

Eddyites Push Book Boycott

Amazing Action of New York City Department Store

Continuing their sinister boycott of the recent biography of Mary Baker Eddy, "mother" of Christian Science, the intolerant Eddyites have succeeded amazingly in having the book withdrawn by one of New York City's largest department stores, Lord & Taylor, on Fifth Avenue. All copies of the book which Christian Scientists are trying to throttle and in which attempt they have had a startling measure of success (Mrs. Eddy: *The Biography of a Virginial Mind*, by Edwin Franden Dakin, Charles Scribner's Sons) have been removed from the stock of Lord & Taylor. This rich, powerful, and yet easily intimidated mercantile organization has surrendered to a minority of pestilential, overbearing fanatics.

Falshood also attends this boycott. Or should we call it a rash over-confidence or a habit of bluffing assumption, by which Christian Scientists seem readily swayed? "The action [by Lord & Taylor] was taken," says *The New Republic*, "when a Christian Scientist informed the management that a similar course was to be followed by Macy's and Wanamaker's, two other important stores. This statement was proved to be false, but Lord & Taylor did not rescind its action."

What is a lie in the service of "Divine Truth"? Any club will do for a fanatic to beat the truth with. The cowardice of the Lord & Taylor store, its shameful yielding to the incredible presumption of the Eddyites (who, like old Mrs. Eddy, suffer from "delusions of grandeur"), is framed in most remarkable language by Mr. S. W. Reayburn, President of Lord & Taylor. Mr. Reayburn issued the following statement in defense of his lack of manly, self-respecting and freedom-respecting defense when confronted by the Christian Science offensive:

When a retailer enters business he assumes the responsibility of performing the function of providing in advance merchandise that will be desired by customers who support him. In rendering this service, he should try to supply the convenience and environment that pleases the greatest number of customers. Necessarily he must make a fair profit and try to continually increase his good will.

If he errs in judgment in trying to anticipate his patrons' desires he may have to sell his goods at a loss. Or, where the merchandise relates to a controversial subject that gives offense to many of his customers, he may find it better business to withdraw the books or other articles from sale, in which event, to give good service, he must abandon hope of making a profit and fill the orders of his regular customers who may ask for the merchandise by purchasing from other dealers to fill such special orders.

The whole province of the retailer is to serve his customer's material wants and not to judge his religion or his book.

This statement by Lord & Taylor is no less amazing than the action which it so poorly defends. This confused plea of "responsibility" toward customers is seen at a glance to be a confession of fear—of financial fear which is dignified by no semblance of interest in any principle—in bowing to the bullying dictates of one small class of customers, namely the Christian Scientists. According to Mr. Reayburn, the Lord & Taylor store feels no responsibility of honest, courageous service to its customers who are not Christian Scientists and who may not only wish to read the biography of Mrs. Eddy but who may resent this gross evidence of favoritism toward a particular religious sect.

What Mr. Reayburn admits plainly enough is that Christian Scientists have been submitted to, in this instance, as censors of the Lord & Taylor book department. Would Lord & Taylor apply thoroughly this "policy" and take from its shelves all books that might offend Catholics? or all books with which Methodists and Baptists might disagree? or all books that would not suit Prohibitionists? or all books that would ruffle the sensibilities of Comstockian puritans? or all books that would displease Republicans or Democrats or this or that group, party, or church?

Carried out consistently, the Lord & Taylor policy would mean that this store would sell no books; applied by publishers, it would mean virtually that no books would be published; applied by authors, it would mean that no books would be written. Attacking a book as the Christian Scientists are attacking this biography of Mrs. Eddy—whether it be attacked at the point of writing or the point of publishing or the point of selling—is actually a fundamental and sweeping campaign against free speech. It is just

as bad in principle as the medieval practice of burning books.

And Mr. Reayburn contradicts his entire statement in the last sentence of that statement, when he says: "The whole province of the retailer is to serve his customer's material wants and not to judge his religion or his book."

That is just the point which the Lord & Taylor action and statement overlooked. It is not for Lord & Taylor or any other store to judge a book or a religion. It is quite simply the business of such a store to have books openly and fairly on sale, and then let the customers do the buying and the reading and the judging as they individually may wish. Lord & Taylor did fail seriously in responsibility to their customers when they did judge the biography of Mrs. Eddy—or when they accepted the judgment of *Christian Scientists* as to this book and its significance to their religion.

Amusingly, Mr. Reayburn suggests that he wants the Lord & Taylor store to offer an "environment" pleasing to Christian Scientists. We can try to imagine the pain of Christian Scientists, who just couldn't bear to see on display a book which they dislike or from which they disagree. However, in supplying "material wants" in a huge, materialistic, overtly mortal-minded department store it would seem that Lord & Taylor offend the Christian Scientists with an "environment" which would be, theoretically at least, displeasing to them at every glance of a mortal (but Eddyistically veiled and vaporized) eye.

But seriously, this action by Lord & Taylor, one of New York City's major department stores, viewed as a particularly amazing instance of the general campaign throughout the country to boycott a book of first-rate importance, is most significant in its exposure of the Christian Science attitude toward thought and life. Minority that it is, ridiculous as its demands are intellectually (yet not ridiculous but only too grave in the steps taken for their practical enforcement), the Christian Science Church is a treacherous, intolerant organization scheming against the same, true, free-minded features and tendencies of modern life. We should not say, in a narrow sense, that the policy and methods of the Christian Science Church are "un-American." We should say, in a far broader and more vital sense, that the Christian Science Church—especially as its policy is emphasized in this book-boycotting movement—is anti-human.

"Who Steals My Purse—"

Perhaps Shakespeare did not mean to be taken literally when he sang that "who steals my purse steals trash," etc. He did, even so, suggest sincerely the difference between the theft of money and the robbing by laws or customs of one's freedom—one's freedom of thought, of behavior, of personality.

True, in these lines written when Shakespeare was for the moment at least not thinking as much about his purse as about other things more immediately touching to his mood the idea conveyed was that the worse form of theft is to rob a man of his good name; to misrepresent the man; to misrepresent, let us say, the man's ideas.

It is such misrepresentation of which Rev. C. E. Snyder, a preacher of Sioux City, Iowa, is guilty in a review of *The Big American Parade*, by E. Haldeman-Julius. This preacher's review appeared in the *Sioux City Journal* and he says amazingly:

His [Mr. Haldeman-Julius'] philosophy is that of a life with no social restrictions. A man should be free to do as he pleases. Therefore the big city approaches the ideal, for a man or a woman can follow his own inclinations without the snoop knowledge of curious neighbors. Just what the author's reaction may be to another man's inclination to steal his pocketbook does not appear.

One hesitates to accuse a man of downright dishonesty unless, plainly, there is no other interpretation possible. So let us put it a little more gently, but seriously enough even so, that Rev. Snyder was not able, for some reason, to understand the philosophy of freedom set forth very clearly in *The Big American Parade*; or that he is one of those men who, it seems, cannot be accurate in quoting another.

Plainness before style: In few words of few syllables, let us say that there is on no page, in no line, of *The Big American Parade* the suggestion of an idea that man could or should have "a life with no social restrictions" or that "a man should be free to do as he pleases"—just that, without any qualification. Throughout the book Mr. Haldeman-Julius is careful to draw a clear distinction (yet not too rigid and impossible a distinction) between the truly social and the truly personal aspects of behavior. Men and women should be free in their ideas; they should think out the problems of life for themselves, with the guidance of rationalism and

science. Men and women should have the spirit of free personality; they should be themselves as individuals reacting genuinely to life, not just types of a tyrannical or thoughtless conservatism and conformism. Men and women should be free in those matters of behavior which are plainly personal and of which it can fairly be said that they are no one else's business.

All this is discussed thoroughly and not at all dubiously in *The Big American Parade*. Rev. Snyder is a poor reader—or a poor reporter—or both.

His preposterous analogy between the freedom to live like human beings and the "freedom" to steal purses is very—how very, very!—preacher-like.

On Celebrating Christmas

"How can you celebrate Christmas when you don't believe in Christianity?"

This question was put to us, not for the first time, the other day.

Our answer (given, we trust, for the last time, but no never knows) was simply that the error rests upon those who claim Christmas as a Christian festival. It was in reality a Pagan festival which the Christians adopted, just as they made use of many other rites, customs, and myths of the Pagans. Long before Jesus Christ was ever heard of or thought of, the ancients were familiar with this midwinter season of joy. It was a religious and yet a very human festival—the celebration of the "rebirth of the sun"—a suggestion of hope for the new year.

The Christians took this joyous festival and fastened upon it their gloomy dogmas. The Pagans felt their superstitions lightly enough—or at any rate they made them gay with their myths which were poetic rather than theological—and really celebrated the Christmas season (which was of course not know as Christmas) in a most untheological manner. The Christians, however, cannot enjoy Christmas simply as a festival: they must recite a lot of outworn dogmas and sing of their crucified "savior." Bright Christmas, bloody Christmas.

Aside from this historical fact that Christmas is not a Christian festival, one can enjoy this season of fun and fellowship, chiefly for the children's pleasure, without having a misconception of its nature. It is in a purely human spirit that rationalists celebrate Christmas. They would object, truly enough, that Christianity only serves to confuse the human nature of Christmas, and to introduce alien oppressive elements, by dragging forth its supernaturalism.

In celebrating Christmas, we celebrate neither Pagan nor Christian gods. Even so, the Pagans did things far better than the Christians.

High Tariff and Religion

Joseph R. Gundy, appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to occupy the seat in the United States Senate left vacant by the rejection of Senator-elect William S. Vare, is reported in the press as declaring that his belief in a high protective tariff ranks next in importance to his belief in religion.

