

Opinions and Observations

What the Editor Has Been
Thinking About

E. Haldeman-Julius

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WHAT AN ESCAPE!
In Columbia, Mo., the home of the State university, there is a paper—the *Daily Tribune*—which is, true to form, a defender of civilization, morality, the home. One cannot say much for the cultural tone of the paper nor its breadth of view nor its contact with civilization, historically or in a world sense today. But it is strong for "sacred traditions" without which of course, as interpreted by this paper, civilization would collapse calamitously. When, as a matter of scientific research, a sex questionnaire was recently circulated among university students, seeking to ascertain the ideas of these students on vital issues of sex and marriage, this Columbia paper was up in arms, its editor terribly excited, and Missouri virtue allegedly at stake. It may be said that the questionnaire was a perfectly decent and dignified piece of work. It was obviously an honest and important attempt to discover the trend of modern ideas, the reactions of a group of students to modern conditions. The only objection to it, after all, was the objection to a serious discussion of serious things. But this Columbia paper denounced the questionnaire as "filthy" and, moreover, the kind of thing that might disastrously undermine the foundations of decent, orderly society.

Principally the editor distinguished himself by the following explosion of extraordinary bunk: "Marriage . . . is a sacred institution that has from immemorial time been the foundation stone that has upheld society and maintained principles but for which the whole human race would in all probability long ago have been perverts . . ."

They, I submit, is a wonderful statement. Evidently the editor refers to monogamy, for presumably he would not admit that polygamy or polyandry is marriage. And he evidently thinks that the whole of civilization throughout all history has practiced the system of monogamy. He thinks, again, evidently that monogamy is solely a moral rather than an economic-social question. In all these assumptions he is wrong. He is simply ignorant, which is not so surprising in the editor of a newspaper in a small Missouri town, even though that town boasts of the presence of the State university.

However, there is more than ignorance in the startling assertion that if it had not been for marriage (presumably monogamy) "the whole human race would in all probability long ago have been perverts." This statement is the offspring of a wild and undisciplined—one might say a perverted—imagination. It is saying, in other words, that without the institution of marriage the whole of the human race would probably have turned away from normal sexual intercourse and indulged in abnormalities (which, we might add, indeed, would then have become normal). We are asked to imagine that, but for a social form which only a part of the race has observed, men and women would not have been attracted toward each other in the

natural way. They would have been "perverts"—although whether they would have favored in a majority one kind of perversion, say homosexuality, or would chaotically have gone through the whole list of perversions, our Missouri editor does not specify.

Plainly, there is no need to worry about that now. The danger, if it were real, has been escaped. Civilization has been preserved, the race has reproduced itself quite in the way of nature, and so we have with us the editor of the *Columbia Daily Tribune* who can tell us just how thankful we ought to be. It would have been terrible had perversion, putting an end to the human race, cheated the world of such a brilliant though startling light.

But strangely this editor seems to assume that the race, although wholly given to sexual perversion, would have survived nevertheless.

It must be either very entertaining or very uncomfortable to have such an imagination.

THE "MYSTERY" OF THE MYSTERY TALE

Nowadays everything appears as a problem, which many minds are set ingeniously to explaining for the benefit of a public whose curiosity is taken for granted. The disposition to inquiry is a good one, without a doubt, but it often tends to make an unnecessary mystery of the obvious: to assume that certain phenomena are mysterious and then cleverly solve the mystery. An example of this tendency is the discussion about why the detective, murder, or mystery tale has recently taken on a new lease of popularity. The assumption seems to be that there must be something in the social life of the time to account for such an interest. Yet I do not see that such an assumption is sound. There is surely nothing strange, surprising, revolutionary in the kind of eagerness that is displayed in fiction which deals with dark deeds, mysteries, problems, which is technically well designed to stir jaded nerves, which has so much action and so much intriguing uncertainty, in which the emotion of suspense is furnished with generous measure.

Tales of crime have always been popular. Their appeal is easily understood. It may be that the demand is just now more pronounced than it has been for some years. Probably that is because new and clever writers have entered the field. A crime story is widely read and, inspired by this success, similar tales follow. There are not, however, any profound principles of psychology or sociology involved.

The movies, for example, have for the past year or two been exploiting excessively underworld pictures. A few such pictures were enormously profitable and, not having any inspiration to artistic variety, the movie producers have kept the thing up as long as it will pay. It may be overdone and the people will want something else for a change. Still, the natural interest in mysteries, crimes, and shivery intrigues and conflicts will remain. Continually there will be a supply so that no one need be without something new in fictional crime—superficially new, at any rate, albeit most such fiction follows rather well-defined formulas.

Some years ago Nick Carter was a fictional detective who engaged the popular fancy. For long Sherlock Holmes reigned supreme in this field. Arsene Lupin still has his admirers. Lately, Philo Vance has captured the imagination of a host of readers. Mystery, adventure, humor, love—these are surefire themes in fiction. Today, of course, crime fiction has

new possibilities in the psychological method of approach. There is a tendency to solve imaginary crimes by studying the minds of criminals, instead of dwelling merely upon external clues. And when someone like Van Dine does the job very cleverly, it is not surprising that he quickly finds a large receptive audience.

It may be that the high-powered journalistic exploitation of crimes, of which we have within the past few years had a number of sensational examples, has stimulated anew the taste for similar fare in fiction. Yet newspaper readers have always been interested in the news of crimes, fights, scandals, and extraordinary accidents. A thing that is sufficiently astonishing and exciting is always sure to challenge the attention.

The poorest explanation of all for the recent interest in detective stories is that which bases itself upon the alleged monotony of modern civilization. Obviously this is the most brilliant, diverse, interesting, exciting age that man has ever known. Certainly, the vast majority have extremely vivid and fast-moving lives in comparison with the majority in any past age. Not only do men and women personally, directly have a great deal more entertainment, action, variety in their daily living; but each day's newspaper unfolds before them a vast world of stirring, spectacular events; so that our newspapers alone would prevent our lives from being dull.

A sounder view, doubtless, would be that men have a greater interest in vicarious danger because they are personally safer in modern civilization. There is pleasant titillation in the sense of danger when it is, after all, only make-believe. Primitive men, pioneers, soldiers, men whose lives are constantly in danger would not, one may believe, care so much for tales of blood and mystery as civilized, orderly-living men and women sitting peacefully and safely by their firesides. It is not, however, any lack of interest in life that attracts readers to tales of crime. This is the most interesting age of all time—actually more interesting in the quality and variety of events, and with an interest that is more widely and swiftly conveyed to the masses of men.

The love of mystery fiction will no doubt diminish from its present intensity, but it will not die out. And a new generation of readers, with a fresh sense of the novelty of the thing, will undoubtedly follow newly imagined detectives on their trails of investigation. Similarly tales of the early American West will have, with intervals of only normal interest, their high peaks of popularity. Historical romance of the cloak-and-dagger kind was once tremendously popular in America. It fell into decline, partly indeed because novelists were themselves attracted by other themes. Yet in recent years Sabatini has revived interest in the swashbuckling romance. And now we have the biographical school of fiction, or *vice versa*, which makes appealing, romantic stories out of the lives of great or notorious characters in history.

Fashions in literature, as strikingly demonstrated in the popular fancy, come and go: but a number of fundamental, familiar themes are always more or less interesting and will, again and again, have their thriving day of prosperity. And, for all the undoubted and encouraging improvement in literary taste, popular material and treatment, especially in that most popular literary form, fiction, will never be far to seek. They lie perennially ready to

the hand of any novelist who knows the tricks.

And sex, let me finally say, has always been and will doubtless always be a theme of enormous and obvious interest, which may be handled in a first-rate literary way or in a cheap popular way. Whenever literature has been free from the domination of Puritan "ideals," writers in all fields of literature have dealt considerably with the subject of sex. Such an intense and natural phase of life, a subject so rich in possibilities both piquant and grave, comic and tragic, simply satisfying and intriguingly complex, could not fail in its appealing nature.

Nor could Puritanism escape the subject, but indeed, both in moral and romantic literature, was obsessed by sex. Unable to treat freely of sex, the Victorian novelists nevertheless wrote sentimentally, fondly, extensively about love.

And, once the barriers were down in our modern period, there was naturally a flood of bold, realistic writing about sex, which however is not absolutely new but may be matched by past expansions of literary freedom and vigor and realism.

The effect, moreover, has been very good. We are more honest and sane about sex. We are at once more natural and more civilized, more imaginative, more developed in understanding and good taste. For sex has not been played with idly, and for the mere sake of sensation, in fiction. It has been studied, as an interesting problem of human welfare, in our fiction, our drama, our more formal educational literature, and our periodical discussions. Far from blindly yielding themselves to the passions of sex, either vicariously in literature or actually in conduct, the people of the modern age tend to approach sex with a great deal more intelligence. They are made aware both of its possibilities and its problems. They have more concern for its subtle and varied emotional values. They have, most importantly, a far greater scientific knowledge—and, in the light of this knowledge, they are naturally and rightly impatient with unscientific, dogmatic "ideals" which were prevalent under the sad suppressions of Puritanism.

Everyone ought to know by this time that those suppressions did not solve the problem of sex. They did not really make people more virtuous, when all is said, although they made them more fearful and hypocritical. The sum of their result was, after all unhappiness. It is dangerous, disastrous, to confine so narrowly a set of basic, natural emotions. It is bound to be reflected (this Puritan policy) in what are known in modern terminology as "complexes" and "inhibitions" which, in social and personal relations, cause much misunderstanding and suffering.

But this, I remind myself, did not start out to be an editorial about sex. Only, as Bill Nye remarked of the dictionary, one word led on to another and not, at least, without logical sequence. We should not, in a word, be puzzled nor shocked at the interest shown literarily in the familiar, strong, unescapable themes of human nature. And we may expect, too, a good deal of poor, inartistic handling of these themes. But no man is compelled to read at all, and certainly no man is compelled to read what he dislikes.

A MORAL CRITIC

A very diverting, though in essence typical, example of moral criticism was furnished recently by the

Kansas City *Star*. The occasion was the showing in that city of Eugene O'Neill's play, *Strange Interlude*. It is a drama in which sex and especially curious phases of the psychology of sex are treated with remarkable impressiveness and candor; and first of all, a play notable for its dramatic skill. It had been a good deal talked about and so it drew tremendous audiences of Kansas City people, presumably without distinction as to their moral ideas or "ideals." According to the reports in the *Star*, the play didn't merely entertain the crowds in a superficial way: it was not just a "sensation" in the usual meaning of the term; but it made a profound impression.

The *Star* critic was honest in admitting that the play was, from every point of view, a powerful creative work. It was brilliantly planned, written, and acted. In short, it was undeniably an exceptional work of art—which, one might think, would be a sufficient artistic judgment. But that, for the show reporter of the Kansas City *Star*, was not enough—indeed no, he must add a moral judgment. Perhaps it was really his own judgment; at any rate, it was no doubt an accurate statement of the judgment that would naturally be made by the majority of the Middle Western, small town readers of this "great family journal."

The judgment was that *Strange Interlude* is an unpleasant, sordid, "bad" play. And the question that, from first to last, preyed upon the mind of the *Star* critic was: Why did Eugene O'Neill write such a play? Why did he choose this theme, this story, rather than some more tender, cheering, pleasant theme and story? In other words, this moralist turned critic might just as well have inquired: Why didn't O'Neill write the kind of play that Booth Tarkington would have written? Or why didn't he write a play in the spirit of a Harold Bell Wright novel or an Eddie Guest poem?

