

## A Debate with a Jesuit Priest

Joseph McCabe

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MORE CLERICAL BUNK

When I undertook to write a page in *The American Freeman* every fortnight I had really laudable intentions. We were going to browse together peacefully in meadows of culture that lie some distance away from the road: to talk about Greek philosophers and new discoveries in science, about books and poets and all sorts of innocent things. It seems, however, that my readers are not as pacific as I, and nearly every week I get a cutting from an American paper, generally containing a clerical announcement, with the query: "What do you say about this?" It is, perhaps, not unnatural. My Blue Books and Key to Culture are full of statements, for which in many cases there was not room to give the evidence, which contradict about ninety-nine percent of what these preachers and journalists say and what your neighbor repeats, so we may take these parsonic utterances as opportunities to ascertain just what religious folk are thinking and where they are wrong.

Two such cuttings lie before me, anyhow, and, as one of them is pink, which irritates me, and the article in it is written expressly on me by a Jesuit, I turn on the controversial tap. To say the truth, the last tooth with which nature endowed me was extracted this morning, and I feel like controversy. It is unfortunate for the Jesuit that I happen to be in this bloodthirsty mood, but he has broken the peace. There has been a tacit understanding between me and my old Church for thirty years that, no matter how much I shot at it, it would not reply. It is too august, too dignified, too serene; too conscious, in short, that I am diabolically careful in making statements and do not suffer fools gladly. As far as I know, this little article in the *Detroit Times* (June 22nd) is the first attempt of any Catholic writer to reply to me, but, of course, *Detroit*, sheltering under the spiritual shade of a great industrialist who patronizes religion, may well provide the exception. After all it is thousands of miles from London, and even a Jesuit may be excused for not suspecting that a copy of the *Times* would reach me. Well it has: so out with the foils and get ready, Father McClarey.

"The Argument of Mr. Joseph McCabe" is the title. I thought I had quite a number of arguments, but it is, of course, much simpler to pretend that a man has only one. This article is written, it seems, by Rev. John A. McClarey, S. J., and there is a portrait reproduced with the caption "McClarey" underneath

it; but I suppose the Jesuit has already taken proceedings against the paper for assigning that face to him. It seems that McClarey is "Lecturer and Writer, University of Detroit." Just what that means I do not know. He is not a graduate, yet I fear many innocent folk may imagine that he is a lecturer at Detroit University. If he is, I am not surprised that when I was last in *Detroit*, five months ago, my new hat was stolen.

Seriously, the article is worth considering as a typical illustration of the way in which so many of your neighbors are induced to go to church. It seems that some wicked person sent Father McClarey "a book written by the atheistical expert, Joseph McCabe." (The label is correct, but you know why it is there: to prepare religious folk for something quite dreadful.) The name of the book is not given, but it seems to be *Little Blue Book 1008*, "The Origin of Religion," and this is how the Jesuit conveniently summarizes what he calls the argument:

Joseph McCabe holds that certain derelict races of the earth: e. g., the Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego, have been utterly without the idea of God: that all of us were like them in the beginning: that they did not evolve, whereas we did, because centuries ago our forbears, through the instrumentality of cunning priests, through the contemplation of nature, through fear of storms, lightning, thunder, darkness, etc., began to believe in a Deity, who, in reality, does not exist.

One would imagine that even *Detroit* Catholics would ask themselves in astonishment how many "centuries" ago—my book said "about a hundred thousand years"—this bunk of the race occurred, and how on earth there could be cunning priests before men believed in spirits. However, these are little tricks of the sacred trade. What will interest you is how the Jesuit answers the argument: that is to say, how your religious neighbors come to be persuaded, first, that the above is merely an eccentric idea of an isolated thinker, and, secondly, in case they learn that it is common scientific teaching, as the Jesuit obviously does not know, how they are persuaded that all these evolutionists must be fools. I repeat that, though the stuff is not worth serious discussion, it is important as illustrating how religious people are educated to think about religion.

The reader is told first that "Mr. McCabe draws his argument against God from the most benighted races," whereas, obviously, it is "more important for us to know what the best races thought of God." No one will ever succeed in persuading me that these men do not know better. Even a Jesuit, if he has read my book, must know quite well that I turned to the lower races for the first stages of religious belief—not for my standard of belief. But I suppose that thousands of virtuous citizens of *Detroit* are still chuckling with laughter at my stupidity in thinking that, because the lowest savages are atheists, we all ought to be atheists.

However, the next step makes the confusion worse. Father McClarey is quite prepared to find that the very lowest savages might have no belief in God, but in point of fact, he says, they have. Even in the *Little Blue Book* I quoted, as to the complete atheism, the complete lack of belief in spirits, of the Yahgans, the explicit assurance of a Christian missionary, T. Bridges, who spent twenty years amongst them, and of two anthropologists, Hyades and Deniker, who studied them scientifically for two years and are the highest authorities on them. Of the score of authorities I have quoted—the highest or only authorities in every case—in support of my statement that these lowest people do not believe in God, and often not even in spirits, Father McClarey says not a word. He merely quotes "Mr. Hall" and "Taylor" to the opposite effect. No references given, of course, and no clue by means of which we could test the authority of these men or find out whom he means.

It further seems that it is a purely "gratuitous" assertion that the whole race was once savage: it is "just as reasonable" to suppose that the whole race was once civilized and some branches fell to savage level. It would be just as reasonable to say that all automobiles were once Rolls-Royces and some fell to the Ford level. We will trust, at all events, that this Father McClarey who is an oracle of the *Detroit Times* has not yet heard that there is a science of prehistoric man with so much positive evidence in Europe that the entire American fleet could not bring it over. In a word, this learned product of, or lecturer in, the University of *Detroit*, is a pupil of Riley and Stratton. Evolution is "only a theory" and it is opposed to "the supernaturally known fact of our elevation and fall." To think of an important paper putting this sort of stuff on a Saturday night before fifty thousand workers! But even a faintest hint of something like the truth, Father McClarey assures his readers that "the only proof" I offer that the race generally has risen and left the Yahgans behind is that they do not remember that they were ever civilized.

Let us dismiss the rest briefly. The readers are told that "Mr. McCabe would admit" that the best races have always believed in God; whereas I am tired of pointing out that the educated Chinese and Japanese have not so believed for ages, that the belief was preserved in Europe by the fires of the Inquisition, and that in all history disbelief has grown with the advance of intelligence and liberty to think and speak.

We have then an excellent reason why the ancestors of the Yahgans have forgotten their high original condition. That is quite natural "if

they are so debauched as he says," as I say. Again I am tired of explaining that the lowest peoples, instead of being debauched, are strictly monogamous and generally gentle and peaceful. We are told that the theory of the cunning priest is absurd because the "volcanic passions" of these lowest savages (who are as mild and orderly as Jesuits, and much more truthful) would have "revolted" against the idea of a Judge to whom an account must be given. Well, I leave it to the reader. Is this Jesuit of *Detroit* University incapable of reading correctly a five-cent book, completely ignorant of the material of prehistoric science and of anthropology, totally unaware that the gods of the savages are not ethical but more frequently phallic, and so on? Or, well, take your choice. But I do think that when clerical oracles are permitted in the press to assign to me these strings of puerilities and ignorant statements I ought to be allowed a little bad language.

Let me add one reflection, which I made not infrequently. The chief strength of the Roman Catholic Church may yet prove to be its chief weakness. Its success in holding tens of millions of people in the most modern civilizations to a belief, or a profession of belief, in the weirdest tissue of dogmas and the most fraudulent claims of power that you will find in the whole of religious history is its system of intellectual quarantine. No doubt ministers of other Churches try to persuade their followers that it is dangerous, if not impious, to read criticisms of religion. No doubt a fanatical Baptist minister, here and there may tell a youth that he will go to hell if he reads such literature. But no other Church lays it down as law and dogma for its entire body that the reading of any book "against the faith" is on just the same level as a book "against morals," or is a mortal sin entailing eternal damnation as surely as does murder or rape. It is under the shelter of this protective system that Catholic priests have grown so reckless in statement and misstatement that even when they venture into the public press they cannot shake off the habit. Thus they succeed in persuading their people that critics of the Church belong always to one of three classes: men who honestly do not know Catholic beliefs, men who are too stupid to understand them, and men who from some singular psychological perversity know that the faith is true but represent it as false. I do not add the fourth category that is often given, the men who know it is true but have "volcanic passions" which "revolt" against it, because the Catholic himself is apt to smile at this. He knows that it is not at all necessary to leave the Church if you are contemplating an amorous adventure.

