. Macrae of Dutton launched into the Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club, yet his house has announced monthly, for the past year, a Dutton Book of the Month. How business men do hate to admit that Business is Business! The Book Clubs are competitors—despite the saying that Competition is the Life of Trade—rivals hate competition.

As to regimentation of the reader, Bunk! We all do our share toward such a regimentation, and it is not always to the bad. Every critic who writes of books, every editor who gives space to them, exercises a certain selective influence. If "The

Cradle of the Deep" is shown to have been something of a fake, why so are countless other books. This is not to excuse fakery; it is to point out that the Clubs are hardly responsible, as Clubs, for inferior products. They have tapped a new vein in the world of readers; they are dangerous rivals of the regular book publishers; they are, in a way, a menace to the bookeller. Then let the fight be conducted along these realistic lines, and let talk cease about lowering the standards of readers, of herding them into standardization, and all such prattle.

Draw your own moral: The other day I had a conversation with Maj. Gen. Edwards, head of the Yankee Division in the late war. It was not over war-strategy, however. He is one of the trustees of the Lotta Crabtree Estate; Lotta remembered the veterans in her will. She had left, among other things, many theatrical manuscripts, and the General called me in for an opinion as to their value. During the conversation General Edwards, who is evidently a lover of the theater and a reader of books, spoke very highly of a narrative recently translated from the German. "A Fatalist at War" is the work, by Rudolf Binding. (Houghton, Mifflin, Boston; \$3.75.) Why, I asked, did General Edwards like it? "Because," he answered, "it shows the futility of it all."

SEX AND THE LOVE-LIFE

By William J. Fielding

LIST OF 14 CHAPTERS—322 PAGES

A book that sheds lights on perplexing questions concerning sex and the love-life of men and women. Replete with illuminating facts and useful information, soundly interpreted. Emphasis on potentialities of love-life in marriage; delicate treatment of intimate problems; meets the demand for a thoroughly well-rounded, practical exposition of sexual questions, concisely set forth in a single volume. Special attention to those "private" problems of married life which have too long been considered taboo. A book that makes for health and happiness!

1. Sex and Life: Sex Phenomena, Primitive Reproduction, Sexual Reproduction, Sex Symbolism, Evils of Ignorance, Sexual Characters, Venus Cult, Frigidity, etc.
2. Development of the Love-Life: Erogenous Zones, What Impels Love, Love-Object, Sexual Curiosity, Sex and Development, Self-Love, Freud's Views, etc.
3. Man's Sexual Nature: Male and Female, Anatomy and Physiology of Male Organs, Activity of Male Organs, Circumcision, Prostate Gland, Spermatogenesis, Duties of Husband and Wife, etc.
4. Woman's Sexual Nature: Anatomy and Physiology of Female Organs, Menstruation, Menopause, Female Sex Instinct, Woman's Moral Character, Sex Desire Outlets, Reproductive Life, etc.
5. Preparation for Marriage: Prudery, Monogamy, The Fairing Hunter, Courtship, Engagements, Dual Moral Code, Prematurity, True Love Must Be Free, etc.
6. Period of Intimate Association: Vehement Weaker and Defensive Partner, etc.
7. Sex Hygiene in Marriage: Conjugal Relations, Consumption of Love, Woman's Role in the Sex Relation, Coitus Fulfillment of Natural Law, Romance in Marriage, Frequency of Sex Relations, etc.
8. Woman's Love Rights: Right of Female to Enjoyment of Sex Function, Woman's Affectionate Sex, The Bridal Night, Hygiene of the Honeymoon, Mutual Rights of Husband and Wife, etc.
9. Birth Control: Its Relation to the Love-Life: What Birth Control Is, Means of Contraception, Its Morality, Sexual Union Has Value Aside from Procreation, etc.
10. The Hygiene of Pregnancy: Phenomenon of Conception, Confinement, Favorable Time of Conception, Symptoms of Pregnancy, etc.
11. The Menopausal Stage: A New Epoch of Life: Problems With Boys, Menstrual Cycle, Reproductive Turbation, Night Emissions, But Not End of Sex-Life, etc.
12. Sexual Disorders of Men: Sexual Factors in Neuroses, Abstinence, Impotence and Sterility, Prostatitis, etc.
13. Venereal Diseases: Gonorrhea, "Honey-moon" Appendicitis, Syphilis, Prostitution, Infection of Innocent Wives, Chancroid, Clammy Prostitution, etc.
14. The Parent and the Child: Sex Education Part of Child's General Education, "Where Do Babies Come From?" Child Curiosity, "Where Do Babies Come From?" Child Curiosity, etc.