That sort of criticism is, perhaps, peculiarly American; at least it is likely to be found in full bloom "out where the West begins." And it is, surely, amusing in its lack of intelligent points. It is not the business of the critic to select the artist's material for him. It is foolish to complain querulously because the artist has been attracted by this or that aspect of life or study of character, or of interest of narrative. He follows his temperament; or he deals artistically with problems and actions that strike him as interesting; or he writes about a kind of life that is known to him. Then the only real question is how ably, convincingly, interestingly he has handled his subject.

Taking the *Star* critic's line, one might aim ridiculously impertinent questions at the greatest writers—impertinent, that is to say, as moral judgments though not as artistic inquiries. Why, for example, did Shakespeare write tragedies or why did he create such a loose, low, immoral character as Falstaff? Why did Balzac write about Parisians who kept mistresses, about evil intrigues, about greed, about passion? Why did Dostoevsky write *Crime and Punishment*? Why did Fielding write *Tom Jones*? Why did Rabelais write at all? Why did Oscar Wilde shockingly though gorgeously write *Salome*?

Presumably, the *Star* critic, if he were a practicing novelist or dramatist, would not wish to write in the theme or manner of the great literary artists who, like O'Neill, have been drawn to the study and

description of unpleasant things in life—studies which are, however, powerfully moving, masterly, artistic. But here is the fair, generous, sensible attitude: We don't ask nor do we expect all writers to be alike in their productions. Life is large and varied enough for all talents to have their way.

And obviously what makes the great artist is just the fact that he is exceptional. If Eugene O'Neill were a thoroughly conventional, striking, unoriginal playwright—then he would not be worth much discussion. It is the ability of the artist to bring us new interests, or to give us new insight into superficially familiar phases of life, that we respect: first and last, what we respect is his art and his convincing power: moral judgments are not in order, and certainly it is the last word in childish irrelevance to ask discontentedly: Why didn't the artist write about something else? The obvious reply is: Other artists, near-artists, and mere writers have written about other things, so let each man take his choice.

CHECKING OUR EMOTIONS

We are all ruled more or less by our emotions. The hope lies in the fact that some of us are, and more of us can progressively be, less ruled by unreflective emotional impulses. Understand that I am not denying the value of emotions. In some ways they need to be more freely expressed. They should not be unnaturally suppressed in conformity with codes which have no logical sanction—no sensible, scientific sanction. What we should not do is to let our emotions of fear, hate, intolerance, prejudice, mere sentimentality guide us blindly in the business of living. We should beware of judging things emotionally—if to respond to a feeling that is not thought out may be called judging.

I know very well that man is not so much a thinking animal as has been claimed. Many of his thoughts are only echoes. When a man expresses an opinion, it does not follow that he really understands the thought that is back of that opinion. Habit and feeling hold sway. But that there are, at least with a civilized minority, thoughtful checks upon mere feeling cannot be denied. It is this attitude which should be encouraged.

It has been said that good intentions are not worth very much. Possibly not, although they are worth something. A man with good intentions may blunder, he may be weak, but he will not be likely to do as much harm as the man with bad intentions. Let us, however, recognize the truth that kindness, good will, an easy sentimental impressionability are not very dependable. One never knows what strange tangents to expect. Sentiment without sense is risky.

What are some of the intelligent checks upon sentimentality? There is the sense of humor, which has the very finest and most useful critical value. Humorously we can often see the folly of ideas or impulses which at first appeal to our emotional side. We are saved from many irrational absurdities. We can more clearly detect the false logic in sentimental tendencies of behavior. The man who can laugh at himself as well as others will not play the fool very conspicuously. There is kindness in humor, too—but it is wise kindness. It is not of the sort which, trying to do good, so often makes matters worse.

There is, again, the sense of justice. Justice is a large word, but we can intelligently apply it to the

details of life on most occasions. As a rule, if one is given to just perceptions one is not in doubt as to what one's attitude should be. Justice will more often show a person the correct response to a situation than will a facile sentimentality. In fact, we know that many people fall in with the most unjust courses, misled by their false emotions, or for reasons of personal sentiment that are, in a strict view, indefensible.

Take the emotion of loyalty, for example. That has been overrated. It may operate in behalf of extreme injustice. It prevents or makes more difficult the clear analysis of an issue. It pledges the sentimentally loyal person in advance to forms of allegiance which are foolish or bad. And the sentimental nature is notoriously indiscriminating. If an individual or a cause or an opinion is too fondly regarded, it ceases to be a matter of rational judgment. It is not subject to discussion. It is a holy of holies to be defended in spite of all considerations.

This explains why we find people who are in many ways very kindly making the most narrow and harsh judgments of people who have contrary ideas or who behave in a fashion that offends their moral sense. I have known men and women who were not very tender, very generous, very readily touched in their emotions: they might have been called "cold": but they had one signal, dependable virtue—they were sure to act justly and honorably, not to take unfair advantage, not to be carried away in their vital relations with other people by prejudiced impulses. Those people who are all heart and very little head may be capable of very lovely actions. They may on occasion be finely generous. One may see a great deal in them that is worthy of admiration. But they cannot be depended on. One is never quite sure what they will do next. Not deliberately would they be what they would recognize as unfair or harsh or stubborn. Nevertheless, with regard to persons and with regard to issues that should be impersonal, they will fly into the most impulsively unjust behavior. Judging all things sentimentally, this means that while they are more than generous where their affection enters a plea they are also very unjust when their prejudice does the reporting.

Prejudice, essentially an emotional attitude, is the most insidiously evil factor in human relations. People of fine character and good will are not by that token immune from prejudice. If they are sentimentalists, they are just naturally prejudiced, as it were, in favor of prejudice. Oh, they don't tell themselves this in so many words. To acknowledge a prejudice is, as a rule, to get rid of it. Even if we are confessedly prejudiced, the clear recognition of this weakness will prevent us from dealing unjustly with anyone who arouses our prejudice. But it is the simple truth that whoever acts by feeling and not by thinking is incapable of distinguishing justice. Such a person may act generously, but not (with that understanding and aim) justly.

Do I seem to be coldly objecting to the emotions? No: it is only that I don't like to see them operating wildly, recklessly, unintelligently. By taking thought we cannot do all things. We cannot even be perfectly free from the tyranny, so various and so insidious, of our emotions. Yet we can by thoughtfulness—a habit which itself becomes emotionally valid and important to

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In the World of Books

Weekly Reviews and Other
Literary Ruminations
Isaac Goldberg

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A ROYAL ROISTERER
King Henry the Eighth. By Clement Wood. Boston. The Stratford Company. \$3.

The full history of Diplomacy cannot be written without research into the boudoirs of Europe—and of America. There is the throne, and there is the power behind the throne. And usually, the power behind the throne is a woman, or a cabal of women. She may not always be a power in the sense that she dictates directly the policies of an empire. Certainly King Henry the VIII, around whose amatory adventures this lively volume is centered, was the power behind his own throne and did with his women—whether they happened to be the mates of his royal bed or the trulls and doxies that giggled about the Court—much as he pleased. Yet, if only because the thought of woman's flesh so oc-

cupied his mind, amidst his other occupations of brain and brawn, they dictated—in quite a different sense—the policies of a kingdom.

Mr. Wood's book, as I have said, concentrates its poetic and epigrammatic powers upon the lusts of the royal rake. It is, in a double sense, a moving picture. Henry, the symbol of man's unbridled sexual passions, begins as an athlete of the mind and body, and ends as a decrepit monarch burnt hollow by the all-consuming flame. This is history written not around the battlefield but inside the bedchamber. Yet it is perfectly legitimate, and if it is—and undoubtedly it is—managed in an exaggerated fashion, why, so have been the previous histories of reigns in which the pages resounded to trumpet-fanfares and were soaked in the blood of the battlefield. Not all is warfare that is history: there is that other warfare called love. And as between battlefields and boudoirs, not to put too fine a point upon it, we prefer the boudoir.

Wood's book, like much of his poetry and prose, is sensuous and sensual. It is written with élan, with dash and verve. Plainly the subject, and the special phase of the subject, appealed to his pen—or typewriter? He strives to recapture a diction characteristic of the age in which his biographical ro-

mance—or is it a romantic biography?—is placed. He intersperses his narrative with selections from the poetry of the day, linking up the verses cleverly, if not always legitimately, with the events of which he treats. At times, through reiteration, some of his words and phrases fall as a heavy perfume upon the senses: the chapters swarm with "doxies," "trulls" with "tuppings," "beddings," and other outmoded, yet pleasantly resurrected, terms. There is no doubt of it: Henry lives up to the sobriquet of the title.

Yet a certain pathos seeps into the book toward the close, and Wood makes the most of it. Henry becomes a symbol of man the lover, frustrated by the very amplitude of his grasp. By a sort of poetic justice that Life itself sometimes metes out, the Rake becomes a bloated vessel of disease, the very caricature of the Great Lover that was, of the self-willed King, enemy of the Pope and Toastmaster at what Barmecide's banquet of Life.

Wood maintains his tempo to the end. He begins with a wedding-song; he ends with an epitaph. Life is a journey, we seem to hear him say, between a bed and a bed, and good red earth is the last chamber. In the fulness of time came the great-

est King of all, who squired Henry to his final union, and bedded him for good and all.

Henry the Rake . . . and his six wives: Catherine of Aragon, set aside after a score of years, on the pretense that the marriage was adulterous. (How scrupulous the eighth Henry could be after his passions had cooled.) Anne Boleyn, mother of the future Queen Elizabeth; Anne paid the price of Henry's caprice by going to the block. It was a pretty head that fell into the basket, for Henry, unless he chose from flattering portraits, was a "good picker." Jane Seymour answered Henry's pleas for a boy with Edward, who later became the sixth in England's line. Did Henry know that she was dying, or was death of a wife too important to interfere with his revels? Jane gave up her life for the newborn child; she died to the tune of Henry's uncomprehending—or, I believe—celebration. Item 4: Anne of Cleves. The mare, whom Henry was deceived into marrying by Holbein's portrait. He packed her off, for there was Katherine Howard in the offing. Katherine would shortly meet Anne Boleyn at the sign of the block, giving way to the last of the six, Katherine Parr. The sixth Queen outlived the royal bull.

Three Catherine's, two Annes, one

Jane. And now, together with Henry, indistinguishable dust. For a glorious moment, however, they rise to life in Mr. Wood's ardent pages. This was not all of King Henry and his reign; it is a specialized picture, too emphatic, too selective, yet within its chosen limitations uncommonly effective. Mr. Wood, establishing between himself and the King a certain identity, approaches at times to a sort of symbolic autobiography. The book, on the whole, is a good virtuoso stunt.

EN PASSANT

"The Garment of Praise. The Necessity of Poetry," by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$5. A conscientious book, well out of the beaten path so heavily tamped down by most commentators. The authors have a very definite conception of what they want to say, and their standards, if not completely acceptable, are never hazy. As motif of the work we may take this statement: "The artistic process does not conform to factual truth." In other words, we have the old distinction between the subjective and the objective world. Poetry is, again summarizing the collaborators, of three kinds: (1) the sensuous; (2) the spiritual; (3) the prophetic. To our authors it is only when the pro-

phetic is attained that we have truly great poetry. We may understand these distinctions without accepting them; better still, we may profit by the discussion through which the values are defined. Interwoven into the criticism is a veritable history of English life and poetry, so that the book is the more valuable for its seeming digressions. In all, "The Garment of Praise" is an original, a stimulating, and an uncommon work.

