

## That Horrible French Revolution

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Although I have in a Little Blue Book and in one of the volumes of the Key to Culture corrected many popular fallacies about the French Revolution, and more will be said about it from the Papal point of view in my forthcoming work, I have for years had the desire to write an essay on the supposed relapse of the French nation into savagery. The opportunity now occurs, for I find that one of my favorite story-writers has taken the Red Terror for a theme. The picture is quite in the style of the Baroness Orczy and the Scarlet Pimpernel, of all the films and stories that maintain in the mind of everybody the illusion that the French Revolution was an orgy of bestiality. All the men are bear-eyed brandy-swillers, spluttering foul expressions whenever they open their mouths, verminous and villainous. All the women—except, of course, the guiltless maid who is to be saved by the hero—are harpies or harridans: fierce, callous, angular, badly dressed. All talk with diabolical gaiety about "sneezing one's head into the basket," and so on. And the tumbrils roll along the streets all day long, between hedges of ecstatic citizens, taking their fifty, sixty, and seventy "artists" every day to the guillotine.

There is no more important and significant event in the life of Europe than the French Revolution, yet I suppose that the majority even of emancipated people imagine that it was from the start a fiery eruption of honest human anger through the confining crust of a feudal system. Of unemancipated people the ideas about the French Revolution are weird and wonderful. On my last American tour I gave a lecture on this subject, and the plain historical truths I told seemed to astonish my audiences. Over and over again a man would come to me afterwards, with an air of severity, as if I had said something particularly audacious when I told how the French Revolution occurred in 1789 and the guillotine was not invented until the spring of 1792, and ask: "Can you prove that?" Any good encyclopedic dictionary would tell him. However I have elsewhere dealt on broad lines with the almost universal lies about the French Revolution. Here I want to inquire particularly whether there was a quite unique outburst of savagery at the time. In Little Blue Book No. 1145 I have shown that the chief reason why this myth is so popular—the general belief that the revolutionary government had destroyed the Church and left the people without "the restraint of religion," in the phrase which to any historian must sound appallingly ironic—is the reverse of the truth. The French nation, as my history of the Church of Rome will make quite clear, voluntarily abandoned its Church and forced its reluctant leaders to follow it; and the reign of Terror had set in long before this. But probably many of my readers will like to have the facts about the atrocities that did occur more carefully and fully stated than is possible in my historical works.

Let us take first the September Massacres of the year 1792, the first repulsive outrages to be taken into account; since the disorders that had occurred at the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 have hundreds of historical parallels and may almost be regarded as inevitable. They were, at all events, soon brought under control by the revolutionary government, and for three years afterwards France worked out its high ideas, which went very little beyond those of the American constitution, with comparative tranquillity. Then, as you may remember, the whole body of deputies in the French Assembly made a gesture which is certainly unique—uniquely idealistic—in the history of politics. To avoid the slightest suspicion of graft they took an oath that not one of them would seek or accept office under the Constitution they had framed; and their act of virtue, which would cause a paralysis of astonishment in Washington today, had the effect of letting in the men whom the French in their picturesque way call "the gentlemen without breeches" (really, seats to their pants). Just at this time all Europe threatened to destroy the Revolution and set up the foul, old system they had abolished; and, as if the fates were determined to stain the Revolution with outrages, at the very time when formidable foreign armies were massing on the frontier to advance on Paris, a terrible blunder led to a sanguinary battle between the Parisians and the king's guards

and a charge that the government was betraying the people.

That is the atmosphere of the September Massacres. It was a time of appalling panic and suspicion. Lafayette had deserted, and the ports which blocked the way to Paris had fallen. All possible agents of the enemy, chiefly priests and nobles, were thrown into prison, and the Paris municipality which had fallen under mob-rule, or the control of a few fanatics and their followers, sent men to butcher the prisoners. It is a horrible page of history. It is usually made more horrible by suggesting that any amount of outrages like that perpetrated by one scurrilous individual on the body of the Princess de Lamballe—if you do not know what it was I fear I must not describe it—were common, and that all Paris laughed. On the contrary, this was a unique incident, and all Paris was profoundly shocked by the massacres. I so deeply loathe bloodshed and violence in the service of ideals that I hesitate to say anything further about the September Massacres but it is perhaps unavoidable to correct certain current misunderstandings.

Most historians repeat the saying of Carlyle that it was another St. Bartholomew. On the contrary, there is no comparison; and since the more horrible murderers on the Feast of St. Bartholomew in 1572 were strict Roman Catholics, acting solely in the interest of their religion and directed by the royal family and the aristocracy, while the September Massacre had a purely political aim and we do not know whether the perpetrators were or were not Catholics, the contrast is interesting. In the St. Bartholomew Massacre something between twenty and fifty thousand Protestants—the Catholic Encyclopaedia lies when it says that such non-Catholic historians as L. von Ranke and Michelet give a smaller figure—men and women lured to the capital for a wedding, were butchered. In the massacre of 1792 about 1,100 prisoners were butchered. Some of the older historians say two thousand or more, but more recent research has given us the figures. Of 2,637 prisoners in the jails of Paris 1,100 were killed; and probably a few hundred more were killed in the provinces.

Further, the common idea that these unhappy creatures were all priests or nobles, nuns or refined ladies, is entirely wrong. More than half the victims were ordinary criminals, prostitutes, debtors, and others classes of delinquents. I am not going to represent these ghastly executions as instruments of virtue, for they raped the prostitutes (who were probably the most numerous class) before killing them, but the fanatics who had sent them certainly had an idea of purifying Paris. The matter is too horrible for humor, but you may care to know the facts as they are exactly recorded, on the basis of our now complete study of the contemporary documents, in such recent works as Lavisse's "History of the Revolution." In a manual by a distinguished British professor of history, a book which has been used in colleges for twenty years, we are told that: "Three or four thousand priests, nobles, officers, etc., were thrown into prison . . . and the massacre stopped only when the prisons were empty." On the contrary, less than four hundred priests and aristocrats were killed. Of the three largest prisons (out of five or six) one contained debtors and criminals, one was a house of correction for prostitutes, and one a reformatory for juvenile delinquents. It is horrible that nearly all were killed; but it is quite time that writers of manuals of history learned the facts.

Further, it has never been in doubt that the murderers were, not Parisians in general as in the St. Bartholomew Massacre, but a body of a few hundred men—varying on different days from two hundred to five hundred—selected from the scum of Paris by the fanatical organizers of the massacres. We have, therefore, a strong contrast to the Catholic massacre of the year 1572. A small body of men, armed and directed by a very small body of fanatics, intimidating the government (as all the troops have gone to the front), in circumstances of acute panic and for what they believe to be the safety of the country, perpetrate about one-third of the murders committed under royal orders in 1572. And whereas in 1572 the entire body of Catholics rejoiced in the murders, and the Pope himself held a service of rejoicing and struck a gold medal—not, as Catholics say, because the royal family was saved from an imaginary plot, but, as the inscription on his medal said, for "the slaughter of the Huguenots"—in 1792 all Paris was outraged, and many demanded the punishment of the murderers.

The September Massacres inaugurated the Reign of Terror, and from this time onward the victims were tried by official tribunals and the government must bear the re-

sponsibility. It is horrible, but again let us see if we know the facts. The man who reads such a novel as that to which I have referred, in which jailers make jokes about the daily lists of sixty or seventy victims, and Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, is described as a filthy and misshapen ogre thirsting for blood, must have extraordinary ideas about the amount of butchery that occurred in France. Let us try to be as precise as the recorded facts allow. From the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 to what we may call its close in 1799, when Napoleon got supreme power, is a period of nearly ten years and a half. The Terror lasted less than two years out of the ten. During more than eight years of the Revolution the only disorders were such as the average historian would ignore.

Moreover, to imagine the guillotine chopping off heads by the score throughout the Terror is grotesque. After the unofficial September Massacres the revolutionary tribunal was set up to deal with suspects. Here are some of the authentic figures of its work in 1793. In April and May it tried 58 men and condemned eighteen of them to death: two per week. From June to September (inclusive), when the nation was fighting for its life against heavy odds, and the priests and nobles had stirred up an appalling civil war in the Catholic provinces of the west—a war which ultimately cost between a quarter and a half million lives—the Paris tribunal tried 202 men and women. It acquitted 139, and sentenced to the guillotine only 48: less than three per week. In the next three months it tried 395 suspects, acquitted 194 of them and sentenced 177 to death. This ogre of a Fouquier-Tinville, we are told by one of the best recent French authorities, was "neither dishonest nor inhuman." He lived a peaceful domestic life like any other man, and he made not the least difference in his procedure whether the accused was a priest or a forger, a noble or a servant. He just, with a wooden and narrow conscientiousness, carried out the provisions of a panic-inspired law.

You will have noticed how the judicial murders, as in very many cases they really were, begin to increase in the latter part of 1793. It is, in fact, from September, 1793, to the middle of the following June that the worst butchery takes place; and, if your Catholic friend is horrified at the nature of the law or the judicial procedure that lent itself to such murders, tell him that it was fairly copied from the procedure of the Holy Inquisition. But there is a more important matter. The total number of victims of the revolutionary tribunal in Paris during the two years was 2,627, and of those nearly one-half were executed in the first five and a half months of 1794. Does any person imagine that there were still anything like that number of priests and aristocrats available for the guillotine in Paris? For the provinces we have not exact figures, but the best estimate is that, during these two years, between sixteen and seventeen thousand were put to death: that is to say, the total number of victims in France in the three years was less than twenty thousand; less than, possibly half as many as, the Catholics of the sixteenth century, with half the population, had murdered in a few days.