We shall not deny that the two beliefs may be close together in the mind of Mr. Gundy. He may be "religious" about the tariff and "high-tariffy" about religion. It is not amiss to point out, however, with the skeptical flicker of an eyelid, that Mr. Grundy (who has been notorious as a lobbyist for the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association) has devoted a great deal more energy and enthusiasm to the uplift of the tariff than to the uplift of religion.

Maybe religion is a sacred theory to Mr. Gundy. But the tariff is a sacred—i. e., an immediate and profitable—reality.

One might trace, even so, an analogy between religion and the tariff. As theologians insist, there is a tariff wall—certain high protective and pious duties—of faith and salvation and dogma closing the gates of heaven against all who will not believe and are therefore damned.

"I can't bear vulgarity," says Mr. or Mrs. Goody. But what is "vulgarity"? What is its inspiration, so to speak, and what is its place? Curiously enough, you will note that persons who say they can't bear vulgarity mean, more significantly, that they dislike reality. They want to paint, perfume and primp the facts of life; or ignore facts—refuse to see facts; or not talk about facts; or cover facts with an obscuring and confusing veil of untrue words. Or they are persons who, as Mark Twain amusingly observed, "hang a fact in the sky and squirt rainbows at it."

The very word "worship" implies a wrong attitude. One should not worship anything. One should have respect for ideas that are true, for persons who are worthy, and for the things in life which are sound or natural or important or pleasant.

Religion at Best

Is Always a Curse
Says H. L. Mencken

"As for me, I believe that, on the whole, religion is a curse to the human race, even when it is relatively mild and decent."

This uncompromising statement is made by H. L. Mencken in a review (*The Nation*, December 11, 1929) of Harry Elmer Barnes' book, *The Twilight of Christianity*.

"Even when relatively mild and decent" (italics ours) religion is a curse because it stands always in the way of clear thinking about life; as an emotional reaction it is unsound and unhealthy; as an influence upon human behavior it is contributory to malice, intolerance, dogmatism, muddle-headedness.

What Mencken says—and what is set forth in the decided, consistent policy of *The American Freeman*—is seen, when one looks over the field of culture, to be the summed pronouncement of the best, most critical, and most humane thought of the ages upon religion.

Thoughtfully one must say that religion, with all its rash and cruel and obscene and perplexing interference in the affairs of life, has been the major delusion which has burdened the human race.

We have more civilization today because we have less religion. We have not enough civilization because there is still too much religion.

Debunking the Old Red Schoolhouse

BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

We must be vigilant to repel any design of religious bodies to inject their propaganda, their books or articles of faith, their anti-educational influence into the public schools. A policy of carelessly assuming that all is well may soon be shocked into a stern awakening by the discovery that certain things are very ill indeed. It cannot yet be said that civilization is quite safe from the enemies of liberty and culture, scheming here and there and fairly or foully as proves most suitable to their aims.

But with regard to the schools, it is true that (compared with the situation half a century ago) the church propagandists are on the outside looking in—and trying desperately to get in once more and exercise their one-time amazing control over education. When one reads (an instance that happens to suggest itself as I write) such a revelation as the second volume (*America Finding Herself*) of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, one realizes what a great revolution—really a revolution, no other word being strong enough—has changed the character of public school education in the United States. Back in the "dear dead days" when Mr. Sullivan and his contemporaries were boys and young men, a combination of very narrow religious-moral influences dominated the American school Piety and copy-book morality were mainly emphasized. Reading Mr. Sullivan's summary of that period, only a few decades removed, one feels that it is almost incredibly in contrast with the educational, as with generally the social, temper of America today.

There is also a shrewd and amusing portrayal of "the little old red schoolhouse" in Clarence Darrow's wise, beautiful, and humorous story of his boyhood, *Farmington* (Big Blue Book No. B-49). The limited nature of that bygone education seems, nowadays, very pathetic. It was all so unreal. One gathers clearly enough from Darrow's book that the boys of his growing-up period learned far more from life, by observations and errors and accidents, than they possibly could have learned in the schoolroom. And the point is that what they learned from life directly was on the whole a very keen contradiction of what they were taught in the schoolroom. "Bunk" was the pedagogic standard of the "little old red schoolhouse."

The failure of the "little old red schoolhouse" was threefold: 1. It taught very little knowledge. 2. It insisted upon an outlook toward life and upon ready-made standards of morality that were unrealistic. 3. It was entirely lacking in an understanding of the psychology of education.

The schools of today, while they bear some of the unhappy marks of the system that prevailed crudely in "the little old red schoolhouse," are beyond comparison superior in all three respects. There is a tremendous, orderly, enlightened body of knowledge which the old Christian fashion of education did not have (and which, in fact, was bitterly resisted by the sponsors and practitioners of that fashion). There is a realistic approach to all the facts, all the interests, all the major studies and the correlated, common needs and pursuits and desires and curiosities of life. There is, finally, a rationalistic, behavioristic revolution

again no other word is strong enough—in psychology both as a study and as a method of dealing with our social and personal problems. Psychology has ceased to concern itself with the "soul" and with mental abstractions and has turned to the observation and, confidently in this sensible and direct way, the understanding of life.

Today science is the powerfully pervasive, clearly defining influence in our education. And, more and more, science is being understood as being applicable to all phases of life and not merely to a group of studies set apart and labeled in lonely distinction as scientific. Human behavior, morals, religion, laws, customs—all things that belong to our complex and interesting life—are being studied in the scientific spirit.

Uncritical traditions absolutely ruled the schools a quarter of a century ago. Today the critical, factual, scientific attitude has won fundamentally and largely: not without protest: not without conventional deference, which still is given politely, to many old traditions that are not scientific: not without evasion and obscurity here and there. There is still a good deal of timidity about applying our scientific knowledge to immediate problems of social life which are more or less under the taboo of being "controversial." Principally with regard to sex and economics, our public school system is still timid, hampered, and confused. There is a sensitiveness, too, about direct mention of religion: i. e., about pointing out the essentially anti-religious significance of many facts which are given as popular instruction in science.

Yet in the main the picture one sees today is of a vast range and prodigious cumulative bulk of scientific knowledge which has been developed and successfully introduced as the leading feature of education—all within a quarter of a century. Real culture, real learning, real awareness of and adjustment to the facts of life: these are the values, in a word, of the educational progress of our time; and this principle of scientific realism, this teaching in terms of living life rather than dead dogmas, is gradually assuming a firmer command in education and taking into itself wider spheres. It is the realization of this scientific leading in education which stings the religious bodies—and busybodies—to resentment and to renewed designs for regaining their old position of preeminence in the schoolroom.

Yesterday science was outside the schools, and out of sight. Today religion is outside and is bewailing its lost glory of bunkistic supremacy. We hear the cry nowadays that the schools—more, the high schools—most, the universities—are "hotbeds of infidelity." That really means, of course, that they are sound foundation-builders of science in the common life.

When it controlled education, what use did religion make of that control? It taught religion. It did not teach knowledge. It did not teach life. The "little old red schoolhouse" was so far inferior, so far crude and blundering in educational materials and methods, that an educator of our day (Meta L. Anderson, Ph.D., instructor in psychology at New York [City] University, writing in the *New York Herald-Tribune*) makes the graphic but sober charge: "It has long been the fashion to ascribe American success and whatever there is of staunchness and God-fearing qualities in the American character to our Puritan ancestors, who believed that moral muscles were strengthened by denial, and that the way to earthly achievement and heavenly salvation lay through unhappiness and a worm-of-the-dust scale of personal appraisal. How great, then, would be the indignation of these stern forebears if they knew that principles of education such as they believed in are now held largely responsible, not for our virtues, but for our vices; for the spirit of lawlessness so rampant today and for the actual 'crime wave' of which we hear so much!"

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In fine, education has come closer to life. And, to make the fine point a little sharper, education is practically the process of debunking.

Call for the Police!

Did you ever know a person who talked with catchy, sinister breath about how "revolutionary" his ideas were and then who probably revealed his dreadful heretical mind in the remark that, as for him, he thought winter was better than summer but that, after all, the weather was the weather and it took all kinds of weather to make a year and what of it?

A feminine "heart counselor," whose writing name is Dorothy Mac, declares in the *San Jose (Calif.) Evening News* that she is—boo!—so revolutionary. And she shall quote the remark—what price revolution anyway?—that inspires her confession, her threat, or her boast of throwing figuratively bomb-packed ideas about the place. She is replying to a reader's question concerning a daughter of Catholic parents who is married to a Protestant man; who agreed with her husband upon marriage that their boys should be raised as Protestants and their girls as Catholics; and who is now worried between the contrary insistence of her parents and her husband. Dorothy Mac, after first locking her door and pulling down the blinds we may suppose, wrote as follows:

Why not bring up that baby and any more of them that come to be well-bred, intelligent children, let them attend various churches as they grow, and form their own opinions? Children are apt to cling to their parents' religion through sentiment, not intelligence. The Catholic religion is a beautiful one. It offers comfort in many extremes but it has points with which I could not agree. All religions are but paths to a belief in life hereafter. Any religion is a great comfort.

Then Dorothy Mac adds that "an editor who wields a mighty blue pencil curbs me"—prevents her, one may suppose, from going ahead to say that it is a "pity" "infidels" deny themselves the comforts of some religion but that they should not be boiled in it and have agony added to discomfort.

But Dorothy Mac can hardly hold herself in. "Some day," she assuages ominously, "I am going to get a paper of my own, even if I have to publish it from behind prison bars, which is where Elsie Robinson says I would often land, were I allowed to say what I feel."

When Dorothy Mac writes her own editorials for her own paper in a prison cell (writing them, perhaps, with invisible ink that only appears when the manuscript reaches the printer) she may be so daring as to assert that there are sermons in stones, that the stars are the forget-me-nots of the angels, and that one may worship God in a grove of trees as well as in a church.

