

## War Up to Date

Evidently the real, vital business of the London conference on naval "disarmament" is to bring the machinery of war up to date. It is only the incorrigible optimist, refusing to acknowledge disagreeable facts, who can pretend that this conference looks even slightly in the direction of peace. Even liberal journals which are interested in peace talk, even though it is only talk, comment on the conference in a cautious, rather hopeless tone. These journals say, indeed, that in a vague general way the London conversations are promising. Even a pseudo-discussion of peace, which is actually a discussion of the technique of international warfare, arouses hope in some liberals. They suffer from a love of fine phrases. Their pacifism is too airy a feeling of sentimental good intentions. They are (these too hopeful, yet so often fooled, liberals) attracted by the label of peace. They persuade themselves that it is a real moral influence when diplomats and the heads of governments engage in discussions of armament, spheres of influence, and alliances for defense, and the like. Yet diplomats have always talked about such things; they are the materials of international politics; they are concerned less with peace than with the conditions and the technique of modern war.

What has been the main interest of the present conference in London? It is concerned with establishing a "naval parity" among the nations, particularly between England and America. Actually thus far the meaning of the conference seems to be that naval armament shall be increased; but that a limit shall be agreed, for a brief number of years, beyond which new fighting ships shall not be constructed. There is much talk about how many fighting ships America and England shall have, and how great the tonnage of these ships shall be, and whether the determination of tonnage shall be as a total or as a limitation of the size of individual ships. Bernard Shaw recently expressed a witty summary of the meaning of the conference by saying that it might arrange that future battles should be fought with ten-inch instead of fifteen-inch guns and at a distance of fifteen instead of twenty miles. That is a fair and intelligent judgment. Like all recent conferences, since the World War, this London conference is not even remotely concerned with the prospect of actual disarmament. Its tendency at present seems to be in favor of an increase (deceptively called a "limitation") of armament. "Limitation" in diplomatic parlance means only an agreement as to the rate of increase and the point at which, presumably, nations are to stop (for a while) increasing their military and naval burdens.

One feature of the conference which has been played up in the newspapers is the talk about abolition of battleships. This class of enormous (and astoundingly expensive) fighting ship is not so important as it was before the World War. The sound opinion seems to be that battleships are out of date and are an incumbrance to a nation. Submarines and airplanes have radically changed the character of war. Apparently the abolition of the battleship would be quite in accord with the technical modernization of warfare. It would not even slightly reduce the danger of war.

Even this step which is (even from the militaristic point of view) a matter of sensible economy and up-to-date technique, is unlikely to be taken by the London conference. The so-called "expert opinion" of naval circles insists upon the retention of the big ships; and American diplomacy, particularly, seems to be unfavorable to the passing of the battleship. France, for her part, is more interested in submarines than in battleships.

This conference resembles others in that its principal output is talk. And there is another significant resemblance: namely, the old atmosphere of cautiousness, uneasiness, and intrigue. It is not so long ago that the Kellogg Pact was hailed with flamboyant enthusiasm as having at last "outlawed" war. There it was, written on paper, that the leading nations of the world had "renounced war as an instrument of policy"; so we were told—but at the same time we observed that the Kellogg Pact very carefully refrained from being specific and it also gave a legal sanction to "defensive war." And we know only too well that in diplomatic language there is never any kind of war save "defensive war." Now the attitude of the nations as shown in London is not noticeably in harmony with their declarations as to the grand pacifistic meaning and assurance of the Kellogg Pact. Plainly and prodigiously the assumption of the London conference is that war remains a future policy of the nations and that agreements shall be made and

advantages sought which have to do with war and not at all with peace.

Wearily we note, in the reports that come from London, the maneuverings of the diplomats; the bargaining; the dissimulation; the tactics of rivalry and intrigue among nations that have no real, definite thought of peace. We mean, of course, that the ruling powers of the nations have no thought of peace. There is a great popular sentiment against war—but unfortunately this sentiment is not clarified in its understanding of the causes of war nor the methods by which peace may be achieved. Worse still, popular sentiment is deluded by such conferences as this one in London; it is believed that all this diplomatic talk and trading and tactics of war-visualizing intrigue really constitutes a move toward peace. It is, curiously enough, believed that a "disarmament" conference has something to do with disarmament when it doesn't even consider the question of actually disarming but concerns itself solely with methods and figures of armament.

What this London conference will not do is abolish or restrict the use of the submarine. This instrument of sea warfare is the most deadly of all, and submarines and destroyers bulk largest in importance in modern navies. Fighting aircraft will also be untouched by the diplomats, and here is another branch of warfare which is up to date and will prove terribly effective in the next great war. Connected with these aircraft are the materials of poison warfare; we had a shocking introduction to this kind of warfare in 1914-18, but today the use of poison gases has been monstrously perfected and extended.

We are not prompted by an idle cynicism to comment in this disparaging tone upon the conference in London. Assuredly we should be glad of any real move toward reducing the danger of war and of any genuine progress toward a peaceful, civilized world. However, we see no good but rather insidious harm in shutting our eyes to the truth. Pacifism can only defeat its own aims when it loses a sense of realism. Talking about peace will not help toward the abolition of war, unless that talk is intelligently directed toward the cause of war and the effective machinery of peace. War is fought for economic motives and so long as we have a tremendous, intense economic rivalry among nations accompanied by huge armaments (regardless of what the "parity" may be) we shall be periodically assailed with the horrors and destruction of warfare. The way to stop war is to destroy the materials of war; "disarmament" conferences are only pious or cynical frauds so long as they talk about how to arm rather than how to disarm.

With the best wish to see some ground for hope, yet with the most realistic scrutiny of the situation, all that we can observe in the London conference is a very disillusioned political parley about the tactics of bringing war up to date.

## Why Respect Religion?

"The most curious social convention of the great age in which we live," writes H. L. Mencken in *The American Mercury*, "is the one to the effect that religious opinions should be respected." It is actually held in some quarters that religion is deserving a peculiar sort of respect even though no truth can be alleged in its justification. What this means is that religious error is sanctified and beyond criticism and that it is not similar to error in other branches of thinking. Such apologists for religion, many of whom would shy at stating belief in any particular religious doctrine, "throw a veil of sanctity about ideas that violate every intellectual decency."

This attitude of extra politeness toward religion is curious today because our age is, in its main principles and tendencies, an irreligious age. Realism more and more guides our thinking. We have the benefit of an immense scientific culture. Our age looks to secular interests, secular ideas, secular methods and explanations of things. Thus the whole ideology of religion is contrary to the spirit of the age. Actually, in the light of modern culture, religion is an attitude of belief and a formula about life which is unworthy of the slightest respect. Its ideas, put in whatever form they may be, are incapable of serious credence or even polite regard by one who is really and truly modern. They are, one and all, ideas born of primitivism and medievalism. They belong to the dark ages of human society.

Catholicism is in some notable respects unique in its superstitions and in its intolerant theory that it is the one true religion and should rule the world. But essentially the ideas of Protestantism are no more respectable than the ideas of Catholicism.

icism. All religions are opposed to sane understanding of life. None are credible by a fairly decent, capable thinker. One keen glance of genuine intelligence enables one to perceive the vast and incredible sham which is religion *in toto*.

"There is, in fact," says Mencken, "nothing about religious opinions that entitles them to any more respect than other opinions get. On the contrary, they tend to be noticeably silly." Theology is the most gloomy and chimerical nonsense that man ever added his poor brains with. And when religion attempts to deal more familiarly with life and to interpret morals, human nature, and social problems it is even more mischievous.

Religion is at once the most vicious and the most ridiculous kind of error. To respect religion, one must despise reason.

## College Youth Step With Modern Ideas

Interesting evidence that the intellectual tendency of our time is free, critical and inquiring is contained in the answers to a questionnaire circulated among students at Columbia University, New York City. These students have been thinking about old problems in a new light. Perhaps it is enough to say that they have been *thinking*, in contrast with the mental attitude of submitting to conventionalism and authority. On the subject of religion there is an impressive skepticism or complete rejection. On the subject of sex there is a frank, debunked realism which is superior to ancient taboos. Clearly among a large element of university students the old dogmas and taboos and assumptions of ethics or philosophy are not regarded as satisfactory.

Of seventy-five replies so far reported, to this questionnaire, the opinions given were as follows:

"Do you believe that the present moral code is antiquated and should be reformed?" Sixty-five answered "Yes" and ten answered "No." That is a very significant balance of opinion in favor of a new statement of morality. We see the result of the modern scientific approach to moral questions. There is naturally a great difference. Formerly moral questions were considered as belonging to the sphere of religious doctrine or, in general, a religious way of interpreting life. And particularly concerning sex the religious habit of superstition was an obstacle to clear thinking and sane living. Sex virtue and vice were determined in accordance with what were said to be God's laws. Virtue was a shadow of divinity. Vice or wickedness was not judged with respect to human standards, but according to the supposed will of a despotic God, somewhere watching and punishing and rewarding men. But in recent years this theological measure of good and bad has fallen into disrepute; and indeed it is absolutely ignored nowadays in our higher education and in the serious study of all subjects.