But the important point is that the enormous majority of these victims were neither priests nor aristocrats. A French historian has analyzed ten thousand recorded cases. Of these six percent were members of aristocratic families, seven percent were military men, eight percent were priests or religious, twelve percent were middle-class (professional) men, twenty-nine percent were artisans or servants, and thirty-eight percent were agricultural or general laborers. It will surely surprise many that sixty-seven percent of those who sneezed their heads into the basket, or were otherwise executed, belonged precisely to the working class which is represented as butchering the aristocracy with vile jokes on its wine-dripping lips. The explanation is, of course, that at the time when the guillotine really began to cut off heads daily the various republican parties were annihilating each other. The great majority of the twenty thousand victims were either peasants captured in the civil war or thorough republicans who were nevertheless obnoxious to the party in power. That is what the romantic novelist, with his lists of fifty or sixty victims a day (which happened only on a few days in 1794), has never realized. On the films which treat of the Revolution a crowd of ghastly caricatures of working men and women grin and curse at tumbrils-loads of pale and resigned priests and countesses. In the historical reality, for the greater part, the victims were republicans, and mostly working men or peasants.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I loathe executions for political opinions as much as I loathe them, or any kind of coer-

cion, for religious or irreligious opinions. I leave it to the Catholic, whose Church officially holds today that "heretics may and must be put to death," to explain why other people may not act on his principles. But I feel sure that I shall be rendering a service to many of my readers by reproducing, mainly from what is now the most authoritative work on the subject, the eight-volume History of the Revolution edited by Lavisse, this correct account of the facts as a century of research has fixed them.

Now let us go a step further, since many will object that the facts even as we now know them, betray a degradation of character which only the suppression of the Catholic Church can explain. I have shown elsewhere that current ideas on that subject are as absurd as those about the victims of the Revolution or about the famous Feast of Reason in Notre Dame cathedral. In point of fact, on May 7, 1794, the religion which we now know as Unitarianism of the most refined type, the simple worship of God and belief in immortality, was officially made the religion of France; and that is just when the heaviest batches were put to death. Indeed, the St. Bartholomew Massacre alone is a deadly reply to the Catholic, but let me give rather a few facts that are not generally known.

That strange (and profoundly religious) fanatic Robespierre, the arch-murderer, went to the guillotine on July 28, 1794; and from that time onward the guillotine was little used. The Parisian mob made its last attempt to assert itself in the following May. It was beaten, and a military power was henceforward at the disposal of the government. At once the royalists abroad and the Catholics of the provinces concluded that France was on a fair way to reaction, and some instructive scenes, which our historians rarely notice, were witnessed. In the city of Lyons the Catholics banded themselves together with the title "Companions of Jesus" and, among other outrages, they did just what the wicked atheists had done at Paris; they invaded the jail and butchered eight-six republicans. They would have butchered eight hundred and sixty if these were available. A dozen of them were arrested, but they were acquitted and were received in triumph by the Catholic mob. At Avignon and other towns of the south an unknown number of republicans were butchered. We do know, for instance, that at Tarascon fifty of them were in one day (May 25) thrown from the top of the castle to the rocks far below, while the Catholic citizens were provided with seats on the public road from which they could view the show in comfort. At Marseilles the Catholic butchers called themselves "Companions of the Sun," which was a boast that they committed their outrages in broad daylight. There, and at Toulon, Aix, and practically every city of the south, they, with the connivance of the municipal officials, committed an unknown number of outrages, while small bands roamed over the country, looting, firing farms and cottages, murdering isolated republicans.

These thousands of men, and the crowds who applauded them and officials who connived at their brutalities, had never been "deprived of their faith." The skeptical propaganda had never affected more than a minority in the western and southern provinces, and their priests—many thousands of them—had at once taken advantage of the end of the Terror and come back amongst them. Indeed it was only during a few months that the people of any part of France were without priests, if the priests were take the oath to the Constitution, as tens of thousands of them did. Yet this purely Catholic savagery was in every sense as bad as that of those shocking "atheists" of Paris in the September Massacre. And I wager you have never heard of this forerunner of the White Terror in the Spring of 1795; nor can I refer you to a single American or British manual of history, now in use, that will tell you anything about it.

The French Revolution was still in power, and, especially as the royalists from abroad now brought over armies to join these fanatics, the government moved and suppressed them. The real White Terror began after the fall of Napoleon, but in the meantime, in 1799, there were events in Naples, which would make even more picturesque romances and films than the Reign of Terror at Paris; indeed, no country in the world would permit some of the incidents to be reproduced on the screen. The Parisians, after all, did not roast and eat the prisoners they were supposed to find sanctuary, and barbarously murdered. It was then that, as I said, one crowd of them roasted and ate the bodies of five prisoners in the public square beneath the windows of the palace. If we feel that, as in the case of

Paris, we have to allow for the magnifying effects of rumor, we have at least an authentic account of the official action Cardinal Ruffo and, in the absence of Nelson, the chief British representative had accepted the honorable surrender of the liberals in the ports. But Nelson was told by the court that there could be no capitulation with rebels, and, in defiance of all British law, he had these men, including some of the finest in the city, tried and condemned on English ships after a gross breach of faith. King and queen and the charming Emma—Nelson got his reward—and the fugitive bishops and nobles now sailed in, and the lovely Bay of Naples again became a hell upon earth. The king's decrees virtually condemned forty thousand men and women to death or exile. Thirty thousand gasped for breath in the dungeons and improvised jails of Naples; and if you do not know what jail-life was like in those days, wait until you see my book. Colletta says that three hundred of the best men and women of Naples, including eight princes and nobles, fourteen generals, eleven lawyers, and eight professors, were hanged. One was a boy of fifteen, of noble birth; and his Catholic father gave a splendid banquet to the judges. One lady was pregnant, so they humanely pushed her back into the stinking jail until the baby was born and then hanged her. And so on. Hundreds of the best were exiled and thousands jailed. On a small island nine nobles were confined in an underground pit in the solid rock of the most, deadly description. Perhaps you begin to understand why Naples is rather backward; and after the fall of Napoleon, as I will describe in my book, there were whole years of this priest-guided butchery by "refined" princes and nobles. And Nelson got a gold crown and the title of Duke (and nearly got a vote of censure in the English Parliament), and Cardinal Ruffo got another abey (against the law of the Church) worth \$200,000 a year. And so on.

It sounds bad, I suppose, but, my friend, we have not yet got to what historians call the White Terror: I mean, what they used to call the White Terror, as, of course, it, like the Dark Ages, the naughtiness of monks, etc., is now felt to be a myth. You shall please yourself. Any historian who has any positive reason, apart from mere courtesy to one's Catholic fellow citizens, for denying the White Terror will refer you to a book published about fifty years ago, in French (and never translated), by the royalist-Catholic Ernest Daudet: grandfather, I believe, of the royalist mountebank who makes such a fool of himself in Paris today. Now this older Daudet was not a fool, and he was a conscientious man who very diligently searched the records. His religious bias appears only in this: he asks us to believe that any outrages imputed to the Catholics of southern France after the fall of Napoleon of which we have no official record are probably not true. Oh dear no. The authorities were all Catholics, and police-records were not in those days as scrupulous as they are today in Chicago. We cannot for a moment suppose that every outrage was carefully chronicled. However, let us see what this Catholic student, after denying that there was a White Terror, admits.

I have already said that the southern provinces of France remained more Catholic than the rest of the country, and a very high proportion of the people never accepted Napoleon. The abdication of Napoleon let them loose, his escape from Elba and second bid for power infuriated them, and his final fall at Waterloo led to the events which Daudet describes from the official records. He begins with the shooting of unarmed soldier-prisoners at Nimes. They had kept Napoleon's flag flying but had at last surrendered with the honors of war. Let me say that in this case there had been previous trouble in which they, with what justification we cannot say, had fired on a crowd. However, as soon as they disarmed themselves and came out, the royalist volunteers poured volleys into them. Thirty were killed or wounded—some French writers say all—and the rest fled. That was, in a sense, civil war, says Daudet, with remarkable leniency, but for the outrages that followed there and all over the south of France he has no extension. The leaders of the armed bands were Catholic ruffians, and Daudet himself shows that the Catholics are lies. In Nimes and its district alone Daudet finds specific proof of nearly fifty murders, mostly of quite innocent Protestants: which proves that the motive was largely religious. Over a wide area their houses were looted and burned, and both men and women were shot or barbarously stabbed.