But, seriously, we are afraid that if a revolutionary idea ever finds lodgment in Dorothy Mac's mind her fate will not be so deliberate and lingering as imprisonment. That fate will be sudden death. One revolutionary idea would blow her sky-high.

To know man is to know mea. When you really understand your family, your friends, your neighbors, the man by whose side you work, the man who waits on you in a store, the men, the women and the children who enter personally into your life—then you know human nature. And the most important lessons in human nature are learned, of course, by scanning yourself.

Life is perhaps most beautiful when we are not too serious—not too insistent—about it. Yet that beauty would not be felt as it is were there not a background of serious reflection.

God and the Devil are fated never to be really at peace nor separate from one another, since both are condemned to dwell in the narrow minds of theologians.

There is no form of slavery worse than worrying about what others will think about what you think about what they think.

Mistakes are our teachers and, like other teachers who really benefit us, we learn in time to be grateful toward their memory.

Cynicism is healthy when the cynic sees clearly the folly and cruelty of life but is himself superior, wise, and humane.

Heaven doesn't hinder those who are wise enough not to look for help from heaven.

Judge Lindsey

Frameup Victim

Famous Humane Judge Disbarred As Lawyer by Political Foes

Persecution by political enemies is the glaringly open secret of the disbarment of Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver by the Supreme Court of Colorado. Ironically, the man who is most noted in America for bringing the spirit of humanity and justice into the administration of law is now told by the highest court in his State that he is unfit to practice law or to serve as a judge.

The technical ground on which Judge Lindsey was disbarred was that he had "accepted a fee" for his assistance in settling a will contest involving the inheritance of Mrs. Helen Stokes' children, New York City. Judge Lindsey acted as a friendly counselor in a city halfway across the continent from Denver and in a contest having no relation to the Denver Juvenile Court. When, after the settlement of the contest, Mrs. Stokes and her attorney, Samuel Untermeyer, offered Judge Lindsey as a gift a sum that would bring him an income of \$200 a month, the Judge refused to accept the gift until it should be approved by the county court in Denver, in which court the Stokes children's estate was being administered. This court ruled that it was perfectly legal and ethical for Judge Lindsey to accept the gift.

There is still a keener aspect of irony to this latest blow in the persecution of Judge Lindsey. "The gift was made to me," says Judge Lindsey, "within a few weeks of the time that this supreme court said that I was not the judge of the [juvenile] court, but that the Ku Klux Klan, candidate, who ran against me, had been elected. In a subsequent decision, it held that I had to pay my salary to the estate of the candidate. In other words, I never could have received a cent for my services had the Ku Klux candidate lived until I was finally ousted from my work by the supreme court. They now say, however, that I am sufficiently the judge to be disbarred."

It was decided that Judge Lindsey was not legally a judge, and then it was decided that he had illegally violated the proper demeanor and discretion of a judge while legally he was not a judge. That may be logic for lawyers (who are at the same time scheming politicians) but not for intelligent laymen.

Again, the case in which Judge Lindsey acted was not under the jurisdiction of the Denver Juvenile Court and thus there could not have been (even had Judge Lindsey been the legal and acting judge) any conflict between his judicial duty and a private interest.

The explanation of the frame-up against Judge Lindsey is simple enough: He has been a notable opponent of the "old guard" politicians in Denver and in Colorado. He has introduced or advocated legal reforms that would deprive the lawyers in his city and State of many chances for fat fees. He has stood for humane, tolerant, intelligent politics against the Ku Klux Klan fanatics and all who trailed with them. He has advocated a legal recognition of birth control, companionate marriage, and an informed, civilized sex life.

Prejudice, political malice and professional self-interest are back of the disbarment of Judge Lindsey.

Peace and Politics

It was not under happy nor sincerely convincing circumstances that our American Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, appealed to Russia and China, as fellow signatories of the Kellogg Pact, to cooperate in a peaceable settlement of their dispute over the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria. It is not cynicism to point out that this gesture on behalf of the Kellogg Pact was made with reference to a minor dispute.

It was rather late, too, for Secretary Stimson to assume the role of tentative peacemaker. The dispute was practically all over but the shouting. Russia was able to reply that a settlement was already promisingly under way. It was a settlement, moreover, dictated not at all idealistically by military and economic pressure. China, which seems to have counted on an anti-Russian hostile movement rather than the Kellogg Pact, could not afford to wait. The Kellogg Pact, which with all notes and memoranda and correspondence and interpretations taken together doubtless comprises a good deal of paper, was a bit too late in being unpacked.

And not the least commentary which occurs to any one who is just a reasonable man and not a cynic is that Secretary Stimson, appealing in the name of peace and internationalism, could not make that appeal directly because the United States still refuses to recognize the Soviet Government of Russia.

The Play Nature of Sex

By Havelock Ellis

When we hear the sexual functions spoken of we commonly understand the performance of an act which normally tends to the propagation of the race. When we see the question of sexual abstinence discussed, when the desirability of sexual gratification is asserted or denied, when the idea arises of the erotic rights and needs of woman, it is always the same act with its physical results that is chiefly in mind. Such a conception is quite adequate for practical working purposes in the social world. It enables us to deal with all our established human institutions in the sphere of sex, just as the arbitrary assumptions of Euclid enable us to traverse the field of geometry. But beyond these useful purposes it is inadequate and even exact. The functions of sexual activity on the psychic and erotic side are of far greater extension than any part of procreation, they may even exclude it altogether, and when we are concerned with the welfare of the individual human being we must enlarge our outlook and deepen our insight.

There are, we know, two main functions in the sexual relationship, or what in the biological sense we term "marriage," among civilized human beings, the primary physiological function of begetting and bearing offspring and the secondary spiritual function of furthering the higher mental and emotional processes. These are the main functions of the sexual impulse, and in order to understand any further object of the sexual relationship—or even in order to understand all that is involved in the secondary object of marriage—we must go beyond conscious motives and consider the nature of the sexual impulse, physical and psychic, as rooted in the human organism.

The human organism, as we know, is a machine in which excitations from without, streaming through the nerves and brain, affect internal work, and, notably, stimulate the glandular system. In recent years, the glandular system, and especially that of the ductless glands, has taken on an altogether new significance. These ductless glands secrete and liberate into the blood what are termed "hormones," or chemical messengers, which have complex but precise action in exciting and developing all those physical and psychic activities which make up a full life alike on the general side and the reproductive side, so that their balanced functions are essential to wholesome and complete existence. In a rudimentary form these functions may be traced back to our earliest ancestors who possessed brains. In those times the predominant sense for arousing the internal mental and emotional faculties was that of smell, the other senses being gradually evolved subsequently, and it is significant that the pituitary, one of the chief ductless glands active in ourselves today, was developed out of the nervous center for smell in conjunction with the membrane of the mouth. The energies of the whole organism were set in action through stimuli arising from the outside world by way of the sense of smell.

In process of time the mechanism has become immensely elaborated, yet its healthy activity is ultimately dependent on a rich and varied action and reaction with the external world. It is becoming recognized that the tendency to pluri-glandular insufficiency, with its resulting equilibrium, can be counteracted by the physical and psychic stimuli of intimate contact with the external world. In this action and reaction, moreover, we cannot distinguish between sexual ends and general ends. The activities of the ductless glands and their hormones equally serve both ends in ways that cannot be distinguished. "The individual metabolism," as a distinguished authority in this field has expressed it, "is the reproductive metabolism." Thus the establishment of our complete activities as human beings in the world is aided by, if not indeed ultimately dependent upon, a perpetual and many-sided play with our environment.

It is thus that we arrive at the importance of the play function, and thus, also, we realize that while it extends beyond the sexual sphere it yet definitely includes that sphere. There are at least three different ways of understanding the biological function of play. There is the conception of play, on which Crooks has elaborately insisted, as education; the cat "plays" with the mouse, and is thereby educating itself in the skill necessary to catch mice; all our human games are a training in qualities that are required in life, and that is why in England we continue to attribute to the Duke of Wellington the saying that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the fields of Eton." Then there is the conception of play as the utilization on art of the superfluous energies left unemployed in the practical work of life; this enlarging and harmonizing function of play, while in the lower ranges it may be spent trivially, leads in the higher ranges to the production of the most magnificent human achievements.

But there is yet a third conception of play, according to which it exerts a direct internal influence, health-giving, developmental and bal-

ancing—on the whole organism of the player himself. This conception is related to the other two, and yet distinct, for it is not primarily a definite education in specific kinds of life-conserving skill, although it may involve the acquisition of such skill, and it is not concerned with the construction of objective works of art, although—by means of contact in human relationship—it attains the wholesome organic effects which may be indirectly achieved by artistic activities. It is in this sense that we are here concerned with what we may perhaps best call the play function of sex.

As thus understood, the play function of sex is at once an inseparable way both physical and psychic. It stimulates to wholesome activity all the complex and inter-related system of the organism. At the same time it satisfies the most profound emotional impulses, controlling in harmonious poise the various mental instincts. Along these lines it necessarily tends in the end to go beyond its own sphere and to embrace and introduce into the sphere of sex the other two more objective fields of play—that of play as education, and that of play as artistic creation. It may not be true, as was said of old time, "most of our arts and sciences were invented for love's sake." But it is certainly true that in proportion as we truly and wisely exercise the play function of sex, we are at the same time training our personality on the erotic side and acquiring a mastery of the art of love.

The longer I live the more I realize the immense importance for the individual of the development through the play function of erotic personality, and for human society of the acquirement of the art of love. At the same time I am even more astonished at the rarity of erotic personality and the ignorance of the art of love even among those men and women, experienced in the exercise of procreation, in whom we might most confidently expect to find such development and such art. At times one feels hopeless at the thought that civilization in this supremely intimate field of life has yet achieved so little. For until it is generally possible to acquire erotic personality and to master the art of loving, the development of the individual man or woman is marred, the acquirement of human happiness and harmony remains impossible.