This peculiar strength of the Roman Church may, as I said, yet turn out to be its chief weakness. It is not so easy to persuade Catholics today that they alone of all religious

folk may not read criticisms of their belief. It is beginning to seem to them incongruous to say that the Catholic faith is luminously true and overpoweringly convincing, yet that to read a criticism of it is very dangerous: to say that Catholics are just as good mixers in the modern social and intellectual world as any other citizens yet that they alone must keep up this medieval quarantine against other people's ideas. You will, in fact, now find many Catholics who deny that they are forbidden to read critics. The law has to be pressed with discretion or represented as a wise counsel which a wise man will make his own. But the majority know the law quite well. A book "against faith or morals," in the official phrase, must not be read under pain of mortal sin. It is the most remarkable tariff-system in the world. The Catholic clergy appeal to your manliness, your fairness, your love of truth, to hear what they have to say; and they cover their followers with a gun in case they want to listen to what you have to say. Fortunately many Catholics now see that this is just a clerical device for preventing them from knowing what others say, and, when they realize what appalling untruths are protected by the system, there may be another "exodus from Houndsditch" or "Los von Rom."

The second press cutting shows the operation of this system of quarantine in a different way. It is a reproduction, in the *San Francisco Chronicle* (June 6), of a sermon preached by a Catholic priest to his own people. Apparently the man knew that it was to be printed, and there is what he imagines to be a subtle appeal for fair play to the non-Catholic citizens of *San Francisco*. On the whole, however, it is the typical domestic sermon of a polemical character. The preacher quotes no heretics and therefore does not need to pervert and misrepresent as the controversialist usually does. He just tells the truth impressively, and in this case I should be inclined to say that he really believes that it is the truth he is telling. In judging all such pronouncements we must allow for the vile education that the preacher has received. Naturally when a Jesuit says that he has read a particular book and he attributes to the author of the book sentiments which are totally different from those which the author plainly expressed there is no room for charity. He is quite capable of being ignorant what experts say in the modern science of religion and of dismissing the evidence for the evolution of man as airy as does a Baptist preacher in Arkansas. It is ten to one that the ordinary Jesuit is just as ignorant of science as the ordinary Baptist minister. The usual training of a Catholic priest is atrocious. Nineteenth of the time is spent on what is called moral and dogmatic theology. The world of modern culture—of literature, science, philosophy, sociology, esthetics, etc.—lies

beyond his horizon. The college in which I at one time taught philosophy to students for the priesthood had a modest library of three or four thousand volumes, and it did not, when I began to teach in it, contain a single work of science, of modern philosophy, of economics or sociology, or of good ordinary literature. No monk, except those who taught, ever dipped into it except for the preparation of his Sunday sermon or in a dispute about theology. The crass ignorance of the average priest is incredible. And even the preacher whose Catholic followers assure you that he is very well read or very learned has in the great majority of cases taken his history or science from other Catholic writers.

This *San Francisco* preacher, Father Richard Collins, is a good example. He is urging Catholics to stir themselves on behalf of their faith and make it better known. They do not seem to realize, he says, that as regards its attitude toward science and modern culture their beloved Church is put by great numbers of people on a level with "those benighted Fundamentalists." (And next week, as I have just shown, Jesuit McClarey in *Detroit* echoes all the Fundamentalist bunk about evolution: possibly Collins would do the same.) One imagines the congregation raising its eyebrows, for the preacher insists particularly that this "attitude of mild contempt" toward the Catholic Church is quite common in America. Of course the critics do not understand the Church—it is amazing, to hear these preachers, how many people still do not know what Catholics believe after the expenditure of billions of dollars and the capture of the press and education—but they do really believe that it resisted the development of science. "Worse still," he says, they believe:

That in the realm of knowledge our church is absolutely behind the times, that the academic world at large refuses to take her pretensions to knowledge seriously, believing that her only appeal is to the ignorant and the superstitious; that she is regarded by them rather as a relic of the past, picturesque it is true but impossible, a freakish survival of the middle ages into this modern twentieth century.

And a very good summary of the facts, you may say; but listen. It seems that this attitude toward the Church is "peculiarly American." It is "certainly not European." There are anti-clericals in Europe, and they "hate" the Church—these people always imagine us melodramatically singing a Hymn of Hate when we rise every morning—but "they know better than to charge her with ignorance, surrounded as they are on all sides by the monumental evidence of the Church's love of learning, her patronage of the arts and sciences, her encouragement of all seekers after knowledge," I confess that, inured as I am to Catholic audacities, this took my breath away. The European indictment of the

Catholic Church is exactly that described in the above quotation. It is only in America that the Church has sufficient wealth and political influence to get the attitude of the writers of educational manuals altered in its favor. I have recently looked over a dozen manuals of medieval history of the history of Europe that are used in American colleges and they are positively untruthful. All represent the Church as the greatest influence at work in the recovery of European civilization. All dismiss the phrase "Dark Ages" with a supercilious claim that American historians have discovered that their European colleagues were quite wrong in inventing and using the phrase. The most authoritative work published in England in recent times on the Middle Ages is the last volume of the *Cambridge Medieval History* (1926), and it opens with this sentence: "The early part of the eleventh, as well as the tenth, century is often and rightly called a dark age for the western Church. Everywhere we find deep corruptions and varied abuses." It goes on to talk of "Papal impotence" and assure us that "among the clergy of every degree worldliness and neglect of duty, avarice and loose living, were widely prevalent"; that "the episcopate itself was corrupt," "the whole of Roman society was corrupt," and the few decent abbots and bishops "here and there" found it "difficult to impress a world which was disorderly and insecure." Then I find these recent American manuals airily telling us that modern history has abandoned the phrase the Dark Ages and purged itself of these wicked Rationalist labels of the Church. And next I find a Catholic preacher, broadcast in the press (and probably on the ether), blandly explaining that the cultural prejudice against his Church is confined to America!

When the preacher says that we anti-clericals of Europe never reproach the Church with antagonism to culture because we are "surrounded on all sides by the monumental evidence of the Church's love of learning" I presume he is referring to the beautiful cathedrals and older university buildings. In this city of nine million people there is one such monument, so that we do not exactly feel surrounded on all sides. But I need not take up again here the question of the medieval Church and art. No one, either in Europe or America, ever accused the Church of not patronizing art: that is to say, using it for its own purposes. Naturally, the more corrupt it was (judged by its own ascetic ideals) the more it patronized art.

Father Collins and his simple-minded followers might find it interesting to study a little manual of the artistic history of the city of Rome. It remained semi-barbaric and squalid while all the other cities of Europe were cultivating the new art. During the thirteenth and four-

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## Is Character Revealed by Handwriting?

Leo Markun

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Graphology, like the other *ologies*, is derived from the Greek. *Grapho* means to write and *logos* is word, discourse, reason, subject of knowledge. Literally, then, graphology is the study of handwriting. It usually means nowadays the art or false science of inferring a person's character and intelligence from the manner in which he forms his letters, arranges his writing on the page, and the like. Experts in handwriting whose business it is to determine how old a piece of chirography is and who wrote it do not ordinarily call themselves graphologists.

Such experts are often called upon to testify in the courts. Their task is at times very difficult. A skilled forger who has had ample opportunity to study a signature may be able to reproduce it so that the ordinary observer cannot distinguish it from the original. Only under the magnifying glass, if at all, do differences appear. Professional forgers are said to be detected most readily through the fact that their imitations lack the spontaneity of the prototypes.

There are handwriting experts who work with old manuscripts, and who are sometimes called upon to tell when a certain thing was written. The subject-matter may give a clue. The materials employed in writing have varied greatly from time to time and from region to region. Certain types of envelopes and correspondence papers which are common in Europe are

seldom sold in the United States. It is possible to test the inks which have been used in writing and to learn about when they were manufactured and when put on paper.

Fashions in writing have changed. Thus, the type of script letter called uncial is hardly ever found in manuscripts dating from later than the tenth century of the Christian era. Even within the last thirty years, there have been noticeable alterations in the type of writing taught in schools. The adoption of the Palmer method in many places fostered a simpler, more flowing, less ornamented hand. The increasing use of the typewriter has tended to reduce the importance of handwriting for most clerical workers, and perhaps the stress laid upon legibility.

Foreign hands can often be recognized. Germans bring over something of their own special script when they try to use the Roman letters. Frenchmen, Belgians, even Englishmen, whose script is supposed to be exactly the same as ours, have national mannerisms in handwriting. The capital M which is a somewhat rounded variation of the printed letter is written more often abroad than it is in the United States. Careful shading of the vertical strokes is sometimes seen in Europe. If we find it written by an American of our time, we may perhaps infer affectation. The matter is obviously different where and when pupils are taught that beautiful shading is necessary in a gentleman's handwriting.

This much must be conceded at once, that not all who have the same instruction in chirography write identical hands. Some deviate more and some less from the copy-book forms or the models found in handwriting text-books. Even those pupils who receive equally good ratings have individual variations. After the special teaching in chirography stops, the deviations are sure to become greater. If two

school fellows write regularly to us, and if they don't address their envelopes with typewriters, we can tell from the superscription each time from whom the letter is. Occasionally we make mistakes, just as we do in trying to recognize voices over the telephone; but familiar handwriting deceives us comparatively seldom.

The graphologist as such is not supposed to consider anything except handwriting and the artistry of its arrangement on the page. Composition concerns him not at all. In fact, at least one modern authority on the subject advises student graphologists to be careful not to let the subject-matter of any specimens of writing they may receive for analysis influence their judgment.