These Columbia students, and young people generally who are bright and aware and in harmony with the realistic spirit of the age, are judging moral questions in a concrete way. They are concerned with the real forces of human nature, with human rights, and with human consequences. Unless a kind of behavior is shown definitely to be evil in its effects, they are not willing to agree that it is "bad"; they cannot so easily be fooled by the pretense that a God has decreed certain laws, fixing the qualities of "good" and "bad" without relation to human interests.

So these students look fairly, and not in any spirit of sentimental prejudice, at the next question: "Do you believe in sex relations outside of marriage?" Fifty-five replied that they believe in this sexual freedom; twenty stated that they do not approve of sex excepting under the formal authorization of marriage. The majority are apparently quite capable of seeing through the humbug of abstract "virtue." One can understand how their minds have approached this question. They have asked, "Why are sex relations wrong outside of marriage?" This question has not been intelligently answered by the narrow moralists. These moralists have nothing to show in defense of their dogmatic position. Marriage doesn't make right some mysterious wrongness of sex. It is simply a different kind of sex relationship—or, more accurately, a social relationship. Realistically, sex morality is to be judged by its social nature (where there happens to be any social question involved) or, in cases covered by this point in the questionnaire, by the personal opinions of the individuals who, and who only, are concerned.

It seems to us that the question which follows is obscurely worded. It is asked: "Do you agree with Bertrand Russell's contention that children should be required for a legally sanctioned marriage?" "Yes,"

## Are You a Live Reader?

I want live readers for *The American Freeman*. I want readers who are genuinely, appreciatively interested in the policy of this paper and in its contents and in the great things it will do in the future. For this reason I am sending statements to all readers of *The American Freeman* who are behind in the payment of their subscriptions. If you receive one of these statements, I hope that you will promptly remit the sum which you now owe and add one dollar for a year's subscription in advance. This paper must be self-sustaining. It cannot be printed and circulated for nothing. What is even more important, this paper has no reason for existence unless its readers appreciate it sufficiently to pay for the value they receive—full and inspiring and entertaining value—in such a free-minded journal

of news and ideas and cultural progress. You have undoubtedly been impressed by the improved and militant and news-worthy policy of *The American Freeman* during the past three months. You are getting one of the most interesting papers in America—one of the very few papers of first-rate importance—unique in its combination of news, thought, freedom and militancy. For one dollar you get fifty-two issues which are full of intelligent material. Each issue is carefully edited. You are given the best value. This paper is published for you. Do you appreciate it? Proof of your appreciation will be seen in your immediate response to the statement I am mailing.

Sincerely,

E. Haldeman-Julius

## The True Story of a Hanging

On February 21 Arizona had its first hanging of a woman—Eva Dugan, fifty-two years old, and the mother of two children. She had been convicted of murdering a rancher three years ago. Curiously, the *Kansas City Star* printed what it admitted was a censored story of the hanging. One detail of the event was too gruesome for the *Star*—or the editor of the *Star* thought it wouldn't be right to let his readers know this detail. What the suppressed feature of the hanging was we learned in the *New York World* of February 22. There we read: "The woman was decapitated as a noose jerked." Technically, the execution went beyond the mandate of the law. She was not merely hanged by the neck until dead. Her head was torn off.

Not fit to print—so ruled the editor of the *Kansas City Star*. That act of censorship is especially deserving of comment. Among its editorial policies the *Star* includes a firm belief in the virtue and the necessity of capital punishment. The *Star* uses always the threadbare argument: capital punishment is a deterrent of crime. Murder must be stopped, according to its theory, by a punishment sufficiently complete and terrible to frighten other possible murderers. But the logic of that is plain: the more awful, the more gruesome, the punishment is the more effectively it should serve the purpose of preventing other murders.

A strict following of its own theory would have required the *Star* to publish in large and threatening type the horrible detail of decapitation in this Arizona hanging. Then the deterring effect of capital punishment would presumably have been felt all the more strongly throughout the territory covered by this newspaper. The *Star's* editor believes in the cruel, savage, antiquated theory of capital punishment. He pretends to have this grim and relentless belief. Yet his squeamishness—or, let us say, his perfectly natural feeling of revulsion—is in contradiction of his main theory.

For that matter, why shouldn't the advocates of capital punishment take a lesson (consistently with their theory) from this Arizona hanging? If capital punishment is meant to terrorize, then it should be made as terrible as can be. Why not insist that decapitation be deliberately made the method of capital punishment?

The *Kansas City Star* should have featured the accidental decapitation of the Arizona woman, and it should have accompanied the news feature with an editorial insisting that decapitation be adopted as the future method of execution. That would have been terrible. But then the *Star* appears to believe in the terrible need and efficacy of capital punishment.

## Right You Are, Brother!

Now we know a preacher can think a good thought. No doubt it is accidental. It is really too excellent and helpful a thought for any preacher to utter it seriously. But let us give credit to Rev. E. J. Larson, Denver, Colo. His mind actually produced and his vocal cords actually transmitted in sound the thought that preachers might retire for a year and let the world wag along without them. The *Denver Post* quotes the reverend gentleman as follows:

I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea if ministers would go on a strike for a year. It either would show the uselessness of the ministry or arouse us out of our spiritual lethargy.

Preacher-like, the thought isn't put at its best. For example, Rev. Larson talks about a "strike" of the preachers, when, as a matter of fact, it would be good riddance. Life would go on beautifully. And this preacher doesn't carry his good thought far enough. He suggests a

year. Why not ten years? Why not a century? Why not forever?

But, again preacher-like, Rev. Larson was only talking for effect. He will not quit preaching. Preaching is so profitable, indolent, and egotistic a racket in this bunkistic world that the holy racketeers will not abandon it so long as the collections are fairly encouraging. Preaching will remain a nuisance until the public goes on "strike" and refuses to listen to the preachers. There are fewer listeners each year, and this is what irritated Rev. Larson and prompted him to speak intelligently without quite realizing it or meaning it.

## Infantile Behavior of a Town in Old Virginia

A wave of infantilism has recently overwhelmed the town of Norton, Va. Staid burghers and responsible business leaders of the town have reverted to childishness. They have been praying, it seems, at all hours; praying in crowds; praying notoriously; praying here, there and yonder; praying upside down and all around the town. This epidemic of childish prayer-gabble has not been spontaneous with the Norton burghers, however, and it is hinted that, far from enjoying these antics, they have been resentful but afraid to show their real feelings. An evangelist is the pest who has brought the prayer epidemic to Norton and led a majority into childish abandonment to this "grave and reverend" nonsense.

One man in Norton dared to express his real sentiments. Bruce Crawford, editor of *Crawford's Weekly*, called the evangelical hallelu a nuisance and declared plainly that the town was behaving in a very idiotic fashion. "Suppose," Crawford wrote in his paper, "a foot-washing sect should have a revival in Norton and go about the town having foot-washings." Would there be objections? I wager there would be. Yet the town has been prayed all over during the past three weeks. Frank Kitts, the town bandmaster, would blow a bugle and call all within hearing to prayer in a restaurant, a barber shop, a garage or a hotel. Within a few minutes the place would be crowded with those who had dropped their cleavers, their wrenches, their green eye-shades, their razors, their yardsticks and their typing. It's all right if the proprietors don't object. But, as for me, I'm glad they didn't come to pray in my shop. I'd rather have a foot-washing—in which I could profitably take part myself."

Did all of these Norton merchants, who suffered such childish performances in their places of business, sincerely believe in these praying fits? We doubt it. Very likely the majority of them had better sense. If they cared much about prayer, they would have a session of praying in their establishments every day and not just when an evangelist is present to stir up the town. Yet these men permitted a clownish preacher-actor to lead them through such silly tricks. They were the victims of a disgusting imposture. And they didn't have the courage to object firmly and rationally to this nonsense.

It is a poor record for this Virginia town—that Bruce Crawford was the only man in it who displayed both courage and sense. His display of courage, however, met with considerable approval. "Many have sided with the editor," says a report in the *Roanoke (Va.) Times*. "Saying they are glad he expressed their own feelings for them, while many others look on the utterance as 'vitriol thrown in the evangelist's face,' and still others take it as personal ridicule." Of course, it couldn't be anything but ridicule, for it is a comment on an utterly ridiculous situation.