OTHER SEX BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

William J. Fielding has written many books about sex and its problems, of which his popular *Sex and the Love-Life* (described above) is but one. Others available in cloth binding are: *The Caveman Within Us*, a discussion of primitive impulses as they influence life today, \$3.15 postpaid; *Sanity in Sex*, promulgating sensible ideas about sex, \$1.95 postpaid; *Health and Self-Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion*, a psychological guide to better living, \$1.95 postpaid.

"Sex and the Love-Life," 322 pages, \$2.65 postpaid.

Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas

Traffic in Women and Children

Extract from League of Nations Report (1927)

"The facts . . . show that the international traffic in women is still an ugly reality and that it continues to defy the efforts made to suppress it. . . . An exact knowledge of the facts, active supervision and the application of suitable laws and measures of protection, are all necessary elements in the campaign against the traffic. . . . The traffic [is] of an international character. . . . if a neighboring country fails to exercise the same supervision, traffickers then immediately transfer to that country the scene of their operations in connection with the despatch and reception of women."

"The Story of a Terrible Life"

UNBELIEVABLE! Such a word might be hung against this book if it were not readily demonstrable that conditions such as it depicts really do exist. Basil Tozer, the author, has in the course of his wanderings come upon a woman who was one of the most notorious procuresses of Europe. A clever and experienced newspaper interviewer, he succeeded in worming out of her, bit by bit, the whole story of her atrocious career, and in this book he has down all that she told him. She revealed the methods which are still employed to entice away girls and young women without chance of their ever afterwards being traced; the secrets and secret organizations of the modern *maisons de tolerance* in different parts of the world; the wiles to which male and female blackmailers and others have recourse, and much else that is of absorbing interest concerning the social evil known as the "white slave traffic." This book, while extremely outspoken, is in no way pornographic. On the contrary, it will be instrumental in setting on their guard all those who read it. This story of an actual "Madame" will intrigue and horrify you from its first sentence: "A woman of atrocious life has lately died in France."

A SNATCH OR TWO FROM THE OPENING PAGES

Nowhere was there sign of human habitation, and they seemed to be miles from everywhere. The distance to the castle must have been 14 or 15 miles, judging by the time they took to get there; and by the time they arrived, after their long drive through dense forest, darkness had set in. Then, in the light of the rising moon, Messaline beheld for the first time the tall, forbidding gray walls of the centuries old pile standing out in blurred relief. The great oak door was opened "The Story of a Terrible Life," by Basil Tozer; bound in red cloth, with green title-lettering in mounted panels on front and back; 242 pages, 22 chapters; \$2.65 postpaid.

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Opinions and Observations

What the Editor Has Been Thinking About

E. Haldeman-Julius

Continued from page one

our age is indeed precisely this ideal of scientific enlightenment, scientific organization, scientific achievement: the ideal of knowing how to live instead of guessing and blundering as men have done in the past. It is easily realized that the progress we have actually made thus far has come through science. If the scientific ideal is far from complete in its application to life, still it is obviously the only promising ideal for the future.

To be sure, other ideals are shouted in the marketplace. When men talk of ideals, they are not all talking of the same things. There is much elegance concerning Christian ideals which are simply the worn and worthless remnants of a moribund, discredited past: ideals which are utterly unsuitable to the age we live in and out of which no sane counsel or hope for the future can be obtained. "American ideals," too, are apt to represent merely that narrow spirit of nationalism which the world must outgrow; and that phrase means, of course, all the jumble of bunk which the politicians carry as their stock in trade. There is again the selfish, exploitive ideal of success, which means getting all the money one can without regard for methods, for cultural or humane ideals, for broad social results. And the Puritan ideal, certainly not compatible with the spirit of the age, nevertheless has its spokesmen, who seem to think that this is the single worth-while ideal that has ever occurred to the human mind. No: this age is not peculiar in having ideals; and indeed it is still largely deceived into some regard for old and mistaken ideals. Its great triumph is in the scientific ideal.