Shakespeare's plays, then, tell nothing about his character to the graphologist, except as he is something more and has other interests. On the other hand, the verified signature of Shakespeare may offer the opportunity to look into his heart, according to the graphological point of view; and we could learn from half a dozen lines of his handwriting what sort of man he really was.

Obviously, any piece of writing, especially if it is of a personal nature, may give a clue or clues to the character, temperament, and habits of the author. If a man writes several letters to us and we find numerous misrepresentations in them, we think of him as a liar. Shall we believe differently because of the way he forms his q's and crosses his t's, or because of the slope of his handwriting? The graphologists would say that his chirography cannot possibly contradict his true character, although an imperfect analysis may make it seem so. Either the man is really not a liar, despite appearances, or there are indications in his handwriting that he is.

Without for the moment challeng-

ing the validity of graphological tests, let us consider how we can best use a letter to learn something about its writer. It may be typewritten except for the signature, which, according to certain modern authorities, offers no sure signs. Neatness, the arrangement of margins, and similar indicators used in graphology can be considered here, especially if the sender has done his own typing. Here is a matter in which appearances often lie. The K-P or A-SS at the bottom may or may not mean that the letter was actually dictated. The absence of such symbols does not always prove that the signer typewrote the letter himself. A form letter adapted by a subordinate may be palmed off as the result of special consideration by the Second Vice-President and Sales Manager. Or, for that matter, this important personage may answer a letter on his portable machine at home, and insert cryptic initials to prove that his isn't a cheap-jack concern. Then again, there are ritzy offices in which the correspondence is considered too dignified to bear a mere secretary's name or any part of it unless he dictates to a secretary's secretary.

A warning must be given to those earnest students of graphology who seize upon a signature if the body of the letter is typewritten. Alas, even this may not be what it purports to be. Busy executives who send out "Dictated but Not Read" material do sometimes allow their stenographers to sign their names without the usual "per H. K." or "by J. Glimmelhof." It might be embarrassing to learn, after proving from H. Bondson Gotrox's signature the innate capability which made his acquiring of wealth inevitable, that a girl employed at fifteen dollars a week actually wrote his name. But an earnest graphologist might be inspired by such a piece of information to woo the stenographer in the earnest belief that he would soon have a wealthy wife. At any

rate, it is well to know whose is the handwriting (or the composition) from which we try to infer character. If we fully understood every man's character and knew exactly the temptations to which he is to be exposed, we should be able to predict the way in which he will react to them. What a person says in casual conversation often offers a good index to his interests and to his way of thinking, if he can be said to think at all. Hearing him talk, drunk or sober, offers a good approach to the understanding of his habits and his general culture. It is true that he may mask himself, may try to make the observer believe he is what he is far from being; but drunkenness or ecstasy, no matter what causes it, will lift the veil.

The concealment of the ego is somewhat easier in correspondence. The writer can be more guarded. If he wishes to deceive, he is able to check up all his statements to see that they tally. Yet, if a man writes to us long enough, he is pretty sure to reveal himself. But, at best, much depends upon the analyzer. It would not be possible to sell absolutely worthless securities through the mails if every person receiving the advertising matter were able to recognize the dishonesty behind it.

The graphologists assert that they can almost infallibly tell the essentials of character from a few lines of writing, and that a word or two will sometimes be enough. Thus, a swindler conceals his intention in the matter he writes, but his shifty nature must crop out in the chirography. I need not dwell long upon the point that this is important if true.

That is to say, the theory is that the most skilled forger cannot write an honest man's hand simply by studying the model in a text-book of graphology. He will somehow betray himself, so that the expert

will understand perfectly what he is and what he is trying to do. If his chirography has become trustworthy, so has he.

But can it be that graphologists are themselves capable of making mistakes about character? What should we find if we investigated their estates? Do they all die wealthy? Why not, if their claims are true? Do they ever leave behind worthless mining stocks, sold to them by flashy gentlemen? Why so, if they have had the skill to which they laid claim?

Modern graphology begins with a book which Camillo Baldo published in Italy in the seventeenth century. Belief that handwriting reveals character seems to have existed long before this; but the old graphological principles could hardly seem valid in modern times on account of the great changes which script has undergone.

Since Baldo wrote, literacy has gone up so that it extends to a large part of the population in civilized countries. Consequently, the field for the analysis of handwriting has risen steadily, even though the use of the typewriter in recent decades has served to reduce it somewhat. It is probable that belief in the value of graphology has also increased. Sometimes the art is dealt with playfully, but most of the books written on the subject treat it as a science as valuable as any in which human beings are interested.

The experimental tests of graphology have been less frequent and less accurate than we might desire. The chief trouble is that we have no real criteria of mental and moral excellence in general or as to definite traits. The relations between capability and achievement are a little puzzling at times.

Binet made some tests of the ability of graphologists to determine a very definite thing, the sex of the persons who had addressed envelopes to him and various members of his

family. He found that not only experts, but experienced people as well, could tell whether a man or a woman had written a given address. They were right in from seventy to eighty percent of all cases. Suspecting that the fact most of the women had written to his sister might have affected the results, he tried new tests. The guesses or deductions were still right in most instances. However, the amateur graphologists were unable to agree as to the tests which can be used to tell apart a man's handwriting from a woman's. Most of them were unable to tell how they determined the writer's sex.

So long as envelopes used in private correspondence are presented in making such a test, handwriting is sure to be only one of the things considered. Men and women have somewhat different tastes in stationery. In fact, etiquette frowns upon certain colors and shapes of paper and envelopes for masculine use which are considered proper for the other sex. Then, too, odors cling to the paper, sometimes so faintly that they are not consciously recognized. The perfumes used by men and women are not likely to be the same, even in France. Tobacco smells, in Binet's day, were associated mostly with men.

It happens that I have read, in preparing to write this little book, three text-books of graphology published since 1920. Not one of the authors maintains that the art has any rules for telling apart masculine and feminine writing. Student graphologists are instructed to ask about the sex of each person whose chirography is analyzed. The reason for this, stated explicitly, is that "mind has no sex." The principle does not seem to me absolutely correct; and, if it were so, it would not be entirely relevant. After all, we write with our bodies. The muscles of men do differ from those of women. Women are more emotional than men, the average being com-

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sidered in each case. If handwriting reflects feeling, as no doubt it does to a certain extent, we should expect graphologists to do better in trying to tell apart the chiropgraphy of men and women than in separating the script of religious and irreligious people or artistic and inartistic ones.

Why, then, do the recent experts disavow this particular ability? I suppose there are two reasons. First, there is no good way in which a failure can be explained aside. A man is a man and a woman is a woman. Oh, at a pinch it is possible to fall back on the explanation that there are womanish men and manish women, and to say that the man's writing which was interpreted as a woman's exhibits feminine intuition and maybe even a maternal instinct. Still, this is not nearly so plausible as the assertion that the poetic grocer rhymes cans of beans with wienies because he has been deprived of his rightful education.

Secondly, there has been in our time a diminution of the belief in the great psychic difference between the sexes which used to be axiomatic. Coeducation and the new opportunities offered to women in industry have shown that mentally and in

the performance of light work (such as handwriting), the performance of the average boy is not likely to differ much from that of the average girl. Matters are naturally different when there are special standards of ladylike writing. The old-fashioned girls' school taught its pupils that they should not write like clerks or masculine scholars. Their scripts, like their handkerchiefs, had to be dainty. To prove from the delicate forms made by a woman so taught that she is not naturally vigorous is absurd. We might just as well say that a young lady's little lace handkerchiefs prove that her nose is not large or that she obviously is not a sufferer from chronic rhinitis.

Binet tested the ability of several graphologists, giving them specimens of the script of assassins and also of citizens reputed law-abiding though humble to tell apart. While the experts guessed right in more than half the cases, their success was not particularly impressive. Certainly it could not justify the calling of graphologists into court to testify as to the probable guilt or innocence of a person.

Binet's graphologists were more successful in distinguishing the

chiropgraphy of such men as Renan and Bergson from that of persons with more or less similar education and social background but of no outstanding accomplishments. One of the experts was right in ninety-two percent of the cases. The lowest percentage of correctness was sixty-one. Familiarity with the handwriting of the contemporary great ones might account to a small extent for the accuracy of the results, but was surely not the determining factor here. Perhaps there is something usually present in the chiropgraphy of men who do important things in the world which is seldom to be found in that of persons similarly educated but possessing weaker abilities. If so, I am sure that the graphological text-books do not reveal what it is, though the experts may have a feeling for it. In any case, we cannot consider Binet's test conclusive.

Hall and Montgomery tested several graphological criteria at the University of Wisconsin, and obtained only negative results. For example, they asked a number of students to rate persons with whom they were well acquainted as to ambition, bashfulness, and various other qualities. The ratings were used to check against graphological findings. According to the modern experts, ambitious men and women write upward. Yet the supposedly ambitious people whose chiropgraphy was examined showed no greater inclination to an upward slope than those rated as particularly lazy. The bashful ones used no finer lines than the others, though they have, according to the rules of the graphological text-books. In no case were the graphological claims justified.