At Uzès, not far away, another Catholic troop operated. With a brutality that is in all respects like that of the pikemen of Paris these men burned and looted the houses of

Protestants and Bonapartists and killed a large number of them. The authorities at first arrested the leader and then, under threats from the people, not merely released him, but yielded up to him six Bonapartist prisoners, who were promptly shot. At Toulon a Catholic regiment of six hundred ruffians operated in the same way in the city and district. At Marseilles they first emptied the jails, which gave them expert auxiliaries, then looted and burned the houses and shops of Bonapartists and murdered the men. There was no pretense of trial, and helpless old men who were not even guilty of admiring Napoleon were killed. Men who simply begged the ruffians to spare their relatives were "killed with atrocious suffering." Three police who interfered were stripped naked and murdered. In a poor quarter of Marseilles there lived a colony of Mamelukes, or Egyptian soldiers brought over by Napoleon, with their wives and children: a colony of five hundred in all. The Catholics set out to butcher the whole of them, but they were warned and fled and only fifteen (according to Daudet, though others differ) were killed. The authorities were content to post up a feeble protest that these things really ought not to be done, and the murderers laughed and went on: till the British ships in harbor landed companies of marines and cleared the streets. At Avignon numbers were murdered and their bodies flung into the Rhine. Marshal Brune was murdered in his hotel there, and the local authorities produced perjured witnesses to swear that he had committed suicide: which Daudet disproves. At Toulouse General Ramel was murdered. The whole of the south of France, a contemporary poetically says, was "up to the knees in blood" for five or six weeks, and Austrian and German troops had to be summoned to check the assassins. How many in all were murdered we do not know, as it is absurd to think that the cowardly or consenting local authorities registered every outrage. Hundreds at least—the recorded cases run to nearly two hundred—were butchered with just the same brutality as at Paris. Tens of thousands had their homes looted and burned. Terror brooded over the entire region, about five hundred miles from east to west, for several weeks. And the murderers were all strict Catholics and the motive sheer vindictiveness, for Napoleon was now beyond all possibility of returning.

Daudet says that we must not call this a White Terror because the Red Terror had made many times more victims. That is mere captiousness. The point is that, as far as their opportunities extended, these Frenchmen who had never ceased to be Catholics behaved with just the same brutality as the lowest workers of Paris, and a real reign of terror brooded over the whole of Provence. I need not say that other French writers who are not Catholics give a darker description than Daudet, but the facts he gives are probably ghastly enough for you.

What, however, he does not seem to realize is that when we historians speak of the White Terror we mean the bloody and brutal reaction of the Catholic world as a whole after the fall of Napoleon, and France is the country which we have least in mind. After the French Revolution France never again became a solidly Catholic country. Its fatuous monarchs and bishops tried heavy censorship and control of education and other repressive measures, but millions remained outside the Church and checked them. It was in Italy, Spain, and Portugal that Catholics were most free to act according to their beliefs; and they fell upon what they called Jacobins, which means critics of Church and State, with a ferocity and treachery that were appalling. They murdered far more men and women—nearly all nobles or of the middle class, not sixty-seven percent workers or soldiers as in France—than did the French Revolution in ten years, and, apart from actual executions or mob-murders, they officially and cold-bloodedly, by exile, confiscation, torture, starvation, and imprisonment in inconceivably foul dungeons, inflicted a hundred times more suffering than the ignorant Terrorists of France had ever done.

The full history of that White Terror has never yet been written. French, Italian, and Spanish writers have reproduced a good deal of the contemporary evidence for their various countries, but I have sought in vain for a single work that tells comprehensively and fully that heroic story of the martyrdom of man in Europe during the few decades after Waterloo. Statistics are, of course, not available; figures are guesses and are cut down arbitrarily by prejudice or inflated by anger. But there is, in memoirs by men of integrity and other reliable documents, a quite sufficient body of evidence to show that Church and State acting in intimate cooperation and with the same aim after Waterloo killed, in strictly Catholic countries, far more men and women than the French Revolution did, and

In three decades made at least twenty or thirty times more martyrs in the cause of man than the Roman Empire had made in three hundred years.

I was able to give only three pages to this in the Key to Culture (No. 21), and I devote half a book to it in my History of the Church of Rome. Some day I hope to have leisure, of which much would be required, to write the whole story; since, I suppose, it would be futile to suggest to an American university that it should take up this special piece of research for one of those admirable historical monographs which so many of them now publish. Perhaps we had better ask them to refrain from attempting it. There would be, not a flutter, but a panic in the Papal dovecots, and the work would not be candid. In my earlier years I have known men who lent a hand in that titanic conflict with the forces of darkness and had themselves heard the stories from the lips of Spaniards and Italians, Poles and Hungarians, who had found an asylum in London. It is no story of remote medieval brutality. In the year before I was born the White Terror was scorching Spain as horribly as ever, and not many years earlier it had still been scorching Italy.

For the brutalities perpetrated in Italy under the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, the Duke of Modena, and the King of Naples many of our readers may be able to see an American historical work, though now nearly thirty years old, by W. R. Thayer ("The Dawn of Italian Independence"). I will here merely, and briefly, carry on the story of Naples. Ferdinand, "liar and debaucher" (Thayer says) and stout pillar of the faith, had again been chased by the French and again restored by the Holy Alliance. He had been compelled to swear a solemn oath that he would respect the liberal Constitution set up by the French. He tossed his oath aside like a feather. In a few years the Neapolitan liberals were still strong enough to effect a revolution, and now Ferdinand and his court swore at the altar, in circumstances of the greatest solemnity, that he would respect the Constitution. Then, with the full approval of Pope and prelates, he turned savagely on the liberals. Four thousand were arrested, large numbers executed, larger numbers flogged, as they were taken half naked on asses through the streets of Naples, with nail-studded whips and sent to the galleys for ten or fifteen years. There were five years of brutality, and then Ferdinand's son, a regular, cruel, and entirely licentious youth, maintained the regime; and when he died, his son and successor, who was so virtuous that he put robes on the old marble Venuses and made the ballet-girls wear green pants, still maintained the grossness of the system till Garibaldi crushed it. "Lazy Naples" had sustained the terrible and bloody fight for more than half a century. Do not be surprised if there was not spirit left in it.

The Duke of Modena and the Austrians in the north were just as truculent: the Pope in central Italy kept his inconceivably foul Papal States by thrusting thousands into his inconceivably foul dungeons—large numbers were chained for life, and not released for any purpose, to plank-beds in cells of which the windows were sometimes six inches square—for demanding what the American Catholic of today calls elementary rights. The bastinado was used to punish prisoners or to compel them to betray others, in the Papal States as in every other part of Italy, and it was so terrible—a man was screwed face downward on a board while powerful soldiers laid ghastly scourges on him—that Felice Orsini tells us that, when he was arrested, he kept poison sewn up in a bit of cloth in his mouth, to chew in case he was condemned to the bastinado. One of the most respectable Italian statesmen of the time, Massimo d'Azeglio, tells us that he personally knew men who had, with intervals to keep them alive, received between one and two thousand strokes of this brutal lash. A surgeon had always to be present when it was used. These things had only just been abolished, by rebels against the Pope, in Catholic Italy when I was born.

In Spain the number of victims was greater, though the fiendish cruelty was much the same in every part of the Catholic world except France; and there something like it occurred only in the strictly Catholic provinces. There was another Ferdinand in Spain—another stout pillar of the Church and notorious rake. He also took a solemn oath to respect the liberal Constitution, and he immediately arrested every man who was in favor of it. In the secondary cities of Cadiz and Seville alone a thousand men were arrested in a single day. About twelve thousand of the best men and women of Spain were exiled, peniless—they were seen begging on the streets of London—and several thousand were sent to fetid jails or inhuman galleys. The Papal Nuncio and the confessor of the king's brother (a priest who was later brought before the Inquisition for corrupting a nunner), vainly led the campaign, and the restored monks and Jesuits sought suspects everywhere. Spies and perjured informers made money; servants were ordered to denounce their masters;

confessors betrayed their penitents. For six years the brutality continued, yet there was still so much spirit in "lazy Spain" that the liberals made a successful revolution, and it took a French army of nearly a hundred thousand men to crush them. Then, you may be sure, the corrupt monarch had his revenge. The king's confessor directed the horrors, until, in disgust, the French forced the king to supersede him. Then the chief organizer was the Count of Spain, of the highest nobility of Castile—which is the most refined thing in the world, isn't it?—and of him the conservative historian Hume says that "not even the most bloodthirsty wretches of the French Reign of Terror could surpass this man." He had whole families shot and then hanged in batches in his presence or shipped away to the pestilential settlements in Africa. But it was not enough for the monks and bishops. They started a Society of the Exterminating Angel which sent gangs of brutal and densely ignorant peasants to root out liberals everywhere, as in the south of France. This sort of thing continued in Spain, with an interval of three years, from 1814 to 1829, and it was repeated in 1866. Shall we call it White Terror?

In Portugal the infamy was, in proportion to the size of the population, worst of all. Don Miguel—like nearly all the other of these "hounds of the Lord" an acknowledged profligate, and an utterly unscrupulous and fiendishly cruel man—swore solemnly, like his royal cousins, that he would protect and maintain the Liberal Constitution, and the whole Church rejoiced when he perjured himself, seized the crown, and fell savagely upon the Liberals who had admitted him. A very moderate writer on Portugal like Morse Stephens says, while many thousands were sent to the deadly convict settlements in Africa or executed, there were, it was estimated, forty thousand men and women in jail for political offenses in 1830. If we were to accept the estimates of radical Portuguese writers, who say that seventeen thousand were executed, about the same number sent to Africa, and about thirty thousand thrust into jail, we should have to conclude that in four years, in a population about one-third that of France, Miguel the Butcher and his exceedingly pious mother and her spiritual advisers slaughtered as many people—mainly refined people, of both sexes and all ages—as the entire French Revolution and caused enormously more suffering to the living. I estimate that about 1830 there were not far short of a hundred thousand rebels against medievalism in the jails of Catholic Europe, and already twice as many had been slain as in the French Revolution. But I must describe those jails elsewhere if the reader is to realize that the guillotine would have been welcomed by thousands of those tortured men.