The evangelist declared that he felt surprised at such a criticism. He is really so childish as that and so insensitive to the appearance his antics must have to a reasonable man? He led his congregation in prayer for Bruce Crawford. Fittingly enough (and no doubt amusingly enough to Mr. Crawford), prayer was given as the answer to a criticism of prayer.

We can never quite live down our amazement that some folks should advocate temperance in this, that or the other thing in such an intemperate manner.

Brotherhood is an ideal that will be reached when men learn to tolerate one another's differences like gentlemen.

"Queer" is the label with which the average man dismisses anything that is new and incomprehensible to him.

How brighter the world has become as the mythical figure of God has become small and dim and remote!

A prejudice is a notion that a man dare not reason about.

## Southern Farce

Southern people are offended when anyone remarks that their section of the United States is not thoroughly civilized. They are loyal to their prejudices—but do they realize how amazingly stupid, bitter and unjust those prejudices appear to intelligent observers of Southern life? If the Southerners insist upon clinging to customs which are in plain fact uncivilized, how can they expect the approval of civilized men and women? After all, in this day the South does not have a life unknown and isolated. It cannot escape criticism. It may retain outrageous features of opinion and behavior, but it must expect the censure which its policy of outrage notoriously invites and deserves.

Not until it becomes intelligent and humane in its treatment of the Negro will the South be entitled to the respect of civilized people. In that part of the country the laws and Constitution of the United States are not worth the paper they are printed on—not as concerns the members of the darker-skinned race. But it is more than a question of law. It is a question of intelligence. It is a question of social justice and of civilization.

To read instances of Southern behavior toward the Negro is to realize more vividly just how much the South lacks in civilized culture. Its behavior is barbaric. Consider one thing: the "Jim Crow" laws of the South, which segregate Negroes as if they were cattle (or as if they were more terrible and dangerous beasts) and refuse them the decent status and rights of human beings. Recently two definite experiences have been related in *The Crisis*, which show how foolishly and how bitterly the South treats the Negro in the simplest occasions of contact.

A Negro woman tells about her exclusion from a bus in Florida. She had ridden by bus from Daytona Beach to Orlando, but on asking for a ticket back to Daytona Beach she was told none would be sold her. The bus came and she observed that there was room for her. Two white men who arrived later on the scene were able to purchase tickets. But, according to the idiotic Southern view, it would have been an unthinkable disgrace and contamination for this Negro woman to ride with white men and women. She was compelled to return to her home by train, although it was a roundabout and broken journey and she lost many hours and experienced great discomfort and humiliation—but her honest resentment should have been a stronger emotion than humiliation, and probably it was.

The other tale of Southern "civilization" which appears in *The Crisis* is told by a white man. This man was traveling with the President of Fiske University (the well-known colored university of Nashville) and a quartet of colored singers. They were giving musical entertainments and raising funds for the university. Owing to the barbarous laws of the South which compel Negroes to ride in "Jim Crow" cars and, night and day, to ride uncomfortably in day coaches (illegally, as *The Crisis* points out, "making poor citizens pay first-class fares for third-class accommodations") the quartet of singers had suffered colds from fatigue and exposure. In transferring from Houston to New Orleans, writes this white man who in contrast with many Southern white men is civilized, "we decided to secure Pullman accommodations and take the risk. It was interstate traffic, and the written law was in our favor. We purchased two sections. The President and I were to ride in the uppers and the members of the quartet in the lowers. Our great desire was to protect the health of the young men and as a consequence guarantee good musical programs for the audiences we were meeting."

But a Southern man who had a bad case of color phobia was in that Pullman car and immediately he raved as if a calamity had befallen. The white man who was accompanying the colored party tried to reason with the irate Texan—but he was of course beyond reason. On the Negro question, the average Southerner has no awareness of reason and no feeling of justice or humanity and, indeed, no sense of humor: he is incapable, it appears, of realizing how silly his conduct appears to intelligent people. This Texan stormed and declared that as a white man he was being insulted and finally threatened to wire ahead to "his gang" of friends in Beaumont, Texas, where steps would be taken to purge the Pullman car of its colored occupants. The conductor feared violence, and a compromise was made: the party bought a drawing room and were safely isolated so that they could not contaminate this ridiculously pseudo-sensitive Texan and his white fellows.

Incidents of this kind, and even worse, are of constant occurrence in [Please turn to page two]



## Around the Table

Chips Among the Editor and His Readers

By E. Haldeman-Julius

### LIGHTLY IN SELF-DEFENSE

Friends, your hearts should beat in sympathy with me when you think how carefully I have to write for such a critical bunch of readers. A word awry, and I am undone. A phrase read quickly and in a correction, or an expostulation, or a rapprand. That is all right—if the reader is precise and happens to be correct. However, E. C. Mayrowitz (Los Angeles, Calif.) is a trifle too hasty when he objects to the use of the word "transpire" in The American Freeman of February 15. In a front-page story entitled "Radio Station Submits to the Christian Science Gag" there was given a general introductory review of the book-boycotting methods of this cult and this was followed by the statement that "other instances transpire . . ." etc. If Mr. Mayrowitz dislikes the word "transpire" for some esthetic reason, then he is privileged to avoid it but not to impose his prejudice upon me. As for correctness, the word is unimpeachable. It means literally "to become known" or "to be found out." It was used exactly as it should be used in the story to which Mr. Mayrowitz refers.

A rather more delicate point is raised by E. Edson (Washington). He is concerned about the interpretation of a poem which was quoted in the same issue (February 15) of The American Freeman. The poem appeared originally in *The Literary Guide and Rationalist Review* of London, England, and was apparently a sweet, vague utterance of a belief in reincarnation. At any rate, that was the interpretation placed upon it in The American Freeman's short editorial. Mr. Edson doesn't agree. He says:

My understanding of the lines is that the idea might aptly be illustrated by the reincarnation (the word is your choice, not the author's) of Voltaire in yourself—that you in your larger way and many thousands of us lesser lights in our feeble way are carrying on the torch lighted by Voltaire—that, to the extent we are carrying on his ideas, he is living in us. It is, Mr. Edson says, a "poetic notion." Yes, and it is poetically open to a mystical interpretation. That's the trouble with a great deal of poetry. Its meaning is slippery. Quite often poetry appears merely as a device for stating beautifully

something that obviously is not true. As for the poem in dispute, read it again carefully for yourselves:

I shall have life immortal—  
Not of that dreadful everlasting bliss  
That some men crave—  
But here on earth,  
Living again, fighting the fight  
Of life,  
As all her creatures do.  
The sacred flame passed on,  
Shall burn in men and women yet  
To be  
Until the time when all,  
This cosmic cycle ended,  
Shall hidden be in sweet forgetfulness.

The poem may mean only what Mr. Edson suggests. On the other hand, the meaning ascribed to it in The American Freeman is equally borne out by the lines. And, for all I know, it may have half a dozen other meanings. Whatever the author may have intended to convey in this sweet effusion, it is obscure and does not contain any bright, clear thought.

I do not apologize. But of course I grant Mr. Edson the right to interpret poetry his own way. And I may add that poets, if often they are enigmatic, are seldom dogmatic. The author of the lines just quoted, however, is rather too sure of something that is not quite certain.

### REALLY, IS THIS LOGIC?

One of Mark Twain's characters would begin a story, but it would suggest so many other topics of digression that he was never able to finish what he originally had in mind. It is a bit easier for us when anyone, selecting us for audience, sticks to the subject. For instance, I have a letter from John A. Lindemann (Idaho) which ostensibly is a criticism of The American Freeman's stand on Prohibition. That is to say, his letter mentions Prohibition from time to time, and was evidently inspired by a recent article on that subject in The American Freeman. But Mr. Lindemann discusses a far broader subject, that of capitalistic ownership and distribution of things. He brings up the issue of poverty, not as a condition due to the workingman's extravagance in liquor but as a more fundamental social injustice. He also mentions political prisoners. However, he does not discuss Prohibition directly and, indeed, I am left in doubt as to whether

he is for or against the (attempted) total abolition of liquor.

There is a hint that he would be agreeable to personal liberty in drinking under socialism or (since he does not state specifically that he is a socialist) under some other form of society. In the same breath he accuses The American Freeman of trying to uphold capitalism by discussing other things. "Keep up the clatter," he says, "keep the air full of noise about non-essentials lest people think of fundamental issues and abolish capitalism and then if they want booze they can have it without profit and corrupting influence." Mr. Lindemann is not very accurate in his language. Surely Prohibition is not a "non-essential" issue. It is a very essential subject of discussion whether the government has the right to control absolutely our tastes in drinking and whether it shall succeed in this attempt. Compared with the issue of a complete change in the social system—which, obviously, is an issue bigger in size—Prohibition may be less important. At any rate, it is a less sweeping issue.