The Wisconsin experiments do not overthrow all the pretenses of the graphologists, but they help to cast a serious doubt on them. If a dozen persons who know a man well, who are with him at work and at play, call him timid, the graphologist who finds confidence and self-reliance in the crossing of his 's' is more likely to be wrong than right.

William Leslie French, in his book called *The Psychology of Handwriting*, says of graphology: "My belief is that this science if properly employed is valuable in offering an accurate solution for every human problem." Well, anything may be possible; but are the practicing graphologists perfectly sure that they use their "science" properly? The burden of proof rests upon them. It seems to me that chiropgraphy does reveal certain things, though not much, and that a few of the principles set forth by graphologists are substantially correct. However, we must be careful not to take the 99.44 percent of buncombe along with the .56 percent of truth.

Chiropgraphic differences are often due to the pens used. We are told that this makes no difference, since people "instinctively" choose the points and holders which best suit their convenience and reveal their character. I must have a multiple character, for each of the four ink instruments I use makes a different sort of line. One of my fountain pens writes pretty fine strokes, while the ink pencil makes a thick line which is uniform except when it forms a blot. I am puzzled to know if I am more forceful when I use the latter or if I can assert myself better by "throwing the conscious-

ness-of-inferiority pen away. When I consider myself too timid, I suppose that is what I ought to do instead of sending an order but no money to the Higher Vital Psychology Press, Ltd., for *The Forces of Higher Vitalism*. I wonder if the Press, Ltd. accepts orders from those whose handwriting reveals that they already have in them the energy that conquers universes. But, then, there may be universes other than ours, and these altruistic people want a man to have all the force possible. (The secretary's signature to a letter telling me I may pay in convenient installments reveals that she is altruistic, you see.)

But I may have been wrong a moment ago in diagnosing my personality changes. One high authority says that heavy strokes show materialism, while the idealistic temperament expresses itself in lightness and airiness. And there is an interesting controversy between graphologists as to whether sex-pervers and "degenerates" write heavily or lightly. Now, then, I suppose my confession that I do sometimes one and sometimes the other proves me guilty to both parties in the debate. Well, one shouldn't tell everything, even if one doesn't happen to be a wife. It's lucky, after all, that the graphologists and the phenologists haven't been able to prove their claims. What a lot of family skeletons would rattle!

When the writers on graphology say that nervous weakness, such as certain diseases cause, bring about alterations in chiropgraphy, they are quite right. It is true, also, that young children have at once unformed character and undeveloped handwriting, and that senile decay is accompanied by weakness in chiropgraphy. What wavering and uncertain writing shows is a lack of muscular control, with which does not necessarily go, at least to the same degree, the decay of volition and personality.

I have not found in any of the books on graphology I have consulted sufficient allowance for visual defects. A man may write a large hand chiefly because it would cause eyestrain to write a small one. Uncertainty at the right margin may be due to the same cause instead of the traditional flagging of purpose.

"Small writing which is very legible," according to Louise Rice, "is the indication of a mind which has been trained along special lines." Of a body, rather, I suppose. I should imagine, though I may be wrong, that men who have been trained in fine work, such as watch-making and the adjustment of delicate machinery, are more likely to make small, well-formed letters than are those who work with great massive structures.

An old teacher of mine used to point out that the undergrown boys and girls wrote very large on the blackboard, while the tall and fat ones were inclined to form tiny characters. So far as we can form a generalization from this, it is that people are constantly looking for compensatory features in the things they do to convince themselves that their defects are not real. Small men like to take part in large enterprises. There is a popular belief, little supported by exact research, that it is they who do the great things in the world.

It may be that chiropgraphy tells more about what a given writer would like to be than about what he really is. Thus, a henpecked husband who cannot slip in a word edgewise at home is perhaps likely to write a bold, vigorous hand. It is this sort of person who indulges in Napoleonic gestures. And the more that books on graphology circulate, the greater will be the prevalence of various favorable signs in the handwriting of suggestible people. The head bumps are not easily changed (except, perhaps, by having a wen cut out of the region of deceitfulness), but effort will change the upper part of the small 'd' so it proves culture and artistry or the crossing of the 't' so that it becomes the outward sign of an indomitable will.

There are people whose handwriting seems to be deliberately made difficult to read. I wonder if it is mere pseudo-science to assume that they are vain and selfish. Albert J. Smith says of ornate writing: "Although probably talented and cultured, the author is egotistical and conceited." Hasty, indistinct writing shows "much ability, one always accomplished in one direction or another." The graphologists are no doubt right in most cases when they read pompous affectation in the presence of many unnecessary flourishes. The other extreme is an insufficiency of strokes, which possibly indicates indifference to the convenience of the reader. I don't mean that a copperplate hand invariably goes with consideration for others, or that all hands which are close to eligible say: "I don't give a damn about you, anyway." Haste and indistinctness in writing sometimes goes with talent, though it never proves it.

Some graphologists list among the varieties of handwriting the legible-cryptic. This is characterized by the fairly uniform use of original letter forms. It is easy enough to read after one has mastered its peculiarities, and it is supposed to indicate a mind of rare endowments. Of course, the man or the woman who varies the forms of letters considerably from those taught in school may be said to show inventiveness. Some cannot be individual enough in their thinking and their work to do so. Yet, when chiropgraphy is intended to be read by others who are not presumed to have had any special instruction in deciphering it, legibility is the prime virtue. That a person's handwriting is less legible than it might be proves him neither a villain nor an imbecile. If, though, he consciously or subconsciously assumes that he is so important in comparison with others that he can make them struggle to find out what he is writing about, that does tell something of his character.

To detect this attitude in chiropgraphy is not always easy. We are certainly not warranted in finding a bragart behind every flourish, an anti-social person behind every scrawl. Caution is especially necessary when the writer is of another country or of a past generation. In that case, the legible-cryptic would be simply legible to those who had learned penmanship under the same conditions as himself. At least, we must know the norm of his time and place to decide.

Eccentricity may go with genius, but is no proof of it. So, also, the

man who has a high opinion of himself may or may not be justified in it. And it is obviously true that not every egotist reveals himself in scrawls and flourishes, or in letter forms all his own. We are not so easily put on our guard.

Graphology teaches that a weak will is shown in light script with careless strokes. This style of writing is to be distinguished from the legible-cryptic, in which the strokes for any given letter remain fairly constant. Perhaps a lazy manner can be deduced from chiropgraphy, but both the writing and the manner itself are likely to be deceptive. Indeed, the appearance of languor is often cultivated by men and women who know what they want and are determined to get it. If fatigue is found in handwriting, it may represent a temporary condition.

Heavy downstrokes are sometimes said to show an aggressive personality, not invariably considerate of others. When these are found in large, black writing, according to Albert J. Smith, it may be assumed that the subject is deceitful, though ability is not excluded. Script which is at once heavy and muddy indicates gross desires, especially of a sexual nature, we are told. For my part, I should prefer to infer no more than the use of a postoffice pen. If I could bring myself to be flippant, I might go so far as to suggest that the writing is probably a Scotchman's. Or the explanation of the sensuousness attributed to heavy, muddy downstrokes may be that the gross fellow who cannot reach the woman of his desires by telephone hurries into a postoffice, buys a government post card, and writes on it: "Meet me tomorrow at 8 in the old place." The more refined person writes a long love-letter, telling his sweetheart that the world will turn black before his eyes if she is not in his arms tomorrow at eight. He uses his own pen and paper, and is less likely to make muddy strokes.

Light, unshaded cross-strokes are supposed to show emotional placidity, while passionate, sensual, and sensuous people make heavy, shaded horizontal strokes, if the graphologists are to be believed. Here, as with regard to many other of the rules, I confess my inability to understand from what analogy the principle is derived. It is easy to see why volitional strength should be associated with heavy, well-defined strokes; but why passion causes shading in movements from left to right, I don't know. At any rate, the indication is said not to be always unfavorable, since artists whose emotions are controlled also write in this way.

A sanguine or hopeful nature—on this all the experts do seem to agree—is revealed by writing that slants upward. The analogy is obvious: he who looks higher will write that way also. In a similar way, perhaps, because their heads and their souls are up in the clouds communing with Jehovah Adonai Elhim, are supposed to make capitals that are quite large as compared with their small letters. Pessimists slant downward, and uninspired people make comparatively small capitals.

Extremely small script is said to denote stinginess. Perhaps this is true in some instances. Certainly it was commoner when the cost of postage and writing materials was

higher than it is now. The absence of margins is of equal value for determining economy or stinginess. When, however, Albert J. Smith says, "No one of mediocre ability writes the small hand," it seems to me that he is dealing out unmitigated nonsense. We might just as accurately publish the principle that men who wear checked suits are all jazz musicians, or that no person named Algernon or Clarence has athletic ambitions. His rule that diffused writing shows generosity is of a much higher order, though the exceptions to it are too numerous to offer a good proof. A close-fisted fellow is likely to use stationery supplied gratis by hotels or acquaintances and then to sprawl generously all over the paper.