THE BOYHOOD OF CLARENCE DARROW

I didn't realize how interesting the story of anyone's boyhood could be until I read *Farmington* by Clarence Darrow. But then few could write about a boy's world, a boy's nature, a boy's point of view as Clarence Darrow has written in this book of quietly, deeply charming reminiscences and humor and philosophy. More, who could so faithfully and candidly give the boy's point of view enlightened in an unobtrusive way by the point of view of the man? And how many men would have the broad, mellow, veraciously human philosophy which Darrow brought, at the age of forty-six, to the writing of *Farmington*?

For all that it is written in Darrow's simple, straightforward style and tells the simplest familiar things of a boy's life and thoughts, everything about *Farmington* is remarkable. Of course, simplicity is a difficult art, after all, and that itself is remarkable when it reaches the point of perfection in a style like Darrow's. And *Farmington* is again remarkable because it treats of just the simple things of boyhood which another might leave out as being unimportant in their commonplaceness, but which, as you surrender to the delightful mood and atmosphere of *Farmington*, you realize to be of the utmost method, Darrow avoids subtleties and especially those strained, elaborate interpretations and mind-reading which mature persons are apt to bring to the study of boyhood and youth. In that sense, Darrow doesn't study this boy who was himself. He recreates the boy for you and presents him in all simplicity as the innocent, curious,

lively little savage, rebel and egotist.

It is not the story of an impossibly good little boy. It is not a preachment on how good boys should be nor does it offer any highly technical program for the training of boys. His suggestion on this head is indeed so wisely obvious that few would think of it as a contribution to child psychology: let the boy have more freedom of self-expression and do not try to force upon him an unnatural conformity to adult ways. That is, I say, obvious enough when the attention is called to it; but it would not occur to anyone who had not Darrow's rare sympathy and insight. As he looks back, he is impressed by the fact that parents were always saying "No!" to the boys. They were engaged in a perpetual effort to defeat the boys' nature. They were reluctant to let the boys do anything that the boys liked to do. "Yes" was a word that seemed to be almost entirely foreign to the parental vocabulary; it came out rarely and grudgingly. Yet if parents would practice saying "Yes" as often as they could, they would have better luck in the management of boys.

Between the boys in the little Pennsylvania town of Farmington and their parents there was no understanding. They were separated by mental worlds apart. Naturally, the boys could not have been expected to have a grown-up viewpoint. The parents, however, might have tried to remember how they felt when they were young. But the most conscientious and dutiful and, in their way, loving father and mother treated their children somewhat as aliens to be controlled by strange laws rather by understanding directions and counsel. "Put yourself in another's place" imaginatively is a very good rule. The boy is not able to do that. He is too close to nature, which means that he is an innocently selfish little egotist, who can also be cruel, who has not learned the chastening—both rough and mellow—lessons of humanity in the responsible adult world of struggle and compromise. Parents, however, might make more of an effort to put themselves in the place of the child. They might try to understand the kind of reasoning or feeling that appeals to the child—a simple, direct, and friendly kind of reasoning and, first and last, natural attitude. They do not (or they did not in Darrow's boyhood) bother to give the child reasons very often; and when they did, they imposed upon him, authoritatively, abstract moral rules—rules, for that matter, which were too goodly-good for intelligent, well-meaning adults to follow—and which no boy could imagine as being realistically applied to his own life.

In fact, the old-fashioned system of training seemed to consist in bidding boys to suppress almost absolutely their own nature; and certainly it must have made that unpleasant and bewildering impression upon the boys. It is amusing to read in *Farmington* about the stilted, unreal moral lessons that were taught through the medium of the school readers. Boys were told how they should love to work, and that they should think of work as better than play; they were forced to read the most ridiculously mythical tales about unselfish and contented little boys—one short tale of this kind, "The Contented Boy," is reproduced and it is funny beyond belief; they were told that they should be excessively polite, and that they should be seen and not heard, and that they should beware of the wickedness of the world—wickedness which was past the comprehension of the boys; they were forced to learn stupid rules and get stupid lessons, which were lifelessly a matter of dull, arbitrary form and had no living quality upon which a boy's imagination could seize; in short, the teaching, moral and otherwise, was not made real nor interesting to the boys.

Frankly, says Darrow, those moral lessons were meaningless to him and the other boys. They didn't even speculate whether the lessons meant anything or not. They learned by rote and as quickly forgot and never thought of applying. They just went right on acting naturally, according to the way of boys, as instinctively and indifferently as if they had never heard of such admonitions to virtue—a lofty imaginary virtue which the boys' teachers and parents themselves did not have.