Yes, it is a horrible page of history, and I do not like horrors; nor do I care to expose the blunders and crimes that our predecessors committed under the influence of false ideals. But you see why one has to recall these things. Historians, novelists, preachers, essayists, film-producers, journalists, etc., will not let us forget the Red Terror of France. They will not take the trouble to inform themselves accurately even about that but they have as little suspicion of the White Terror that followed as have the children in a kindergarten. If these things were dead, if the errors on both sides were acknowledged, if the ideas that led to them were disavowed, we might indeed keep our pens from these matters. But as long as men talk about the Red Terror I will talk about the White Terror, for the education of our people is falsified unless they know both. And seeing that, whereas monarchs have been compelled to disown that doctrine of divine right on which they did these bloody things, Popes have never told us that they have altered their principles—and they have not—our generation cannot be permitted to be fooled, as it is fooled, by these one-sided versions of history.

### Is It a Real World? E. Haldeman-Julius

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In a time when religion is subject to a many-sided attack and when new values of thought are showing up the old dogmas as ridiculous and untenable there is, between the old and the new, a vague intermediate ground representing a good deal of confusion and compromise. This middle ground is occupied, of course, by those who are too intelligent to place any faith in the old dogmas in their hard and dull form but who, at the same time, shrink from boldly embracing the principles of rationalism. There are the familiar efforts, various and not very consistent in description, to reconcile the faith of other days with the wider outlook of modern knowledge—a very difficult task indeed, when one reflects how great has been the advance of knowledge even within the space of a century and how peculiarly a product of man's ignorance was the religion which, by a

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little shifting and cutting or perhaps only by a change of phraseology, the faithful hope to save in part.

In all this there is much honest confusion: many are not trying to save religion nor trying to resist the tide of atheism as such—they have at least no such conscious motive—but are really puzzled to know the direction in which truth lies and hesitate to take a clear position: there are many things in any formal statement of religion which they find it impossible to believe, yet they have not the conviction to dismiss religion entirely from their minds but have an oddly troubled while tenacious faith or hope that beyond the facts and conclusions of what we may call scientific (or realistic) knowledge there is some other wisdom which may be vaguely apprehended if not stated in exact, provable terms. One can, though going the full length of anti-religious rationalism, sympathize with those honest troubled persons. It is not possible for the sensitive man to escape the feeling of the mystery of life. Much explanation, sound as far as it goes, leaves much mystery remaining. After all is said, a reserved state of mind must be held within the discreetly judged and not final limits of our true knowledge and no man should assert, in a dogmatic spirit, that all is known about life and the universe.

On the other hand, the rationalist bears in mind that there is a good deal of mystery of man's own making: or perhaps it would be better to say that man, in his religious character, attempts to settle the mystery, not by any definite process of investigation nor even by simply admitting that it is a mystery, but assuming things about it which are chimerical, which are sometimes poetic but are mostly dogmatic. For the man who is really impressed by the mystery of life and who cannot perceive at present any precise, complete explanation the correct attitude—when he regards the blank space that knowledge has not filled up—is that of agnosticism: to look for help in some jumbled or refined style of religion, to lean upon mystical phrases or conjectures, is to plunge more deeply and hopelessly into mystery, into confusion, into a muddled atmosphere where reason cannot breathe nor find its bearings.

Granting that rash statements are sometimes made, expressing a too final and full claim to knowledge, by persons who take an atheistic view of life: yet even so, it is fairly clear that the weight of evidence is on the side of atheism and that, furthermore, in his rejection of religion—of any and all religious attempts to explain life—the atheist is entirely right. In religion there is no wisdom although it may have borrowed expressions of wisdom from a secular view of human nature. What man knows of life he has learned by observing the facts and processes of life and by carefully reasoning from (or bringing together in significant form) these observations—not by acts of faith nor efforts of fancy nor assumptions of dogma which, first and last, comprise the meaning of religion. In a historic view of life: yet even so, it is fairly clear that the weight of evidence is on the side of atheism and that furthermore, in his rejection of religion—of any and all religious attempts to explain life—the atheist is entirely right. In religion there is no wisdom although it may have borrowed expressions of wisdom from a secular view of human nature. What man knows of life he has learned by observing the facts and processes of life and by carefully reasoning from (or bringing together in significant form) these observations—not by acts of faith nor efforts of fancy nor assumptions of dogma which, first and last, comprise the meaning of religion. Our contemporary Mr. Huxley is of course bound to be true to his own particular but prettily shifting, now fading and now shining, star of inspiration. He is an artist rather than a scientist and this would explain the great value (as truth) that he places upon feeling. The following is a strange tone in which to discuss truth: "Even the same man is not consistently the worshiper of one God. Officially an agnostic, I feel the presence of devils in a tropical forest. Confronted, when the weather is fine and I am in propitious emotional circumstances, with certain landscapes, certain works of art, certain human beings, I know for the time being that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world. On other occasions, skies and destiny being inclement, I am no less immediately certain of the

maligned impersonality of an un-caring universe."  
As an expression of the changing moods of an individual, that is very fine and genuine. But as an expression of truth? It is of course rather presumptuous to dispute about what another man feels: Mr. Huxley says, for example, that he feels "the presence of devils in a tropical forest": but, speaking as a rationalist and not as an artist, I should say that what he feels is the gloom, the weirdness, the mystery of the tropical forest: and "devils" is merely a familiar term for a traditional association of ideas, in which, we suppose, Mr. Huxley does not believe but which he uses to express his feeling. Similarly, if he would stick strictly to truth, he would not say that under the nice conditions mentioned he knows "that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world": rather he would say, which is the limit of the truth under the circumstances, that he knows that he is in good spirits and is enjoying life: he is, in a word, fortunate and his situation and the mood it produces signifies nothing about God or heaven or the condition of the world at large. And, equally, the malignancy of the universe is not a true idea simply because somebody is in bad luck: the impersonality of the universe is proved by experience, and there is no desire nor purpose in the universe for one's good fortune or another man's bad fortune: this is a truth which does not depend upon anyone's mere feeling but which is reasonably and soundly and widely forced upon our intelligence by the facts of life, which can be envisaged in consistency with no other idea. "Psychological truth" is well enough when one is talking about states of mind, moods, feelings; it does not have such an authoritative sound when one is talking about objective truth, which, all word-playing aside, we can and do know even though not in all aspects perfectly.

One cannot say that Mr. Huxley in his curious essay is speaking from a religious pulpit. True, he refers to God—and to Gods—in a matter-of-fact, accepting way that may confuse some readers and move others to exclaim, "See! Even the skeptic must recognize God in some form!" But he explains that "God, for our human purposes, is simply Life in so far as man can conceive it as a whole." (The Christian will add that, for divine purposes, we can never wholly comprehend God, although he will immediately follow that statement with a defense of dogmas which pretend to a positive comprehension of God.) The rationalist would ask, not unreasonably: If Mr. Huxley means Life (the capital being quite unnecessary, even so) and it is Life that he is discussing, why doesn't he stick to that term for his subject instead of dragging in, again and again, the meaningless and confusing term "God"? It is a fair question; but then the title of Mr. Huxley's excursion into logic and fancy is about God and Gods, and he adopts the tone of the philosopher rather than the preacher. God singular or Gods plural is regarded by him, correctly enough as far as he goes, as a symbol expressing a certain view of life: albeit those who believe in one God or in many Gods import more than the meaning of a symbol into their belief. At the very least, if they are unwilling to stand up for the idea of a personal God, they believe in a purposeful government of the universe, a world of providential design and law, a something supernatural or above nature and control its operations with a supreme, eternal motive. Mr. Huxley does not himself intimate a belief in such a government or motive. Yet according to his dictum of "psychological truth" that is true if a man feels it to be true; and going a step further, the truth is changeable in that the same man may feel at one moment that the world is providentially governed and in the next moment that it is not but a thing of unplanned natural behavior with a large element of chance.

Mr. Huxley, one gathers, is inclined to dislike (when his artistic mood is uppermost, as it is in the essay we are considering) the modern intellectual tendency toward a clear and orderly expression of ideas and realities. It is true that the mere desire for a neat, lucid, well-arranged theory or explanation of things is not enough for the many-sided nature of truth and that one may be too precise, too limited, in the effort for clearness. It is a criticism of the philosophers, for example, that they strive for a hard-and-fast system of explanation to account finally and completely for the universe: the whole of life explained in two large volumes, as it were.

But surely Mr. Huxley goes to the other extreme and would leave the question of truth—objective truth or the observation and explanation of facts—quite hopelessly up in the air. He, it seems, would not simply have us wary of ideas, carefully critical of our reasoning processes, doubtful of our limited knowledge in many things; he would have us regard knowledge itself as only a most carefully arranged mental world of illusions; he, the agnostic and skeptic, at times suggests the mind of the mystic, believing that one can directly feel truth in a manner superior to scientific observation. We rationalists want a little more clearness, and not by any means at

the expense of truth, but for the sake of truth. Granted that our knowledge is not complete, that there is a good deal of mystery in life, that the last word has not been said about the nature and destiny of man; but it does not follow that uncertainty is a cloud obscuring all things and that no clear grasp of truth is possible at any point. Facts, Mr. Huxley might say with gentle irony, are not every dependable. Others, with varying motives, have derided or reproved the modern tendency to lay stress upon facts; which are spoken of by some artists and by mystics as low, unworthy things, not fitting material for the "splendid intellect of man."  
But what are we to be given as something worthier of our attention than facts? Here is a defender of theology, let us say, who speaks contemptuously of mere facts and asserts the much greater and more sacred importance of the dogmas of his faith. Or here is a mystic who loves temperamentally to dwell upon the vague unknown and is pained by the sharp, clear outlines of the known; who dislikes anything definite and logical in the way of explanation, preferring that his fancy shape things pleasingly and capriciously as it will. Or here is an artist, who is fond of what he calls intuition, who affects loftily to deal with the spirit rather than the substance of things, and who feels that his winged sentences of splendid obscurity are more valuable (not merely as art but as truth) than the considered and explicitly pointed phrases of logic.  
Now all of these men, interesting though they may be in their respective ways, have a motive for disparaging facts which is not far to seek: namely, the facts do not bear out their favorite style of thinking—their dogmas, their temperaments, their ideals—therefore they cry: "Let us not be bound by facts nor too interested in facts." But while we do not require of the artist that he stick regularly to facts, while we grant and value his artistic liberties, we cannot agree that he shall be undisputed in a claim of absolute superiority to facts in matters of observation and reason. We cannot agree that in giving us art he always gives us truth—that his art is to be accepted as truth without regard to the objective facts of life, or that to draw an interesting or a beautiful picture is necessarily to draw an entirely true picture. We may well observe and understand the feelings, moods, vagaries, emotional convictions which Mr. Huxley refers to as "psychological truth" without mistaking them for real truth, for a sound and reasoned attitude toward the world of visible, tangible, measurable phenomena.