"The Best European Stories of 1928." Edited by Richard Eaton. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50. This selection is so far below the standard set by Edward J. O'Brien in his analogous annals that Mr. Eaton as editor suffers by the inevitable comparison. Three stories emerge from the welter as being worthy of anthological distinction, one by Paul Morand, the other by the Russian, Gusev-Orenburgsky and a third by Milan Ogriznovic and Louis Adamic. Adamic needs no introduction to readers of *The American Freeman*. For the rest, though we meet numerous well-known names, those names are signed to works of inferior merit. (Blasco Ibanez, Pirandello, Carlo Linati, Karl Capek, Grazia Deledda.)

From the Oxford Press comes a pair of slender but highly important books: "Italy Before the Romans," by David Randall-MacIver,

and "The Sumerians" by C. Leonard Woolley. The first will compel students of Greco-Latin culture to revise their views, and to push back the line of civilization. Athens and Rome appear now as points of culmination, not as sources and origins. In the same way, Woolley's volume brings to light a civilization that was utterly unknown a few generations ago. In the light of his excavations biblical history will have to be revised. The Sumerians are behind much of the culture previously attributed to the Hebrews; they gave to the Hebrews the story of the Flood, as well as the code which we know as Mosaic. Woolley's archeological expedition in Mesopotamia has, in fact, introduced a new topic of excitement in intellectual circles. He is at present lecturing in this country.

WE AGREE

The Reverend Horace Westwood of Massachusetts gives an interview in which he declares that there is individual identity after death; for if there is not, "Christianity is a delusion."

We do not follow the cogency of his argument, but with his implications we find no fault. The matter is easily settled, and he himself points the way: Christianity is a delusion.

The Moving Finger Writes

Informal Comment on
Developments of the Week
Lloyd E. Smith

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JESUITRY

Did the Jesuits promulgate the doctrine that the "end justifies the means"? This is the question asked by J. A. Jameson, Astoria, L. I., N. Y. He was induced to ask such a question because of a letter and its reply published in the New York World.

It seems that Charles S. Thomas, former senator from Colorado, wrote a communication to the World dealing with Hoover and law enforcement. In this communication, Mr. Thomas used the expression, "hence their adoption of the Jesuitical dogma that the end justifies the means."

Father Lonergan, a Jesuit in the city of New York, took exception to this insinuation—as Jesuits always have done. The Jesuit points out that there are no Jesuitical dogmas. He adds that since the editor did not blue-pencil this statement, "the allusion, being necessarily offensive, might expose his circulation files to a substantial modification." In plainer English, Father Lonergan hints that this lapse on the part of the editorial censor might cause Jesuitically-minded subscribers to stop the paper.

The Jesuit goes on to say that though the enemies of Jesuitry accuse the Jesuits of this end-justifies-the-means "dogma," it has been many times disproved. It is quite true, of course, that the Jesuits have never promulgated any such doctrine in so many words. Indeed, no Jesuit, anywhere in his works, has ever used the exact phrase "the end justifies the means." So far as this, at least, Father Lonergan is quite right.

But surely the Jesuit is aware that actions speak louder than words. In their deeds the Jesuits have certainly indicated that they have proceeded on the general principle that the object to be attained makes worthy the method used to attain it. As it is put by Henry C. Vedder, a religiousist, who wrote *The Life of Ignatius Loyola* (Little Blue Book No. 854):

"A second ethical principle developed by the Jesuits was called by them 'directing the intention,' by which they meant that the choice of a right motive determines the moral quality of an act. The Jesuit infers that a good motive makes all acts performed to execute it good also. Direct your intention to the glory of God, and the Church, and you may slay, burn, steal, lie, and your acts are good, not bad. Morals absolutely disappear. Protestants have often described this teaching in the phrase 'the end justifies the means,' but Catholic writers indignantly repudiate the words. To a non-Catholic the difference between the two methods of statement seems no greater than that between twaddle and twaddle."

Which, if you remember your *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, is the point exactly. The manner of statement makes no difference. The principle of the end-justifies-the-means—no matter by what fancy name it is called—has run through all the history of the Society of Jesus.

The whole question is answered and documented by Joseph McCabe in his *The Jesuits: Religious Rogues* (Little Blue Book No. 1144). Here you can find the Catholic authorities who explain how it is that the word *Jesuitry* has come to have this definition (Webster's New International Dictionary):

"Such principles or practices as have been ascribed to the Jesuits; subtle

or dissembling arguments or practices; as the practice of mental reservation, action on the principle that the end justifies the means, etc."

How is it that these principles have been imputed to the Society of Jesus? Where there is smoke there is probably fire—and in McCabe's work you will find the causes of the smoke carefully set forth in his usual scholarly fashion. As an indication of the sort of end-justifies-the-means morality tolerated and encouraged by the Jesuit theologians, witness this paragraph from McCabe:

"In dealing with the church law of fasting on certain days it is said that the Jesuits have excused from the law a wife who fears that fasting will reduce her charms in the eyes of her husband (Tamburini), a husband who finds that it diminishes his power of enjoying his wife (Filliutius), and a maid who believes that it interferes with her attractiveness to possible suitors. When I add that the Jesuit theologians all held that one could follow the opinion of one theologian against fifty others who took a stricter view, the popularity of Jesuit confessions is easily explained."

The end which is justified by the means just cited is, of course, the ultimate "glory of God" by furthering the acceptance of the Jesuits in lay circles. Mr. McCabe gives further evidence of this policy. Indeed, Little Blue Books Nos. 854 and 1144 will completely answer Mr. Jameson's question to his entire satisfaction, I am sure.

MONKS AND NUNS

The feature article in the July *Debunker* is by Joseph McCabe! The title of the article is completely descriptive of its contents: *The Gay Chronicle of the Monks and Nuns*. No one—least of all you who read this—will wish to miss this latest manuscript for McCabe's pen. (It is his pen, too, for all of Mr. McCabe's manuscript is in his own handwriting.)

Joseph McCabe happened to write this special article on monasticism because of the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. You will remember that in discussing E. Haldeman-Julius' *Outline of Bunk* over the radio, Rev. Cadman asserted that the statements made by E. H.-J. about the monks were entirely false. This spurred the chief to get McCabe to give the facts in a special article. With his usual vim, Mr. McCabe got to work—and the manuscript has just arrived.

Joseph McCabe's article is a devastating indictment of monks and nuns particularly in the Middle Ages, substantiated by even Catholic authorities. Don't miss it—it is scheduled for the July *Debunker*.

TALK, TALK, TALK

Over the radio last Sunday night I chanced to hear the opening words of a sermon by a Kansas City Fundamentalist preacher. (He, by the way, complained loudly because his radio congregation had sent in, during the past week, contributions totalling a mere six dollars!) The sermon was on what this preacher believes—his faith in God, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

He began with words about like these: "There is in this city a man who calls himself a preacher, who is the so-called minister of what he calls a church. Yet this man does not believe that Jesus was divine; he does not believe in everlasting life; he does not have prayer in his church. What can such a man give to his congregation? Nothing but talk, talk, talk. When a man comes to church, he wants something more than talk, talk, talk. He wants faith. He wants reasons for faith in Christ—for faith in God. He wants prayer. He wants the Bible. It is the duty of a minister to give his people more than talk, talk, talk."

The "minister" referred to was,

of course, L. M. Birkhead, of All Souls Unitarian Church, Kansas City, Mo. I was recently at Mr. Birkhead's church, of a Sunday morning, and I enjoyed the refreshing atmosphere immensely. Mr. Birkhead is an excellent speaker, and he is a rationalist. There was no prayer; there were no hymns. That morning the "sermon" was on war, based on the recent book, *The Case of Sergeant Grischka*. It was interesting, stimulating, thought-provoking.

As for the preacher who boasted of giving his congregation more than talk-talk-talk as Mr. Birkhead delivers—well, perhaps the conclusion to be drawn from what I have reported is rather obvious.

A MURDER A WEEK

We've all got the detective story craze around here—except E. H.-J., I hasten to explain. I suppose S. S. Van Dine is chiefly responsible, for we all read *The Benson Murder Case* (*), *The "Canary" Murder Case* (*), *The Greene Murder Case*, and, lastly, *The Bishop Murder Case*. That last involves higher mathematics, Einstein's relativity, Mother Goose rimes, and chess! We rather like Philo Vance, though most of us have some objections to some of his exploits.

None of us believe, for a moment, that we are studying real life in these yarns. We like them rather in the way that others like crossword puzzles, spelling bees, ask-me-another sessions, and so on. We do demand, however, that the stories simulate real life, and that they be plausible, even though improbable.

Marcet Haldeman-Julius has been having us all out to the H.-J. farm of Saturday nights, where a full-length murder mystery is read aloud—a new murder each week. In the July *Debunker*, in her inimitable *Spirits from an Interrupted Pen*, Marcet describes these weekly blood-thirsty gatherings with great gusto. You will get quite a kick out of this particular "spurt" from Marcet's pen, if you ask me.

Incidentally, the detective stories she mentions include the Van Dine quartette (listed above), and the following. If any of you H.-J. readers care to secure the same stories, they can be supplied through the Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kans., for \$2.15 each postpaid (except those marked with *, which are available in popular editions at only 80c each postpaid). Here are the murders: *Enter Sir John*, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson; *The Case with Nine Solutions*, by J. J. Conington; *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, by Agatha Christie (*); *The Seven Dials Mystery*, by Agatha Christie; *Dead Men's Shoes*, by Lee Thayer; *Footprints*, by Kay Cleaver Strahan; *Murder at Sea*, by Richard Connell; *The Strange Disappearance of Mary Young*, by Milton Propper. Personally, I can recommend them all for good yarns; I rather think, however, that I enjoyed those by Agatha Christie and Richard Connell the least.

BANDS AND REBELS

In 1925 he had distinguished himself by winning the Blindman poetry prize of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and, because of this, he had a black-and-white caricature of himself in the upper center of the book page of the Kansas City *Star*. The prize-winning poem was "Coal Black Jesus." The prize-winning poet was Keene Wallis.

Keene Wallis was here in Girard, in the editorial department, in the spring of 1927. His home is in Kansas City, though he is now in New York. Before he came to Girard he did some excellent French translations for the Little Blue Books, as follows: *Some Polite Scandals of Parisian Life* (No. 810); *Amorous Misadventures*, by Restif de la Bre-

tonne (No. 419); *Romances of Paris*, by Alfred de Musset (No. 404); *Her Burning Secret*, by Pierre Vaidagne (No. 817); and *Follies of Lovers*, by Catulle Mendes (No. 892). When I say excellent translations, I mean that these do more than merely rephrase sentences in the English language. They convey the spirit—the thought—the emotion in the English idiom suited to it. If you have not already read these Little Blue Books, you will be delighted with them.

And now comes a volume of published verse, bound in green boards, from the pen of Keene Wallis, called *Bands and Rebels* (\$1.15 postpaid). Its subtitle is "Seven Stories in Verse"—and they are unusual yarns—"freely rhymed, narrative verse, full of vitality and joyous robustness." These last words are from the wrapper—and I fear that "joyous" will not apply to all the tales, if to any. There is more of grim defiance than joy here.

"Spelling on His Hands" is an effective bit of word-juggling. A lad starts the day with zest, thinking of his girl friend, and the date he is going to have with her that night. Day passes—he works or tries to. Time for the date approaches, and—"Well, I've met the lady," it begins, and, toward the end, "conviction which was violent and heady"—a marked difference in the length and sound of the lines.