It was the same, only worse, with the religious instruction. What a dreadful ordeal was Sunday for the boys! The enforced attendance at church would have been quite enough to make the boys hate it, and then of course the lessons they were supposed to learn there were even more remote and incomprehensible and uninteresting than the lessons in school. It was the acme of unreality. And slyly, Darrow suggests that it was not much more real to the grownups. He recalls how seriously they all sang, "I want to be an angel," and how far those meaningless words were from the true wishes of the singers. Certainly going to heaven and being an angel was the last thing a boy would desire, if he could imagine such a metamorphosis; and the mysticism and doctrine of the church could not be anything but a string of empty words to a boy.

Amusingly, he tells how the boys would always dodge the preacher: he was their natural foe, as indeed most grown people seemed to be. There was apparently an unwritten law, says Darrow, that any grown person could make the boys stop whatever they were doing: could order them to quit playing, or to move on, or to go home—just the adult fiat, without reason given or due process of law observed, was sufficient. The boys felt the injustice of this and they could not understand it: it was simply a fact—grownups and boys were at odds, were in a sort of warfare with each other—and every boy's job was to manage his life with the minimum of interference from older people.

The boys were self-centered. They didn't reason about it. But they regarded the older people as, alternately, conveniences and obstacles. They were conveniences in that they existed for the purpose of providing the boys with something to eat and a place to sleep; in this light they were accepted as facts of nature, made for the boy's use, just as the creek was made for him to swim in and the ice was made for him to skate on and the whole world of out-of-doors was constructed admirably for him to play in; the boy, as Darrow unbashfully depicts him, had little more feeling of gratitude and obligation toward his parents than he had toward nature.

On the other hand, parents and other grownups were serious and incalculable obstacles in the way of the boys. They seemed to be always conspiring to prevent the younger ones from carrying out their natural impulses. They spied upon the boys; they tyrannized over them; they laid upon them unreasonable commands; they surrounded them with arbitrary and irksome restraints; they were always popping into the picture, with the ominous appearance of an invading enemy tribesman, at the most untimely junctures. The boys took it realistically enough. Every occasion on which they could evade or outwit their elders was so much clear gain. In defeat, they did not brood long over the inevitable—their sorrows, like their joys, were intense and quickly passed; and in victory, they drank the full delights of the moment and did not worry much about what might happen afterward.

Boys' world was a world of action, untouched by reflection, indifferent to all except the immediate interest or pleasure, unimaginative though full of the bounding vitality of just being alive, without that sense of proportion and recognition of limitations which later years force upon the consciousness. The boy, in a word, is a healthy, primitive child of nature. The truthfulness of Darrow's retrospective narrative is evident in every word and line. There is no idealization and no misleading substitution of the attitude of middle age for the attitude of boyhood. To be sure, a good deal of that far-away child life is faint and difficult to recall, images are blurred and impressions are unsure, but that is frankly admitted by Darrow. Even so, he is extraordinarily successful in recreating the broad essential features of boyhood.

Farmington has of course the additional charm that it is the life of a boy seen truthfully and sympathetically but at the same time with intelligent analysis by a man who has seen much of the larger world and who, moreover, has acquired a very shrewd and tolerant philosophy of life. The book is full of kindly humor. He shows the problems and difficulties of the boy, and he doesn't labor questions of right and wrong. Boys simply have no conception of what older people demand of them, and that's all; they can't see the necessity of so much pains spent on washing—especially, as Darrow recalls, it was considered illegal to scrub the neck on Sundays, because on these days the boy had to wear a stiff collar and his neck didn't show; and it was thought to be un-judgingly superfluous when the feet (of the barefoot boy) had to be washed at night, even though he had wiped them on the wet grass; and the notion of strict, regular hours—of eating and retiring and rising—was a bewildering discomfort to the normal boy; also, it was never to be understood why parents would make a boy save his pie until the end of the meal; Darrow always wanted to eat the pie first, and he confesses that this still is his mature, considered opinion—the best things first, and then if you die suddenly you are the less cheated.