In entering this field, indeed, we not only have to gain true knowledge but to cast off false knowledge, and, above all, to purify our hearts from superstitions which have no connection with any kind of existing knowledge. We have to cease to regard as admirable the man who regards the accomplishment of the procreative act, with the pleasurable relief it affords to himself, as the whole code of love. We have to treat with contempt the woman who abjectly accepts the act, and her own passivity therein, as the whole duty of love. We have to understand that the art of love has nothing to do with vice, and the acquirement of erotic personality nothing to do with sensuality. But we have also to realize that the art of love is far from being the attainment of a refined and luxurious self-indulgence, and the acquirement of erotic personality of little worth unless it fortifies and enlarges the whole personality in all its aspects. Now all this is difficult, and for some people even painful; to root up is a more serious matter than to sow; it cannot all be done in a day.

It is not easy to form a clear picture of the erotic life of the average man in our society. To the best informed among us knowledge in this field comes only slowly. Even when we have decided what may or may not be termed "average" the sources of approach to this intimate sphere remain few and misleading; at the best the women a man loves remain a more illuminating source of information than the man himself. The more one knows about him, however, the more one is convinced that, quite independently of the place we may feel inclined to accord to him in the scale of virtue, his conception of erotic personality, his ideas on the art of love, if they have any existence at all, are of a humble character. As to the notion of play in the sphere of sex, even if he makes blundering attempts to practice it, that is for him something quite low down, something to be ashamed of, and he would not dream of associating it with anything he has been taught to regard as belonging to the spiritual sphere. The conception of "divine play" is meaningless to him. His fundamental ideas, his cherished ideals, in the erotic sphere, seem to be reducible to two: (1) He wishes to prove that he is "a man," and he experiences what seems to him the pride of virility in the successful attainment of that proof; (2) he finds in the same act the most satisfactory method of removing sexual tension and of the ensuing relief one of the chief pleasures of life. It cannot be said that either of these ideas is absolutely unsound; each is part of the truth; it is only as a complete statement of the truth that they become patently inadequate. It is to be noted that both of them are based solely on the physical act of sexual conjunction, and that they are both

exclusively self-regarding. So that they are, after all, although the nearest approach to the erotic sphere he may be able to find, yet still not really erotic. For love is not primarily self-regarding. It is the intimate, harmonious, combined play—the play in the wide as well as in the more narrow sense we are here concerned with—of two personalities. It would not be love if it were primarily self-regarding, and the act of intercourse, however essential to secure the propagation of the race, is only an incident, and not an essential, in love.

Let us turn to the average woman. Here the picture must usually be still more unsatisfactory. The man at least, crude as we may find his two fundamental notions to be, has at all events attained mental pride and physical satisfaction. The woman often attains neither, and since the man, by instinct or tradition, has maintained a self-regarding attitude, that is not surprising. The husband—by primitive instinct partly, certainly by ancient tradition—regards himself as the active partner in matters of love and his own pleasure as legitimately the prime motive for activity. His wife consequently falls into the complementary position, and regards herself as the passive partner and her pleasure as negligible, if not indeed as a thing to be rather ashamed of, should she by chance experience it. So that, while the husband is content with a mere simulacrum and pretense of the erotic life, the wife often has none at all.

Few people realize—few indeed have the knowledge or the opportunity to realize—how much women thus lose alike in the means to fulfill their own lives and in the power to help others. A woman has a husband, she has marital relationships, she has children, she has all the usual domestic troubles—it seems to the casual observer that she has everything that constitutes a fully developed matron fit to play her proper part in the home and in the world. Yet with all these experiences, which undoubtedly are an important part of life, she may yet remain on the emotional side—and, as a matter of fact, frequently remains—quite virginal, as immature as a schoolgirl. She has not acquired an erotic personality, she has not mastered the art of love, with the result that her whole nature remains ill-developed and unharmonized, and she is incapable of bringing her personality—having, indeed, no achieved personality to bring—to bear effectively on the problems of society and the world around her.

That alone is a great misfortune, all the more tragic since under favorable conditions, which it should have been natural to attain, it might so easily be avoided. But there is this further result, full of the possibilities of domestic tragedy, that the wife so situated, however innocent, however virtuous, may at any time find her virginal sensitivity, emotional nature fertilized by the touch of some other man than her husband.

It happens so often. A girl who has been carefully guarded in the home, preserved from evil companions, preserved also from what her friends regarded as the contamination of sexual knowledge, a girl of high ideals, yet healthy and robust, is married to a man of whom she probably has little more than a conventional knowledge. Yet he may by good chance be the masculine counterpart of herself, well brought up, without sexual experience, and ignorant of all but the elementary facts of sex, loyal and honorable, prepared to be, a devoted husband. The union seems to be of the happiest kind; no one detects that anything is lacking to this perfect marriage; in course of time one or more children are born. But during all this time the husband has never really made love to his wife; he has not ever understood what courtship in the intimate sense means; love as an art has no existence for him. He has loved his wife according to his imperfect knowledge, but he has never so much as realized that his knowledge was imperfect. She on her side loves her husband; she comes, in time, to have a sort of tender maternal feeling for him. Possibly she feels a little pleasure in intercourse with him. But she has never once been utterly satisfied. The deep fountains of her nature have never been unsealed; she has never been fertilized throughout her whole nature by their liberating influence; her erotic personality has never been developed. Then something happens. Perhaps the husband is called away over a long period. The wife, whatever her tender solicitude for her absent partner, feels her solitude and is drawn nearer to friends, perhaps her husband's friends. Some man among them becomes congenial to her. There need be no conscious or overt love-making on either side, and if there were the wife's loyalty might be aroused and the friendship brought to an end. Love-making is not indeed necessary. The wife's latent erotic needs, while still remaining unconscious, have come nearer to the surface; now that she has grown mature and that they have been stimulated yet unsatisfied for so long, they have, unknown to herself, become insistent and sensitive to a sympathetic touch. The friends may indeed grow into lovers, and then some sort of solution, by divorce or intrigue—scarcely, however, a desirable kind of solution—

becomes possible. But we are here taking the highest ground and assuming that honorable feeling, domestic affection, or a stern sense of moral duty renders such a solution unacceptable. In due course the husband returns, and then, to her utter dismay, the wife discovers, if she has not discovered it before, that during his absence and for the first time in her life she has fallen in love. She loyally confesses the situation to her husband, for whom her affection and attachment remain the same as before, for what has happened to her is the coming of a totally new kind of love and not any change in her old love. The situation which arises is one of torturing anxiety for all concerned, and it is not less so when all concerned are animated by noble and self-sacrificing impulses. The husband in his devotion to his wife may even be willing that her new impulses should be gratified. She, on her side, will not think of yielding to desires which seem both unfair to her husband and opposed to all her moral traditions.

We are not here concerned to consider the most likely or the most desirable exit from this unfortunate situation. The points to note are that it is a situation which today actually occurs; that it causes acute unhappiness to at least two people who may be of the finest physical and intellectual type and the noblest character; and that it might be avoided if there were at the outset a proper understanding of the married state and of the part which the art of love plays in married happiness and the development of personality.

A woman may have been married once, she may have been married twice, she may have had children by both husbands, and yet it may not be until she is past the age of thirty and is united to a third man that she attains the development of erotic personality and all that it involves in the full flowering of her whole nature. Up to then she has to all appearance had all the essential experiences of life. Yet she has remained spiritually virginal, with conventionally prim ideas of life, narrow in her sympathies, with the finest and noblest functions of her soul helpless and bound, at heart unhappy even if not clearly realizing that she is unhappy. Now she has become another person. The new liberated forces from within have not only enabled her to become sensitive to the rich complexities of intimate personal relationship, they have enlarged and harmonized her realization of all relationships. Her new erotic experience has not only stimulated all her energies, but her new knowledge has quickened all her sympathies. She feels, at the same time, more mentally alert, and she finds that she is more alive than before to the influences of nature and of art. Moreover, as others observe, however they may explain it, a new beauty has come into her face, a new radiance into her expression, a new force into all her activities. Such is the exquisite flowering of love which some of us who may penetrate beneath the surface of life are now and then privileged to see. The sad part of it is that we see it so seldom and often so late.

It must not be supposed that there is any direct or speedy way of introducing into life a wider and deeper conception of the erotic play function, and all that it means for the development of the individual, the enrichment of the marriage relationship, and the moral harmony of society. Such a supposition would merely be to vulgarize and to stultify the divine and elusive mystery. It is only slowly and indirectly that we can bring about the revolution which in this direction would renew life. We may best prepare the way for it by undermining and destroying those degrading traditional conceptions that are instilled into us almost from birth, and which work like a virus in the heart, and become almost a disease of the soul. To make way for the true and beautiful revelation, we can, at least, seek to cast out these ancient growths, which may once have been true and beautiful, but now are false and poisonous. By casting out from us the conception of love as vile and unclean we shall purify the chambers of our hearts for the reception of love as something unspeakably holy.