"Coal Black Jesus" leads off the volume, and deserves to. It is a scene in a railway coach witnessed by a young man who enters by chance the car carrying convicts to the penitentiary—including some Negroes. A thunderstorm surrounds the ever onward-moving train. The close atmosphere; the neat concentration of the scene; the suggestion of relentless motion in the rumbling train, yet motion without real significance; the Negro lullaby—all are unforgettable.

In "Up and Down and Out," to pick out what is only a part of the poetries of the piece, you will find an interesting experiment in rendering in verse the imitative verbal suggestion of an elevator running wild, up and down the shaft, with a Negro reciting fervently and crazily to a spellbound white companion.

Bands and Rebels is of the Songs of Today Series. Three others are almost ready: *Compass Rose*, by Elizabeth Coatsworth; *Angel Arms*, by Kenneth Fearing; *Nearer the Bone*, by Charles Wagner—all younger poets.

CELEBRATING MARRIAGE RIGHT!

This world is a wonderful place. Everything happens, sooner or later. A Little Blue Book reader in Clay Center, Kans., is going to celebrate his marriage in a highly-to-be-recommended Haldeman-Julius-enthusiast fashion. Let him tell about it himself:

"I am expecting to bring a wife home soon, and my friends are promising me a 'chivarrie,' and among other treats I wish to give each one a Little Blue Book as an intellectual feast. They will each be given a catalogue from which to select the Little Blue Book of their choice. In looking through the catalogue they will become interested in many titles, especially where several members of the family make a choice, and doubtless many of them will send orders to you yourselves. I will see that all the catalogues you send me are well placed."

At this man's request, we have sent him three dozen catalogues. He certainly has the right idea. He has our especially sincere best wishes!

SHOP TALK

James P. Devaney, en route Baltimore and Ohio R. R., writes from Detroit to say: "May I compliment you most sincerely on your current (May) issue of *The Debunker*? It is a gem from first page to last. On the road I always look forward to the outpoken *Debunker*. Mr. Darrow is set forth in a fine light

—in fact, it is one of the most interesting articles I have ever seen." The last sentence refers to George Whitehead's *Clarence Darrow: The Big Minority Man*, the 7500-word feature article of the May *Debunker*.

B. H. Hartogensis contributed an article, "Wherein Maryland Is Not a Free State," in the January *Debunker*. Dr. Wesley A. Sturges, Professor of Law at Yale University, New Haven, Conn., wrote to the author as follows: "I was a little short of fascinated with your article in *The Debunker*. I sincerely hope that you can carry on this thesis by a survey of the situation in the other states and prepare an article for the *Yale Law Journal*. It will be exceedingly worth while." Again *The Debunker* scores!

Wallace Thurman, author of *Negro Life in New York's Harlem* (Little Blue Book No. 494), has just published a clothbound book about Negroes. It is entitled *The Blacker the Berry*: its theme is the struggle of a young Negroess who tries to rise above her racial heritage (\$2.65 postpaid).

I should explain, perhaps, that the Haldeman-Julius Publications are glad to secure for readers any current book mentioned in these columns, whether reviewed by Dr. Goldberg, or mentioned by E. H.-J. himself, or by me. We are glad to perform this service. Usually, the price is mentioned by both Dr. Goldberg and myself. If not, the price will be quoted on request. Just add your order, with a check if you know the amount, to Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kans. Such orders for books (which we, of course, cannot carry in stock) cannot be sent C. O. D. But prompt service will be given on all such orders, I assure you.

H.-J. readers know well the name of E. W. Howe, sometimes called "the Sage of Potato Hill." The week-end after I arrived in Girard, something over three years ago, E. W. Howe arrived also—for his first visit to the H.-J. farm. The account of that visit, from the typewriter of E. H.-J. himself, was printed in this weekly. It brought hundreds of subscriptions to E. W. Howe's *Monthly* (25c yearly, still published in Atchison, Kans.). And now Mr. Howe has published his autobiography, *Plain People* (\$3.15 postpaid). I've not read it yet, but if it's anything like the Little Blue Books, I'm for it. Some of the Little Blue Books by E. W. Howe are *Sinner Sermons* (No. 992); *Success Easier Than Failure* (No. 1208); *Her Fifth Marriage and Other Stories* (No. 1230).

According to Fitzpatrick Browne, 101 West 82nd St. New York City, John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* (Big Blue Book No. B-1) is out of print except for the Haldeman-Julius edition. Single copies can be obtained for 30c postpaid; four or more, 25c each.

Again we err. The *Debunker* Jubilee Souvenir Number is becoming something of a hoodoo. Miriam Allen deFord, H.-J. editorial contributor, complains that she is not listed in the Directory of American Liberals. Yet she sent in a new subscription. Well, she failed to use the Jubilee blank—so we feel that it is not altogether our fault. But there are four other complaints. For these omissions we can only apologize for the shortcomings of the clerk who handled the work. It is unfortunate, and we are very sorry. Owners of the *Debunker* Jubilee Souvenir Number will therefore please open to the Who's Who in Debunked America section, and write in the following five names in proper geographical place:

Miriam Allen deFord, P. O. Box 573, San Francisco, Calif.
J. J. Mealy, P. O. Box 145, Key-nolds, N. Dakota.

F. E. Macha, Pittsboro, Wis.
O. Ingmar Oleson, Ambrose, N. Dakota.
Jack Schwarz, 1970 Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Violence has been restored! When the publication of the new novel by Emanuel and Marcet Haldeman-Julius (by Simon & Schuster of New

York, late this spring) was announced, it was stated (you may remember) that the title on the book would be changed to *Violence*. E. H.-J. and Marcet did not like the idea at all. They felt—and rightly, as everyone will agree who has read the story—that the title *Violence* was the right one. After lengthy correspondence, and persuasive arguments advanced by E. H.-J. in particular, the New York publishers have restored *Violence*—so the book will now appear under this, its original name.

HURRY! HURRY!

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Remember, you must buy a COMPLETE set of 40 volumes to enjoy this special bargain price of \$3.95. If you want less than a complete set, then it is absolutely necessary that you remit at the regular price of 30 cents per copy. But you won't want to do that—not while we are offering you this amazing bargain of Joseph McCabe's *Great Masterpieces—The Key to Culture*, for only \$3.95, if ordered before midnight of May 31, 1929. Rush in your order today. This is going to be a popular sale—the most popular in our entire history.

Just send \$3.95 immediately and say you want the complete set of *The Key to Culture*.

Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas

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THE OUTLINE OF BUNK, by E. Haldeman-Julius, 500 pp., cloth-bound, \$2.98 postpaid, if ordered before May 31, 1929

Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas

Opinions and Observations

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

Continued from page one]

us—manage the business of life with a great deal more satisfaction and fewer regrets.

Suppose we do have the primitive emotions deep within us. Suppose our human nature is faulty and not completely controllable. Even so, to be civilized is, after all, to have a sense of humor, a sense of justice, a tolerant and curious way of looking at things, a rational if not an infallible approach to life. Of course, what we have to watch are our primitive emotions and the "civilized" prejudices which those emotions are called upon to defend.

It's an ideal—this freedom from prejudice, this subjection of emotion to reason (perhaps only a partial subjection at best) which runs against a stiff opposition in the facts of human nature; but it is worth stating and, here and there, we see instances of its realization which give us somewhat to hope.

SCIENCE FOR LIFE'S SAKE
Science does not rest with the discovery of the truth about things, of

the laws of nature, but it means also the application of such truth. It is practical in a far more exact and important sense than is usually conveyed by this much-abused word. It is because of the wonderful inventions resulting from science, making for the extraordinarily increased comfort and interest and power of men, that it has won such tremendous respect. Intellectually, conclusions about general ideas draw from science—about religion, about immortality, about whether life has a purpose—may not appeal to the average man. He can, however, see what science has accomplished in industry and in the altered routine of daily habits and facilities of living.

With respect to his social ideas, man also is indifferent to a possible scientific attitude. It is entirely unfair to charge Science with failure to abolish war and poverty and injustice from the world. These social objectives are not the permitted objectives of science. If Science were given the job of running the State, with full powers, then it might be held to answer for the consequences. As we know, Science has no such power and in fact no body of men are politically less influential in the State than are the scientists.

That is not all. Scientists have special jobs and they cannot be blamed if they do not perform other functions outside their work. It would be ridiculous to ask an astronomer to draw up a model constitution for a State. It is hardly the business of the chemist to decide

economic questions. The geologist's failure to show us how we can abolish war does not prove that this human problem is scientifically insoluble. Biologists tell us a great deal about the nature of life but we cannot expect them to advise Congress in matters of legislation. Probably they would be as poor at the job as most Congressmen.

For a scientist does not necessarily have scientific—that is, directly observed, carefully thought, impartially applied—ideas about religion, morals, and government when these subjects are not his special concern. When they turn from their work, scientists, like the rest of us, encounter the snares of prejudice—of emotional beliefs—and, first and last, of limited knowledge. Human problems are of course the most difficult to solve of all problems. They involve the hopes, fears, traditions, and conflicting interests of many groups. Human beings are not inanimate subjects that will respond easily to treatment. They have something to say about the matter—and what they say is unscientific.

There are, however, scientists who specially deal with social research. They have given us a vast body of knowledge about the origin and evolution of social institutions. They have given us a description of scientific research) of men's religious, moral, economic, government of ideas and customs, past and present. And they have given us some sound general ideas about these things.

Yet Dr. Walter Earl Spahr, Department of Economics, New York University, writing in the *Scientific Monthly*, points out that what we may broadly call sociology is not exact as other sciences are. Dealing with the most active, intricate, and passionate human materials, its job is evidently harder. Its work is not done so precisely, so impartially, as the work of other sciences. Nor is it heavily endowed, both by private and public funds, as the more immediately, industrially useful sciences. Large owners of industry, men with large capital, will devote great sums to the use of the physical sciences. They are not willing to endow a research into social conditions and methods which might discover truths and suggest plans uncomfortable to their interests. A capitalist is interested only in a sociological or economic theory that will justify his private ownership; and that sort of theory is easily supplied by clever philosophers masquerading as scientists.

It is, again, more difficult to apply the scientific spirit to society because, more than in any other field of investigation, prejudice is active and temperament, opinion, self-interest creep in confusedly at every point.

Someone (a scientist himself, I believe) has suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea for physical science to rest for awhile on its laurels and for the best energies of the human mind to be concentrated on sociology and psychology—on the study of social management of our lives and

the laws, not dogmatically moral but rationally scientific, of human behavior. Certainly, those evils which concern us in the world today are not the fault of applying any insidious, vicious scientific principle. They are bad because they are unscientific. As Dr. Spahr says, our "common methods" in social life "are more or less irrational ones." Thus: "We settle issues by votes, by outshouting one another, by political strategy, or, if need be, by force. In no place is the irrationality of our methods of settling important social questions more obvious than in the settling of international disputes by force of arms. The human brain could not conceive of a more irrational thing than war and yet we have developed a series of pseudo-rationalizations to justify it. In the simplest terms it is but a retention of the most barbaric and elemental weapon of the crudest savage. And yet it is one of the chief methods still used by modern society in settling disputes."

The closing remark is significant: these things which mar our social life, the muddled unscientific attitude of men toward social problems, their quickness in passion and their use of force, their injustices and cruelties and prejudices are survivals of the unscientific past. They cannot be laid, as evils of its creation, at the door of Science. Where man has come to use scientific knowledge and methods, he has made wonderful and beneficent progress. Where he has neglected to apply science, he

has suffered and is still suffering from that neglect. Wars, social inequalities, and the winds of ignorant doctrine date from earliest history. They are not innovations of our modern and, in so many respects, scientific age.