Unfortunately for those who think that men should concentrate on a single issue and get that settled before discussing anything else, life thrusts upon us many problems of varying size and intensity and character, which we must consider as we go along. We can't afford to ignore Prohibition and censorship and blue laws and campaigns of bigotry against the teaching of evolution and many other essential issues, until Mr. Lindemann and others have decided the issue of capitalism versus socialism or some other system. Life doesn't run along as singly as that, but presents us with a wide and changing front of problems. And it seems obvious to me that one can fairly discuss Prohibition without including all the social and economic issues of the time.

I am afraid that Mr. Lindemann is troubled with a bad humor. He resents the fact that many who are opposing Prohibition have not interested themselves also in the larger struggle for social justice; that many "wets" have been indifferent to the rights of the workers; that many who complain against the tyranny of Prohibition have not raised their voices against other kinds of tyranny. But that hardly invalidates their objection to Prohibition. It is poor logic and a poor notion of justice to argue that a man should be deprived of the right to enjoy liquor because he is a Democrat or a Republican; or because he is a capitalist; or because he has not joined in this or that propaganda, meritorious though it may be. Does Mr. Lindemann believe that every-

one who doesn't agree with him in politics or economics should be punished by Prohibition? He takes, to put it mildly, an inadequate and limited view of the subject. We should all respect basic liberties. We should all respect our neighbor's rights, even though our neighbor differs from us in his opinions.

Mr. Lindemann is also a trifle deficient in logic when he describes the liquor question as being the result of "capitalistic greed for money." Does he mean that prohibition of liquor is right because money is made out of the sale of liquor? According to this view, everything should be prohibited until we have socialism. Clothing factories should be shut down and stores should be closed because they are operated for profit. Theaters should be closed because they are conducted for money. Books should be abolished because publishers sell books. And so on—rather an impracticable view, when one comes to think of it. There is another fallacy in Mr. Lindemann's notion that the liquor question is simply to be defined as a matter of "capitalistic greed for money." Certainly the drinkers of liquor do not imbibe out of a foolishly altruistic desire to contribute to the profits of bootleggers or, in the old days, the saloon keepers. Taking the profit out of liquor distribution would be all right, but that wouldn't take the desire for liquor out of the drinkers.

In some ways Prohibition is not quite so broad an issue as Mr. Lindemann tries to make it. It doesn't include every other issue under the sun. But again, in some respects Mr. Lindemann takes a narrow view. He needs a little more toleration. He also needs a more careful regard for the relation of one subject to another and a more watchful eye for irrelevancies that he may avoid them. Like Mark Twain's exuberant story-teller, he needs to learn concentration and continuity. Out of a kind heart I freely offer him this counsel.

### Lifts in the Fog

BY MARCET HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

THE FOG OF PREJUDICE  
In the February Crisis (the official magazine of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) there is an interesting article by Laura Tanne: "Now I Know the Truth." It is an account of her own reaction, as a white woman, when for the first time in her life she attended a week-end party which included Negroes. Among them

A black bard Egyptian-eyed and swarther than the rest, he brought a distinct foreign note to the chaste New England landscape. A classmate of the black bard's, a boy in whom blended races had apparently justified a glorious experiment in color. He seemed to typify the cultured, well-fed, colored student of Harvard, academized to a regrettable extent. He was intellectual but possessed the dilettante's lack of abandon. . . . In a festive-looking boy, in an orange tie. Before dinner was announced from the top of the hill, I had learned he was studying anthropology, and was the pet of one of the most picturesque scholars in the educational and artistic life of the East. With roguish detachment, he related in one breath the sociological significance of the various strata composing the Negro group, and in another he traced the history of the "spirituals," sharing with me several gracious anecdotes concerning well-known Negro writers and scientists of whom I was just beginning to learn. . . . A little colored girl who writes quaint verse to her husband. . . . A little brown girl who writes extremely dramatic short stories. . . .

Very frankly and entertainingly Miss Tanne explains her own naive delight at finding that these young Negro intellectuals made as charming dinner, tennis and dancing companions as the equally interesting white members of that week-end group. For the first time in her life she shared a room with a colored girl—the dramatic writer. The incident ended with farewells "which were simply preliminary to plans of newly-made friends whom destiny had previously kept apart."

To those who have had Negro friends for years and have frequently entertained and visited them there must have been, as there was for me, something at once encouraging and yet sad in this outburst of enthusiasm, even excited, discovery of a fact which should be self-evident—that there are as many kinds of colored people as there are kinds of white people. But "destiny" is a misleading word. It was prejudice that had until then kept Miss Tanne in "ignorance of this simple truth."

It happened that I read this article on the morning after a trying evening. I had been with a colored friend of mine, her daughter Jneuetta, and my own Alice to Pittsburgh. The girls decided to go to one show, the mother and I to another. As we are both mature women with a good deal of dignity and quiet assurance, it is not easy for any young person to be rude to us. We therefore sat as we always do, without comment, exactly where we wished—in the middle of the downstairs center section. But when our daughters joined us later in the car they were both upset. "They had not been allowed to sit downstairs or

rather Jneuetta had not. The ticket receiver, comparatively new to the theater, had been very rude to her. Alice had taken a hand and said firmly, "She always sits with me." To which he had smartly retorted: "Well, she never got by me before and she ain't going to get by me now."

Not wishing to make a scene, the girls, just at the age (twelve and thirteen) when they hate to be conspicuous, had gone upstairs and both of them were so depressed and embarrassed that they did not even venture to sit down in the first rows of the balcony but went to the back part of it. We calmed them by the accepted but far from true (and never really comforting) platitude that people who were rude hurt themselves more than those they tried to insult, but both girls had been cut to the quick.

"I hope," I said to them, "that the humiliation and injustice of this will stay and seethe in your minds to the end that each of you in your own way will work to have such arbitrary and unreal distinctions abolished." And to Alice alone I added: "You will have to endure this humiliation only when you are with Jneuetta. But this is what she is going to have to face constantly the rest of her life—unless you and others like you help to prevent it."

Since then a little theater party was formed and when Jneuetta's name was brought up Alice said: "Well, I want to ask her. You know I like her and the girls like her, but if I do then we'll all have to sit upstairs and we can't go anywhere afterwards—we'll have to come straight home." They not only ride together, these girls, swim together, often sleep together—but sit side by side at school. But when they wish to see a talkie, by some strange process of reasoning, one may automatically have the best but the other must take the worst that the movie house has to offer. If I wish to register any colored friend as my maid she can share a room with me in the best of hotels. But if she were to register as a guest in her own name she would be refused this privilege. It would be amusing if it weren't so cruel and unjust.

I have come more and more to the conviction that one of the most mischievous sources of present and future trouble is the colored school, particularly the colored grade school. Pittsburgh, the town in which the girls were so rudely treated, has one. Here in Girard we have a mixed school. I can see plainly the difference in attitude in these two

towns just fourteen miles apart. Here there are three colored members in the school orchestra and one of the best players on the football team is a Negro. The presence of the colored students is taken for granted at all school functions and school parties. Jneuetta was voted in as a matter of course to the Girls' Reserve. There is none of that self-consciousness which there is in children (colored as well as white) who have come up in segregated schools. It is indicative that all of the girls in Alice's little party were just as glad as she to have Jneuetta along and just as disgusted with the attitude of the movie house, and these were just an ordinary run of eager, wide-awake, lovable, and intelligent girls. It stands to reason that the more simply colored and white children and young people mix on an equal basis the more quickly the time will be past when a flip youth looking at two girls dressed almost identically alike, with equally charming faces and quiet dignity of manner, can feel that he can be insulting simply because one of them has a brown skin.

Meanwhile it is, of course, encouraging not only that more and more do the intellectual and artistic aristocrats of the two races mingle, but that whenever the big rank and file in the two races are given a fair chance to get acquainted on an equal footing, and to judge each other as individuals, the fog of prejudice lifts.

### Southern Farce

Concluded from page one

The South. Federal laws are violated. Negroes are treated like beasts. White men and women behave in a fashion that cannot be regarded as quite sane. It is an outrage. It is also, when one looks at it unemotionally, a perfect farce, with the white race super-clownishly starred. No wonder intelligent observers, in this country and the rest of the world, look upon the South as peculiarly uncivilized and behind the best culture and humanism of the age.

"No surrender to intelligence" is the cry of the Roman Catholic Church to the modern world. "No return to ignorance and superstition, no compromise of modernism with medievalism," should be our repeated slogan and our repeated, intelligent inspiration to a full program of truth-telling in reply to the lying claims and pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church.