Writing which is upon a very even base-line is supposed to show an untroubled temperament. Graphologists except those cases where it is evident that some sort of guide has been used, but they are wrong if a man instinctively uses the proper materials. Certainly the man whose disposition is so even that he must have a bottom sheet with ruled lines to guide his hand is not to be disposed of so cavalierly. A sudden downward drop at the right margin is a bad sign. People have written suicide notes like that.

Affection is read in the angle of inclination shown by a piece of writing. The more it slants forward, the more loving is the author. Back-hand script shows hardheartedness or maladjustment or both, we are told, and a left-handed person will not use it providing he has the right qualities. However, young women who have passed through library schools may be tender and fond of dumb animals in spite of their chiropgraphic peculiarity.

The Greek 'd', such as printers are familiar with as a direction to delete—it has a curl to the right at the top—is supposed to be an infallible sign of culture. About the Greek 'e', which is like the capital, the graphologists are less certain. Some say that it may show a merely conventional or shoddy longing for the higher things of life. A 'g' that looks like an '8', because it is quickly made, is taken as an indication of rapid thought. In small 'a's, 'o's, 'd's, and 'g's, open tops are supposed to show frankness and a tendency to gossip, while closed tops point to diplomatic caution. If the tops are both closed and looped, the writer is secretive to the point of hypocrisy. (The wearing of both suspenders and a belt to hold up a single pair of trousers probably means the same thing.)

When William Leslie French wrote his graphological text-book, Warren Gamaliel Harding was guiding our ship of state. Mr. French obtained specimens of the writing of the President and the members of his cabinet. Harding's script shows a strong intellect, a dominating method of formulating ideas, an ability to plan and execute, without harshness, but with steady purpose and quiet determination. "In Secretary Fall's is revealed 'a synthetic side which enables him to recognize faults and leaks in his department and to remedy them so that the various branches will work toward one common efficient end.' In Mr. Secretary Denby's appears 'a sense of justice.' Graphology is especially useful in detecting crooks.

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## The Moving Finger Writes

Informal Comment on  
Developments of the Week  
Lloyd E. Smith

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JUBILEE LETTERS

Across the broad Atlantic comes Joseph McCabe's letter of congratulation on the attainment of 1,500 different titles in the Little Blue Books, together with a characteristic paragraph on the place this series has taken in modern literary education. Joseph McCabe is known to H.-J. readers by his some sixty Little Blue Books, his 40-volume *Key to Culture*, his 8-volume *Key to Love and Sex*, and his *Story of Religious Controversy* (now beautifully bound in cloth, \$4.85 postpaid). At present, Mr. McCabe is at work on his 12-volume *True Story of the Roman Catholic Church*, and also on his regular fortnightly articles for the *American Freeman*.

Joseph McCabe writes: There is in circulation amongst authors a little joke which runs: Now Barabass was a publisher. In view of the high price of good books the public may appreciate the joke, but Mr. Halde-man-Julius has taken the sting out of it. Nothing like his achievement was ever before dreamed of in the publishing world. He takes his place as one of the great educators of modern times, for there is all the selectiveness of a great teacher in the remarkable library which he has put at the command of Everyman. It is thirty years since I began to clamor for the education of adult, which means the provision of truth relevant to life in a practicable and attractive form. I have no more generous attempt to meet this grave public need of our time than the provision of fifteen hundred sound works be-

longing to every field of culture, at a negligible price. It is said that Edison in his youth began to eat his way through the public library at so many inches a year. The aspiring modern youth need not devour so much sawdust to get a little mental nourishment. He can now get a good literary meal, well selected, at the cost of a street car to the library and own his collection. For the thoughtful man who lives in the country or the town without a good library this collection is the finest thing ever provided. In fact, few libraries afford much of the vital literature that is taken by Mr. Halde-man-Julius out of the hands of scholars and distributed to the world.

Along comes James R. Quirk, editor of *Photoplay*, "the national guide to motion pictures," who says: My Dear Halde-man-Julius:

Sincere congratulations on your Jubilee. Many a president of a large university, who has made a great reputation for himself as an educator, has not done one-hundredth of what you have accomplished. Sincerely, James R. Quirk.

## HOW OLD?

V. E. Wasser, Mission, Texas, writes to ask the age of E. Halde-man-Julius. Let it be known, then, that E. Halde-man-Julius, Editor of the Little Blue Books, et al., will be exactly forty years old on July 30, 1929.

Further information about the Editor, his habits and idiosyncrasies and such, may be gleaned from *Intimate Notes on E. H.-J.*, by Marcet Halde-man-Julius (Little Blue Book No. 809), and facts about his editing and publishing can be discovered in John W. Gunn's *E. Halde-man-Julius, the Man and His Work* (Little Blue Book No. 678).

The inside story of the Little Blue Books, of course, has been told by E. H.-J. himself in his *First Hundred Million* (clothbound—and if you say you read about it in "The Moving Finger Writes" you can have a copy for \$1.98 postpaid!).

## THEY LIKED IT

Readers seem to have especially enjoyed E. H.-J.'s reply to Prof. Eddington's delineation of "Why I Believe in God" in the *American Freeman* a few issues back.

Walter M. Wood, Greenfield, N. C., writes: "Your remarkably clear-cut, masterly 'Reply to Prof. A. S. Eddington,' issue July 6, places you, to my mind, on a plane with the world's foremost fact promoters, i. e., Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, Darrow, McCabe, et al."

T. Y. Steptoe, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I feel like complimenting E. H.-J. on his able reply to Prof. Eddington's address, 'Why I Believe in God.' I am also glad to see that E. H.-J. is taking a lively interest in Atheism. Faith in God is 'the thief of time.' It makes man look to a ghost for the solving of problems which he should undertake himself, and is the refuge of mental cowards."

## HER FAVORITE

Eva D. Palmer, 780 1/2 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y., has picked out Clarence Darrow's *Realism in Literature and Art* (Little Blue Book No. 934) as her favorite. She writes:

I am the happy possessor of many, many Little Blue Books. There are so many "favorites" that I claim a close friendship for Halde-man-Julius and his whole literary household. But the one book that stands above the others is No. 934, *Realism in Literature and Art*. This Little Blue Book made such an impression that I gave one hundred of them to our church to be sold from the book table.

Who could read Clarence Darrow's description of Verestchagin's painting of the battlefield and not be stirred to the depths of his emotional self—nor fail to appreciate the fine qualities in the character of Robert Burns? Who could read the lofty tribute to the memory of George Burnham Foster and not sense the highest evaluation of a friendship of one man for another—another who was often his platform adversary.

# AGNOSTIC'S ANTHOLOGY

## Clarence Darrow

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## CONTENTS

The selections in this fine book are divided into fifteen classifications, as follows: (1) Foundation Stones; (2) Depths of Thought; (3) Honest Doubt; (4) Gods and Demigods; (5) The Wise of Old; (6) Priestcraft and Piety; (7) Creeds and Dogma; (8) Mores and Morals; (9) Men and Women; (10) Our Humble Brethren; (11) Our Father, Time; (12) Death and Love; (13) In Time to Come; (14) Beyond This Life; (15) The Sun of Life.

## AUTHORS

Scores of famous authors are represented in this compilation; some of those whose words are included are: Keats, Robert Burns, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Dewey, Santayana, Ingersoll, James Harvey Robinson, Nietzsche, Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain, Matthew Arnold, Thos. Hardy, James Fraser, Schopenhauer, George Moore, Georg Brandt, Harry Elmer Barnes, Havelock Ellis, John Cowper Powys, etc.

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## A Debate with a Jesuit Priest

Joseph McCabe

Continued from page one

teenth centuries, when the great Gothic cathedrals were rising and the great painting and sculpture of the later Middle Ages were beginning, no building of distinction was raised in Rome, no painter or sculptor appeared. Artists from north Italy went there to find inspiration

in the beautiful fragments of the great Greco-Roman art which the early Church had destroyed, but no Roman found inspiration in them. As late as 1420 Rome had not produced any art and had not even the rudiments of a university. Well, which best represents the inspiration of "the Church"? Rome, or the northern cities which regarded it with profound contempt and showed abuse upon it for its "greed of gold" and its corruption? At last, Father Collins and his followers will find, the sale of indulgences and sacred offices was so well organized that Rome became the richest city in Europe and called for artists—it still very rarely produced one of

its own—and in an atmosphere of sordid corruption (from the Christian point of view) the great artistic monuments of Rome at length arose; and the entire inspiration flickered out as soon as the Reformation compelled the Papal court to purify itself.

But Father Collins is funniest when he talks about the Church's patronage of intellectual culture. Listen to this naive piece of impudence:

There is hardly a subject taught in American universities, from anatomy and geology down to mathematical science, that does not owe its origin to the protection of the Roman Catholic Church. Had the Catholic Church not gathered the accumulated knowledge of the ages against the ravages of the barbarian invasion, races of untamed savages would still be ruling the earth.