A science—or sciences—of society has been least encouraged and faces naturally, as I have said, the greatest difficulties. But until we are ready to follow a more scientific method of approach to the questions of government, education, marriage, and the like, let us not blame Science for the blunders and perversities of politicians, capitalists, muddled moral preachers, and including these, the greater herd with all its passions and prejudices.

WAR LIES

How many books have been written exposing the lies told by the governments as well as by unofficial patriotic agencies in the late war? No matter. There have been many. All of them have been useful books. They have debunked the war propaganda until there is scarcely anything left of it save the bitter memory. Now another book of the same kind has been written by Arthur Ponsonby, a member of the British Parliament—*Falsehood in Wartime*—it is called, and one thinks how much more difficult it would be to find material for a book called "Truth in Wartime." Only lies have a free and respectable circulation in wartime.

Probably this will not be the last.

exposure of that poisonous deluge of lies with which we were flooded during the World War. A patriotism based upon falsehood—that is what the patriots now have to look back upon. But one naturally asks: What of the future? Is there any chance that these books, now read so open-mindedly, will be in ready circulation as horrible reminders when the next war breaks out? Pessimism, which in this case, I fear, is but common sense, replies, "Hardly a chance." There will be new lies, or the old ones revamped, to fit the occasion. They will be spread abroad with same fervent spirit of truth. It will be just as unescapably a patriotic duty to believe them—or to simulate belief. None but base traitors (in the popular imagination) will dare throw doubt upon these lies. If anyone recalls the lying of 1914-18, he will not have a chance to be heard or to argue the matter—off with his head, will be the cry.

Past experience is enough to warn us. The falsehood of the World War was not less readily believed because of the lying in previous wars. It is an old trick—lying about war aims, about the enemy, about everything—and it has invariably worked. Yes, there will also be a fine new set of aims flourished in the next war. Present disillusionment with the exploded aims of the World War will be forgotten. It will be the same wretchedly cynical story over again.

Whether war will be abolished in

this century—or when and how it may be abolished—is one question. But as for the methods and results of war, we know what they will inevitably be. War must be supported by lies. It means not simply destruction on the battlefields, but hatred and tyranny and despair throughout society. War is the complete and terrible antithesis of every decent human ideal. War lies—it is unfortunate that they can never be exposed, with reference to any particular war, until it is tragically too late.

THE "HELPLESSNESS" OF HARDSHIP

An endless stream of nonsense has been poured into our ears about the fine, helpful, salutary discipline of hardship. We have been told by complacent moralists that the more difficult and uncertain and vexatious life is for a man, the better character will that man have. Poverty is counted a virtue, in this paradoxical creed. Extremely hard work—that is called keeping one's nose to the grindstone—is supposed to make one strong and noble. To be forced to deny oneself many of the pleasant things of life is represented as a wholesome necessity. Suffering is said to purify the "soul."

If this be true, then it follows that wealth—or, even, easy circumstances—must be regarded as an evil, an injury, a blow to character. Leisure is an enemy of the best in man. Joy is insidiously detrimental. To win and to possess the good things of this world is, strangely, a bad influence.

There you have the positive and negative side of this narrow, foolish doctrine. It is, obviously, a doctrine of Puritanism. It is a reactionary doctrine, for progress is marked by the enrichment and better ordering and increasing demands as well as achievements of life.

It is furthermore a doctrine in which human nature is left out of the reckoning. It is quite arbitrary, ignoring as it does the actual course of human effort. No one believes in poverty and hardship, for everyone tries consistently to avoid them. Many of the moralists who urge that men should recognize the beauties of hardship are themselves enjoying lives of ease. They can indeed speak more eloquently, in more beautiful language, about poverty for the very reason that they are safely, serenely removed from its cruel, sordid influence. How funny it is that here is something which is so frequently spoken of as a blessing, yet all of us do our best to evade it and in our feelings we abhor it and all its signs.

Men don't really believe this nonsense—and whoever does believe it, it is—I was about to say a dunce, but let me employ a more respectable synonym and say that he is a mystic. Medieval monks (some of them) cultivated poverty as a virtue; they also cultivated ignorance and dirt, and were half-mad creatures. A few centuries ago the majority of the human race lived under the most narrow, poverty-stricken, laborious conditions; and we call that time, appropriately, the Dark Age. If poverty and hardship are ideal, then medievalism was ideal. Civilization means, basically, the expansion and enrichment of life. Life, both instinctive and intelligent, repudiates

this Puritan doctrine. This is indeed a doctrine of death. Wealth and leisure and joy are the doctrine of life.

Poverty can make men beasts, dully and purposelessly existing, or it can tear the heart of a sensitive man, who has an appreciation of better things. It withholds from a man the means and materials of a significant life. It warps, depresses, and binds in a bitter bondage. It prevents the full development of character and is a travesty, from a civilized point of view, upon human nature. Is a cramped, limited, undecorative life better than a broad, free-ranging life? Poverty is a severe, unlovely limitation.

And the virtue of poverty is not proved by pointing to exceptional persons who have been able to surmount these obstacles. It is simply their good luck that they have more than the usual equipment of talent and force. Even so, they have perhaps been more fortunate in their chance to win free of the bondage of poverty. Finally, who can say how much better their lives would have been under more favorable circumstances? It is pretty reasonable to assume that they would have accomplished more, while the scars left by poverty would not have stayed with them (as they do, more or less visibly) through life. At any rate, there is no evidence that anybody has been helped by poverty.

Nor is it a good argument to emphasize the possible disadvantages of excessive wealth, idleness, unintelligent indulgence (what is called "spoiling") and the concomitant snobbery and sense of irresponsible power or privilege: an extremely luxurious and effortless parasitism is not the alternative to poverty. It is not wealth, but wrong training and usage, that is bad. But, for the sake of argument, let us dismiss the thought of great wealth and say that every life will come to a finer issue if it has favorable, pleasant, stimulating conditions. It is only necessary to take the middle ground in order to expose the fallacy of this poverty "ideal"—that is, for all who cannot, without argument, perceive its obvious absurdity.

As for very hard labor, especially unattractive, physical labor—that crushes in time both the body and the spirit. There is nothing inspirational in such labor. There is nothing hopeful about it. It does not broaden, develop, stimulate a man. There is mental labor into which a man may throw himself with phenomenal energy, feeling joy in his work and being developed by it; but even here, excess will bring its inevitable penalty; only, it doesn't brutalize as mere drudgery does. It is well to remember that some kinds of work are not simply work in the ordinary sense. They contain rich elements of joy and inspiration. They are the most interesting form of experience. They are self-expression and the essence creatively of life itself.

It is merely common sense, however, that leisure is the reward and evidence of a significant life. To be incessantly and exclusively concerned with the means of living, and not to engage in the joyful, reflective, leisurely business of living for its own sake, is sad or foolish. It is sad when a man must dig and toil painfully and, chained by neces-

sity, cannot be free for the joys of leisure living. It is foolish when a man makes the accumulation of wealth beyond his needs the whole object of his life and, with everything at his command to make life a splendid adventure, dies without having really lived.

It is well enough known that hard work, too, is a Puritan doctrine. Puritans believe that leisure (or, as they put it, idleness) is mischievous. Believing that man is inherently wicked in disposition, they conceive that the only safe thing is to keep him so everlastingly pegging away at a job that he wears out his natural evil impulse and, moreover, hasn't time to indulge them. They believe that work is, somehow, an abstract duty. If they are still under the spell of the old theology (and not so very far out of date, at that) they regard work as a divine punishment, which man, as a true child of God, should endure piously and patiently. They do not promise that work will assure a man's salvation, if he does not have faith.

Hardship, as an intensely grinding struggle for existence and a denial of fair opportunities and the pressure of a discouraging, unfavorable environment, is likewise antagonistic to the best in man. Obviously, it distracts his mind and energy from the finest realization of himself and the world. First or last, it blunts his sensibilities. It is distorting and, in the long run, destroying. Even when a man eventually succeeds in spite of hardship, it has left its stigmata upon him; he is more tired than he should be; he is grim; he has a remembrance of misery that is not well for a man. Discipline? But slavery is discipline. To be an automaton in the army is the perfect ideal of discipline. To be in prison is to be subjected to discipline. To be an invalid is to be quite thoroughly disciplined.

And does suffering ennoble a man? It certainly doesn't ennoble all men. Sometimes it may have the good effect of making one sympathize with the suffering of others—but that seems, however, a sadly futile if not vicious circle. Why suffer so that we can sympathize with others' suffering and they can sympathize with our suffering and we can, in short, sympathize with each other? The only advantage of suffering, after all, is to impress us with the intense realization that suffering is a bad thing. No man who has suffered much is going to cultivate the ideal of suffering as a fine inspiration to character. We know that, on the whole, it is more likely to embitter his victims. And then, if suffering has such properties of virtue, it should logically be encouraged and increased. We should be doing well to cause all the suffering we can. We should not try to relieve another's suffering—or, better yet, try to prevent suffering—because that will be doing an injury.

The more one thinks of it, the more foolish it appears to be. One can't make sense of this Puritan doctrine of poverty, hardship, and suffering. It is contrary to the instinct of life, contrary to the nature and training of man, contrary to the rational operation of our senses. It is a repudiation of the spirit of progress. It is opposed to all intelligent effort, which has for its aim the escape from poverty, hardship, and suffering.

But then, who believes in this queer doctrine? Even those who preach it take, I notice, pretty good care not to practice it. It is a sentimental "line" of a kind that is all too familiar in a world which applauds folly and in which the principal use of reason is to deny reality.

JOHN RUSKIN—A REACTIONARY UTOPIAN

A recent biography of John Ruskin has inspired fresh reviews of his life, his character, and his message to his generation—that generation of Mid-Victorianism which saw the passing of so many old, quiet, respectably established features of English life and the rise of a factory system and commercialism which at first seemed appallingly strident and crude. If I call Ruskin a reactionary utopian, I have no intention of being witty or sarcastic, but strive only to suggest the truth.

He was a utopian in that he envisioned an ideal life of society. He was a reactionary in that he resented the modern tendencies of the machine age and wished for a return to an earlier simplicity. Machinery made him shudder. It was noisy and dirty and ruthless. (But the old simple life was certainly very dirty and ruthless, for that matter—and if it was quieter, it was largely dull.) practical processes of progress. He didn't approve of the speed and the acquisitiveness which became more his artistic soul was pained by the intense and more common under the spur of machine production. He hurled a pretty good epigram at the modern idea which he defined as follows: "No matter how much you have, get more; no matter where you are, go somewhere else." It seems clear to me that Ruskin was reactionary in looking backward, not forward, to a golden age. He did, however, have a benevolent image of the perfect society.

But, when one considers it practically, what a childish image after all! He had the notion of a society trained in virtue and obedience and fraternity and simple, close-to-earth

industry; and a set of aristocratic leaders, animated by the highest ideals, who should be the lofty governors of the masses. He appears really to have believed that this was a possible ideal—at least, for a while he believed it, but later he was driven to despair because no one paid him respectful attention: his ideal made no impression upon the large unyielding body of human nature. The masses showed no yearning to be so virtuous and docile. His aristocratic body of ideal, altruistic, wise governors did not materialize. It was, perhaps, a beautiful dream—but only a dream.