In this matter we may learn a lesson from the psychoanalysts of today without any implication that psycho-analysis is necessarily a desirable or even possible way of attaining the revelation of love. The wiser psychoanalysts insist that the process of liberating the individual from outer and inner influences that repress or deform his energies and impulses is effected by removing the inhibitions on the free play of his nature. It is a process of education in the true sense, not of the suppression of natural impulses, nor even of the instillation of sound rules and maxims for their control, not of the pressing in but of the leading out of the individual's special tendencies. It removes inhibitions, even inhibitions that were placed upon the individual, or that he consciously or unconsciously placed upon himself, with the best moral intentions, and by so doing it allows a larger and freer and more natively spontaneous morality to come into play. It has this influence above all in the sphere of sex, where such

inhibitions have been most powerfully laid on the native impulses, where the natural tendencies have been most surrounded by taboos and terrors, most tinged with artificial stains of impurity and degradation derived from alien and antiquated traditions. Thus the therapeutic experience of the psychoanalysts reinforces the lessons we learn from physiology and psychology and the intimate experiences of life.

Sexual activity, we see, is not merely a bald propagative act, nor, when propagation is put aside, is it merely the relief of distended vessels. It is something more even than the foundation of great social institutions. It is the function by which all the finer activities of the organism, physical and psychic, may be developed and satisfied. Nothing, it has been said, is so serious as lust—to use the beautiful term which has been degraded into the expression of the lowest forms of sensual pleasure—and we have now to add that nothing is so full of play as love. Play is primarily the instinctive work of the brain, but it is brain activity united in the subtlest way to bodily activity. In the play function of sex two forms of activity, physical and psychic, are most exquisitely and harmoniously blended. We here understand best how it is that the brain organs and the sexual organs are, from the physiological standpoint, of equal importance and equal dignity. Thus the adrenal glands, among the most influential of all the ductless glands, are especially and intimately associated alike with the brain and the sex organs. As we rise in the animal series brain and adrenal glands march side by side in developmental increase of size, and, at the same time, sexual activity and adrenal activity equally correspond.

Lovers in their play—when they have been liberated from the traditions which bound them to the trivial or the gross conception of play in love—are thus moving the highest human activities alike of the body and of the soul. They are passing to each other the sacramental chalice of that wine which imparts the deepest joy that men and women can know. They are subtly weaving the invisible cords that bind husband and wife together more truly and more firmly than the priest of any church. And if in the end—as may or may not be the case—they attain the climax of free and complete union, then their human play has become one with that divine play of creation in which old poets fabled that, out of the dust of the ground and in his own image, some God of Chaos once created Man.

Have It My Own Way

BY JOHN W. GUNN.

Headlines are happy lines. Quote: "Tries Escape Near Prison." Of course if the man had been at a sufficient distance from prison there would have been no problem of escape.

AS GOD MADE HIM?

Displayed across the front of a store in Joplin, Mo., is the following sign:

James Blank Made to Measure Clothes

Thus wherever one turns one can—perhaps—see evidence of Design in the Universe.

Calvin Coolidge received as a Christmas gift the chair in which he sat, while President, during meetings of his cabinet. This reminds me of the old fellow who said with a pathetic wish for accuracy, yet a pardonable bit of conceit (or not) "Sometimes I sit and think. And sometimes I just sit." Coolidge will just sit and write and maybe continue to wonder (see his sortabiography) why God "called" him to the White House.

It never fails. The 1929 Christmas season was also celebrated by reprints of and references to Charles A. Dana's juicy bunk-editorial: *Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus*. There should have been a string of editorials on related themes, as for example: *Yes, Virginia, There Are Fairies, Yes, Virginia, Children Are Found Under Cabbages, Yes, Virginia, There Is a God, Yes, Virginia, George Washington Never Told a Lie, Yes, Virginia, the Devil Has a Forked Tail, Yes, Virginia, We Have No Bananas But We Have Plenty of "Boloney."*

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE BRIDGE PLAYERS!

Yearnings toward philosophy afflict Lee Taylor Casey, a diurnalist whose "daily dozen" of mental acrobatics brightens a corner of the *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colo.). Casey has learned one trick which distinguishes some of the most gorgeously obscure philosophers of the past; i. e., let the other fellow guess what it's all about. He says that it is a profound and leading sign of character whether a man plays poker or bridge. Moreover, says he: "And I feel that one of the causes for optimism in regard to the future of America is the fact that its destinies are gradually passing from the hands of the poker addicts into the control of the devotees of bridge." Try to under-

stand it. Probably the catch lies in the contrasted use of the terms "addicts" and "devotees."

Newspapers are earnestly discussing the meaning of the Kellogg Pact Outlawing War. There seems to be a real though difficult effort to understand what "laws" shall apply to the "outlawed" institution of war. By the time the next war is over the Kellogg Pact may be clearly explained; or (what's the difference among diplomats?) it will be easy to fix up a new one.

The Shorn Lamb

On reading again that saying of Laurence Sterne's (a paraphrase, is it not, of some old French proverb?) "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," one is struck with the thought: Why does the Lord let the shorn lamb be out in the wind at all? He is responsible, we suppose, for the shornness of the lamb and he is also responsible for the windiness of the wind, and he is finally responsible for bringing the two together; and then, we are told, he tries to mitigate the effects of his own handiwork by tempering the wind to the shorn lamb! Poor ghost of a God! The more men talk about him, and worst of all when they try to apologize for him or think to praise him, the more foolish and confusing and this-way-and-that-wayish they make him appear.

Stately Mansions

"Build thou more stately mansions. O my soul!" In that line from Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, *The Chambered Nautilus*, one sees how the hazy, meaningless notion of "soul" depends absolutely upon a material image. The suggestion of the "soul" would, you perceive, carry no impression of meaning if it were not for the idea, the definite image, of "stately mansions." Of course, while it has a certain air of poetry—poetry that has dignity but not greatness—this line is flabbergasting as metaphysics. One can't just get a picture of a "soul" building "stately mansions"! And that indeed is because, while we know what "stately mansions" are, we do not have the slightest conception really of what a "soul" might be.

Why speculate upon the unknowable? or the vainly, aimlessly mystical which cannot be said to be a matter of knowledge at all? We shall be busy enough understanding life.

Few men who have good luck will hesitate to ascribe that luck to their own skill and foresight.

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Around the Table

Chats Among the Editor and His Readers

By E. Haldeman-Julius

BILLY SUNDAY AND INGERSOLL

It is not surprising that in quoting Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll (or in quoting any one) that wild man of knock-em-down evangelism, Billy Sunday, should fail to be accurate or anywhere near right. "Inaccuracy" is indeed too weak a word to describe a misquotation of Ingersoll which the hell-raising Billy gave, as reported in the Dodge City (Kans.) Globe. Henry Hargis, Dodge City, sends me the clipping; and Mr. Hargis is correct in his identification of the Ingersollian utterance which Billy garbled. The lines are really from Ingersoll's oration at the tomb of Napoleon. The words that Billy ascribed to Ingersoll were as follows:

When I think of their God and their Christians, their Bible, I thank my stars I am not a Christian. I'd rather be the humblest German peasant that ever lived, wearing wooden shoes, sitting by my cottage, kissed by the rays of the setting sun as it dies out in the west, and with my family at peace with the world, than to be the greatest Christian that ever lived.

After all, there is nothing so terrible about that statement—although doubtless Billy thought it would properly shock his audience. One is a little curious as to why Billy stuck in the word "German." Was he thinking of the late war and trying to convey an extra bad impression? Anyway, he was all mixed on his Ingersollia. The lines which he changed so crudely are from Colonel Ingersoll's oration on Napoleon, and they are correctly as follows:

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperialist

impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. And so I would, ten thousand times. If Billy Sunday had quoted what Ingersoll really said, perhaps his Christian audience would have reflected that the famous "infidel" was not such a bad man, after all!

"HALF-EMPTY WAREHOUSES OF PIETY"

That is the striking and correct phrase with which Rupert Hughes has described modern temples of religion—of religion that belongs to the past and from which mankind is not merely drifting but is steadily and significantly turning away. To be sure, it is not an accidental nor an aimless fact that the churches have a declining attraction and, in pulpit terminology, declining "conviction" and "inspiration." The literature of free thought—literature that tells the truth about life and that emphasizes clearly and attractively the philosophy of humanism—is debunking minds and removing the old impression that religion was able easily to make upon uncultured, unreflecting masses. It works both ways, this revolt against religion; there is less interest in religion because there is more interest in free thought, and there is more interest in free thought because there is less interest in religion.

Here I am answering—or partly answering—a reader's question before I have stated the question. But then so long as we are fundamentally good-mannered—i. e., so long as we are friendly, sincere and just—we can be free in our manners while chatting "Around the Table." It is Dr. A. Cornog (Tarpon Springs, Fla.) who asks me a question about the size of the church following today:

I had a controversy with a friend about the attendance the churches had at the present time. He made the statement that they had more followers and I contended he was mistaken, that the churches in the large cities were losing rapidly, as there were more free thinkers and a universal awakening along that line. I have been told that ministers had a hard time to increase their membership. Will you kindly let me know if I am wrong in my assertion, and if not will you send me the statistics so that I can prove my side of the question? Dr. Cornog is right. It is espe-

cially true that in the cities religion plays a small and subsiding part in the common life. Where there are libraries, theaters, diverse forms of education and entertainment, the thrilling spectacle of a materialism that is infinitely finer (and of course more real) than anything religion ever had to offer—there, in the capitals of civilization, church activity is a minor thing. True, the preachers make a great deal of noise. The daily papers conventionally report—and indeed make an inordinate display of—the sermons of the flapping and fulminating clerics. The churches advertise and they engage in various business and social activities. But the main, typical, determining life of a large city today is outside the churches.

Some statistics of church membership are given in Joseph McCabe's *The Revolt Against Religion* (Little Blue Book No. 1007) and these statistics are significant of the declining church interest, although, as McCabe points out, they are not critically checked figures. At their own best figures, however, the churches are seen to be representative of less than half the population; and in the cities the non-church percentage is decidedly higher.