The study of psychological phenomena, as well as all other phenomena, is truly the aim of science, which, Mr. Huxley suggests, is too severely limited. Strictly speaking, what is there in life which is without the range of scientific curiosity and observation? What is science but orderly, demonstrated, applied knowledge? Whether Mr. Huxley is discussing psychological conditions or astronomy or physics or the origin of human institutions or the behavior of men and women, he is dealing with subjects that yield best of all to the scientific approach. Science is knowledge, in which observation, though aided by brilliant speculation, is the chief method. The

sum of what is known about any subject is the science of that subject. The fact that science is impersonal, reserved, and careful, which is spoken as a reproach, is rather its finest recommendation. It is the most reliable, the least prejudiced and wish-influenced, view that we have of things. But science does not disregard emotions. It considers their influence and value wherever they really enter into a question. In studying astronomy, for example, the scientist has not to consider the feelings of men. But in studying the origin of human institutions, in studying sociology and history, he takes careful account of the influence of human emotions. In fact, when considering any human subject we have to consider the play of the human mind as well as the facts of the non-human world. That is not to say that in observing the workings of men's minds we are to take all the moods and wishes and reflections of men's minds as equally valuable indications of "psychological truth." Or we may say that these moods are to be regarded as facts about the mind, not as facts about the outer world.

Readily enough we may believe all that the mystic tells us, for example, about his state of mind, his inner conviction, his visions: no doubt he thinks and feels as he says he does and this is really the truth about his mental life. We are not therefore to consider the mystic's inner world of meditation or fancy as having a valid bearing of truth upon the objective, definitely analyzed phenomena of the outer world. The ecstatic and frenzied prophet of "Revelation" may indeed have seen with the eyes of his imagination all that he set down; but we know that it is all imaginary and is not a true report of reality.

But reality, says Mr. Huxley, is only a seeming. "The only facts," he says, "of which we have direct knowledge are psychological facts." What he means evidently is that all we know is what our combined faculties of sense-impression and understanding report to us: and science is only a more expert, both a more refined and a more enlarged, use of the senses. It is but a tricky bit of verbiage to say that what we learn from seeing, feeling, hearing, and the like are only "psychological facts." They are, simply, facts: and it is the general agreement of experience, and the expert checking and arranging of experience by science, which establishes them as facts. When men speak of fancies manifestly outside of human experience as "facts," they are misusing the word, however they may boast of the importance of this so-called "psychological truth."

What Mr. Huxley would seem to argue is that there is nothing fully or certainly real about these impressions, about this direct and rational experience, about the common as well as the scientific apprehension of objective reality. We do not, he insists, know what reality is; one might add that we know very well what we mean when we talk about reality, if we use the word in its obvious meaning of common sense, and that it is the soundest material

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for observation and action and thought that we have to do with. Such reasoning as Mr. Huxley indulges himself in—almost, one would say, whimsically and, one would like to believe, for the sake of his rationality if not his sincerity, with tongue in cheek—runs ludicrously close to the fantastic borderline of Christian Science. And perhaps Mr. Huxley would say that Christian Science has "psychological truth" on its side and on the side of the angels?

But what does he say about the equal validity of various "psychological facts"? Loftily, airily, and almost indifferently he assures us: "One fact cannot be more of a fact than another. Our psychological experiences are all equally facts. There is nothing to choose between them. No psychological experience is 'truer,' so far as we are concerned, than any other. For even if one should correspond more closely to things in themselves as perceived by some hypothetical non-human being, it would be impossible for us to discover which it was. Science is no 'truer' than common sense or lunacy, or art, or religion." The only truth one can discern in all this is that it is equally true of all our feelings that they do happen to us: the man of commonsense really has a mind that works to that pattern; the lunatic really is in the grip of crazy delusions; the artist really feels his beautiful and subtle fancies and moods, which may or may not be true in the strict sense; the man of religion really has a mystic or devotional or credulous feeling that he ascribes to his "soul's" rapport with "God."

But if we apply the real meaning of truth to these things we see the difference—in other words, if we speak plainly and not in the language of sophistry or subtle, word-weaving art-philosophy. The man of common sense who, not checking the facts carefully over a long period of time but moved by his isolated disappointments, says that the weather bureau is more often wrong than right can be proved mistaken by the record; the lunatic who imagines that the world is in a conspiracy against him or who is delirious by the belief that he is Julius Caesar is obviously wrong; the artist who paints a picture of winged angels flying through the air between earth and (supposedly) heaven or who pictures like Milton and Dante supernatural—celestial or infernal—struggles and terrors is quite clearly not dealing with truth; the theologian who expounds his dogmas of God and the future life and the saints and the prophets and their direct-from-heaven revelations is simply playing with images that exist only in the mind and that have nothing to do with reality. True, all of these men may feel very strongly in their respective vagaries; but they are swayed by the rush of fancy and not by the impact of actual facts.

When we hold any definite question up to the light, we perceive how foolish and how misleading is this notion of "psychological truth." It suggests indeed the anarchy of thought. It is mere looseness or indifference of thinking. One notes that Mr. Huxley, in spite of his expression of uncritical latitude with regard to "psychological truth," does not intimate on his own account that the idea of a God may be true, or

that the idea of immortality and heaven and hell may be true, or that such ornate decorations of religion as the miracles and prophecies reported in the Bible may be true. Yet this is what his "psychological truth," if we took it seriously, would lead us to believe.

We know things by the use of observation and by the use of reason in putting intelligibly together the things which we observe. We do not obtain knowledge through a hazy and shifting medium of "psychological truth," which would result not in knowledge but in a chaos of conflicting fancies out of which we might choose capriciously or half-blindly in a gambling spirit. Man has accumulated important knowledge and learned the ways of achievement and triumphed to an extent over the original limitations of nature by dealing rationally with the real world. Religion, art, philosophy, before the age of science, dealt with imaginary wonders and evolved abstractions and images of supernatural mystery. Science probed the mysteries and revealed the actual wonders of the natural world. Volumes of ponderous philosophy have been written by the aid of so-called "psychological truth" without adding really to the knowledge of mankind.

And indeed Mr. Huxley's word play with the "thing in itself" is simply a repetition of a chimerical exercise of fancy that was a part of the illusion of the old esoteric philosophers. It means nothing—this "thing in itself." It is the most futile fallacy with which the mind can idly distort itself. Even the philosophers, who invented its image or its name (for it is only a name), admit that nobody can get at it; and that obviously is sufficient reason for ignoring it: we have to deal only with human knowledge—not with some esoteric, blindly imaged knowledge transcending the human mind—and that knowledge, our human knowledge, comes to us through the observation of reality.

If all we can know are appearances (to adopt the tricky phraseology of the philosophers), then let us know all that we can about these appearances—let us observe carefully and act upon what we learn (as in practice we necessarily do)—and let us agree that reality is the sum of man's careful observation and checking and using of these appearances. If, as Mr. Huxley says, we are powerless to go beyond appearances, then it follows that it is idle to speak of "psychological truth" when observation is the only method reliably open to us; while it does not follow that a crazy man's view of these appearances is as truthful as the view of a sane man. As a matter of fact, the sum of what we know about a thing—its shape, its materials, its functions, etc.—is, in any rational sense of the words, the thing in itself. This "thing in itself," as the philosophers use the term, is as baseless and meaningless a fiction as the "soul." And whatever varied and absurd and superstitious notions men may delude themselves with, it is not difficult to agree, for rational and practical purposes at any rate, about what is reality. A very little observation is sufficient to discredit notions that conflict with reality.

Imagine this or that as we will, we all live in the same physical and real world and we obey the same

laws, or fall in with the same general behavior, of nature. Common sense is enough to tell us a great deal about reality. Science follows with its more trained and marvelously equipped means of observation, its wider range and more deliberate patience, to correct the loose impressions of the average man who sees only a part of the facts and to explore regions which the unaided senses of the layman cannot enter. Birth, growth, decay, and death are great unescapable realities, palpable to the dullest, forced upon our cognizance, argue metaphysically about them as we may; they are facts that cannot be dodged although in words we may vainly deny them. The processes of nature are familiar to us, superficially to the layman and more thoroughly to the scientist; yet soundly enough the common life advances itself to these very real processes of nature and we learn very soon after we enter this world that reality, whether it is "real" or not, is a good thing to go by and far more safely to be heeded than the whimsical or perverse flashes of "psychological truth."