Even more curious is the suggestion which Ruskin made, as a compromise between the agricultural and the industrial life. Let England, he said, be preserved as a sort of pastoral Paradise in the modern world: a land of simple tillers of the soil, artisans, and shopkeepers in a small way; and a land, too, of course, of ideal governors and soldiers who would fight only in righteous wars: an innocent, machineless Utopia. And (he said) if the world must have machinery and a vast production of goods, let the machines be installed in South America, or Australia, or maybe the South Sea Islands—anywhere but in dear old England, which should be the one uncontaminated spot of Arcadian purity and natural living in the modern world. Could any man draw a picture more naive! It seems incredible that such a proposal should have been made in all seriousness. But Ruskin had very little sense of humor, although he had a gift for ridiculing and assailing with a wit-sharpened thesis and logic all ideas which he disliked. Needless to say, machinery had such a start in England that Ruskin couldn't head it off.

The ethical ideas of Ruskin are often very appealing, very noble. No man of finer character ever lived. He was a sensitive, honorable, aspiring man. He loved virtue and justice. Unfortunately, his ethics were burdened with a heavy strain of sentimentalism and religiosity. Not that he was a slave of creeds. He was not a narrow churchman. But he was very religious. He spoke reverently of God and the Soul. And he felt that the highest ideals could by preaching be instilled into the soul of man. It would be unfair to say that he did not influence for good many of his contemporaries. He had (to use seriously a threadbare word) a rare inspirational quality. One is more sympathetic with noble aims, at least while reading Ruskin's eloquent words. And, being a very intelligent man, Ruskin as a critic of behavior and social conditions and conventional ideas was often very shrewd, very revealing, very accurate in hitting the mark, somewhat of a debunker—although he would have cringed at the not-nice word.

He was excessively sentimental. He was sure that woman's mission in life was to hold aloft the lamp of idealism to guide the actions of man. He proved, as he imagined, by Shakespeare and Dante and Milton that woman was really man's "better half": that woman was purer, sweeter, nearer to the angels than man; that woman was the natural type and pattern of moral excellence. It was a characteristic Ruskin notion, which of course sadly flops when it impinges upon reality.

It is purely visionary to make such distinctions between the sexes. Woman, like man, is morally a creature of circumstances—and, until the modern age, of more narrow circumstances. If she is the inspirer of man (that is to say, when man acts for the applause and favor of woman), she is just as likely to inspire him to cowardice as to heroism, to selfishness as to altruism, to the intrigue of expediency as to the high and noble resolution of the soul. Ruskin had the old ideal of woman, dehumanized and unreal: only, he clothed the figure in more artistic phrases.

The man was full and running over with moral purpose. He could approach no question save from the moral angle. Ideas, social movements, art, literature, personal relations—all were to him simply moral studies. He was certainly not, in the Nietzschean phrase, beyond good and evil but was forever straining righteously in battle between the two, which he pretty clearly distinguished (for himself) as opposites. Art, he was sure, ought to have a message. It ought to be pure, morally speaking. Also it ought to be democratic and set up new quarters for itself humbly among the people. In his *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, Whistler quotes Ruskin as saying that God made marble and placed it conveniently at hand for the purpose of constructing beautiful buildings and statuary. That was pushing the "design" argument rather far; yet, after all, is it not as logical as any other feature of that argument?

Surprisingly, although a devoted humanitarian, Ruskin eulogized the spirit and history of war. He said that he had unwillingly reached the conclusion that war had inspired heroism, nobility, and art. If he had said that war (in olden times) led to spectacular deeds, he would have been nearer the point. He was, also, under the illogical illusion that because things occur together they occur because of each other. For example, war and religion and art are strongly featured in early civ-

ilization, in the robust and imaginative youth of the race: therefore Ruskin thought that war and religion were peculiarly necessary as inspirations of art. But even with regard to war, inspirationally regarded, Ruskin would have it under ideal conditions. He demanded that war should be a real test of personal valor—the simple, hand-to-hand warfare of ancient times. The vast, machine-like character of modern war (as it was developing even in Ruskin's time) destroyed its pure spirit. It was also necessary to the ideal, Ruskin declared, that wars should be fought only for gallant and righteous aims. He did not say how many wars have actually been fought in that spirit. Evidently he was under the impression that in the ancient world men fought only or chiefly for glory and idealism, never or seldom for political-economic reasons.

On the whole, Ruskin was very successful in the art of wish-believing. He was an artist in drawing the most attractive, skillful intellectual (or moral or sentimental) images. Not that he always made these images so very logical; but he made them lovely and eloquent: they were pictures of seductive warmth and outline. He was a master of rich, picturesque, feeling English. Almost one might say of his prose what Heine said of poetry. Ruskin made prose "a divine thing." His words follow an irresistible marching rhythm. Paradoxically, one might say that his words are convincing apart from the ideas that they express. They are such excellent words, such strong and noble words, such tender and appealing words, such richly and rarely seductive words, such just and sensitive and carefully chosen words: the very aristocracy, the very top-most sublime selection, of words. And, as any first-rate writer is apt to be, doubtless Ruskin was frequently stirred to intoxication by his language. He was a good deal of a poet. Perfectly expressed, an idea seemed true. If one clothed a beloved idea in beloved words, vivified by the enthusiasm which is given to all things of our love, one could not fail to see in that idea the quintessential union of Beauty and Truth.

As a thinker, Ruskin has not a very high place. That is not to say he did not have clever, penetrating, usefully leading ideas. He was better as a critic of British insensitivity and Philistinism than as a creator (in words) of ideal social conditions. He had undoubtedly one of the best minds of his generation. He was in many ways sympathetic with modernism, on its human and liberal side. He had a fine sense of justice and turned aside from an artistic career to fight, in Blake's words but not quite in Blake's spirit, for the establishment of "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land"—Jerusalem, minus machines. Although he despaired at the general indifference, there is no doubt that his influence (his "spiritual" influence, as the preachers would say) was widely felt, though what definite good he accomplished is not so clear. He was, first and last, an artist: an artist in words, an artist in emotions, and (scarcely distinguishable from his emotions) an artist in elegant, large, wishful thinking.

"A sucker is just a pal," says Texas Guinan, of Broadway night club fame. That, at least, is gratitude.

SAVING THE WORLD

The trouble with those who want to save the world, one way or another, is that they are apt to be very annoyingly arbitrary about it. They don't consult the wishes of those whom they would save. It makes no difference whether men are ready and willing to be saved—they must be saved in spite of themselves. They may be satisfied as they are, but it just won't do. They've got to change.

The religious salvationists are most unmannerly insistent about taking a man's soul—taking it out of the man's own hands, so to speak—and giving it a righteous rubbing. They can't seem to let a man manage his own soul, provided he can locate it and cares to bother himself with it. (For the most part, it seems that souls get along best with the least attention. Properly, they ought to be self-running. When a man puts his mind on the job of breathing, he doesn't do so well at it. Why not the same with souls?)

Those who are averse to reform the morals of their fellow men are similarly unreasonable and inconsiderate. They don't allow for the fact that immorality is pleasurable to the objects of their salvational urge, nor do they make allowance for a difference of opinion as to what is immoral. They have decided what is right. They have decided what is sinful. They will define and establish virtue. The rest simply must submit patiently to the process. They ought to be glad of moral guidance, so the crew of savers assure themselves in very self-conscious rectitude.

Social reformers, with a broader vision and aim, also tend to show impatience with human nature. They wish to hustle folks right out of the old (or the contemporary) social order into the new. It requires a lot of vigilance on the part of the most tolerant social reformer not to

perceive an evil spirit in anyone who disagrees with him. Resistance to Utopia easily takes on the aspect of obedience to the Devil.

And, finally, I am not denying that those who engage in any propaganda of ideas may seem too insistent that people shall be cultured and enlightened in a hurry. After all, the world has struggled along for centuries under a load of folly—a very heavy load, indeed—and it can manage a few more halting steps. It's a fine, worthy business to stimulate minds and lead them to the enlargement of their intellectual horizons. But the job should not be done too dutifully nor too insistently. At best, one is simply putting one's own ideas on display. One is, let us say, discussing ideas as a matter of curious interest and, perhaps—if we can agree—of some importance. Very well; let others choose, thoughtfully if they will, carelessly and unappreciatively if they must. Let us try to entertain them, let us try to inveigle them in a friendly spirit into the discussion, but let us beware of trying to save them.

ART AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Discussion of Joan Lovell's *The Cradle of the Deep* has raised anew the question of autobiography and fiction, the way in which the two are mingled. Marcelline will write elsewhere about Joan Lovell's *tour de force*. Certainly there has been, I think, altogether too much fuss made about the question whether this book is literally, entirely veracious. Let me say a few words, however, about the larger question of truth in autobiography, or in biography, or in any narrative which claims to be true in the ordinary sense. (There is, of course, an essential and perhaps higher truth of art and fiction—truth of character, truth of perspective, truth of imaginative treatment or insight, in which facts and the order of events may be handled freely only to bring out the main verity more clearly.)

Should there be a distinction in the matter of accuracy (which is here a better word than truth) between fiction and autobiography? Is it the true business of a man, writing the story directly of his own and other lives, to invent happenings, to alter the objective shape of events, to add something definite to the speech or actions of his characters even though he does not, as he artistically sees it, violate the broad truth of their personality? To put it more plainly, should autobiography have a sound basis of honest reporting?

I say "a sound basis" because autobiography may be, of course, and at its best is far more than reporting. Giving the facts strictly as they are, the writer may still subject them to the workings of his own artistic vision. He may breathe life into his narrative and, in a sense creatively, make the past animate, vivid, and impressive. He may draw from the facts a very interesting viewpoint, a philosophic or poetic grasp of life, which a merely conscientious and industrious narrator could not do. He may, in short, be accurate and artistic.

In the main, he may be accurate. Carefully and so far as his own intentions go, he may stick to the truth of his life and have a sense of responsibility toward his readers; and if he does not perfectly achieve his object, if his memory and imagination carry him beyond the borders of fact, we shall not feel offended. We may indeed exercise our critical prerogative and check what he says by what his contemporaries have said, by other sources which throw light upon the life of his time and directly or indirectly upon him; to discover that an autobiography is wrong in some point is not to condemn it; we are not surprised at error.

But there remains the question

whether there is such a thing as responsibility in this kind of authorship and whether there is and should be rightly insisted upon a distinction between the authentic and the unreliable. Can we consider the autobiographer purely as an artist or should we, too, hold him largely to the obligations of a historian? Surely we must do both. Our emphasis naturally will depend upon the importance of the man; upon the degree of his pretension to inform us about the life of his time, about the characters and actions of those with whom he has been importantly associated, about what he himself (if a person of consequence) did and said. Insofar as he is writing history, he has an obligation to tell the truth. He may be a good or a poor truth-teller; but we can't agree that he should treat the truth as a minor element in his narrative.

We depend indeed upon autobiographies; and there is a standard of truthfulness, of authenticity, which historical critics (using the term "historical" in its broadest sense) are perfectly justified in demanding. Being human, they realize the possibility of error and are by that token keenly on the lookout for error. Sometimes the writers lie deliberately; sometimes they tell only a part of the truth which is misleading; sometimes they are honestly confused; sometimes they are the purveyors of misinformation obtained from others; it is the business of the critic and historian to distinguish among these things, and to do so he must have a standard of veracity to guide him.

The critic cannot say, simply, that if autobiography is art it matters not whether it is truth. A writer is judged by his pretensions. If he claims to be setting forth an honest narrative, then we expect him to have a due and conscientious regard for facts. If he is frankly giving us fiction, well and good; although fiction too is more or less worthy according to its artistic truth and, if it is offered as realistic fiction, its essential though not literal truth of life. If the writer is importing elements of fiction into his autobiography, he should tell us that he is proceeding thus freely; using autobiography freely as material of fiction is another matter, has always been recognized as even in an intimate way permissible, and in a broader sense of course a writer in any form can only tell what he has observed, felt, and imagined in life. Broadly speaking, all art may be called autobiography; but it has varying degrees of pretension to be record; there are different kinds of records, and we judge them by different standards of imagination, of beauty, and of truth.