I expect the next cutting I get from America will tell how Thomas Aquinas anticipated Freud, Gregory VII prepared the way for Einstein, Alexander VI cultivated Eugenics, and Torquemada invented the electric furnace. It would really be no bolder than saying that geology and mathematics owed their origin to the Catholic Church. It happens that geology is one of the sciences of which the Ionic and Alexandrian Greeks did not even lay the foundations, so there was nothing to be preserved from the ravages of the barbarians. Dr. Horace Woodward in his little History of Geology devotes just two pages to ancient "geology" (which is not geology at all) and not a line to medieval geology, outside Moorish Spain, because it did not exist. There was not even an elementary geology in Europe until long after the Reformation. The Arabs, it is true, had laid the foundations of the science, but "the Church" had destroyed every single trace of their work.

And if there is one other branch of science that any man of moderate education would be equally careful to keep away from any connection with the Catholic Church it is mathematics. The Alexandrian Greeks had made very considerable progress in mathematics, but this was too severe an intellectual discipline for the Romans, so again there was nothing for the Church to preserve from the barbarians. Nearly all through the Middle Ages mathematics was considered a black art smelling strongly of sorcery. Its most innocent branch is arithmetic, yet the most learned and able man of the scholastic restoration, Peter Abelard, says: "Of that art (arithmetic) I confess myself wholly ignorant." Elsewhere he refers to "mathematics, the exercise of which is nefarious"; and this is the man of whom his epitaph sang, "He alone was master of all that is knowable." In his day the Arabs had taken up the mathematical work of the Alexandrians and carried it a long step further, but there was hardly any branch of Arab science that was so sternly resisted in Europe. Roger Bacon was imprisoned for twenty years for attempting to get men to cultivate mathematics and physics. Cecco of Ascoli was burned alive for repeating the attempt. The man who did succeed in founding real teaching institutions in Italy and who created an environment in the cities of north Italy in which the real study of mathematics and physics began once more, was Fredric II; the man who, according to the Pope himself, said that the three great impostors of history were Moses, Christ, and Mohammed.

In other words, these preachers are so reckless that this fellow chooses precisely the two branches of science which it is most ridiculous to represent as flourishing in the Middle Ages. For anatomy he might make out a more plausible case. After all even Popes were interested in the skill of medical men and as, during long ages, prelates and princes and nobles were the only men with money enough to have physicians, we ought not to be very greatly astonished to hear that they promoted medical science. But they did not. I have told the story elsewhere and shown that even here and in this branch of practical science of such obvious value to mankind, the Popes hindered progress for centuries.

Let me put it constructively. We all ignore today the mass of theological speculation and dialectical quibbling that filled the schools of the Middle Ages. I remember how, when I was a monk, the Franciscan order to which I belonged set up in Italy a printing plant to bring out new editions, in modern type, of the works of the learned friars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and they were quite as learned as the Dominican friars of the time or the Jesuit theologians and Benedictine monks of a later date. So presently we began to receive handsome folio-size volumes of the works of Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Alexander Hales, etc., until we had a noble collection. No one ever read them. Even to a modern priest they are "medieval stuff." The whole movement was, as far as positive knowledge is concerned, a waste of the time and intelligence of the race. The Church saw that a very small minority of Europe was determined to have schools, and it directed the movement into such channels that presently none but a student of theology took any interest in the schools. Its leading scholars, like Thomas Aquinas, built up a

dry and futile structure of a hybrid blend of bad "Aristotelism," the opinions of the Fathers, and medieval forgeries, and lodged it in the chairs of the universities. I quite admit that, though few Popes ever bothered their heads about learning until a man was reported to them for heresy, the Church helped in that development; and this stuff which it lodged in the universities of Europe was the most deadly enemy, first of the revival of classical literature, then of the revival of science.

What had the Church preserved of "the accumulated knowledge of the ages"? It is, surely, a platitude of the history of thought that the Greeks were the great seekers after wisdom and the Romans took very little interest in positive knowledge. No doubt a few of them read and copied the remarkable poem "On the Nature of Things" in which Lucretius gave the only coherent account we have of the soundest part of Greek thought, the evolutionary philosophy of the Ionians and Epicureans, but that poem only survived in some obscure monastic library of the Middle Ages. We say much the same of Pliny's "Natural History." Fortunately there were always cities that were more liberal than Rome or abbots who did not share the Church's contempt of knowledge, and these two Roman fragments of Greek wisdom survived. Nobody added to them, nobody was inspired by them, hardly anybody ever read them, during a thousand years. Even when science at last began again to be cultivated in Europe, neither Lucretius nor Pliny had anything to do with the revival.

Well, what else did the Church "preserve"? You will, of course, notice the humor of this claim that "the Church" preserved something or other in the Middle Ages. By force of arms it had suppressed every other religion in Europe, so that from the "fifth century" anybody who was not willing to be a Christian had to leave the planet. Consequently everything that anybody did between, let us say, 500 and 1,500 was done by the Church. If it was something naughty, put it down to the laity; if it was good, it was done by the Church. By the Church we might at least understand the bishops and Popes, and we know what they did for the accumulated wisdom of the ages. The English medieval writer, John of Salisbury, tells us that about the year 600 there still remained at Rome a great library from pagan days, probably with translations of Greek works that we would give much to have today. John tells us that the tradition amongst the few friends of culture in the Church in his time was that Pope Gregory the Great burned this last accumulation of ancient wisdom; and we know how much burning the bishops of the Greek Church had done.

Before this final holocaust one or two Christian scholars had made rough compendia or cyclopedias of ancient knowledge, as far as it had been known to the Romans, and this is really all that the Church can be said to have preserved; if you can identify three men, Capella, Cassiodorus, and Isidore with the Church. The crude fragments of "science" in their books were all that the Middle Ages had. They were so weird and inaccurate, so thoroughly mixed with fantastic statements and legends, that I doubt if they would ever have inspired a scientific movement. It is, at all events, well known that they did not. It is now questioned by nobody that all the science of the thirteenth century came from the Arabs either of Spain or Sicily. And if three men who in the sixth and seventh centuries preserve a few fragments of ancient wisdom are "the Church," who was responsible for that process of suffocation as a result of which the science of Bacon and Albert did not even survive a century later?

In short, it was Greek literature, the source from which the Arabs got their science, that contained ancient wisdom, and for centuries hardly a man in Europe could read Greek or had any Greek literature to read. The only real wisdom of the Romans had been of a practical character. They had won their way to democratic principles in political life and had adopted the principles of the Stoic philosophy in social life and law. This was, in fact, the kind of wisdom that Europe most urgently needed in the Middle Ages. Did the Church preserve it and give it to the world? Take the democratic idea. The Italians, especially the Romans, never forgot it, and the Papacy was its most deadly enemy. Quite unintentionally, and with no thought of anything but its own interests, the Papacy of the twelfth century prepared the way for a revival of the democratic idea. Bishops and princes refused or hesitated to apply the new law of clerical celibacy. In the cities of north Italy, especially, which were superior to Rome until the fifteenth century and generally antagonistic to the Popes, the priests were quite generally married and the bishops did not want to interfere with them. So Hildebrand and his friends appealed to the people. In their fanatical and senseless hatred of all sex-life they persuaded the people that the prayers and sacrifices of married priests were useless, and they must be torn from the altar and the bishops defied. Their zeal was further whetted by promising

that they could have the property of these priests, and swords and cudgels were very busy. There was an appalling amount of suffering all over Europe during the hundred years that it took to compel the priests to give up their wives and confine their attention to their cooks.

As this coincided with the emancipation of the serfs, the growth of towns and rapid increase of artisans, and the purchase of charters of freedom by the towns, there was a natural revival of the idea of self-government. It was almost the only progressive element that did not come into European life from the Arabs: the only one that linked rather with the preserved Roman literature, for the Arabs lived under a benevolent despotism that inspired no sentiments of rebellion. From the north-Italian cities the democratic ideal spread to Rome, and quite early in the twelfth century the Romans demanded the right to own their city and govern it themselves. At the beginning of the twelfth century the Romans had still a vivid recollection of what Papal government had done for them. The rule of Gregory VII, which seems to be so much admired by many historians, had ended in horrors more tragic and poignant than the Goths or any other invaders had ever inflicted on Rome. In his struggle with the Emperor the Pope had summoned the Normans, or a mixed army of half-civilized Normans and Saracens, to his aid. They had relieved the Pope, but they had developed some quarrel with the Romans, and their whole army of thirty thousand brutal soldiers were let loose on the city—while Gregory said his prayers in St. Peter's. They fired the houses and churches and cut down men, women, and children as they issued. They invaded the convents and raped the nuns. They cut the fingers off women in haste to get their rings. They actually destroyed Rome, and a new city had to be built on a new site. They had to take the great Pope away with them, or the Romans would have torn him to pieces.

From that time for one hundred and fifty years, until the unhappy blunders of Cola di Rienzi closed the episode, the Romans fought the Popes for the right of self-ownership and self-government, and it was only by the use of gold and foreign armies and the Inquisition that the Popes won. The greatest apostle of the democratic movement, Arnold of Brescia, who has an aspect of nobility in comparison with the ferocious hatreds and bloody ambitions of Pope Gregory VII, was burned alive by the Papacy. Over and over again the Pope was driven from Rome and the republic set up, and over and over again the Popes came back under foreign banners and hanged or mutilated the democratic leaders. If historians would tell these undisputed facts, instead of picking out the one monastery in a thousand that kept its solemn vows, we should not get these ridiculous sermons published so frequently in the public press.