And it is an unworthy play upon words for Mr. Huxley to cast a doubt upon reality by suggesting the varied aspects of phenomena as seen in different fields of observation. He asks, for example, what is the reality of a chair. "To the gross senses," he says, "the chair seems solid and substantial. But the gross senses can be refined by means of instruments. Closer observations are made, as the result of which we are forced to conclude that the chair is 'really' a swarm of electric charges whizzing about in empty space. If it were in our power to make observations with other organs than those with which nature has endowed us, the same logic would certainly compel us to believe that the chair was 'really' something quite unlike both the substantial object made by joiners, and sold on the installment system, and the swarm of electric charges." We may dismiss as trifling Mr. Huxley's intimation of what other than our five senses, in another world, in an unimaginable sphere of reality would reveal to us: that is not argument, but the most idle sort of speculation, a mere poetic fancy, to name it most kindly. But what he says about the two kinds of reality concerning the chair is not put fairly nor completely.

These two views of reality, so to speak, do not conflict but make up each other. The substantial chair is the more easily observed result of the operation of the electric charges; when science tells us of these electric charges it does not invalidate the reality of our substantial chair but simply tells us something more about that chair, its natural history and makeup. Similarly, a knowledge of the nervous system, the cells and tissues and organs, of a man adds greatly to our understanding gained by observation of the outer man; but it is all consistent and coherent knowledge; it is all reality that fits together and that is not at the mercy of shifting visions of "psychological truth."

And it is through science, not through any medium of "psychological truth," that we extend and sometimes correct (though in Mr. Huxley's illustration we do not correct but enlarge) our knowledge of reality. It is the merest perversity to insist that because we learn more facts about a thing—facts that are a development of our knowledge and not a conflicting tangle of impressions received only to be discarded—we have less grasp of its reality. The sum of all our observations of a chair, common and scientific, is the chair itself; and no statement about "psychological truth" can change its reality nor can its use as a symbol by the artist or the preacher cast doubt upon the soundness and usefulness of its reality. There is more truth in the old saying that "seeing is believing" than in all of Mr. Huxley's clever but capricious verbiage: it is simply a question of how much and how far we see. And science, which Mr. Huxley seems to regard as very limited by comparison with "psychological truth," has proved itself to have the most extensive and reliable vision.

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Dr. E. Payne, Glendora, Calif., liked A Rational Sex Code, by E. H.-J., in the September Debunker. He says: "Congratulations on your Rational Sex Code. It's the best thing I have read on the sex question. From knowledge acquired during my twenty-five years' practice of gynecology, and forty years' medical practice by my wife, I know that many nervous and physical disorders in both men and women arise from inadequate or improper sexual living."

LIKED SEX CODE

H. G. LeMay, San Francisco, Calif., writes as follows to E. H.-J.: "I read with great interest 'A Rational Sex Code' in the September Debunker. It is the sanest essay I have ever read and it is deplorable that only the intelligent few will appreciate your views. Your essay was splendid and incontestably correct, but I am of the opinion that the vast majority of people, instead of approving your conclusions, analyzing your statements in a logical manner, will condemn and characterize as immoral one of the sanest examinations of sex that has appeared in recent years."

ANECDOTE

A reader sends us an anecdote, saying: "Here is a good one that you may use, if convenient." His anecdote became separated from his order, and his name is not on it, but we are glad to pass it on to kindred spirits: "A Rationalist tried to convince a Fundamentalist of the fact of Evolution, but did not succeed. The Fundamentalist thereafter, with arguments from the Word of God, tried to convince the Rationalist that an Ass could talk. He succeeded."

AMERICA ON PARADE

With a red, white, and blue jacket comes The Big American Parade, by E. Haldeman-Julius: with silk hats, laborers in undershirts and overalls, college graduates, preachers, Puritans and Indians, etc., marching in review. A huge tome of 424 pages, finely bound in blue linen cloth, stamped in gold; 22 chapters; publishers' price \$3—will be sent to any H.-J. reader for \$2.85 postpaid.

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Here are some of the chapter topics: The Variety and Conflict of Social Forces out of Which America Grew; The Truth of the Charge of "Materialism" Is Something Upon Which America Is Ready to Accept Congratulations; Shattering the Old, Traditional and Sacred Has Brought a Liberalization of Our Attitude Toward Life; The Modern American Workingman Has a Sense of Freedom and a Certain Relative Advantage Over His 'Betters'; The New American Summed Up and Compared With the Old.

Open this book at random and you will always find striking passages. On page 181, for example: "Generally speaking, any law, any moral or social rule, that is based upon respect for the rights of the individual has an undisputed claim upon our approval. Its practical need and purpose is plain. It works to one man's advantage as well as another's. It recognizes no favorites and does not stand as an unjust and odious barrier to the same development and free self-realization of the individual. It is simply the agreed attitude of civilization."

Flipping the pages backward, we come to page 97, and this: "Manners—the facts concerning the simple daily behavior of man to man—are important in studying any society. Here I used the term 'manners' most broadly and have in mind something more than merely outward skin-deep refinement. I have regard most inclusively, for the way men treat and value one another: for their sense of kindness and fair dealing and their recognition of one another's right."

Or glance at page 347: "In a word, our modern advertising is very suggestive. It assumes—and, as the results show, rightly—an unlimited credulity in the reader's mind. It is based upon the

idea that whatever a reader is told he will believe. Consider for a moment the advertisements for face creams that appeal, of course, especially to women. . . ."

Or page 199: "There is, of course, aside from the question of principle, the practical question of whether Prohibition really prohibits or whether it creates greater evils than those which it is supposed to suppress. There are no complete, reliable statistics, but better than that is a personal observation, which many of us have made, of the actual state of affairs in the country. It is a fact that drinking is widespread and easily managed. It is a fact that Prohibition has not wiped out the evils of the liquor traffic but has added new and peculiar evils of a bootlegging regime that is nation-wide, well-organized, and irrepressible. . . ."

Bear in mind that the preceding passages were not selected; they were hit upon quite at random. The Big American Parade is a readable document of contemporary history. It puts America under careful scrutiny; it surveys and it weighs critically—it is at once the "lowdown" on America as it is today, and the hopeful forecast of what America may yet become. There is little that is pessimistic about this book. Yet it is iconoclastic from start to finish; it is outspoken and frank.

You'll want The Big American Parade, first, to read as a good book; second, to loan to your friends and neighbors (and see that they don't keep your copy!); and third, to keep at hand as a source-book, to have by you for reference. And the price, to you, is only \$2.85 postpaid to any address.

A Window on Europe

A Weekly Letter from an Englishman About Europe John Langdon-Davies

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A LOOK AT PALESTINE

Once more the world has been disgracing itself: this time in the so-called Holy Land. By the time this is read the Palestine massacres will have been given their last tear, but I doubt if the problem which produced them will be in any way changed. Jews and Arabs both wish to practice their superstitions at the same spot: now if there is one thing that a superstitious person cannot abide it is another superstitious person whose superstition is different. The question of the Walling Wall is impossible to solve: the lowest courses belonged to the Temple, the next courses were built by somebody else, and the top by a third group of builders. Jew and Moslem both wish to pray and perform religiously near it. Now you or I would probably think that the best thing to do would be to blow up the whole wall and use the debris to build a school where Jewish and Arab children might be taught to be reasonable. But fortunately we are not likely to be asked and some solution will be sought which will not offend people whose chief joy in life is to take offense.

The political situation, as everybody knows, is that Britain has a mandate from the League of Nations to rule Palestine benevolently in the interest of all. Most of the inhabitants do not wish to be ruled at all, even benevolently. What should Britain do? It is all very well to say that the real reason why Britain is in Palestine, is the same reason that America is in Nicaragua, because there is something useful there. It may be so, but then I, like nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Englishmen out of every ten thousand, am completely ignorant of what it is. To us plain folk, we are in Palestine to keep the Pax Britannica and to see that the various savages congregated there do not cut one another's throats.

To lessen my ignorance of why we Britishers are in Palestine, I turn to Parker Moon's excellent guide to Imperialism. I find that Britain accepted a mandate for Palestine in 1917 and at the same time guaranteed a Jewish national home there for two reasons: first because to secure control of Palestine would give her strategic advantage over the Suez Canal and second because the Zionist promise would get her financial support from wealthy Jews all over the world. Let us suppose that these were some of the reasons why the British Government accepted the mandate: then it is perfectly clear that the British Government of those days was as insane over this matter as over nearly everything else.

Of the 757,000 people in Palestine in 1922, 591,000 were Moslems and 84,000 were Jews; yet for selfish reasons Britain offered to rule the Moslems and also to set up a National Home for the Jews! Sooner or later the peace of Palestine would be jeopardized and the Suez Canal made unsafe, and also the Jews would be massacred, to the irritation of wealthy Jews elsewhere, who would certainly hold Britain to blame. That is exactly what has happened, many Jewish immigrants have come to Palestine, the Arabs waiting for a suitable opportunity

have attacked them. Everybody is angry.

Now although I am an anti-imperialist I do not see things as easily as some American anti-imperialists. I quite agree that imperialism is a cause; nobody in America can know that as well as I do, because I have suffered from its results. I quite agree that Britain has probably her own axe to grind in Palestine; but even then I cannot see what ought to be done. Suppose Britain gave up the mandate, every Jew in the world and especially in America would be infuriated. Suppose the Arabs were left to rule themselves, and incidentally the Jews, somebody or other would have to step in and recover the corpses before long. Suppose France took over the mandate; they have certainly proved themselves less capable of preventing trouble in Damascus than we have in Jerusalem. Suppose we shoot five Arabs for every Jew murdered, that will infuriate the Moslem world from Cairo to Calcutta and make the situation in India even more unbearable than it is now.