I know it has been said that an utterly truthful autobiography is impossible. But what does this mean? It means, first of all, that no man will candidly tell everything about himself. He will omit a good deal. He has done things which, while far from being terrible, would not look well in cold print. He has many thoughts and feelings which are in their very nature private. He does not wish to "give himself away" entirely. That privilege of omission is undisputed by critics. We allow a man his decent or his chosen reserves. We ask only that what he does tell shall be as truthful as he can make it. This means, after all, only that he shall give the basis or outline of facts.

Another meaning in the statement that truth in autobiography—perfect truth—is impossible is that the writer will give his own interpretation and impression of events, which may well differ considerably from another's interpretation. In tone, in emphasis, in subtle shading the writer will, without tampering with the facts, color those facts very significantly. Well, that too is his right which no one disputes. Given an accurate outline, he can fill in

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"

The Amazing Career of a Notorious Procureur

UNBELIEVABLE! Such a word might be flung 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 procureuses 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 sets 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.

Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas

Is Science Better Than Religion as a Guide to Life?

This important question is asked and answered by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, professor of Historical Sociology at Smith College. Every reader of *The American Freeman* is interested in this topic. The article—entitled "Science vs. Religion as a Guide to Life"—will be printed in an early issue. Then Dr. Goldberger's regular book reviews—Lloyd E. Smith's weekly department, "The Moving Finger Writes"—and other contributions soon to appear by Clement Wood, Samuel Marx, John Langdon-Davies, etc.—all these make it imperative that you renew your subscription without delay. If you fail to receive the next copy of *The American Freeman* it will be because you have not paid up your arrears and renewed.

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that outline artistically as he pleases. He can explain the facts in his own way. He can insist upon motives, which the reader may or may not accept. He is an artist and a very personal one—he cannot be impersonal about himself. But he should not be a false and irresponsible artist.

Even so, we may enjoy an autobiography as romance if it frankly presents itself as such and does not claim to be a truth-telling document. What confuses, what gives uneasiness, is the mixture of truth and fiction through which we must wander with very poor guidance or reliance. We wish to know where we are. We dislike to go it blindly.

There is a distinction, and a useful one, between art and history; although art may be historical and history may be artistic. Art may serve its purpose fairly if it is entertaining or beautiful or significant. History does not fulfill its primary obligation unless it throws a truthful light upon events.

NOT QUITE CANDID
Undoubtedly the impulses and the necessities of argument lead men, unsuspectingly, from the path of candor. It is a temptation to score a seemingly sharp point. But if men do not follow always the standard of consistency and straightforward discussion, none the less we should remind ourselves of the standard.

I am reminded of it just now by a remark of James A. Reed, recently retired United States Senator from Missouri, in a denunciation of the Jones law, punishing a first offense against the Volstead act with five years in prison or ten thousand dollars' fine or both. (I am certain, like Mr. Reed, that this is an iniquitous, vengeful, punitive law. I should describe it as an attempt at terrorism. Mr. Reed predicts that it will be a more powerful instrument of "blackmail." Anyway, we are agreed in condemning this law and indeed the whole principle of Prohibition.) At one place in his speech—a Jefferson day address to Missouri Democrats—Mr. Reed declared: "I say the prohibitory law is wrong. I say it is the most atrocious law ever placed on our statute books—not because I want to see men drink, but because it is making them drink."

Elsewhere he makes an attack upon the principle of the law: in a word, he affirms his belief in personal liberty. He asks: "If the government has the right to tell you what you shall drink, why hasn't it the right to tell you what you shall wear?" Yet in his first statement Mr. Reed implies (I do not say that is what he actually means) that if Prohibition could stop people from drinking, he would be in favor of the law.

The two objections are inconsistent. From the standpoint of principle—the principle of personal liberty—the more effective Prohibition is in denying our rights, the worse it is; and the same is true of any tyranny. It is all right, as a matter of argument, to say that the prohibitionists have failed in their purpose; in a discussion of the law, the question of its failure or success naturally arises. But it should not be suggested that this constitutes the real objection to the law—that, as Mr. Reed says, it makes men drink.

That would be, after all, a difficult statement to prove. I don't know whether it is true or not. I do know, as everybody knows, that Prohibition has not in any marked degree stopped the practice of drinking. Drinking may be rather less convenient now than before Prohibition; but it is far from a difficult business. There is a good deal of

bad liquor afloat; but that is hardly a legitimate matter of pride with prohibitionists—when they rejoice at it they simply reveal their malice. However, all this is not germane to the central objection of the anti-prohibitionists—namely, that Prohibition is a tyrannical law. Those who believe in liberty should take their stand clearly on that ground and not confuse the issue by seeming to suggest that they oppose Prohibition because it makes people drink or because it doesn't stop them from drinking. In their eagerness for any kind of club with which to assail the dry reformers, some critics of Volsteadism really become more eloquent about the evils of liquor, really do better in morally "dry" discourse, than the supporters of Prohibition.

It is, I submit, not quite candid. The issue is whether people have a right to drink or not.

Perhaps this is too much in the nature of fault-finding, as regards Ex-Senator Reed, although the criticism itself is important. The former Senator was speaking and was not in a position to carefully edit his remarks. Still, Jefferson day was a good occasion for orating on the simple clear-cut theme of personal liberty.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN
It is an axiom that the viewpoint and the style of public address shown by a politician is affected by whether he is outside of office looking aggressively in or inside of office looking defensively out. David Lloyd George, England's theatrical player of politics, has appeared in both roles in his dramatic and changeable career. He has been a peacemaker, helping to draft a peace treaty at the close of the European War which experts agree is among the most unscientific and unjust ever known. He has been a war leader, with the policy of fighting to the bitter end. He was also quick politically to grasp the rewards of victory and to carry an election immediately after the war on a propaganda of passion and with the slogan, "Hang the Kaiser."

In power, Lloyd George's labors for peace were not notable. He has not displayed ideal, just, humanitarian statesmanship. But now Lloyd George is on the outside looking in. He is not the defender but the critic of entrenched statesmanship. And thus, when we reflect upon his present position and his past performances, we cannot be so very enthused by his latest article, appearing in the American press, on peace and disarmament and the bad faith of the Allies in failing to observe the conditions of the Versailles treaty.

He says correctly that the Allies have not disarmed as they promised (disarmament meaning, however, only a reduction not an abolition of armament and being therefore an inaccurate term). He is correct when he asserts that Europe presents a greater and more menacing show of armament today than in 1914. But is Mr. Lloyd George truly repentant? He is not very clear now about what we should do to save the world from hate and bloodshed. Would he be more or less clear if he were on the inside looking out?

One cannot be blamed for getting sick of the vacillations and chicanery and false sentimentality of politicians. When they speak most fairly, one cannot trust them. During the War, Lloyd George and other war leaders talked idealism—and then betrayed it terribly. Now their professions of pacifism—pacifism with reservations and uncertainties and unpredictable dodges—just doesn't enthruse us. We are cynical. That must be it. We dis-

trust tricksters, militarists and politicians.

IN DULL KANSAS
In some parts of the Republic, where life has a few bright relieving features, the opinion prevails that Kansas would be a pretty dull State to live in. Giving the State due credit for prosperity and thrift and decency and unexciting virtues, these outsiders still feel coldly curious at the mention of Kansas. They have heard of it as a State where the reforming temper is in official if not unanimous favor; where folks plod along quietly and accommodate the spiritlessness of their lives to the flatness of the prairie landscape; where mediocrity is triumphant, sure of itself, and faithful to a routine of nights and days more industrious than brilliant.

There is truth in the picture. Kansas is a hard-working, orderly, decent State. It is inhabited chiefly by people who live in small towns and on farms. It has the agricultural and village spirit, which is not notable for its thrills. Kansas is proud of its homes and schools and churches. It seems to be wrapped in an unimaginative, almost a stolid, isolation. Amazingly it has one artistic center—Lindsborg—but the rest of the State is untouched by aspirations toward beauty. It is not hospitable to ideas above the level of small-town journalism.

Its amusements—well, it must be assumed that the majority of Kansans find life satisfactory, as they are so complacent. Presumably they get some enjoyment out of life. Many of them go to church; they gossip; they ride in their automobiles from one somnolent village to another; they play—I suppose—bridge here and there; once a year, they have county fairs; and in some towns it has been possible to while away a couple of hours at the little movie houses, any evening of the week.

Now, Sunday is all the week's dullness in Kansas concentrating into one indescribably lifeless and depressing day. The church bells seem to toll the requiem of a dead community. Over almost the whole State, Kansas has the Sunday atmosphere of a funeral. But, as I say, some communities have felt that a little less dullness is better than more, so the shows—pathetically nothing to boast of—have remained open on Sunday in violation of the State law. For there is no dispute that it is illegal to "commercialize" Sunday by any such public amusements. Commercialism on this day in Kansas is exclusively a church affair.

Recently some towns, in a spirit of secession and nullification, have voted locally in favor of Sunday movies, dances, and baseball. Mildly, they essayed to protest against the general dullness. And it would indeed seem that, limited as it is in the isolated farm-and-small-town pattern of its social life, Kansas would gratefully embrace any chance of diversion. Few Kansans have easy, near access to the brilliant life of a large city. But why be utterly dull in their remoteness? Is it really felt that dullness is the only safe assurance of constant virtue? Surely in those communities where a little bit of Sunday has been saved, though illegally, from the dark rule of church sentiment—where the movie house has somewhat brightened the gloom, yet breaking less upon the quietness of the day than the churches with their bell-ringing and hymn-singing and sermon-shouting—there has been no perceptible lowering of the moral tone; no threat to social order; no enhancement of the usual amount of village scandal.

No matter: against a dogma, that Sunday is the Lord's day and thus belongs to the churches, reflections of merely human interest have no weight—none, it seems in Kansas. For the attorney general of the State has sent forth a warning: the law must be obeyed: "unnecessary labor" on Sunday is illegal; and the supreme court of the State has ruled that running a show on Sunday is "unnecessary labor." It is unnecessary, that is to say, for people to be amused on Sunday. It is unnecessary for them to have an escape from the dullness which Kansas, officially, cherishes with frowning zeal.

Reading such news, it is no wonder that inhabitants of more fortunate regions, where rational desires and interests have asserted themselves independently of the dogmatic beliefs of a decadent but still arrogant theology have a feeling of distaste or bewilderment at the mention of Kansas. Here dullness is commanded by religion and enforced by law.

One may agree that this dullness is not peculiar to Kansas, although it is conspicuously prevalent over the State. Gloom is thrown in the name of piety over other places. Villages and farms, in a predominantly agricultural region, are apt to be this way. They are apt to yield more simply to the pretensions of the churchmen. They have, in the first place, a habit of dullness. Almost they make of it a religion. And certainly when their religion is active their dullness is complete.

THE INTELLECTUALS
There is a notion—I don't know how general it is, but one frequently meets with it—that intellectuals are a queerly impractical sort of peo-

ple who can't very well make it through life as people of ordinary sense do and who are puzzled and woolly-headed and oblivious of the simplest things that belong to needed action for survival in a world of serious trifles. Mr. Average Man may be willing, with an air of bland patronage, to admit that the intellectual is "a smart fellow all right" and that he is "a deep one, sure enough." It is not a bit painful to his self-love to yield the intellectual credit for handling cleverly a kind of problem with which he, Mr. Average Man, is unfamiliar and unskilled.