The second idealist element that might have been borrowed by Europe from Roman literature was an enlightened conception of the administration of law. What did the Church do in that respect? In the Inquisition, which is the chief legal tribunal for which it was directly responsible, it incorporated the most barbaric features of the medieval caricature of justice. And the procedure of the Popes in their immediate surroundings was just as bad. Here is a little picture taken from the most respectable historian of the second half of the fourteenth century, Dietrich of Nieheim, a Papal lawyer and eye-witness of what he describes; and no historian questions his narrative.

Pope Urban VI has invited a Hungarian prince to come and take the kingdom of Naples from Queen Joanna. (Queen Joanna, to keep my story properly balanced, had murdered her husband to marry her lover, but had been absolved by the Pope on condition that she sold him the city of Avignon dirt cheap.) Charles of Hungary knows quite well that the Pope imagines he will eventually get the kingdom himself, but he comes and takes it, and brings a ghastly tragedy on the gay young queen. Urban comes south presently to get his reward. He has stipulated that princely estates for his nephew shall be carved out of the usurped kingdom and he brings the nephew, one of the most notorious rakes in Rome, to Naples. During the few days of festivity the nephew breaks into a strict convent of nuns of the order of St. Clare, tears out a beautiful and virtuous nun of noble birth, and carries her off to his bed. Naples has never known anything quite so bad as this before—and there was very little, believe me, that Naples had not seen—and King Charles has to condemn the Pope's nephew to death. But the man has fled to his uncle, and Papa Urban quashes the sentence, on the ground that he is the overlord of the king, demands and gets the promised principality for his nephew, and marries him to the daughter of the chief justice. Then he settles down to make a little money himself. He sends his cardinals over the kingdom to find out by the use of savage torture, whether it is true that some hundreds of abbots and bishops have not favored the Anti-Pope Clement. (This gentleman, by the way, is the fighting

cardinal Robert of Geneva who, when the people of Cesena had offended him, closed their gates and let his army loose on them, killing, some say, thirty thousand men, women, and children.) And, of course, the cardinals find that hundreds of prelates are guilty, and they are replaced by Urban's favorites—a disreputable lot, Dietrich says—and the Pope gets a large sum of money from each.

Wait a minute; and remember that this is an undisputed page of history. Pope Urban and his cardinals move off to enjoy a pleasant time in his nephew's grand new castle, and presently the Pope is told—and it is probably true—that the cardinals are conspiring against him. He claps six of them in the foul old dungeons of the castle. One of them, who is tall, is for weeks in a filthy hole in which he cannot stretch his limbs. And the Pope summons his lord high executioner (an ex-priest) and tells him to start business: I do not know if it included the elegant "questioning" that was then not uncommon by tying heavy weights by string to the testicles. The darling nephew stands laughing in the torture-chamber. The Pope is just outside the window saying his prayers in a loud

voice to let the executioner know he is there. But the king of Naples has meantime fallen out with Urban and besieges the castle, and the Pope

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has to bolt with his prisoners. One is so cowed by torture and famine that he can't keep the pace as they ride to the coast, and the Pope tells the soldiers to slit his throat and leave his body on the road. They reach the ship, but no one quite knows what became of the cardinals, tied in sacks and thrown overboard, one chronicle says. But all that I have told you up to this point is taken from an eye-witness of unimpeached character. And this is not the tenth century, remember, but the end of the fourteenth, after a dozen reforms of the Papacy, in the full flood of that beautiful art and enlightenment of the Middle Ages.

I have in my historical works pointed out that there had been a good deal of progress in Europe long before what is called the Renaissance in the narrower sense: the revival of Greek and Roman literature. But the historians who now go to the opposite extreme and exaggerate the earlier progress so as to lessen the importance of the Renaissance, which happens to be just what the Catholic authorities want them to do, seem to be unaware of

the details of later medieval life. I could, and in my forthcoming history of the Roman Church, I will reproduce many pages of the history of the time as bad as this. The Papacy, I will show, positively hindered the restoration of civilization in Europe for many centuries. Even what these preachers call in their loose convenient sense "the Church"—that is to say, various people in Europe who were compelled to belong to the Church—merely preserved Latin literature, or part of it, and it was not until this was read with real human interest, and in conjunction with Greek literature, at the Renaissance that it began to have any fruitful influence.

The Popes remained for a long time quite indifferent to this revival of ancient literature and to the great progress of art: not, certainly, from any ascetic or other worldly feeling but because they were generally too ignorant or too absorbed in political or military interests to perceive its importance. Not all the Popes of the time were "bad 'uns" but their court was for nearly two hundred years extremely corrupt and

now and again one of the sensual cardinals or papal secretaries had a taste for literature. You may remember the famous Petrarch's picture of life in the Papal court at Avignon, the New Babylon as he taught Europe to call it. He gives us as typical a sketch of a cardinal, seventy years old and with only seven teeth left, "more lascivious and stinking than any goat," who, when his procurers have brought in a young girl who objects that she understood that she was to meet a handsome young prelate, claps on his cardinal's hat to impress and has his orgy in official costume. From that time on there was a considerable atmosphere of liberality about the Papal court, and some of these searchers of Greek wisdom were certainly patronized by the Popes. There was Aeneas Sylvius, who later mounted the Papal throne and is counted one of the greatest Popes of the fifteenth century. I have been reading a letter in which, while he was yet a layman (unmarried) and a seeker of wisdom, he gaily replies to the mild reproach of his father because he has, as he says, given that gentle-

man a grandson. "Remember what a c— you were yourself," he says to his father—I am translating literally, and "I don't see why we should so severely condemn coupling seeing that nature, which does nothing false, has put the instinct in all animals." There was the Papal secretary, Poggio Bracciolini, a most industrious preserver of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, supported and employed by the Popes all his life: the man who has left us a collection of the stories and jokes ("Chili con carne" I would entitle the book if the police would allow me to translate it) which he and the other Papal secretaries used to tell each other in leisure hours in the Vatican. There was But time's up. If only the *Detroit Times* and *San Francisco Chronicle* would get me to write their bits of medieval history for them.

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mate as in Florida or California to break the monotony.

The same fact is responsible for the difference in speed between English and American trains. In America a train cannot risk going too fast because, among other reasons, there are so many "level crossings" as we call them in England. There are no level crossings to speak of in England, because the towns came first and when the railways came after people insisted upon them building bridges over the roads or tunnels under them. In America where the towns grew up beside the lines it was not so easy. And so we can speed along at sixty miles and more an hour even in the most populated districts, while the heavier American train keeps to thirty-five.

The consequences of geographical bigness and smallness could be traced throughout the length and breadth of the American and English character. There is so much that it explains; but I must be content with one example only. I am often asked by Americans why we are so tolerant in our politics—Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the conservative prime minister, is on perfectly good terms with his son, Oliver, a Socialist M. P., even the conservative papers like the *Times* say nice things about MacDonald, even Socialists do not worry about the royal family—and we are tolerant about Jews and Catholics and Communists and British Fascists. Why is it? Perhaps because we are a large population boxed up together on a very small island and if we did not learn to get on with people whom we disliked we should soon be pushing one another off the island into the sea. You must learn to be good neighbors if you live as close as sardines in a box.

So from the Appalachians to the Rockies you pass the same town again and again, but in England, even though the sea is always within seventy miles, no two villages twenty miles apart are the same. Devon villages are quite different from Dorset villages and Sussex villages different from either. In America it takes a completely different climate

place as much as seventy miles from the nearest sea. I flatter myself that as Englishmen I am not so very "insular" but when I lie down at night in a comfortable hotel bedroom in Kansas City or Chicago an uneasiness of mind creeps over me as I realize that I am thousands of miles from the coast, I who live in an island where you cannot get seventy miles from the sound of breakers on the beach. And if it is so with me who was born deep in the continent of Africa, who have crossed every corner of the United States more than once, who know all western Europe, what must it be for the stay at home who has never been a hundred miles from Birmingham or London, never been more than two hours' journey from sea shells and a bathing beach!

But it is not merely as a vague feeling of discomfort in the bones that this vastness and smallness make themselves felt. You can see their effects in the life and habits of all Americans and all English people. Take first the matter of travel: although Englishmen are to be found everywhere in the world when they are in England, they stop at home and leave their home town as seldom as they can except for an annual holiday during August at the sea. The American on the other hand is the nomad of the modern world. He has to be if he is even to get anywhere at all, there is such a quantity of space between places; England on the other hand is all places and no space between. We do not mind the discomforts of travel because the journeys are so short, we get out before the American has finished his first visit to the smoker. There are only three or four all-night journeys in the whole of England; nearly every journey is an all-night one in America. Hence the American Pullman.

meeting. She is, after all, a lady. It was left for State Adjutant Henry V. O'Day of the Mass. Dept. of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to utter the classical suggestion: "Deportation." These forces, he said of Villard, Darrow and Sanger, are trying to undermine the youth of the nation. They are promoting discord. They forget what is best in American traditions. They are dangerous.