### The Touch of Evil

Trifles assume titanic proportions in the mind of a censor. He, she, or it is always looking for a bogey—and of course always seeing what is morbidly craved. Some very funny instances of censorship are given by Walter Winchell in his syndicate feature, "Your Broadway and Mine," as follows:

The censors still are editing the movies so that our morals won't be diminished. In Canada recently "The Pagan" sub-titles were blue penciled, one of which was:

"A pagan's only god is nature; a pagan's only law is love!"

In Pennsylvania the censors eliminated this from Lenore Ulric's "Frozen Justice" flicker:

"He's after furs and women."

The Pennsylvania censors, incidentally, being the same dear persons who once objected to the subtitle: "She's a streetwalker."

Which was changed to "She's an actress!"

In considering "actress" as a synonym for "streetwalker" the Pennsylvania censors are only about fifty years behind the times, although their view goes venerably back to the days of John Wesley and still farther back to the days of Jonathan Edwards.

Critics—using the term in its broadest significance—are the most useful of men. They are always calling upon men to justify their ideas. They are always demanding that ideas be examined, this way and that, in relation to all old and all new things. They are always insisting, quite rightly, that nothing in life is to be taken for granted. They keep thought alive and active and ambitious for new intellectual fields to conquer—new fields which may indeed prove to be the old fields more carefully subjected to the conquest of thought.

An assumption is an opinion which a man has about something which he has not investigated and about which he knows little or nothing or not enough. Nine-tenths of religion consists of assumptions and the rest is a cheap grade of platitudes. No, let us state this more fully: All of the ideas which belong distinctly to the character of religion are assumptions. These assumptions are seen to be untenable the moment one reasons about them and compares them with life.

Of all the "definitions" of death, theological and spiffological, the best we know is quite simply the following: Death is the end of life.

What Is the Truth About Companionate Marriage?

What Is the Truth About Birth Control?

What Is the Truth About Woman's Freedom?

What Is the Truth About Eugenics?

## Marriage and Morals

By Bertrand Russell

This Great Thinker's Latest Book

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"The man is too civilized," writes Isaac Goldberg. "I am surprised that England has not yet stood him up against the wall to be shot at sunrise."

What Russell does is to present a clear, complete study of contemporary ideas and practices relating to marriage and morals. He interprets the conflicts of morality in our changing age, which is revaluing inherited conventions, and which is, moreover, forced to adjust itself to entirely new conditions. What these conditions are, what the true problems of sex are today, what marriage and morals are in their most widely social as well as their definite, personal implications, Russell tells his readers in a scientific spirit.

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## In the World of Books

Weekly Reviews and Other Literary Examinations  
Isaac Goldberg

### THE POPE CURE

The American newspapers are greatly agitated over the recent news from Russia that it is to be a godless republic. Representatives of all religious denominations are being asked to rise in their wrath and thunder forth a united rebuke to this blasphemy.

The men at the cloth have so long been used to riding in the saddle that they view with alarm—it is the technique of all reverend gentlemen to view with alarm—the prospect of being made henceforth to go afoot. The insidiousness of their rule appears in our very vocabulary. Look again at that word "godless." Even atheists, without thinking, assume it to be a term of derogation. It has been made to mean anything and everything wicked under the sun. The assumption is that he who has no God has no moral sense. Yet what are the facts? It takes a great deal of moral stamina to achieve the conception of a godless world. The temptation is all in the opposite direction. He who believes in God has found a refuge from all the problems that beset humanity. He is like a troubled civilian who has suddenly solved his situation by joining the army and getting into a uniform. He need no longer think for himself.

Godlessness is not synonymous with criminality. Religiousness, as any census of the prisons will show, is not synonymous with obedience to law.

The Soviet method of eradicating religion may be violent. A glance at history will show that religion's method of eradicating heresy has been even more violent. There can be no question, however, that the trend is away from religion. It has lived and outlived its day. Perhaps it would be more tactful to do away with religion as physicians attempt to do away with the dope habit. For religion is spiritual dope. Elderly people are too far gone for us to be concerned with them. It is the young who must be weaned and who, by world events, are being weaned.

The threat of the Soviet to stuff the Pope and put him into a museum of antiquities—we may as well include the representatives of all the

the Pope and put him into a museum of antiquities—we may as well include the representatives of all the established religions in this display—there is no more arrogant than the sort of letters that the Pope sends forth from the Vatican every once in so often.

Technically the United States, as a nation, is godless. That is to say, there is no State religion, and every citizen has the right to worship or refrain from worship as he sees fit. The separation of State and Church, though not fully accomplished, was inevitably a step toward godlessness. Let us not be afraid of the word. The proof of the "ism" is in the deed.

AN EPIC OF PROSTITUTION  
*Yama: The Pit.* A Novel in Three Parts. Translated from the Russian of Alexander Kuprin by Bernard Guilbert Guernsey. Published in New York by the Translator.

This is a book about which there has been a great deal to do in many languages. The present publisher tells us that it has sold no fewer than two and a half million copies in the various tongues of the world. He tells us, moreover, that the present authorized edition is the first complete version in any language, not excluding the original Russian. "The author has availed himself fully of the opportunity to correct typographical errors, to restore many and lengthy passages deleted by previous editions, and to contribute a most earnest and charming causerie of retrospect and after-thought. He himself styles this edition the 'ideal' one, 'as originally conceived,' and is kind enough to add, 'my work is in the hands of the very best American translator.'"

The present edition carries a short foreword by that radiant libertarian, Arthur Garfield Hayes. There is a long introduction by Mr. Guernsey himself, whom some will recognize as the proprietor of The Blue Faun Book Shop, 134 West 23rd St., New York City.

Let us approach the volume in Kuprin's own spirit of truth. It is not from an artistic standpoint, a masterpiece or anything like one. It is the mark of a profound humanism, even a work of propaganda. It purports to be a faithful and a complete picture of prostitution in Russia, and of the prostitute's psychology the world over. Let us rather regard it as a piece of inspired reporting, and not ask of it what the author would not or could not give. Thus considered, it easily holds the interest throughout its 447

pages, and restores to vital consideration a problem which we like to think has been solved or is in its very nature beyond solution.

It would be easy to dismiss Kuprin and many of his male characters as mere sentimentalists. There are some typically Russian episodes in the book; one part, in which a prostitute is taken away from her brothel to be redeemed by a group of uplifters, is often unconsciously funny. It is hard to believe that even Russian idealists would go so ineptly at a task of reform. On the other hand, for all of Kuprin's attitudinizing, for all his wordiness, he has seen into the misery that lives beneath this glitter, and into the essential wretchedness of the brothel as an organized institution. He does not find it inevitably evil; even here man's will to pleasure achieves at times the illusion of satisfaction. His picture, nevertheless, is on the whole a black one, with debasement and disease lurking always at the shoulder of wantonness.

Much of the work, somehow, seems to date. There is little, for example, that is new to any widely read American. The material is of the kind that requires only presentation for its effect. There is a suspicion, too, that the author has arranged his climaxes. These prostitutes live as if they desired to provide substance for Kuprin. They sit around and tell each other the stories of their lives. One dashing youngster is, of course, saved at the eleventh hour from the dread scourge of syphilis, by an infected woman whose ambition it has hitherto been to pollute the entire cursed race of males.

And yet, for all that may be said about the book, it is worth knowing. It is redeemed by its fund of specialized information, and by the white-hot sincerity of the author.

Kuprin's attitude toward his own work may be gauged from the postscript to *Yama*. "There is one more reason," he writes, "for me to rejoice over the fact that *Yama* is to appear in America. There, on a time, appeared *Uncle Tom's Cabin*."

Kuprin, then, would have his book be for white slavery what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was for black slavery. Black slavery in this country may be abolished in the Constitution; it is not abolished in fact. White slavery will prove even more difficult to abolish, if only because it is hypocritically maintained by the very forces that pretend to deplore and forbid it. Kuprin has no specific remedies; he does well to fill us with understanding pity. And treatment is impossible without understanding. His book is not so important today as when it was first issued. It has, nevertheless, a cer-

standing. His book is not so important today as when it was first issued. It has, nevertheless, a certain historical, sociological and journalistic value.

### The Tragic Victory

Bertrand Russell in *What Can a Free Man Worship?* (Little Blue Book No. 677).

When, without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learned both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate and to recognize that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last to transform and refashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. In all the multifarious facts of the world—in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of man, even in the very omnipotence of Death—the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own thoughts first made.

In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces of Nature. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the pageant of its triumph.

Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very center of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountains; from its impregnable watchtowers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeming eminence. Honor to those brave warriors who, through countless ages of warfare, have preserved for us the priceless heritage of liberty, and have kept undefiled by sacrilegious invaders the home of the unsubdued.