Personally I should like to see America take over the mandate, except that the terrible anti-semitic

feeling in America makes it highly doubtful if that would be satisfactory to any Jews, even American. But America is far too wise to enter into any difficulty like this. What then is to be done? What is British policy likely to be?

To begin with there are certain irreducible factors in the situation. First of all, whether it is hypocrisy or not, there is a tradition in England that the Pax Britannica is of value to the world. British civil servants and foreign office officials will do their best to see that Jews may wait at the wailing wall without offending Arabs; they will not admit that this is impossible. Second, no British government for generations to come will increase the burden on the taxpayer which results from having large armies in a place like Palestine: not even the pleasure of doing good will seduce a finance minister into paying for this sort of thing. Third, the British Empire is the biggest Moslem power in the world today and that will influence any government which has to solve the riddle of Palestine.

Now what can we gather from these facts? Simply that the problem of Palestine is of its very nature insoluble just as much as meat

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The Moving Finger Writes

Informal Comment on Developments of the Week Lloyd E. Smith

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MASTERPIECE
I don't think I have ever quoted a splendid paragraph we found in one of Maynard Shipley's numerous letters to this office. Mr. Shipley is hard at work on his eight-volume Key to Evolution, for the Haldeman-Julius Publications, so he frequently writes us.

Mr. Shipley said: "I am reading with profound interest Joseph McCabe's Story of Religious Controversy. It is certainly a masterpiece of its kind. And it contains what I regard as another masterpiece—your (E. H.-J.'s) Introduction. The book arrived while I was busy in

of the other problems to do with the liquidation of an epoch when imperialism was an ideal and not an ideology. Britain will go on toying and exercising an extraordinary amount of tact and she will probably do the job as well, if not better, than anyone else; but she will get no thanks.

But what a pity it is that we have to live in a world with other people whose stage of ethical evolution makes things very difficult indeed for us to behave well. You and I are peace-loving human beings, wishing to keep the peace and banish war from the world. But what are we to do when other people think it worth risking bloodshed for the right to wall at a particular wall, while still other people think it noble and idealistic to murder these same wallers. The only thing we can do is to determine not to be ourselves forced into ill-feeling and bloodshed by the foibles of others. It is distinctly annoying that excellent Jewish friends of mine in Cleveland, shall we say, should be led to think the worse of me as an Englishman because Arabs and Jews in Palestine hate one another. Yet that is how things seem to go in this world. One of the chief causes of the Crimean War was a dispute between the Latin and the Greek Churches as to who should have the honor of placing a star over the alleged tomb of the Virgin Mary. The Great War of 1914 began because some disgusting Balkan savages, later to become our precious allies, murdered an Austrian Grand Duke. It is all very degrading for decent human beings interested in scientific adventure and music; and it is high time that somebody thought of a way to protect the oppressed minorities in every country who want to live at peace with all the world.

### Causes of the World War

Harry Elmer Barnes

Copyright, 1929, Haldeman-Julius Co. LEVELS OR TYPES OF RESPONSIBILITY. In generalizing about responsibility for the World War it is necessary to be specific as to just what is meant by this term "responsibility." There are some Revisionists (scholars who take into consideration the documents published since 1918) who contend that all of the Great Powers involved were about equally responsible. There are others who state that France, Russia and Serbia were the only leading powers in 1914 who desired a European war and that they worked cleverly to bring it on with the least possible appearance of aggression. Both of these opinions would be correct if one clarifies what is meant. Those who argue for equal responsibility in this sense usually mean that, in regard to the causes of wars in general in Europe from 1870 to 1914, all the Great Powers were about equally responsible for the war system. They do not refer primarily to the crisis of 1914, but rather to the situation lying back of the July clash. Those who contend for the primary guilt of France, Russia and Serbia have in mind the responsibility for un-

necessarily forcing the Austro-Serbian dispute of 1914 into a general European conflict. Therefore, it is necessary to know just what one implies when he says that everybody was guilty or that this or that group of nations was guilty. The best authorities on the question of responsibility for the World War contend that we must examine the problem on at least four levels: (1) those causes of war in general which made war possible if not inevitable in 1914; (2) the diplomatic history of Europe from 1870-1912; (3) the diplomatic revolution of 1912-1914; and (4) the crisis of June 28 to August 5, 1914. We shall briefly review the situation up to 1914 in this article and later take up in another article the crisis of June 28 to August 5, 1914.

II. THE CAUSES OF WARS IN GENERAL. By the causes of wars in general we mean those divers aspects of the European international system in the half century before the War which predisposed Europe to war whenever a crisis of sufficient proportions arose. As characteristic of this state of affairs making for war in times of international tension, one would naturally list such things as the super-patriotic national state, the cult of war, racial and national arrogance, the growth of great armaments, secret diplomacy, the struggle for raw materials and markets, the system of differential and discriminatory tariffs, population pressure, the doctrine of absolute national sovereignty, the conception of national honor, opposition to international organization and arbitration—in short, the whole complex factors which led to what Professor G. Lowes Dickinson has well described as "the international anarchy" which prevailed throughout Europe in 1914.

When we consider such causes of war as the general factors listed above, it must be frankly admitted that all parties involved in the War were about equally guilty. They were all a part of the system, and if one had a larger army than his neighbor, the neighbor was likely to have a large navy. If one was more patriotic, another was pushed ahead more inexorably by economic forces. If one (say France) pursued a more clever program of international duplicity through secret diplomacy, another (say Germany) disturbed the peace more by startling frankness in international behavior. Therefore, it cannot be held that, as far as general causes of war are concerned, any one European state or group of powers was uniquely at fault.

During the War the Entente asserted and reiterated that Germany was, beyond comparison, the chief representative of the war system in Europe; that, for example, she had a larger army and navy than any other state, was more given to enthusiastic reading of the prophets of war, like Nietzsche and Bernhardi, whose names were on the tongues of every German household, and was dominated in her foreign policy by the bellicose and arrogant Pan-German League, which desired German dominion throughout the world. Let us look into the facts in regard to the above Entente indictment of Germany.

The chief French authority on military history, General Buat, has shown that on July 1, 1914, before a soldier had been called to the col-

ors because of the crisis of that year, the active French army numbered 910,000 with 1,250,000 reservists, while the active German army at this time numbered 370,000 with 1,180,000 reservists. The Russian army lacked little of being twice as large as the German. The British navy was almost twice as large as the German, while the combined British, Russian, and French navies made the German-Austrian naval combination appear almost insignificant. Of course, numbers do not mean efficiency, but they are the test of the existence and degree of armament, and the Entente contended that Germany far surpassed any other nation in the world in 1914 in the extent of her armaments. The fact that the Germans proved the most efficient soldiers once war broke out does not alter the case in any respect. The French army was as well prepared for war in general as the German, and the Russian army was well prepared for a short war, which was what the Russians expected if they were joined by France, Great Britain and Serbia against Austria and Germany.

Likewise, with regard to the assertion of the worship of Nietzsche and Bernhardi by the German people, the contention receives no support from the facts. In the first place, patriotic writing in Germany easily can be matched by equal examples of jingoism in the other European states; for example, in the writings of Barres and Deroulede in France, and of Kipling, Lea and Maxse in England, of D'Annunzio in Italy, and of the Pan-Slavists in Russia. In the second place, Nietzsche was in no sense an obsessed exponent of the Prussian military system. He hated the Prussian military oligarchy, and, as Professor Charles Adler, the foremost French authority on Nietzsche, has shown, he was by no means an indiscriminate eulogist of the war cult. As Adler says: "It is a mistake to continue to picture Nietzsche as the apostle of Saint Devastation." Yet, even if we conceded the worst things said about Nietzsche by the Entente propagandists during the World War, it cannot be shown that he had any appreciable influence upon either the German masses or the German officialdom before the war. He was vigorously anti-Christian in his philosophy, and, hence, anathema to the majority of the Germans, especially the Prussian bureaucracy, who were loyal and pious Christians. No one could have been more repugnant to them than the prophet of the Anti-Christ. Nor was Bernhardi any more widely followed. He was not read by the masses, and the present writer ascertained that not a single person in 1914 had ever read his book on *Germany and the Next War*. He was known only among the military clique who shared his views without any necessity of being converted to them by his books. Nor were his works terrifying to foreigners in the pre-war period. M. Sazonov, the Russian Foreign Minister in 1914, once admitted to a friend of the present writer that he had never heard of Bernhardi before the War.

During the War Americans were frequently warned by Andre Cheradame and other propagandists as to the dangerous nature of the Pan-German plot to annex the world. They were told that the German people and government were willingly in the grip of the Pan-German League and were eager abettors of its aggressive plans. The nature, activities and influences of the Pan-German League were made the subject of a learned study by Miss Mildred Wertheimer. She showed that it was constituted of a small group of noisy jingoes, who had no hold on the German government, which regarded them as a nuisance and an embarrassing handicap to German diplomacy. They could be matched by similar groups in any leading country in Europe, and had about as much influence on the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg as the National Security League or the "preparedness" societies had on Wilson and Bryan in 1915. They were a blatant and aggressive group, but in no sense did they represent Germany and German opinion. It may be true that the German people accepted the military yoke somewhat more willingly than most other European citizens, but in 1914 the civil government in Germany retained control to the last and resolutely held out against war until all hope for peace was destroyed by the Russian general mobilization.