Darrow had a special burden, beyond those usually felt by the boys

of his world. His father, obscurely situated with a large family as a miller in this isolated Pennsylvania town, had a deep passion for learning. He would spend all his leisure hours poring over his books. He was determined that his boys should realize the ambitions that he had missed. So the boy Darrow was forced to study beyond the usual school requirements. Solemnly his father impressed upon him that John Stuart Mill had learned Latin when he was three years old: a piece of persistently dinned information which Darrow says was most distressing to him and inspired in him a peculiar antipathy to the name and memory of John Stuart Mill. His struggles with Latin (which, he says, he never could learn and didn't want to learn) are remembered with gentle humor and with an affectionate understanding, the product of mature years, for the father who never fulfilled his ambitions in life but who wished to achieve victory in the future of his sons.

That father—so superior to his environment—is made very real. One can see him sitting until the late hours in his little room, among his books, with the lamplight faintly shining under the door and into the room where Darrow and his brothers slept; and on Sunday, not at church but again among his books; for Darrow *pere*, was not a church man, albeit the children were compelled to attend church and Sunday-school; he had early thought to be a preacher but, says Darrow, he went in belief so rapidly through the different faiths and finally out of all that he never had time and settled conviction to become a preacher. Darrow was more fortunate than most boys in that he didn't have the doctrines of religion forced intolerantly upon him in the home.

There are a number of character sketches in *Farmington*, which, seen

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER

By Nan Britton

NEVER before has America produced a love tale that can be compared with this. Here the stirring tragedy of ancient Greek drama is mingled with realities and personalities of our time. This is a book proving that the mysteries of the human heart are eternal. It reveals that where there is the utmost ecstasy felt with the most pain, there is life!

SUPPRESS "The President's Daughter"? They tried to! Six burly men and Mr. John S. Sumner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, raided the printshop and seized the plates. But the case was contested and the raiders had to yield to the law, which permitted "The President's Daughter" to be published—unaltered in any way!

GORGEOUS is the only adjective adequate to describe the sumptuous appearance of this edition of "The President's Daughter." It is printed on velvety, watermarked, white wove paper. The binding is luxuriously patterned black cloth, specially made for this book, stamped back and front in gold scroll lettering. Illustrations are reproduced by a soft, artistic, lithographic process.

WHITE HOUSE shadows fall across the pages of this book. Over the whole work is thrown the glow of a poetic experience, and through it all is the glamour of official error centering around the White House at Washington. For the father of the illegitimate daughter of Nan Britton was Warren G. Harding, who became a President of the United States.

PLEAS for illegitimate children have been made before, but none can compare in sympathy and humanity with this compelling work written by a mother herself. It is a story of a clandestine amour; of social ostracism; of the terrible price one must pay for spiritual freedom. But this love, though secret, never faltered—no trial could change it.

OPINION has been freely expressed both for and against "The President's Daughter." E. L. Menden: "The whole thing constitutes a superb contribution to the political history of the U. S." Harry Hansen: "An astonishing romance . . . the story of a woman's tremendous preoccupation with love and motherhood." E. W. Howe: "Nan Britton is a female Boswell and her book will live because of its story of naked human nature in village, city, palace, cottage, and White House. . . . All through the book Nan Britton makes Warren Harding as fine a lover as may be found in fiction."

\$2.25

The President's Daughter, by Nan Britton, 455 pages, 176 episodes, 48 graphic illustrations, handsomely bound in black cloth, now only \$2.25 postpaid (formerly \$4.85)!

Haldeman-Julius Publications

Girard, Kansas

though the contracted viewpoints of a boy and an older man, are suggestive of the ripe wisdom and irony and pity of human nature: There is Farmington's leading citizen and aristocrat, the old Squire, an inconceivably grand and dominating figure to the mind of a boy, who is in the end rewarded by having the biggest and proudest stone in the little churchyard. There is the shiftless, untalented, unassuming and unworried village carpenter (who worked when he felt like it) who was occupied intermittently through the years in building his own house, adding now here a little and now there a little, and who never finished it; yet who nevertheless was wrapped in a placid, good-natured contentment that a more successful man, in a moment of disillusionment, might envy. There was Aunt Mary, who had a cold, concentrated passion for "neatness," a lonely repressed person, who planned some day to have a "party" in the parlor that was always closed and lifeless—and who couldn't enjoy the "party" after all, for the "party" was her own funeral. There was Aunt Louisa, the acidulous and garrulous gossip, who was never tired of talking how her husband died—so long and rambling and inconclusive a story that Darrow says he never did find out how the man died.