When men speak reverently of a religion which has killed and tortured in behalf of its dogmas; when men regard as a tradition of glory that patriotism which has caused the slaughter of millions; when men bow admiringly to notorious examples of falsehood and tyranny and villainy; when men honor tremendous, tragic errors that have been monstrous defacements of life—then we are frankly puzzled when they turn to a denunciation of crime. What is their notion of crime, anyway? Crime, faith, and glory—these three are a wonder of trinity.

## Have It My Own Way

BY JOHN W. GUNN.

DEATH AS A "CURE"

Gratitude is not always admirable. Like all virtues, it is relative to the circumstantial factors that explain it and, judged by the reason given in its behalf, it may be a poor thing. It is sometimes foolishly mistaken, and we are all a bit annoyed by what we are smart enough to recognize as foolishness; maybe this is a subconscious feeling that we need reassurance, that we need to protect ourselves from possibly playing the fool. We are conscious of the treachery of human nature and we resent the recurrent visible proof that the spirit of folly is claiming its victims right and left of us.

Our own foolishness would be unique and even brilliant, perhaps. We are not afraid that we should emulate the Wisconsin woman who, believing that she had been cured of cancer by the "spiritual" ministrations of Aimee Semple McPherson, left a fortune of \$55,000 to the whizzard of the Four Square Gospel. The woman was not a martyr who died for her faith. It appears that she died in spite of her faith; or that her death, as it were, spited her faith.

The natural heirs of the woman do not conceal their opinion that Aimee's gospel is four-flushing rather than four-square. They are demanding that the will be set aside. Their suspicion is not without good reason; indeed, it may be called a dead certainty; the woman is as dead as anybody could be and only in that somewhat sardonic sense can her "cure" be considered complete. Four physicians testified that the cause of death was cancer.

It is odd that prayer should be regarded as a cure for anything, when prayer itself is a sign of mental disease or weakness.

Cuff links are appropriate as a gift from a wife to her husband. But they are commonplace. I notice an item about a policeman's wife who prided herself on having a brighter idea. She presented her husband with handcuffs. Evidently she is equipped with what is known as a one-track or occupational mind. If her husband were a hangman, I presume she would give him a rope instead of a necktie. If he were a butcher, probably she would surprise him with a cleaver under his plate. If he were a bootlegger—but I often wonder what the vintner buys.

One half so precious as the stuff he sells.

Senator Heflin of Alabama and Senator Copeland of New York

clashed in debate recently on the Negro question. Heflin was very excited about racial intermarriage in New York City, and Copeland retorted with a very political sense of loyalty: "Nobody in my State desires intermarriage. The men in control of government in my State are men of the highest character." I haven't a very strong mind—that must be it. I am deficient in the vigor of high-powered, he-man prejudice. Thus handicapped, I can't exactly see the relation between Senator Copeland's two statements.

"SALABLE"? RIGHT NOW!

I am surprised by the statement made on behalf of a Louisville, Ky., distillery which has requested permission from Missouri authorities to sell its corporation stock in that State. Recommending it as a very business-like and brightly advanced concern, the distillery officials say that their company "was the first to supply the druggist with a neat, well-dressed, salable package of whiskey in an appropriate carton in place of the plain, white, undressed bottles formerly known to the saloon trade."

I know that Prohibition has been responsible for some progress—in the scientific and colorful and personally stimulating industry of domestic liquor-making, for example. I know also that bootleggers have given thoughtful attention to the labeling of bottles, although their art is imitative rather than original. It is news, however, that liquor needs any art to make it "salable."

Possibly a sick man—and aren't sick men the only ones who purchase whiskey at drug stores?—requires a nice appeal to his fancy. Standing in querulous and coy hesitation, he might await the seduction of the druggist's words: "See, old fellow. Nice package. Nice bottle. A work of art, I give you my word. Buy it for your wife, if not for yourself." But something tells me that is too imaginative. It seems more likely that a sick man, presumably in desperate case (desperate for the immediate relief of a drink if not hopeful of a speedy cure), would be glad to accept the first bottle of "medicinal" whiskey that was offered.

Druggists don't have to be whiskey salesmen. All they need is the stock—dressed or undressed.

An article by Angelo Patri, affecting to be cultural in a very common way, is headed: "Good Books Are as Essential as Good Food." We need spinach as much as we need Shakespeare, beans as much as we need Bacon, milk as much as we need Montaigne, ham as much as we need Heine. But won't Patri tell us what food should go with what books?

A Methodist preacher in a Kansas town has urged the men of his

church to let their beards grow indefinitely, contributing their shaving money to foreign missions. After that, teaching the heathen to shave would be irony. But teaching them to pray . . . that suggests hilarity to a well-prepared mind. To correct the balance, atheism should flourish in the barber shops of that town. Barber shops are, in their humble and confused way, centers of worldliness.

THE ETHICS OF TIME

"Stolen love" is a phrase that has never seemed real to me. Is love an article of concrete property that can be purloined without the possessor's knowledge? Is it something that one person naturally possesses, as a private and exclusive claim, and another person cannot have? If a woman's love—or why not a man's love?—is stolen, does it mean that a measurable property and sum of love has been lost by one person and gained by another? This phrase, by the way, is always applied to women. Yet that doesn't strike me as logical. If love is a stealable and, so to speak, a feloniously portable thing, then men also may be the victims of such theft.

I am reminded of the preachers who cry out indignantly that a crime of religion has "stolen" somebody's faith. If a Republican becomes a Democrat or vice versa (though I don't know why anyone should bother to exchange one such meaningless label for the other), I presume it can be charged that his political beliefs have been "stolen." If a man has read *The Atlantic Monthly* and then turns for heartier fare to *The Debunker*, I suppose it would be claimed, in a tone of outrage, that *The Debunker* had "stolen" his literary and intellectual taste.

But I didn't intend to argue at length about ethics or psychology or whatever the subject may be. What attracts my casual interest is the report that a convict in Colorado failed in a "love theft" suit, a jury not upholding his claim that another man had robbed him of his wife's affection while he was in prison. His wife declared that she had quit loving him (or, perhaps, that her love had been "stolen" on general principles and not by any particular man) before he was incarcerated.

The fact that he was in prison seems to have made a difference with the jury. This might be called a fine point if it were not, after all, pointless.

On the editorial page of the Kansas City Star there is reproduced a camera view of a scene in old Mex-

ico. It is a beautiful scene, certainly, but why should a glance at it make anyone temporarily lose his reason? Thus it seems to have affected one of the *Star's* writers, who composed this brief and astonishing tribute to appear underneath the picture: "No Rembrandt or anybody else ever painted a picture that was more beautiful than this piece of photography. . . . Incidentally, what is the meaning of the expression, 'No Rembrandt. . . .'? That seems to mean, 'Not any of the many Rembrandts who ever painted pictures.' It happens that Rembrandt was not plural. He was singular."

### The Measure of Ideals

Clarence Darrow in *Realism in Literature and Art* (Little Blue Book No. 934).

It is from the realities of life that the highest idealities are born. The philosopher may reason with unerring logic, and show us where the world is wrong. The economist may tell us of the progress and poverty that go hand in hand; but these are theories, and the abstract cannot suffer pain.

Dickens went out into the streets of the great city and found poor little Joe sweeping the crossing with his broom. All around was the luxury and the elegance, which the rich have ever appropriated to themselves; great mansions, fine carriages, beautiful dresses; but in all the great city of houses and homes, poor little Joe could find no place to lay his head. His home was in the street, and every time he halted for a moment in the throng, the policeman touched him with his club and bade him "move on." At last, ragged, wretched, almost dead with "moving on," he sank down upon the cold stone steps of a magnificent building erected for "The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

As we think of wretched, ragged Joe in the midst of all this luxury and wealth, we see the tens of thousands of other waifs in the great cities of the world, and we condemn the so-called civilization of the earth that builds the mansions of the rich and great upon the rags and miseries of the poor.

The disillusioned man is the man who has really lived. He is the man who has faced life with a clear, undaunted gaze. He is the man who, knowing full well the ironies and contrasts of life, can most intelligently appreciate the real delights of living. He is the man who is clear-minded enough to recognize the real mischances of life and wise enough not to perturb himself with chimeras of vain fear and regret, with illusions that misrepresent and complicate life.

## The Fear of Hell—Does It Make Men Tell the Truth?

[Are there really many people nowadays who believe that a man's truthfulness is doubtful unless he is influenced by the fear of a Hell for liars? Yet a North Carolina judge recently stated his belief in this theological absurdity. The nation is very ably debunked in the following article, which is the more remarkable in that it appeared in the *Decatur, Ill., Herald*. Mr. Tucker is the *Herald's* regular columnist; and we congratulate both him and the *Herald* upon the freedom and intelligence which, judging by this and other examples that have recently come to our desk, signifies this unusual column. Mr. Tucker's writing is very bright in contrast with the dull timorousness or the puerile, aimless wisecrackery of most newspaper columnists.]