This cheerful admission is due to the fact that these problems and ideas are supposed to be a sort of game remote from life and of absolutely no significance to a "practical" man. The latter flatters himself upon his good sense and readiness in meeting the situations of plain daily life. He knows his work. He knows human nature. He knows, as he phrases it, how to "get by." He crosses a bridge when he comes to it; lets well enough alone; is too sharp to be fooled, at least more than once in the same way; has his own opinions about things, let others say what they will; knows how to get about and obtain his money's worth and really do something instead of just thinking about life.

Such is, briefly suggested, the wisdom of Mr. Average Man as he sees it most favorably. He doesn't expect that sort of wisdom or "common sense" in the intellectual. He suspects the intellectual of knowing too much for his own good. Scholarship, artistic interests, and what seems to him the mysterious and not quite mundane traffic with ideas above the commonplace level—all that is held to be a confusion and a lack of direct business-like regard for the really important objects of living. This judgment is reinforced in a welcome manner by stories of artists and thinkers who have fallen into foolish behavior, as it would appear by ordinary standards. It is most strengthened, of course, by and probably originates in the fact that Mr. Average Man doesn't in the least understand what the intellectual is doing and therefore assumes toward it, when he thinks of it at all, a depreciatory (and essentially an egotistic) attitude. It seems to him that a man who is so wrapped up, as he would say, in big ideas and big words and "highbrow" contemplations first and last cannot be at the same time well fitted to cope with the common needs of everyday life.

And, again, Mr. Average Man, with somewhat more justification, suspects the intellectual of framing theories that are pretty obscure and difficult and very doubtful of application to the world as it really, not ideally, is. Mr. Average Man does not perceive that a man can be keenly interested in a theory and even, as an intellectual matter, have a kind belief in its logical or ideal validity without trying personally and perversely to put it into practice.

And this average man does not take a good critical look at himself whereby he would gain in humility and realize that, in a world so humanly prone to err and so variously divided in its talents, the intellectual is not after all at such a marked, unique disadvantage in practical affairs: being, like all men, unequal in his abilities, which, in turn, are reflected by his interests. For this average man, if he is honest or sufficiently observes himself, will have to confess that he makes many mistakes, that he doesn't know human nature half so well as he thinks he knows it, and that he has been made a fool of more times than is pleasantly memorable to his vanity. Admitting that he proceeds fairly safely and successfully in his accustomed round, even so the average man, faced with an unfamiliar set of problems, given strange tasks, situated in a different environment would find a good many unforeseen deficiencies and imperfections in his boasted practicality. He may be a good hand on a farm but would be flabbergasted in a factory. In a small town he may be thoroughly familiar with the rules and signs of behavior, the terms of existence, in such a limited society; while in a large city he would be compelled to go through a process of readjustment during which he would appear, to sophisticated observers, not foolish but plainly unaccustomed. One may say that an inhabitant of civilization, whether an intellectual or a so-called practical man, would be comparatively helpless if placed in

a primitive wilderness or amid savage conditions; but obviously that would not indicate a lesser degree of practicality than the savage has; it would simply mean that the man was out of place and that, trained to one kind of life, he found it difficult to live another kind of life.

Now, the intellectual (who, we shall assume, is engaged in some kind of brain work) may be lacking in the practical knowledge of how to perform many functions; the point is that they are not his functions, and that they are no more practical than his functions when we define the word "practical" as simply knowing how to do one's work. Writing a book, or working out a theory, or making a scientific research, or pursuing the study of uncommon ideas, or reasoning about the human mind or society is fully as practical a job, to claim no more, as to make an automobile or to run a train or to dig coal or to tend bar or to set type or to sell goods or to lay bricks. If the intellectual is practical in his own kind of work, no more can be expected and he is in the same position as the majority of his fellows.

There remains the question whether the intellectual is as practical as Mr. Average Man in the non-specialized details of his life—whether he can, as it were, "get about" quite as capably. It is really a foolish question. As a vague generalization, the charge of impracticality may be believed because its meaning is not made clear. Stated plainly, its absurdity is apparent. The intellectual certainly is practical enough and human enough, both in natural senses and trained behavior, to feed and clothe himself; to dress coolly in summer and warmly in winter; to be careful in the midst of street traffic; to come in, as we say, when it rains; to mind his own affairs and thus remain personally on normally good terms with his fellows; to tell directions, ask intelligent questions when he needs information, seek pleasure and avoid pain and danger; to take the right trains when he is making a journey; to keep from being grossly cheated (all of us are cheated more or less) although he may not be a smart business man and has no need to be; to turn out rather than "blow out" the gas; to sleep in a safe, warm place when he is tired, etc.

This is obvious—so obvious indeed that to say it is to be funny; and of course it shows in detail just how ridiculous is the notion of impracticality among intellectuals. Because a man has a developed mind or esthetic tastes or reflective curiosity about life, it does not follow that he is lacking in the instinct of self-preservation or in the knowledge of how to survive in his social environment. Every man's first object is to satisfy his fundamental needs, to keep alive; and to that he may add, as does the intellectual, unusual objects and activities.

As for qualities of character which are undesirable from a selfishly practical point of view, they are found in ordinary men quite as much as in the intellectuals. Some men, regardless of their mental attainments, are less aggressive than others in pushing their way to the front in life; some men are too easy-going and generous; some men are less deliberate and farsighted in planning their lives than other men are—in fact, it is very uncommon for men to plan their lives; some men have unfortunate dispositions which make it hard for them to "get along" with people—such dispositions are not peculiar to intellectuals but are observed among all people.

In short, the alleged impracticality of intellectuals is just another myth which thrives on egotism and a lack of understanding. The intellectual may be more dissatisfied than the average man with our management of life. He may theorize more daringly about the possibilities of life—and one generation may regard him as an impractical "crank" while a later generation regards him as a true prophet. He may engage in speculations and criticisms that are not immediately related to his everyday life—or, let us say, dealing with ideas is a most interesting part of his daily life. But with it all, he is like any other man—he must and does live on fairly realistic terms in the world as it is, and practically he "gets by" even as Mr. Average Man. For every foolish thing done by an intellectual, one can point to a thousand foolish things done by quite ordinary practical men—and that, of course, is because intellectuals are so very few in proportion to their "practical" critics.

Here all that I have intended to show is that the intellectual is just as capable in the basic details of living as any other man. For the sake of emphasis, I have not considered the question whether the intellectual knows better how to live. But if intelligence is of any use in life—and I am sure that it is—then the man who relates himself to life the most thoughtfully will make the most of it.

THE WORST PEOPLE
Nobody, I believe, will dispute the claim of the eugenics propagandist that it is bad for certain types (the feeble-minded and the physically corrupt; i. e., biologically not morally corrupt), to reproduce. A method of preventing this reproduction is

not so simple but suggests doubts and dangers: it would place too much power in hands which could not be fully trusted with using it. As for the vague extension of the eugenic principle, in opposition to what are called immoral people—or criminals—or the shiftless—or the alleged inferior races (which, as distinct races, exist only in the imagination); this, which constitutes a great theme of popular eugenics, is compounded of myth and prejudice. They are matters of environment rather than heredity and they offer entirely too much scope for bigotry and malice of opinion.

But let us consider merely those who, we will agree, are among the unfit. One wonders if their menace from a social point of view has not been exaggerated. Take the feeble-minded and the crazy and the congenitally defective—what damage have they done to society? On first thought one can only say that they are a burden to society. A little more reflection will show that they are not in a position to work a great deal of injury. They haven't the ability and they haven't the opportunity to inflict an infinitesimal part of the harm that otherwise perfectly normal men with superior powers have inflicted. It is not too much to say that a Napoleon was a greater agent of destruction, a more sinister force in the life of mankind, than all the feeble-minded who ever lived. Intelligently, sober, strong-minded men, men who have an admired place in our histories, men too whom the eugenists would regard favorably as having a superior strain which we should hereditarily encourage—it is such men who have been the most menacing to their fellows. Perhaps one can question the intelligence of some of these men. But they have been sober, strong-minded, healthy, respectable, highly placed.

Let us consider briefly some types of men who, from a sane eugenic viewpoint, would be better out of our way than the feeble-minded. First we should have to include a long roll of military heroes, especially the type of conqueror, spreading death and rapine over the earth to realize his ambitions. There are the statesmen who certainly have—many of them—represented a high type of ability; but who through false policy and personal ambition and class greed have dealt serious blows at the welfare of nations. Again, there are the fanatics, chiefly in religion, who were certainly strong-minded, who felt the urge of a superior will to power, and whom many have hailed as the prophets and warriors of righteousness; yet such men have aroused the most vicious passions, have perpetrated cruelties at which the modern mind shudders, have been extreme foes of freedom and enlightenment; they might be considered good, sound, first-rate human material by some eugenists—but actually they have done infinitely more harm to the race than all those, feeble in body and mind, against whom the eugenists warn us. They consider the men of mighty cunning, the exploiters, the great cheaters and enslavers of mankind, men who eugenically would belong right at the head of the class but whose powerful greed, cunning expressed in

schemes of acquisition and control, has been disastrously anti-social.

It seems clear to me that a man like John Calvin is a more dangerous fellow to be at large than an idiot—a harmless if repulsive idiot. If a modern example is preferred, then let me say that a Billy Sunday is a more evil social agent than all the village half-wits in the land. Or the capitalists who are chiefly responsible for the reign of terror in the Pennsylvania coal industry are more harmful than any low, shiftless type that the eugenists say will drag us down. Think of the harm that the late W. J. Bryan did in lashing to furies of a crusade of ignorance in the land, and then ponder whether any of the bad people of the eugenists' description could possibly throw a worse fit. What of Joel Simmens and Hiram Evans, the high and mighty hate propagandists of the moribund Ku Klux Klan? They had, I suppose, normal parents and are themselves good specimens in the sight of the eugenists: they were strong-minded (by which I certainly do not mean intelligent) and successful.

It is significant that, in their pseudo-scientific propaganda about good blood and heredity and the selection of a better race, the eugenists are partial to examples of successful men, men who have made money, who have held high positions, who have been eminently active in society, without any critical regard for their type of success and its social consequences. They would offer a Judge Gary, a John Roach Straton, a Harry Daugherty, a Will Hays, a Judge Webster Thayer, a Mussolini, a Hindenburg, a Lloyd George, a Senator Heflin, and other successful and strong but illiberal and treacherous men as representatives of the best people. They have indeed as one of their heroes Jonathan Edwards, who was one of the most intolerant old bigots and hell-fire ravers who ever lived. They regard lawyers and preachers and journalists and capitalists as *typo facto* superior types of humanity. Whether they would credit their order of merit upon a bold, ingenious, and highly successful bootlegger is not certain: but his strong qualities, apart from the ethics of their use, are what the eugenists seemingly regard as the hope of a better race.

It seems to be simply another form of orthodoxy—this bunk of heredity. The worst people have been those who have wielded the greatest power, who have been thoroughly respectable, who have been the agents of orthodox follies and injustices, and who have, in many cases, personally cultivated most of the conventional virtues. Of course no one can predict at birth how much mischief a man is going to do, so we can only chance it and continue the old struggle for a better environment and more civilized ideals of life. We shall not find that the progress of the race will be seriously hindered by the feeble-minded nor by the immoral nor by the shiftless: they are not strong enough to be very dangerous. Our troubles will come from the strong, respectable people.

* * * * *
If it "takes all kinds of people to make a world," it must have taken all kinds of gods to make all kinds of people in the gods' own images.

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