All of the fundamental, natural life of boyhood is simply revealed in Farmington: boyhood in an ideal environment for boys, a little town with the countryside around. One reads of the succession of boyish games that follow the shifting seasons. And interspersed with these homely accounts of the activities of childhood are little bits of wisdom, reflections on life that are valid for all the ages of man. For instance, Darrow tells how the boys would go coasting in winter; swiftly they would slide down the snow-covered hill, then slowly they would trudge back to the top of the hill, dragging their sleds; boys, he comments, will go to a great deal of trouble for a little pleasure—and he finds that it is pretty much the same throughout life. And how persistent are our wishful expectations, even though they are never fulfilled: Darrow shows the word-picture of himself as a little boy, just learning to fish, sitting on the bridge with his pole dangling in the shallow creek at a spot where there are no fish; his older brothers have indeed told him this in their superior way, but his wish is so strong and his confidence in himself or his luck is so great that he does not believe them; so, time after time, he patiently waits and hopes by the bridge—and never catches a fish.

He says, in a mellow tone of resignation, that nothing in life has ever come up to his expectations; that as the disappointments of the boy so, in essence, are the disappointments of the man. Nothing is ever as fine as we imagine it will be. We make plans and never carry them out—or only partly do so. Telling how boys are always beginning things and leaving them unfinished, the first flush of hope and desire subsiding all too quickly, he reflects that this has true application to the life of a man. He says that baseball, which he played as a boy in the exciting, amateur, village style, was probably the only thing that ever completely fulfilled his expectations; and that didn't last long; as for his greatest moment, it was when he won a "tie" game for his town team by knocking a home run, thereby basking briefly in the high light of heroic fame—for awhile. But the best things are for-

gotten. All things pass away. Nothing is ever fully done in this world. What is, really, the story of my life? asks Darrow. I have been waiting all my life long, he says—waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall, waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring, dreaming and hoping and waiting, wondering and wandering through life. . . . The real feeling and philosophy of Clarence Darrow have never been so beautifully, wisely, and humorously expressed as in Farmington, the story of his boyhood.

FOR BETTER PREJUDICES

Better prejudices? I mean not so much better stuff of prejudices but a better use of prejudices: a limited and personal indulgence in these ships of the mind, if we are not capable of getting entirely rid of them at once. My suggestion is well illustrated by the story of Whistler and the conventional art critic. Looking at paintings, the art critic was delivering himself blandly of judgments about "good" and "bad" art, when Whistler interrupted him. "Don't talk about good and bad," he advised. "Say merely, 'I like this,' or, 'I don't like that.'" In other words, if one must have prejudices and personal opinions that are not indebted to reason, one shouldn't claim for them the dignity and force of positive judgment.

One should enjoy one's prejudices as one enjoys one's clothes, without attempting to thrust them upon others. One should not permit a prejudice to hasten one into a blind and unfair decision. One should avoid, above all things, dogmatism and intolerance.

I am aware that this suggestion will be wasted upon most men. The very strength of their prejudices lies in the fact that they are zealously regarded as the true, important way of looking at things. The average man will never admit that he is prejudiced; he will insist that he is defending right reason; he will tell you that he is standing for vital, unassailable principles and that his ideas are the product of candid, careful consideration. And of course until a man recognizes a prejudice for what it is, until he drops the fine names that conceal its real nature, there is no hope of changing his mind.

There is, however, a type of mind that is willing to indulge its prejudices on candid, uncanting terms. It is easy for anyone to perceive the good sense of this attitude where trifles are concerned. Some people have, for example, a prejudice against (a queer, inexplicable, emotional dislike for) red hair; but they do not on that account sweepingly condemn persons with red hair: they may retain their dislike, which is stronger than their reason, but they do not erect it into a standard of judgment and a policy of action.

Now, when all is said, a man is not more to be blamed for his ideas or his behavior than for the color of his hair. True, there is the possibility of a man "changing" his ideas, as we vaguely put it: which means that he may have his attention brought to facts or considerations that have hitherto been unfamiliar to him and that there may be no sufficiently powerful motive of resistance to these new facts; or he may have a type of mind that is more reasonably open to conviction than other minds are.