BY S. A. TUCKER

Decatur lawyers, we read with interest in our favorite morning and evening newspaper, do not place great reliance in the fear of Hell, as a guarantee of truth-telling by witnesses under oath. The *Decatur* lawyers interviewed, that is to say, have a different notion of the motives of witnesses than has Judge N. V. Barnhill of North Carolina, who confessed from the bench that he tells the truth mainly because he is afraid of punishment after death.

The more we have considered the foundation of Judge Barnhill's veracity, the more interesting, it seems to us, would be the experiment, of putting the honorable jurist upon the witness stand, for further examination into the curious labyrinth of his reasoning and faith.

Barnhill, J., being duly sworn, takes the witness stand.

Q. "Judge Barnhill, were you correctly quoted in the statement, that you said, 'If I believed that life ends with death, and that there is no punishment after death, I would be less apt to tell the truth'?"

A. "The statement is in the record of the case on trial."

Q. "I assume, then, that your strongest motive in telling the truth under oath is the fear of suffering punishment hereafter?"

A. "That is the natural inference of my remark to the jury."

Q. "You believe, therefore, in a stern God who will surely inflict punishment upon perjurers, after they quit this life?"

A. "I do."

Q. "And you would place no reliance upon the testimony of persons, however good their reputation

sin?"

A. ?

We cannot surmise the Honorable

for truth-telling, however estimable their characters in every other respect, if they did not believe in this future punishment?"

A. "I would place less reliance in the testimony of any non-believer."

Q. "That means that you would impeach the testimony of any atheist?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "The God that you had in mind was the Christian God, and the system of punishment you mention is the system of punishment we have learned of through Christian tradition?"

A. "Certainly."

Q. "That means, therefore, that you would be bound to doubt also the testimony of a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, a Unitarian, or any other sort of believer not a Christian?"

A. "Yes, if he did not believe in a punishment hereafter."

Q. "You exclude, therefore, most of the human race, as being incapacitated to serve as credible witnesses. If a murder were committed, and the only witness was a Japanese, a Chinese, a Hindu, or perhaps Wm. H. Taft, late Chief Justice of the United States who is a Unitarian and does not believe in Hell, we assume that you would feel obliged to turn the murderer loose, for want of reliable evidence against him. But another question occurs to me, Judge Barnhill, do you, as a Christian, believe in the Christian teaching of a merciful God who forgives sins?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Is there anything in Christian teaching that would lead one to believe that an exception is made, in the sin of perjury, or false witness?"

A. "No."

Q. "Is it not possible, therefore, that a Christian witness, believing in a punishment hereafter as you require for witnesses, might reflect while testifying in court that even should he commit a perjury, he might still escape punishment hereafter by repentance?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Then, Judge Barnhill, since you have implied that fear of punishment is the only sure guarantee of truth-telling by a witness, and that you yourself would be less apt to tell the truth if you didn't expect to be punished, is it not necessary that you should exclude from the witness stand not only Atheists, Hindus, Mohammedans, Unitarians, and other non-Christians, but also all Christians as well, who believe in the possibility of forgiveness for sin?"

A. ?

We cannot surmise the Honorable

sin?"

A. ?

We cannot surmise the Honorable

Judge's reply to this question, since we come here to a topic on which he has not been publicly quoted. If the eminent jurist of North Carolina is ruled by logic, however, we cannot see for the life of us how he can escape answering "Yes" at this point again. If fear of punishment is the only assurance of rectitude, the fear certainly is cancelled by the conception of a forgiving Deity—or is not far mitigated, that a true believer might feel safe in making exception in a great emergency.

Thus it appears that for the purposes of North Carolina no witness should be really acceptable, unless he believes in the unrelenting God of Jonathan Edwards, who will make no exceptions about plunging sinners into Hellfire for the first slip. We do not know exactly where Judge Barnhill can find a witness to meet his standard.

Bunk is treachery to reason. It is a comic incongruity which is perceived at once to be not in agreement with reason. It is a product of lazy-mindedness which will not make an effort toward reason. It is encouraged by a profound and congenial distaste for reason. By a peculiar law of mental mathematics, it is always the farthest point away from reason in any direction.

Wolves, like men, cannot escape destiny. A Kentucky wolf has been killed after a sheep-killing career which totaled a loss of \$7,000. He had his day. Imaginatively one might picture him as a hero in wolf history. Even so, Napoleon ended his activity on the field of Waterloo but won a crown of crimson glory in the tragic-comedy of history.

A tone of candor and forthright discussion always arouses wrath in bigots, charlatans, hypocrites, and all such men who are untrained in honest thinking.

Blasphemy is a disrespectful remark about some man's word about some other man's notion of some other man's speculation about God.

The Christians praise God for all blessings except one, and that is the privilege of intellectual freedom, which is reserved for the godless.

We have never been able to feel at all enthusiastic about the Christian idea of bliss—to spend an eternity doing nothing.

Art is the defender of man against Time, in that it bequeaths a long memorableness to the great moments of life.

Not all is hold that splutters.

moments of life.

Not all is hold that splutters.

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The eighteenth century, in which

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Fourteen Little Essays.  
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### Books About Voltaire

Voltaire: A Lecture. Clarence Darrow.  
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Life and government and the con-

dition of general culture in the eighteenth century were a scandal and a shame to mankind. Voltaire dared to tell the truth about his century. He dared to condemn the stupidities and the tyrannies which afflicted his century, which outraged his century, which made his century uncivilized. He dared to point the way—to break the way—to fight the way to the civilization of the future.

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# The Antichrist

By Friedrich Nietzsche

(Continued from last week.)

Here we are among Jews: this is the first thing to be remembered if we don't wish to lose the scent. In this book, the illusion of personal "holiness," which literally amounts to genius, and has never been even approached in other books or by other men; the elevation of deceit in attitude and phrase to the status of an art—is not any accident due to the exceptional talents of any one individual. It is a racial matter. In the formulation of Christianity, the art of concocting holy lies, which is the essence of Jewishness, after many centuries of earnest apprenticeship and practice in Judea, has reached technical perfection. The Christian, who is the last word in falsity, is the Jew repeating his type—thrice a Jew. . . . The basic desire only to make use of ideas, symbols, and gestures, which accord with the priestly edifice, and the instinctive rejection of every other way of thinking and every other method of arriving at values and utilities—all this is not merely a matter of tradition, it is something inherited; for only heredity could explain the fact that it works like second nature. The whole of humanity, even the best minds of the best ages (with one exception, who is perhaps hardly human) have let themselves be deceived. The Gospels have been studied as a work of simplicity. . . . No small tribute to the technical perfection with which the trick has been accomplished. . . .

Frankly, if we could only see, even for a moment, these prodigious cranks and pseudo-saints, that would be an end of them—and it is because I cannot read a word of theirs without seeing through their pose, that I have made an end of them. . . . I can't stand a way they have of rolling up their eyes. (Fortunately books are only something to read for most people.)

We shouldn't let them pull wool over our eyes. "Judge not!" they say, yet they consign to Hell everybody who opposes them. Although they leave judgment to God, yet they sit in judgment themselves: when they glorify God, they glorify themselves; when they require men to profess the virtues which come easy to them (in fact which they must profess if they are not to go under) they assume the appearance of making an effort to be virtuous, or of letting virtue triumph. They pretend to live, and die, and sacrifice themselves for virtue (or for "truth," or for the "light," or for the Kingdom of God) when as a matter of fact they are only doing what they cannot help doing. It is their nature to be sneaky, to hide away in corners, and to slink along in the shadows; and so they hypocritically convert their necessity into a duty. They justify their humble lives on grounds of duty so that even their humility is used as one more proof of their piety. . . . Oh what a humble, and chaste, and charitable species of humbug! "Virtue itself shall bear witness for us" . . .

The Gospels are handbooks of moral seduction: these petty fellow appropriate morality—how well they know its use! Morality is the best method of leading humanity by the nose!—the fact is that by means of morality concealed people who believe themselves to be the chosen, put on a cloak of modesty. With conscious conceit they range themselves definitely on the side of the "truth"—and the best of man kind, the "world," they place on the other. This is perhaps the most fatal form of megalomania that has ever existed on the earth: little misgotten bigots and liars began to claim exclusive understanding of the ideals of "God," "truth," "the light," "the spirit," "love," "wisdom," and "life" as if these things were the peculiar property of themselves; and by means of them they sought to fence themselves off from the "world."