I shall quote a few paragraphs, in which Dr. Cornog will be particularly interested, from McCabe's *The Revolt Against Religion*:

The Bureau of Census [United States] gave a total membership of churches in 1916 as 41,926,854. The Federal Council of Churches estimated the total membership in 1923 to be 48,224,014. *The Christian Herald* gives the communicant membership of all churches in 1925 as about 28,000,000, and the addition of children to this would bring the figure to about 45,000,000. In round and optimistic numbers about 50,000,000 in the United States belong to one or other church. The population is 110,000,000. You may prefer to think that the 60,000,000 Americans who stand outside are really Christians, but do not think it necessary to worship God. I should not think it. But ask them. They are your neighbors.

More interesting is the analysis of the church membership by States. New York and Pennsylvania, and other States with very large cities, are not nearly so religious as Alabama and Georgia and Kentucky. The figures of church members include, it seems, practically the whole of the colored population. Of the white population, far more than half never go to church. In the cities, from two-thirds to three-fourths do not.

Nearly one-fourth of the population of England is in metropolitan London, a city of nine million

people. Now, we have twice had a census of church-goers in London, and it was as skillfully conducted, under the management of a religious man, as any other census. We therefore positively know that of these nine million Londoners little more than one million ever darken the door of church or chapel.

As to France, I have shown repeatedly that only four or five million of the thirty-eight million inhabitants ever go to church, and one must remember that in the Roman Church attendance at church on Sunday is commanded "under pain of hell"—under the sentence of eternal damnation. Catholics cannot dispute these figures. They merely suggest that millions of those who do not attend church may nevertheless be Catholics. That would be a quaint situation. Imagine men and women placidly incurring eternal damnation every Sunday morning rather than spend a half-hour in church! No, they do not believe it, and only six months ago, when I was in Paris, I ascertained that it is entirely false that since the war there has been any return to the church. France is now solidly and permanently non-Christian.

Germany, to take the third greatest power in Europe, is in much the same condition as Britain. The three greatest cities of Europe—London, Paris, and Berlin—have a collective population of sixteen million people. Of those less than four millions ever worship God or hear the Gospel. And from the cities the revolt spreads to towns and villages; from England and Germany it spreads to Ireland and Poland; from the United States to Mexico and South America. I have visited thirty of the capital cities of the world and found all in much the same condition, except—and mark the significance of the exception—such cities as Belgrade, Sofia, and Athens, in the most backward and ignorant countries of Europe.

The world is turning away from religion. Of this fact there is no doubt. It is a salient, salutary feature of modernism. It is the function of free, humane, enlightened literature to facilitate this turning away from an intellectual (and socially and every other way) dark and narrow past, and to give a soundly and widely progressive direction to the thoughts of mankind.

If Dr. Cornog is interested in a more extended analysis of the figures of church membership and the like, he will find such analysis in Joseph McCabe's *Myths of Religious Statistics* (Little Blue Book No. 365).

Who expects governments to be consistent? The United States Government is a signatory to the Kellogg pact outlawing war; yet we read that a woman of Canadian birth (a Quaker) who has been twelve years a resident of Richmond, Ind., was refused citizenship the other day in federal court because she would not agree to fight—that is to say, she would not agree to be an outlaw and go to war—"if the law were changed compelling women" to serve as soldiers. What is law? What is government? Certainly law and government are not always synonymous with consistency, decency, or reason.

No doubt very many more men than we suspect of such reactions have their moments when they are struck fleetingly by the faintly defined, light, unfamiliar impingement of good ideas and good, natural, wholesome, and tolerant feelings about life. But alas, they have been from infancy, through youth, into the years of physical growth (with which there is no mental growth to tally), so filled with false ideas that often they do not recognize the good idea or the true feeling for what it is worth.

Ideas, like all things else, can fairly be judged by their consequences. A false idea is not only false in the view of abstract reasoning, but it is false and bad in its influence upon the life of men.

A fallacy is to assume, for example, that two and three are for a particular purpose of sophistry identical numbers and then to say that two and two are five.

How long it took men to explore the North Pole and the South Pole of our globe! Yet men claimed centuries ago to have discovered "Heaven" and "Hell!"

Thinkers are born, like the rest of us; but in their character as thinkers they have to be made, partly, and partly to make themselves by thinking.

Life without thoughtfulness is, after all, a kind of unconsciousness.

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A Parable of Time

From *The Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire* (Little Blue Book No. 160).

The great philosopher Citosile once said to a woman who was desolate, and who had good reason to be so: "Madam, the queen of England, daughter of Henry IV, was as wretched as you. She was banished from her kingdom, was in great danger of losing her life at sea, and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold."

"I am sorry for her," said the lady, and began to lament her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citosile, "remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved (but with most chaste and virtuous affection) an excellent musician, who played admirably on the bass-viol. He killed her musician before her face; and in the sequel her good friend and relative, Queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, covered her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years."

"That was very cruel," replied the lady.

"Perhaps," said the comforter, "you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled."

"I have a dim remembrance of her," said the afflicted lady.

"I must relate to you," continued the other, "the adventure of a sovereign princess who, within my recollection, was dethroned after supper and who died on a desert island."

"I know her whole history."

"Well, then," said Citosile, "I will tell you what happened to another great princess whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have. Her father surprised this lover in her company, and was so displeased with the young man's confused manner and excited countenance that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover seized a pair of tongs and broke the head of the angry parent, who was cured with great difficulty, and who still bears the marks of the wound. The lady in a fright leaped out of the window and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she habitually halts, though still possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince. You can imagine in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison, and she always spoke to me

of her own misfortunes.

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" said the lady.

"Because," said the philosopher, "you ought not to think of them; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it will become you to despair. Think of Hebe—think of Niobe."

"Ah!" said the lady, "had I lived in their time or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavored to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philosopher lost his

only son, and was entirely prostrated with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it—found it very exact—and wept nevertheless.

Three months afterwards they chanced to renew their acquaintance, and they were mutually surprised to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humor. To commemorate this event, they caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription: "To Him Who Comforts."

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Weekly Reviews and Other Literary Ruminations Isaac Goldberg

FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE—

The Male Approach. By Dr. Heinrich F. Wolf. Preface by Dr. Adler. Covi, Friede. New York. \$3.

I have posed this question before: Why is it that there seems to be something inherently fine about a woman who resists the advances of a man, however honorable his intentions may be? And why is it that, about the spectacle of a man resisting the attentions of a woman, however frivolous they may be, there is something foolish? In a word, why must the role of the woman be passive or resisting, and the role of the man be active and even aggressive? Let us ask the question and answer it—if we can—before modern freedom of thought and action make both query and reply anachronistic.

Not that I propose to conjure the solution out of my sleeve. I am hardly a magician. Nor that I am in agreement with the ever-resisting woman and the ever-aggressive male. Before we adjust ourselves to the men and women of our acquaintance, a great deal of subtle experimentation goes on, much of it but half known to ourselves. We get to feel, as it were, just how freely we may speak to A, how circumspect we must be with B, how restrained with C, how lax with D. This implies neither condemnation nor laudation of these alphabetical friends. It implies their typical differences.

If, then, in the words of Dr. Wolf, there is a "male approach," there is also a "female retreat." Is there a secret by which we can learn the proper—or improper—"technique" (once magic term!) for effecting contacts?

Dr. Wolf wrote his book to answer Yes.

Now, I am no Lothario, no Falstaff, no Casanova, no Don Juan, no Sade, no Masoch. I begin to fear that I am only normal. I must confess that, for all the years that I have devoted to sexology, among other things, the problem of "male approach" never occupied me. I have little tact; that is, I dislike using it. I don't care too much for people with whom one must be, in a social sense, very tactful. I don't care for people to be tactful with me. Whom I like, I like; whom I dislike, I dislike. And I show like and dislike frankly. We are so all-fired proud about broadcasting our hatred; why be so afraid of showing our fondnesses? So my "approach" is very simple, direct and frank, whether I deal with women or men. (Hint: you get credit for a great deal of subtlety by being your plain, unaffected self. People refuse to believe, even when you say "nasty" things, that you mean them. There must be a hidden intention—a "deep" reservation. Well, so much the worse for them!)

It is possible, then, that this book was not written for me. It is a simple essay, not too pretentious, and seeks to point out the psychology, social and individual, of male love-making. It is almost imperative, in view of his special theme, that Dr. Wolf deal with the less orthodox forms of "male approach." There is no wit in winning a woman who is ready to fall into your arms. Nor is a man who has no discrimination whatsoever likely to profit from a perusal of subtleties.

The approach depends upon the type of woman. Hatred, as many of us may testify from what we ourselves have seen, not infrequently turns to love. The more intense the feeling the more intense the reaction.

It is difficult for me, however, to see that Dr. Wolf, generously brought to our attention by Dr. Adler, has really said anything critical in his essay.

I find, for example, on page 32, the following:

"It is not that she does not want to be wooed, but the mere fact of a man's desiring her will not move, and will certainly not win her. In other words, the manner of his wooing, his strategy, will avail him naught provided he himself is not what the girl wants."

Then why the book, and of what avail the book? Betrayed!

On page 46:

"Theoretically, every man is potentially every woman's wooer—exclusive, of course, of such as are repulsive for one reason or another."

Except, of course—but doesn't that "except, of course" ruin the whole case? Betrayed again!

What price the "male approach" if it can't win us the lady who doesn't want us, and if it can't make us approach the lady whom we don't want?

Dr. Wolf is by no means an ordinary sensualist. He has a high conception of love, which I am not ashamed to share with him. Unlike Dr. Krutch, he beholds not the dying-out of an old ideal, but the coming-in of a new. Love, far from a corpse, is a shining promise. But again, I find this on page 133:

"The true lover absolutely never resorts to physical advances." Now,

had he simply written "never," it would not have been bad. That would have been colloquial exaggeration. But to thrust in that "absolutely" had the effect of poking the page right into your eye. And you looked at the sentence twice. And you retorted, without thinking, in the classic phrase from "Pinafore," "What, never?"