We may, therefore, contend with complete assurance that, with respect to the causes of war in general, the guilt was divided; in fact, about equally distributed. In holding Germany, along with England and Italy, as relatively guiltless in the crisis of 1914, we do not in any sense attempt to prove her innocent of her equal share in producing the system of international anarchy which made war probable whenever Europe faced a major diplomatic crisis. At the same time, it can no longer be asserted with any show of proof that she was uniquely black in her pre-war record.

III. EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY FROM 1870 TO 1912. Some may express surprise that the diplomatic history since 1870 is here divided into two sections: (1) 1870 to 1912; and (2) 1912 to 1914.

Why should we not treat it as a single unit from 1870 to 1914? The answer is to be found in the fact that down to 1912 the European system of alliances and the European diplomacy were ostensibly, at least, devoted to the preservation of the balance of power and the maintenance of peace. Between 1912 and 1914, however, Russia and France, through their agents, Izvolski and Poincare, abandoned this order of things and laid plans to exploit an appropriate European crisis in such a manner as either to humiliate the Central Powers or to provoke a war which would bring to Russia the Straits and a warm water port on the Black Sea, and to France the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. They also endeavored, with success, to get England so involved with the Franco-Russian Alliance that she would be bound to come in on the side of France and Russia in the event of a European war. Therefore, we have to draw a dividing line in European diplomacy at 1912, while fully realizing that the break was not sharp and that the policy which Izvolski brought to fruition in 1914 was begun by him as early as 1908.

In the diplomatic history from 1870 to 1912 the developments and episodes of greatest moment were: (1) the genesis of the two great alliances—the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente; (2) the French desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine; (3) the diplomatic clashes over the Near East and Morocco; (4) the superficial and somewhat hypocritical effort of the nations to secure disarmament and arbitration at the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907; and (5) the development of Anglo-German naval rivalry, especially after 1908.

The Triple Alliance was negotiated by Bismarck between 1878 and 1882, and brought Germany, Austria and Italy together in a defensive alliance, designed primarily to frustrate a French war of revenge. Italy was included at the solicitation of the Italian authorities. Bismarck also secured benevolent relations with Russia through a reinsurance treaty made in 1884 and renewed in 1887. After Bismarck's retirement in 1890 the Kaiser abandoned the Russian link and turned to England as the chief country for Germany to cultivate outside of the Triple Alliance. The French were on the alert and quickly picked up Russia. They had successfully negotiated a defensive military alliance by 1893. When England and Germany failed to draw together between 1898 and 1903, because of the inadequacy of the British offers and the opposition of Baron Holstein, the French made a bid for English friendship. By 1904 they had succeeded in forming an Anglo-French agreement. Indeed, they even created a Triple Entente in 1907 through promoting an understanding between England and Russia, and successfully tested British support in the second Morocco Crisis of 1911, when England took a more bellicose stand than either France or Germany.

The two great counter-alliances were unquestionably organized primarily to preserve the peace of Europe. Bismarck formed the Triple Alliance to prevent France from fomenting a war of revenge, and Grey perfected the Triple Entente to preserve the balance of power, whatever may have been in the back of the heads of Theophile Delcasse and Paul Cambon, who led the English safely into the alliance. Yet, in due time, the counter-alliance became a menace to Europe, because either group of powers would hesitate to back down in a serious crisis for fear of losing prestige. Further, as we shall show later, Izvolski and Poincare were successful in 1912 in transforming the purpose of the Triple Entente from a defensive and pacific organization into one which was preparing for a European war and was arming itself so as to be ready when the anticipated crisis arose. As between the two camps, it must be held that after 1911 the Triple Entente was much the greater danger to Europe: (1) because the Triple Alliance was going to pieces on account of the secret Italian withdrawal in 1902 and because of Austro-German friction over Serbia in 1912-1913; and (2) because from 1912 to 1914 the Triple Entente was being transformed into a firm and potentially bellicose association, as we have just indicated above.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the Germans had annexed the two former German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which had been added to France by Louis XIV and other French monarchs. It proved an unwise move for Germany, as the French never ceased to hope for their recovery. France could scarcely hold Prussia responsible for the War of 1870, for even the Revanchard, Clemenceau, has admitted that "in 1870 Napoleon III, in a moment of folly declared war on Germany without even having the excuse of military preparedness. No true Frenchman has ever hesitated to admit that the wrongs of that day were committed by our side." But the German annexations at the close of the War in 1871, whether just or not, aroused a French aspiration for a war of revenge and laid the basis for the diplomatic maneuvers which ultimately led Europe to war in

1914. As Dr. Ewart well states it: "Alsace-Lorraine was the cause of the maze of military combinations and counter-combinations which had perplexed European diplomats for over forty years. . . . Not France only, but all Europe, kept in mind, between 1871 and 1914, with varying intensity, the prospect—one might say the assumed certainty—of the recurrence of the Franco-Prussian War."

Since the time of the reign of Catherine the Great, Russia had desired a warm water port to assure her free and unimpeded transport for commercial products and her war vessels. She had attempted to secure access through the Straits as a motivating incident of the Crimean War and of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, but was blocked by Great Britain and other European powers. Russia next turned to the Far East and sought a warm water port on the Pacific after the building of the trans-Siberian railroad. She secured this in Port Arthur, but was driven out of this commercial and naval base as a result of her defeat in the Russo-Japanese War. She then returned to the Near East and the Straits, which were now all the more desirable, as Russia had, in 1907, come to terms with her old rival, Great Britain, who controlled the outlet from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The Russian Foreign Minister, Alexander Izvolski, first tried diplomacy. He sounded out Great Britain in 1904-1906 without avail. He proposed in 1908 that the Austrians should annex two south Serbian provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, in return for which Austria was to support the Russian demand for the Straits. Austria agreed and annexed the two provinces, but England blocked the Russian plan in regard to the Straits. Izvolski, usually bankrupt, did not dare openly to criticize England, as he was then being supported in part by gifts from Sir Arthur Nicolson, the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, so he violently attacked Austria and denied previous knowledge or approval of the annexation plan.

Izvolski next turned to Turkey, and in the fall of 1911 Russia made Turkey an offer of a defensive alliance if she would open the Straits to Russian vessels. Turkey was then somewhat under the domination of the Germans and did not dare to accept this attractive offer of Russian protection against the Balkan states. A most significant aspect of the diplomacy of Izvolski in 1908 and 1911 was that, on both occasions, he was prepared to sacrifice the interests of the Slavic states of the Balkans when Russia stood to gain by such action, whereas, in 1914, Russia set forth as the justification of her measures which brought on the War the contention that she was bound by honor, tradition and precedent to act as the protector of her Slavic kinsmen in the Balkans.

After the failure of his Balkan diplomacy, Izvolski became convinced that the Straits could only be obtained by a war. Therefore, he decided to see if he could not get them by a local war rather than by a European war, provided peace could be maintained on the larger scale. He organized the Balkan League in 1912 and launched the Balkan States on a war against Turkey, hoping that the former would be victorious and that Russia could use her influence with them to secure the Straits. All went well until the Balkan States began fighting among themselves, when the plan of Izvolski was wrecked. He then became more than ever convinced that only a European war would bring Russia the Straits, and the Russian government agreed with him in this decision. Such was the state of affairs in the Near East at the outset of 1914.

In the Morocco crises of 1905 and 1911, Germany was in the right both morally and legally, but her diplomatic methods left much to be desired with respect to tact and finesse. In 1905 she insisted that France should not be allowed to occupy northern Africa without taking the other European nations into consideration, and in 1911 she endeavored to prevent France from violating the Pact of Algeiras, which had been drawn up at the close of the First Morocco crisis. Incidentally, in the last Morocco crisis, Germany desired to break down the Anglo-French Alliance, but only made it firmer and more bellicose. Indeed, England seems to have been more eager for a test of arms in 1911 than either France or Germany. The writer possesses first-hand information that in 1911 the English urged Caillaux to adopt an attitude which would probably have led to war had he yielded to British advice. The most important result of the Second Morocco crisis was its effect upon internal French politics. The French jingoes attacked Caillaux for his pacific policies in 1911 and drove this great French statesman from power, supplanting him by the valiant and revengeful Poincare. Had Caillaux remained in power, there is little probability that Izvolski could have brought France around to a warlike policy by 1914.

In the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 Germany made rather a worse showing than the other

major European states by being more honest, frank and public about her attitude. She was no more opposed to land disarmament than France and no more averse to naval reduction than Great Britain, but she did not conceal her attitude on these subjects from the public as carefully as did France and Great Britain, and made less hypocritical show of pacific intentions. To this degree Germany was diplomatically less competent than the other states just mentioned. The Russian disarmament proposals were not made in good faith, as Count Witte later admitted. Further, Germany was as active as the other states in any arbitration plans of significance. Finally, it must be made clear that there were no plans seriously submitted at The Hague for the arbitration of any of the real causes of wars. Therefore, the common allegation that Germany at The Hague prevented Europe from putting an end to all wars a decade or more before 1914 is seen to be the most ridiculous nonsense. But her candor, in other words, her diplomatic stupidity, allowed her enemies to portray her with some success as the outstanding challenge to the peace of Europe.

(To be continued next week)

In reply to his summons Bishop Brown says in part: "My heresy does not consist in rejecting the theology of the Christian interpretation of redemption, but in emptying it of its traditional supernaturalism and filling it with scientific naturalism. In this way I still hold to the Gods of the Old and New Testaments, but I empty them of their Mosaic and Pauline and fill them with Darwinism and Marxism."

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