Little super-Jews, fit only for the madhouse, reversed all value to suit themselves, as if the followers of Christ alone were the meaning, the salt, the standard, and even the supreme court of mankind. . . . Such a calamity was only possible because a species of megalomania, similar to this one, and racially like it (orthodox Jewish) was already in existence. When a division appeared between official Jews and Christian Jews, the latter had no alternative left but to employ the self-protective measures peculiar to the Jewish instinct and they used this device even against the Jews themselves, whereas the Jews had used it only against Gentiles. The Christian is only a nonconformist Jew.

## XLV

I give a few examples of the kind of thing these trivial people stuffed into their heads, the kind of thing they put into the mouth of the Master: the pure and unadulterated creed of "beautiful souls."

And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city. (Mark VI, 11.)

And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. (Mark IX, 42.)

And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. (Mark IX, 47.)

Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power. (Mark IX, 1.)

Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For . . .

—(Note of a psychologist: Christian morality is refuted by its "fors"—its justifications condemn it—this is what makes it Christian.)

Judge not, that ye be not judged. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. (Matthew VII, 1.)

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? (Matthew V, 46.)

But if ye forgive men not their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. (Matthew VI, 15.)

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matthew VI, 33.)

—All these things mean food, clothing, and the necessities of life. A mistake, to put it mildly. . . . Just before, God appears as a kind of tailor, in special cases. . . .

Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets. (Luke VI, 23.)

—The impertinent rabble compares itself with the prophets! Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (Paul, 1 Corinthians, III, 16.)

—This roundabout argument is utterly beneath contempt! Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? (Paul, 1 Corinthians, VI, 2.)

—Unhappily this is not merely the ravings of a lunatic. . . . The frightful impostor continues thus:

Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more things that pertain to this life?

Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. . . . not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence. (Paul, 1 Corinthians, I, 20 et seq.)

—to interpret this passage, which is of considerable importance as an exposition of Chandalia-morality, the reader should refer to my "Gene-

alogy of Morals," in which the distinction is plainly stated between a noble morality and a morality of resentment and impotent vengeance. Paul was the greatest Apostle of revenge who has ever lived.

## XLVI

What follows then? That it is advisable to put on gloves before handling the New Testament. The presence of so much filth makes this precaution advisable. We would as soon hob-nob with Polish Jews as with early Christians; and there is no necessity to elaborate our objection. . . . Neither smells good—I have searched the New Testament in vain for a single sympathetic touch; there is nothing in it which is free, kindly, open-hearted or upright. In this book definitely mankind makes no step forward—because it lacks the instinct of cleanliness. . . . Only the base instincts are expressed in the New Testament and it lacks even courage in regard to these. The whole thing is cowardice, the whole thing is wilful shutting of the eyes and self-deception. Any other book appears clean when a man has just finished reading the New Testament; to give an example, immediately after laying down Paul, I took up with delight that most charming and wanton scoffer, Petronius, of whom it might be said what Domenico Boccaccio wrote to the Duke of Parma about Cesare Borgia: "E tutto festo"—he is immortally healthy, immortally cheerful and well-balanced. . . .

These trivial fanatics make a most important mistake in their calculations. They attack, but whatever they attack is thereby distinguished. He whom a Christian father attacks is not injured. . . . On the contrary, it is an honor to have a Christian father as an opponent. It is impossible to read the New Testament without a feeling of admiration for everything abused in it, in particular for "worldly wisdom," which an impudent wind-bag tries in vain to abolish by the empty folly of preaching. . . . Even the Scribes and Pharisees gain stature by such an attack: they must almost have been worth something to merit such immoderate hate. They were accused of hypocrisy—as if this were a charge that early Christians had any right to make—but after all the Scribes and Pharisees were a privileged class: this is enough to explain the rage of the Chandalas. The first Christians, I fear (like the last Christians, whom I may live to see) are rebels by profound instinct against all privilege—they live and struggle perpetually for "equal rights." . . . Strictly speaking, they have no alternative. When people claim to be personally God's chosen or the "Temple of God" or a "Heavenly Host," it follows that every other principle of distinction based upon honesty, intelligence, cleanliness and pride, or upon beauty and freedom of the spirit, must be dismissed as "worldly" and evil. . . .

The moral is that every word in the mouth of a "Christian father" is a lie, and his every action is distinctly dishonest—all his aims and his aims are dangerous—but whomever he hates and whatever he hates has a real value. . . . It is thus that the Christian and more particularly the Christian priest sets up a standard of value.

Need I add that in the whole of the New Testament there is only one figure worthy of respect? Pilate the Roman Governor. To take a Jewish quarrel seriously was more than he could bring himself to do. One Jew more or less—what did it matter. . . . The noble corn of a Roman, in whose presence the word "truth" had been shamefully banded about, has enriched the New Testament with the only phrase in it of any value—and this phrase not only criticizes but actually destroys the New Testament—"What is truth?" . . .

## XLVII

The distinction between us and Christians is not in the fact that we can find no God in history or nature, but that we look upon what is called "God" as pitiable, absurd, and dangerous rather than as Godly; and not as a mere error but as a crime against life. . . . We deny that "God" is God. Even if somebody showed us this God of the Christians, we should be still less inclined to believe in him. In formula: God, as Paul created him, is the negation of God.

A religion like Christianity which doesn't come in contact with reality at any point, which collapses if reality intrudes at any point, must inevitably be opposed to "worldly wisdom," that is to science—and it will describe as good any methods which may be used to poison, slander and decry mental discipline, lucidity, intellectual probity, and intellectual aloofness and freedom. "Faith" as an imperative vetoes science, for it is based in lies at any price. Paul knew very well that thing—namely "faith"—was essential. In due course the church earned Paul's lesson.

The God which Paul invented for himself, the God who "reduced the wisdom of the world to absurdity" (particularly philology and medicine, the two great foes of superstition), is in effect simply the expression of Paul's own determination to do this. He called his own will God ("Thora") in a typically Jewish manner. Paul wanted to banish the "wisdom of the world." His enemies were the competent philologists and doctors of the Alexandrine school—it is against them that he contends. As a matter of fact, a man cannot well be a doctor and a philologist without also being an Antichrist. The philologist sees through the "Holy Scriptures," and the doctor sees through the physical degeneracy of the average Christian. The doctor says "incurable": the philologist says "fraud" . . .

## XLVIII

Has anybody ever really understood the celebrated story at the beginning of the Bible about God's holy terror of science? . . . It has not been understood. This supreme priestly book naturally begins by stating the chief inner difficulty of the priest, who has only one great danger to face—consequently, God has to face only one great danger. The old God, a pure "spirit," a pure high priest, and wholly perfect, is wandering in a leisurely fashion around his garden: but he is bored. Against boredom even the Gods contend in vain. So what does he do? He creates man—for man is a distraction. . . . But behold, man also begins to get bored. God's compassion for the only kind of misery peculiar to all Paradises, is infinite, so he forthwith creates other animals. This is God's first error of judgment: man was not amused—he mastered the animals; he wouldn't remain an animal himself. So God created women and admitted this put an end to boredom—but also to many other things! Woman was God's second error of judgment. "Woman is a serpent" ("Eve"): every priest knows this—and evil came into the world through woman, every priest knows this also. It follows that she is to blame for knowledge. . . . It was woman who prompted man to taste of the tree of knowledge.

What is the explanation of all this? It is that the old God fell into a panic. His greatest blunder had been in creating man, for man could become a rival to himself. Knowledge makes men like unto Gods—it is all up with priests and Gods when mankind becomes scientific! Knowledge is the first of sins, the germ of all sins, the original sin. One thing alone is moral—ignorance—the rest follows from it.

God's state of panic, however, didn't spoil his cunning. For a long time his chief problem was, how to protect himself against science. Answer: Out of Paradise with man! Happiness and leisure give rise to thought—and all thinking is bad. . . . Thou shalt not think.

And so the transcendental priest proceeds to invent suffering, death, the dangers of pregnancy and all kinds of misery, decrepitude, affliction, and above all, sickness—and all these are only weapons in God's war upon knowledge! For trouble keeps a man from thinking. . . . Yet notwithstanding these precautions—oh horror! the edifice of knowledge begins to arise, towering aloft, storming heaven, threatening the Gods!—what is to be done? The old God invents war, he separates the peoples, makes men destroy one another (the priests always have needed war) . . . War—amongst other things a great disturber of science—but alas! knowledge and emancipation from the priests increases in spite of war. So the old God takes his final decision: "Mankind is becoming too scientific—there is no help for it: let him be drowned!"

(To be continued next week.)



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109	122	297	354	365	366	439	445	446	477	841	1008	1007	1030	1059	1060	1061	1066
1076	1077	1078	1079	1084	1095	1102	1104	1107	1110	1121	1122	1127	1128	1130	1132	1134	1136
1137	1140	1141	1142	1144	1145	1150	1203	1205	1211	1215	1216	1224	1229	1237	1243	1248	1262
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