The lover, we take it, has a reventual over-valuation for the person of his beloved. This is as it should be. But if he has any red blood in him, his feelings at times overcome his reverence—which is as it should be—and he becomes audacious. What, ladies and gentlemen, is audacity? Curiosity, experiment. If men were not audacious, women would be sad. Unfortunately, audacity is not always well-placed. If it is acceptable to the lady, it is not audacity any longer; it is evidence of devotion, of enamourment. If it is not acceptable, it may even descend to "cheap freshness." It is not the action in itself, it is the manner in which milady receives it.

Women, therefore, have men at a psychological disadvantage. They may rise in angry objection to the experimental approach of the male, and condemn him—humorously—in a flash of indignation. Or, if the attentions are not unwelcome, they may simply maintain a discreet silence. Let it not be imagined, fair ladies, that men never receive unwelcome attentions from women, and that among these women are not some who might pass for beauties. But no; it is the tradition that there is no "female approach," only a male; and that there is no "male retreat," only a female.

But there is hope in this book. Ugly men may win ravishing beauties by some seemingly insignificant quirk of destiny. The race is not always to the swift, nor the prize to the strong.

Dr. Wolf's peroration is quite sympathetic in its way, with overtones of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra."

"I do not speak of the form in which passion spends itself. I speak of its inherent nature."

"I do not speak of free love, the catchword behind which ugliness, dishonesty, and hypocrisy lurk."

"I do not address the creatures that find their way to their stalls and are led unsuspecting to slaughter."

"I address those who feel and suffer, who seek and do not find, who know but are unrecognized, who possess wealth but squander it. 'Eros created the world. There have always been grand loves of individuals here and there. I speak of the love of the many.'

"The new woman exists, the new man is being born, the new love is still to come."

Male and female alike may approach this book for a pleasant couple of hours in which agreement and disagreement will be stimulatingly blended.

INVITATION TO THE LIBRARY The Fine Art of Reading. By Robert E. Rogers, Associate Professor of English, The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston. The Stratford Company, \$2.50.

Mr. Rogers is the Eastern gentleman who, every once in so often, agitates the press of the nation with his rampant unorthodoxies. He advises commencement classes to become snobs and thus ease their upward climb into prosperity and social position; he condemns the women teachers of the country for making mollycoddles of their charges; in a word, he not only teaches but he does.

His new book on reading is colloquial, common-sensible, and altogether finely adapted to its purpose as an introduction to the vital factors in literature. For one thing, he wrote it during a vacation in the country, far from consulting libraries. There's fresh air in its pages. He steers a middle course between academic stuffiness and the cerebral complexities of the modernists; at the same time, he warns his reader that temperament, age, and training play an important role in problems of appreciation. He is not a dogmatist, of course; and reading as he approaches it, is not a moral obligation but a perennial pleasure.

This is as it should be. Every chapter of the book is as a window embracing a wide vista; and the windows are up for every wind of doctrine to blow lustily in. Professor Rogers is full of whimsical cautions; he bids you beware of the critic, that sedentary animal who devours books and eschews (no pun on "chew" intended) experience. Yet, as a Frenchman told us, it is possible to tour the world in an armchair—if you have the imagination.

Minds Across the Seas Goethe in Revealing Comments on Humanity and Life (Little Blue Book No. 233).

There is no such thing as patriotic art and patriotic science. Both art and science belong, like all things great and good, to the whole world, and can be furthered only by a free and general interchange of ideas among contemporaries, with continual reference to the heritage of the past as it is known to us.

Prohibition is a theory and the war and intrigue among Prohibition agents and the active liquor sellers is a condition.

Doctrines Go, the Winds Remain

It is embarrassing for theologians to swallow their Christianity with denials and yet to keep straight its solemn face as a great necessary religion.

Doctrines of heaven and hell and many other doctrines are from time to time dodged or denied by eminent preachers. Only the other day the Bishop of London, speaking in Westminster Abbey, declared: "Pictures of roasting souls in hell make more atheists than any other thing in the world."

What, anyway, are the doctrines, what the beliefs, what the intellectual importance of Christianity? The notion of heaven is not so repulsive as the notion of hell but it is quite as unreal. Whether they say that we shall be damned thus-and-so, or whether they say that we shall be saved thus-and-so, the preachers are equally lost in a fog of phrases.

The fog increases. Christianity drops its doctrines, here and there and little by little, leaving only the winds that once blew rather harmlessly around the rather solid doctrines but that now are fetid and foggy with language that means nothing. Yesterday Christianity was definitely absurd. Today it is indefinitely absurd.

It is in our day most seriously to be regarded in its continued efforts to confuse religion with moral and social problems; in its attempts to juggle speciously with doctrines, with crowd psychology, and with fine, large, delusive phrases—old words of traditional appeal touched with new meanings that are not true and new words twisted to make them serve old meanings.

It is well continually to insist that Christians be definite in what they believe—that they be clearly one thing or another—and that, when we are told that Christianity in particular or religion in general is important, we should ask: How? Why? In what sense and with what aim?

An American Panorama of Present Life and Culture

From the Boston Transcript.

The reader is here treated to another panorama of existing America in The Big American Parade, by E. Haldeman-Julius—this time through efforts of a very modern publisher. Such reviews of present-day American life have been appearing lately with some degree of regularity, sometimes at the hands of foreigners, sometimes at the hands of natives of the soil; sometimes very serious, other times less so. The present collection of ideas and viewpoints are in some points refreshing, in others, a little spurious; but so long as it is the truth, no harm can come of repetition.

The author's field is a large one, a very large one. He treats of the background of America, of its materialism, its morals, its jazz, its attitude toward life and its religion—or lack of it. Topics such as the American workman of today, the failure of the melting pot, democracy, individualism and reformism are discussed at some length. The closing chapters deal with subjects pertaining to the conflicts of American life, sectionalism, American culture, journalism, education, advertising and "Americanism." We cite this motley array of contents merely to show the comprehensive scope of the work. One who had had less opportunities than the author for observing all these things at close range could never have given us so judicious an estimate of our contemporary existence as that portrayed in these pages.

One of the most pleasing points in this work is the author's habit of citing facts. He does not engage in mere platitudes or uncorroborated generalizations. A case in point is the chapter entitled, "America's Gallery of Leading Citizens Includes Megaphones of Mediocrity and Gaffes." In this chapter famous names flow freely, and not always without justification. A fruitful text for these few pages is contained in the sentence, "What most Americans admire is not only success, but success that is exhibited plentifully and strikingly in terms of dollars."

Of American journalism the author says, "Sensationalism may be said truly to dominate American journalism, even the newspapers that adhere longest to the quietness and dignity of other days have yielded to the dazzling successful example of the 'yellow press.'" Of the growth of American culture, the author is a little more optimistic: "Personally I have great hopes of culture in America. I believe that we have at last reached the adult stage, which will of course mean adjustments and controversies, but will in the long run assure us a greater level of civilization. In art, in literature, and in thought generally America is far ahead of any previous time—and the future of America (as of the world) I should say will be governed by the spirit of liberalism and freedom."

But to gain the full enjoyment and appreciation of over four hundred pages filled with roving fact and sober opinion, the reader must read them for himself. There is no muckraking here, nor attempt to criticize ruthlessly. If anything, the book is constructive; and one may well reap the benefit of matured judgment of momentous problems. There are few of us who can intel-

ligently understand our own civilization, which we alone are living, without having it reviewed for us from time to time lest we lose perspective. To have the opportunity of such review at the hands of so adept a man as the present author is a delight not easily set aside.

Ashes of Images

From some one comes a newspaper clipping, ringed in red, which tells of a community bonfire in Gorlovka, Russia, which reduced four thousand ikons (holy images) to ashes. This item, by the Associated Press, says that 15,000 people were spectators of the burning; and the suggestion is that they approved the burning. The ikons were "given up by local miners after joining the Society of Militant Atheists." Evidently this Russian town just decided to let the ikons go to blazes. It was not, that is to say, the work of a mob of atheists destroying the idols beloved by a community.

Even so, it is incredible to us that the sender of this clipping should assume or infer or guess or what-not that The American Freeman (or any of the Haldeman-Julius Publications) advocates the burning of holy images or the use of physical force against religion. Over the clipping is written: "Good work, Mr. Haldeman-Julius." And so there you are! We are credited with influencing the inhabitants in a Russian village to make a bonfire of their saintly statuary. If this is meant to be flattery, it is grossly exaggerated. If it is meant to be a deadly accusation, it is thousands of miles—in fact, the distance from here to Gorlovka—away from the mark.

It is a fact that these Russian villagers are well rid of their superstitious images. It is also true that the burden of such images is mild when compared with the burning of men and women, the death and varied torture unspeakable inflicted upon heretics, which stands prodigiously to the account of religion.

The Haldeman-Julius Publications, however, are engaged in spreading the light of ideas and not in advocating violence. We seek to remove by reason the false images that clutter many minds. That is all, and that is enough.

It is religion's record of violence—embodied in violent actions and revealed in a mental attitude that is fiercely or it may be grimly or it may be just stubbornly encouraging to violence—which we have denounced consistently.

Our record is clear. It is the record of bigots and fanatics, burning men and women or bludgeoning ideas or belaboring and blackening minds with fear and foolishness in the name of religion, which is immensely stained with crimes against humanity.

A Portrait of Everyman

Robert Louis Stevenson in Virginibus Puerisque (Little Blue Book No. 358).