Another classic came from Wilfred A. Wetherbee, Asst. Adjutant General. The radicals, he asserted, would next be holding their meetings in Faneuil Hall.

In order to appreciate the last joke, you must recall that Faneuil Hall, in history, is known as "The Cradle of Liberty." And that had it not been for certain Whoopie meetings in that edifice, we might still have been tied to Great Britain's apron-strings.

Free Speech. . . . The right to criticize popular institutions. . . . The right to satirize oppressive regulations. . . . We had been taught that these things were American. We find that we were mistaken. If we don't like this place, we are invited to go to Russia. It is indeed a compliment to Russia.

But we intend to keep America safe for Americans. We are altruistic.

\* \* \*  
"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY"—DREISER'S AND MASSACHUSETTS

Simultaneously with the Follies that were staged in Boston's Ford Hall another Folly was being enacted in the courts of the Hub. The trial of "An American Tragedy" had come up at long last, and a jury of Dreiser's peers returned a verdict of guilty against the sponsor of the book's sale in Boston. (That sponsor was Donald Friede. At the time of the publication of the book he was associated with the publisher, Horace Liveright; now he is one of the firm of Covici, Friede, whose imprint appears upon "The Well (not, as one parody has it, The Hell) of Loneliness.")

The real tragedy in the case was the Massachusetts law as it now stands. Even the *Boston Herald*, which has just been bought up by the Power interests, admits editorially the inadequacy, not to say the

stupidity, of the law. But while that law is on the books, it avails an author nothing that he has before him an intelligent judge and an intelligent jury. Listen to the clear, concise address of Judge Hayes, who warned the jury that the theme of the book is immaterial, that the object of the author in writing the book is immaterial, that any lesson intended by the book is immaterial. The whole tone of the book, in fact, no matter what that tone might be, is likewise immaterial. Perhaps the persons who framed the law would prefer that books be not written at all, and that only the Bible be read. (But even the Bible, according to the judge's charge, would have to be ruled out of court by the jury.)

"The only question before you," the judge explained, is, "Are the pages read to you and set forth in the amendment to the complaint, impure, indecent and obscene and manifestly tending toward the corruption of youth?" If that is so, it is not necessary to find that the words alone are indecent. You must determine if the thoughts aroused by those words are offensive to morality and to chastity and manifestly tend to corrupt youth.

"If the language used is such as to arouse animal rather than spiritual thoughts, if the desires are aroused in the minds of those susceptible to such influences, if the language used is such as to arouse unchaste thoughts in the minds of youth into whose hands the book might fall, you are warranted in finding a verdict of guilty."

Whew! What chance has any writer when confronted with such a law and such an interpretation?

The law is full of fallacies, but then it represents perfectly the will of those who made it. I object to classifying thoughts of sex as being "animal." The spirit behind that classification is neither legal nor scientific; it is theological, and bears every imprint of the Church's dirty hand—the Church, which would make mankind impotent. I object even to the implications of the words "unchaste thoughts." It is natural for men and women to think of each other, and to think sexual thoughts of each other; it is vicious to class sexual thoughts as corruptive. Sexual thoughts have led men and women

to the heights of courage, to the glories of art and science. Sex, properly adjusted, is a dynamo of energy spending itself in multifarious forms for the benefit of mankind. When one reads of food, one may at times be seized with hunger. What's wrong with such a natural association of ideas? Virtue does not consist in not feeling hunger, but in avoiding the temptation to break the window behind which those tempting apples lie displayed. So, too, with a story involving lust or love. To implant into youth the notion that sex is inevitably dirty is to achieve a corruption fouler than any that is dreamed of in the philosophy of the Boston censors.

Think of the stupidity of this: "if desires are aroused in the minds of those susceptible to such influences." This simply slays the author. It exposes him to judgment by psychopathic cases; if a nymphomaniac or a poor male afflicted with satyriasis should read a suggestive word, and be sexually stirred, the onus lies not upon their shoulders but upon that of the author, even if his book is as a whole a moral tract. Thus does the law of Massachusetts put that writer at the mercy of the lowest intelligence in the State.

There is evidence that the fight will be renewed for a law more in harmony with common sense.

If the movies or the stage were judged with the same severity, the film houses and show places would have to close up.

But behind the law, as I insist, is a vicious interpretation of the words "chastity," "pure," "moral," "corruption." And at the risk of being considered dogmatic on the question I insist, likewise, that the fallacy at the core of the law is colored by theological animus. Until that is recognized, we will make but imperfect progress toward a sane literary prophylaxis.

## FARMINGTON

By Clarence Darrow

30c Postpaid

Farmington, Clarence Darrow's review of his boyhood, is now ready as Big Blue Book No. B-49. Send 30 cents for your copy to Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kans.

# ARE YOU LUCKY?

If you have been "lucky" or fortunate in your investments or speculations, you are a man who has always investigated carefully before parting with your hard-earned dollars. You have taken plenty of time to investigate and you have looked into the "proposition" with great care, and the men behind the "proposition."

If you have been "unlucky" or unfortunate in your investments and speculations, you have failed to investigate carefully; you have failed to take plenty of time to go into every phase of the undertaking.

Not one person yet, who has investigated carefully the Mayflower Mines Corporation, has failed to express himself as exceptionally well pleased.

## Investigate

We want you to come out to Park City, if possible, and go into everything with absolute thoroughness. If you can't do this, do the next best thing and write for information and then investigate by letter.

The people back of Mayflower Mines Corporation are prepared to put five hundred thousand dollars into it, if necessary. We intended to see it through if we were never able to sell a share of stock, but we have sold more than one hundred thousand shares of stock in the past sixty days, and we have no more doubt as to our ability to sell all the stock which we care to sell, than we doubt our ability to walk down to the post-office.

Contrary to lying and malicious reports which are being circulated by envious and jealous persons, we are not trying to "High Power" any one into buying Mayflower stock. We do not sell (if we know it) mining stock to old people or poor people or widows or orphans, or fools or "suckers" or anyone else who cannot afford to speculate.

We do not advise any one to buy anything unless he can afford it, and most assuredly we do not advise any one to buy mining stock or oil stock unless he can well afford to do so.

We only have one object in view in advertising, and this object is to try to get people to investigate our undertaking. We do not accept money from any one, merely on the strength of an advertisement. We will not accept money from any one until he has written to us and secured our "literature" and then taken time to investigate and think it over.

We have recently returned nearly ten thousand dollars to people who merely read our ads. and decided to send in a check, and then investigate afterwards, if ever.

You must send to us and get our "literature" and subscription blanks and then investigate and think the matter over carefully before we will accept your subscription, and we must be reasonably well satisfied, in our own minds, that you can afford to "invest" \$250.00 or \$500.00 or more, before we will accept your subscription.

We never send out any "follow-up" letters and we have no mailing lists or what are known as "sucker" lists. If you see one of our ads. and write to us, we will answer your letter and send our "literature," if you ask for it, but we will never write to you again. We write to no one unless he first writes to us, or unless some well-known friend of ours asks us to write to his friend.

Let me repeat again, that all of our ads., are written with one sole object in view, and this object is to try to induce you to INVESTIGATE, in the most thorough manner possible.

## THE BEST WAY

The best way is to come to Park City and visit the Mayflower property and visit other great mines at Park City and talk with prominent mining men and business men at Park City and Salt Lake City, about the merits of the Mayflower Mines Corporation, and investigate in every way you can think of, so as to be able to make up your mind calmly and intelligently.

After visiting Park City and the Mayflower mining property, and after thorough investigation, go home and think it over calmly, and if you decide, after you return home, to join us to the extent of \$250.00 or \$500.00, or more, send in your subscription. Then, if you get "cold feet" within 90 days after you subscribe, let us know and we will gladly cancel your subscription and return your money to you at once.

These are our methods of raising money and they have always been our methods of raising money. We never make any changes or variations in our plans or methods. We never send out any personal solicitors, and we never circularize any one.

## Mayflower Speaks For Itself

It may sound out of place or egotistical for me to go so much into detail about this matter, but certain silly, misinformed and malicious people have been accusing me of "High Powering" the public into sending us "wash tubs full" of money. Well, we have been getting the "wash tubs full" of money, all right, and I expect to go right on getting more "wash tubs full" of money, until we raise five hundred thousand dollars, but we don't intend to "High Power" any one. It is not necessary. Mayflower speaks for itself, to those who investigate carefully and thoroughly.

Our advertisements and our "literature" would not get ten thousand dollars in ten years, if it were not for the fact that Mayflower speaks for itself to those who have BRAINS and GET UP enough to INVESTIGATE.

Besides all this, it is a pretty well-known fact, that we think well enough of Mayflower to put one hundred fifty thousand dollars of our own money into it, and if necessary, we will put five hundred thousand dollars of our own money into it, and on exactly the same terms and conditions that you are offered.

The Mayflower Mines Corporation,  
Park City, Utah.

MR. CHAS. MOORE, President,  
Mayflower Mines Corporation,  
246 Main St.,  
Park City, Utah.

Dear Sir—

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

Name ..... Address .....  
City ..... State .....