We all proceed on the theory that discussion will not be without results; but we know that argument is not effective, however powerful

it may be, unless there are other things in its favor; some minds, as I say, are more receptive and more reflective than other minds—some minds are just naturally ripe for an idea, and there comes a day when they are vividly influenced by a few words of appealing logic or sentiment; some minds are about equally balanced between opposing views on a subject, with no particular pressure from one side or the other, and they will respond to an extra weight of argument; some minds are so wrapped in a specific atmosphere of self-interest that they are strictly closed to any discussion that conflicts with their self-interest; some minds are precluded by motives of vanity or fear or sharp temperamental bias from taking a fair view of ideas which impinge distastefully or alarmingly upon their predilections.

Turning loose an idea upon your fellows may be a worthy and serious enterprise or it may be a delightful (but not therefore insincere) sport but it is also a gamble. Maybe you will ring the bell and maybe you won't. You are encouraged by the assurance that you will make an average number of successful hits; but you know very well that in the nature of things you will frequently miss your aim. And among the "misses" I include the number of times that you hit a prejudice squarely in the center and, even so, make no impression. Prejudices have great resistance. More importantly, they have protective coloration and can recommend themselves in the deceitful shape of sound, reasoned ideas.

It seems to me—though probably this is my peculiar fancy—that a man can enjoy a prejudice more if he says, as suggested by Whistler, "I don't like this or that." As for the common prejudices, their great satisfaction does not lie in the belief that they are the truth but in the warm, pleasantly tickling consciousness that they are shared by the majority of one's fellows. For example, if a man is prejudiced against Chinamen, he can afford to admit all the good things about Chinamen, and he can afford to treat Chinamen with scrupulous fairness and even, recognizing his prejudice and its dangers, lean a little backward in their favor—yet all the while he can repeat, "I don't like Chinamen," and all around him will arise the echoes of his childishly enjoyed prejudice. His prejudice is a feeling, not a thought. He needn't defend it, any more than he need defend a preference for blondes and an antipathy toward brunettes. Still less should he wish to impose it upon anyone. He can simply keep it and cherish it and occasionally take it out and look at it for his own satisfaction.

Again, there are prejudices of which a man may be properly ashamed; which, at any rate, he doesn't care to flourish; and which he is perfectly willing to admit cannot be justified in the light of reason. I know men who are thoroughly liberal in their intellectual convictions. They will reason in the broadest, sanest spirit. They are tolerant. Yet they have a bottom streak of Puritanism which they positively can't get rid of; and so they dislike certain kinds of behavior, certain habits, certain relationships: they don't offer their dislike as the word of truth and righteousness, but call it a prejudice and watch that it does not betray them actively into injustice. A man may have a prejudice against intoxicating liquor; but he should be careful how that affects his opinion of a man who drinks or his opinion on such a large, impersonal issue as that of Prohibition.

It is possible for a man to have an unconquerable feeling of superiority toward Negroes, and to have an unwillingness to associate with them in certain ways, but if he is clear-minded and honest he will admit that his prejudice is mere feeling and that he got this feeling from his identity, partly imitation and partly fear, with the public opinion of his race and class. His prejudice against Negroes is no more reasonable than a Methodist's prejudice against atheists or a Republican's prejudice against Socialists or a Californian's prejudice against the Japanese.

To have a prejudice is, after all, an important responsibility. It places a man under a heavy weight of obligation not to let that prejudice run amuck among ideas. He should keep his prejudice on a firm leash. He should be sure about its identification: should understand it, for better or worse: should beware of that insidious error, into which he may so easily fall, of calling his Prejudice a Truth or even giving it the dignified name of an Idea.

BRIEFLY HISTORICAL

There is a formidable bulk and range of facts which shows the baseless character of the claim that Christianity was the inspiring agency of progress. The historical scholar knows that this plea (a desperate plea since intellectual and ethical arguments for religion have become so discredited) is so very false that the incredible thing is its being urged at all; but then the masses, even in this wide-reading age, are not very critically nor thoroughly informed about the realities, the significant movements, the efficient causes which have determined the course of history. They have a picturesque, loose sort of familiarity with the past; but

there are many gaps and many inaccuracies and many dark places.