Hope, they say, deserts us at no period of our existence. From first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusiones, we continue to expect good fortune, better health and better conduct; and that so confidently, that we judge it needless to deserve them. I think it improbable that I shall ever write like Shakespeare, conduct an army like Hannibal, or distinguish myself like Marcus Aurelius in the paths of virtue; and yet I have my by-days, hope prompting, when I am very ready to believe that I shall combine all these various excellences in my own person, and go marching down to posterity with divine honors.

There is nothing so monstrous but we can believe it of ourselves. About ourselves, about our aspirations and delinquencies, we have dwelt by choice in a delicious vagueness from our boyhood up. No one will have forgotten Tom Sawyer's aspiration: "Ah, if he could only die temporarily!" Or, perhaps better still, the inward resolution of the two pirates, that "so long as they remained in that business, their piracies should not again be sullied with the crime of stealing."

Here we recognize the thoughts of our boyhood; and our boyhood ceased—well, when?—not, I think, at twenty; nor perhaps altogether at twenty-five; nor yet at thirty; and possibly, to be quite frank, we are still in the thick of that arcadian period. For as the race of man, after centuries of civilization, still keep some traits of their barbarian forefathers, so man, the individual, is not altogether quit of youth, when he is already old and honored, and Lord Chancellor of England.

We advance in years somewhat in the manner of an invading army in a barren land; the age that we have reached, as the phrase goes, we but hold with an outpost, and still keep open our communications with the extreme rear and first beginnings of the march.

One cannot be entirely unhappy, one cannot be entirely uninterested by life, so long as one has a free and active mind. The primary conviction of freedom, defining all else, should be in the sureness (not cocksureness) and honesty and courage with which one estimates oneself in relation to life.

A half-wit may be fortunate in this; i. e., that he is only half-engaged by the follies that other men set their minds seriously upon.

What Is Important News?

THE TRUTH ABOUT PEACE PLANS

The American Freeman, November 30, 1929.

In this article by Harry Elmer Barnes, The American Freeman published full information and a thorough analysis of peace plans within the past century; and particularly there was a careful explanation of just what the recently celebrated Kellogg Pact means, what it says, and what it will or will not do. Clearly this was NEWS of the very greatest importance. It was strikingly in contrast to the confusion and evasion that appear in the daily press on the subject of peace.

THE NEW YORK WORLD AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The American Freeman, November 30, 1929.

Here was a real NEWS story of the kind that The American Freeman distinctively gives its readers. Correspondence (with comment) between Theodore Dreiser and Paul Potter, Sunday editor of the New York World, was printed in this issue of The American Freeman—showing how a powerful daily newspaper catered to the sensibilities of Catholic readers. In an article on divorce, submitted to the World, Dreiser had referred to the Catholic Church as "that world's largest real estate organization." The Sunday editor of the World requested that Dreiser let that phrase be censored. Dreiser refused and the article did not appear in the New York World—but the truth about it did appear in The American Freeman.

The "Tiger" an Atheist

The American Freeman, December 7, 1929.

Editorials are often NEWS of a very interesting kind. In this editorial The American Freeman gave its readers the truth about the ideas on Christianity and religion in general which were held by the late French statesman, Georges Clemenceau, popularly known as "The Tiger." Could you have learned this in your daily paper? Yet it is important, as The American Freeman regards news, to know that Clemenceau was utterly an atheist. NEWS, as we recognize it, is anything that is interesting or important about ideas, about people, or about events.

RUSH MADLY TO PRIEST'S GRAVE

The American Freeman, December 7, 1929.

In this story of the "miracle" rush to the grave of a Catholic priest in Malden, Mass., The American Freeman did a fine, timely job of presenting the NEWS in the full light of TRUTH. The newspapers of the country reported this medieval sensation in a sentimental, friendly way. There were in some reports essentially a tone of acceptance, as if the tales of "miracles" were true. These reports of "supernatural" happenings that didn't happen were given in the press as if they were natural and probable events. The American Freeman gave its readers a true estimate of the significance of the Malden madness of medievalism.

SHALL TRUTH KNOCK VAINLY AT TOM MOONEY'S CELL?

The American Freeman, December 14, 1929.

In this story, The American Freeman called attention to the outrageous NEWS that Tom Mooney, San Francisco labor leader, still is in a prison cell although for some years it has been a matter of official record that the chief witnesses against him confessed they had lied; and that the judge and the members of the jury trying Mooney, and also the prosecuting attorney, have appealed for his release in the name of plain justice.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS SCHEME TO SUPPRESS BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. EDDY

The American Freeman, December 21, 1929.

This is one of the most amazing and important NEWS stories of the year—the story of how Christian Scientists, officially and individually, are trying to boycott a book which they don't like. This NEWS of an intolerant conspiracy against the freedom of literature was told fully in The American Freeman. It scarcely received mention in the daily press; certainly it was not given the attention it deserved. The free and truthful NEWS policy of The American Freeman enabled its readers to know about this astonishing campaign of suppression.

In the column at the left are emphasized a few features appearing recently in The American Freeman. Each one of those features had an unusual NEWS importance. They illustrate the policy which The American Freeman follows distinctively and consistently fifty-two weeks in the year. NEWS as this paper regards it—IMPORTANT NEWS—is a truthful and intelligent report of the main, significant, symptomatic things which happen in this world of ours. The American Freeman defines NEWS liberally. There is NEWS of ideas—there is NEWS which treats of personalities or of behavior in the mass—there is NEWS which deals with events.

The daily press brings you its version of the world's news. A great deal of this news relates to personal scandals, comedies, tragedies, and episodes that while entertaining or shocking or what-not can scarcely be regarded as of real or rare importance. Even in its reports of very important events—the political, social and cultural news of the world—the daily press is not very critical and is often confusing. Certainly you will not gain a full, dependable insight of the world you live in by reading only the daily press.

The American Freeman is that rare and indispensable combination—a NEWS paper and a critical review of the news and a journal of opinion: and, withal, it keeps before its readers a rich, broad background of modern thought and the best of world culture, ancient and modern. Really, in The American Freeman you have the essence, the usefulness (as well as entertainment) and the far-flung scope of several-papers-in-one. It covers a wide field—or many fields—in a thorough and lively manner.

You can see that our interpretation of NEWS is very different from that of the daily press: it is at once more critical and more extensive: it includes a careful analysis of the news, which, especially as regards "controversial" subjects (and how many are the subjects which are not controversial?) the daily press does not give; and it includes glimpses, versions, and original reports of news which you will look vainly for in the daily press. In The American Freeman's view, everything is news which enables us better to understand ourselves and our fellows and our world. News is what happens to mankind—and this news may very well be, more impressively, reports of the thoughts and the emotions and the efforts of adjustment to life which are taking place in the minds and manners of mankind.

We are not enslaved nor limited by a conventional formula of "news." A three-line paragraph in The American Freeman may contain very thought-provoking, very enlightening, or very amusing news. An editorial may have a valuable news bearing: for example in an editorial entitled Bad Books in The American Freeman of December 21, 1929, the reader learns, simultaneously to his astonishment and his amusement (and to his greater awareness of the arrogant pretensions and policy of the Catholic Church), that such celebrated, classic writers as Alexander Dumas, Oliver Goldsmith, and Sir Richard Steele are on the Index Exurgatorius (the list of forbidden books) for Catholics. That is NEWS. It is equally NEWS when you read—in The American Freeman of December 7, 1929—that The Nation says of Joseph McCabe's The Story of Religious Controversy that McCabe's facts are beyond dispute but that he is, even so, "partisan." It is interesting NEWS that there is such an illogical point of view: it is useful to correct such confusions.

Continually, however, The American Freeman offers its readers NEWS in which the active, dramatic "news" feature is more displayed. The story of Theodore Dreiser and the New York World is real NEWS. The story of the Christian Science conspiracy to suppress an important biography of Mrs. Eddy, "mother" of Christian Science, is real NEWS of a vital, astonishing kind—and news, too, that was practically ignored in the daily press.

All that appears in The American Freeman is NEWS of one kind or another, and for the most part it is NEWS of a kind which appears distinctively in this paper, NEWS which represents a special service of this paper to its readers. Every line in The American Freeman is also the reflection of a free, civilized, modern viewpoint. Here is life seen intelligently in all its liveliness and meaning and many-sidedness. Here are action, reflection, culture, humor, and personality. The American Freeman has a very close, friendly, and mutually inspiring contact with its readers. This paper speaks plainly. It speaks intimately. It lets its readers speak—the editor and his readers exchanging impressions and opinions in a department of discursive chat and criticism and comment, called "Around the Table." But always, in every line of The American Freeman, there is the human, direct, sincere touch.

First and last, The American Freeman is a paper combining NEWS, CRITICISM, CULTURE AND PERSONALITY. There is NEWS of books (Isaac Goldberg in a weekly review, In the World of Books)—there is NEWS of the main currents of thought and action in the modern world as seen by John Langdon-Davies, the celebrated English writer and lecturer, in a weekly department, A Window on Europe—there is NEWS of contemporary life and ideas and human nature in a department by Marcell Haldeman-Julius, Lifts in the Fog—there is NEWS of humor, the foibles and follies of human nature held up to sensible laughter, in the department, Have It My Own Way, by John W. Gunn—and in all its contents, whether editorial, paraphrased, critical or reportorial, The American Freeman is a paper that presents in clear, vivid, intelligent form the NEWS OF WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE MINDS AND MANNERS OF MANKIND IN THIS MODERN AGE.

The American Freeman is a four-page weekly, full newspaper size, clearly printed with attractive headings and a brilliant variety of contents. For One Dollar (\$1.50 Canadian and foreign) you can have a close and full view of modern life (and many views "behind the scenes") fifty-two weeks in the year. Use the order blank below and get the NEWS which your daily paper cannot—or will not—or, often, dare not give you.

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