Here I do not go into the record, exhaustively, which exposes the falsity of that myth, "Christianity has been the agent of progress." A few simple, yet decidedly fundamental, observations will be enough for my purpose. First I would ask why it was that for a thousand years Christianity utterly failed to inspire man with any zeal for or even glimpse of the possibility of progress. The Christian Church was the supreme spiritual power—and what, then, was wrong with its spirituality which is supposed to be capable of performing infinite wonders? Materialism, we are told, is on a lower plane; yet, even so, the Church was very eager for temporal, material power and it had that power immensely; it might have attained the complete ideal of a temporal dominion of Europe had it not been for the greedy, treacherous, bloody wars and intrigues among the leaders of the Church. How did the Church use this power? One thing is evident in the records: the Church did not use its spiritual guidance nor its material power in behalf of progress.

Centuries passed darkly and Europe remained in a state of semi-barbarism. As the Middle or Dark Ages drew perceptibly to a close, did the Church acquire some new power of the spirit or some new spirit of power? And was the Church—a Church suddenly changed and inspired—responsible for this passing of the darkness and growing of the light? It would seem to have been rather late to have expected such a transformation of the spirit and understanding and aim of the Church, which had for centuries been in such a corrupt and parlous state. We don't look for miracles in history; so we perforce look for factors which were absent, or scarcely to be observed, during the thousand years of Christian nightmare. If these factors were absent during the centuries when the Church really ruled, and if also their appearance in significant and growing form coincides with the beginning of Europe's awakening, then we are correct in saying that these factors and not the spirit or power of the Christian Church were responsible for and were the signs of the progress of men.

These factors can mainly be named without any trouble. They are: 1. The growth of a strong, secular life of arts and trades and commerce—let us say the growth of trade, which meant a closer social intercourse, an intercourse too that was peaceful and productive. 2. The growth of criticism, an interest in humanistic literature, the spreading of books—even though still largely unknown to the masses—as a result of the invention of printing. 3. The beginnings of science, in which men had the aim of understanding and organizing the real world instead of wasting their brains on the futile subtleties of theology and metaphysics. These three factors—Trade, Literature, and Science—marked the difference between the centuries of Church rule and the new, progressive time.

As for the first, the "spirit" of the Church was not interested in the promotion of peaceable, fair commerce—and obviously not in the building of a strong secular life—but in the enforcement of hugely, incessantly fraudulent and greedy demands. As for the other two, Literature and Science, the Christian Church was utterly intolerant toward them and, as the years passed with the swiftly increasing triumph of these two factors, the Church but slowly, partially, and with bitter reluctance and even resistance to the last ditch came to see the necessity of readjusting itself; it abandoned old claims to power and old claims to the right of persecution and suppression only because that power and that "divine right" were steadily taken away from the Church. The new spirit and solid shape of progress proved to be stronger than the old spirit of enthroned, uncivilized Christianity.

When the Church ruled, without a strong secular life of Trade, Literature and Science, humanity in western Europe, in the lands where Christianity held sway, was stuck helplessly in the wretched, ignorant morass of the Dark Ages. When Trade, Literature and Science emerged as sufficiently strong factors, when they were powerful enough to dispute the rule of the Church, the age of modern progress began. That is a brief, correct, historical statement.

The conclusion is obvious. The rule of Christianity did not make for progress. But progress came with the breaking down of the rule of Christianity. Is that sound logic? Yes, for it is the logic of facts.

It is reported that Chicago is on the verge of going broke. Apparently the bootleggers and gangsters are not paying their fair share of the expense of government.

When a man persists in repeating what is vaguely called a "mistake" in behavior, it is probably because the mistake is an agreeable one.

As no two men ever lived in quite the same way, it seems that there is no absolute list of things that God, as the preachers say, wants men to do.

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 that 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.

We are not brokers or promoters, in any ordinary sense of the word. We are mining men and mining engineers of long experience in mining and we are successful mining men.

We want you to INVESTIGATE, and then investigate some more. Investigate before you "invest," instead of investigating after you "invest." We want you to know exactly where you are going and how you are going to get there, before you start out with us to find it.

The Mayflower Mines Corporation,
246 Main St.,
Park City, Utah.

Mr. Chas. Moore,
246 Main St.,
Park City, Utah.

Dear Sir—

I have just read your advertisement in *The American Freeman*, and I am curious to know what you have to say. I have some money to invest or speculate with, occasionally, in a real A-number-one proposition. Of course, I want to "be shown," but I have an open mind and I think I am fair-minded. It is understood that you have no mailing lists, and that you are only to write to me or send me your booklets, at any time, upon request from me.

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