

Please Note!

Owing to delay in receiving the manuscript of Dr. Jenkins' argument, we are not able to print this week the report of the debate between Dr. Jenkins and E. Haldeman-Julius. Mr. Haldeman-Julius' argument is already in type, but we wish the full debate to be presented in one issue. You will read this interesting and important debate without fail in our next week's issue.

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India's Struggle for a Free Position in the Modern World

An Interview with One of Gandhi's Leading Disciples

By Marcet Haldeman-Julius

A small, frail, unimposing man of sixty-one recently waded out into the sea at Dandi, India. Clean shaven, with large ears, on his nose large spectacles, dressed only in short, white, homespun trousers, he was not at first glance an heroic figure. But, as he filled a little bowl with salt water and waded back to land, the thousands on the shore and the watching world knew that they were witnessing a gesture that would never be forgotten as long as history endured. It was more than a defiance of the British statute establishing a government salt monopoly; it was a protest against the unwarranted subjection in which India is held by England. It was the echo, ringing down the decades, of the bitter cry for freedom with which we ourselves once hurled a cargo of tea into the Atlantic ocean. Everyone who cherishes liberty and justice must throb in sympathy with the efforts of Gandhi, one of the greatest of living men, to help his people secure the independence that is their right.

"We call him 'Mahatma Gandhi' because he is so beloved and 'Mahatma' means saint. No man in his lifetime has ever had so large a following!" It was Gopal Singh Khalsa talking. He is one of the three whom the Indian National Congress has sent to this country in the hope that, by speaking in colleges and meeting representative people, these men may help to correct the many misapprehensions concerning their little-understood country.

Khalsa, just twenty-six years old, was dressed in very modern clothes—with the exception of the white, neatly-wound turban which is the custom in Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Turkestan and Afghanistan as well as India. This turban, a narrow silver bracelet on his graceful wrist and the beard which to a casual eye almost disguised his youthfulness but which is typical of the part of the country—northern India—from which Khalsa comes were the only things which made him seem in the least different from ourselves, for he spoke English perfectly—as he does seven other languages. What is more to the point he spoke the language of all cultivated, completely debunked freethinkers. He is the editor of *Hindustan*, the most influential Hindu newspaper outside of India. He also writes steadily interpreting American civilization and culture to the Nationalist Press of India which means that his stuff is all syndicated, as we would say, and appears there in eighty newspapers.

Very tall, slender, eager, very much the polished cosmopolite, he sat on the overstuffed couch in our sun-room while I listened eagerly from the wicker chair which my friends in gentle jest call my "Graf Zeppelin." To the gentle rhythm of its slow rocking I fly to the many different countries, transported there by our various guests.

"Practically all of the leaders of the Nationalist movement in India," Khalsa explained, "are free thinkers." Of course the entire younger generation in Indian colleges are, without a single exception, free thinkers.

Gandhi, India's Beloved Leader

For two years he had lived with Gandhi, had eaten with him, slept near him. He made him very real to me. The son of a prime minister of one of the provinces, Gandhi lived a life of luxury in his youth and was sent to London University where he received the degree of Doctor of Law. He was admitted to the bar and entered active practice in which he was very successful. During the war he was decorated with different medals by the British government for his various services.

But when, in 1919, he saw thirty-two million of his own countrymen starving to death while three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of the very wheat which should have fed them was exported to England at the point of the gun, he awoke to a full consciousness of personal duty to India. England, of course, bought this grain for her own self-preservation. Far better, she argued, that the Indians should starve than the British.

India, to put it plainly, is England's bread and butter. Does she want wheat—she draws on her subject country; does she want raw cotton—she draws on her subject country; does she want ore—she draws on her subject country; does she want men in time of war—she draws on her subject country. And always

the millions there provide her with a large and much-needed market.

During the war she promised India that at the end of it she should have dominion status. Instead Britain sent over a commission to decide whether or not India was ready to govern herself. The Indians rightly considered this commission an insult and refused it all cooperation. They knew that its conclusion was already foregone and that it was only a gesture to give Great Britain an excuse for doing what she wanted to do.

When on April 12, 1919, England shot down four hundred people in Amrit Sar, Gandhi—brilliant, sophisticated, educated man that he is—placed all that he had and himself at the service of his country. He gave all his property to the nation. As a protest against the use of British material he dressed in a homespun loin cloth and blanket. His wife and sons were wholly in sympathy with him and his wife, accustomed like Gandhi himself, to living the life of a wealthy Indian aristocrat, adopted his own new method, wearing only homespun clothes, eating the simplest of food and doing all of her own work even to her washing.

With great foresight Gandhi realized that the people of India would fail if a revolution were attempted, even as they had failed in 1857. But he began patiently, brilliantly, to cement and direct their national consciousness with his doctrine of "Non-Cooperation, Non-Violence and Passive Resistance." (Forty-seven thousand people have willingly followed Gandhi to jail.)

At present he and his wife live not far from Ahmedabad, where Gandhi was born. Here in a little village tucked away in the woods he has a college in which several hundred young men and women are constantly being trained as political workers. His sons are grown. One of them is an influential editor and follows closely in his father's footsteps. One believes "arms" is the answer to India's problem. To Gandhi's simple little house near the college come, at one time or another, all of those who are interested in India's struggle for independence and all of those who are powerful in the government as it is today. The present Viceroy, Lord Irvin, who like MacDonald personally believes that India should have dominion status, finds his way to this spot which is the very center of modern Indian thought. One day a week Gandhi fasts. One day a week, because his life is so full and busy, he does not speak to anyone but spends the day in writing and thinking.

There is in his heart no hate for Englishmen. He has repeatedly said and means it: "I love an Englishman even as I love my brother, but I hate the British-Indian administration. It is a satanic institution." His life work is to help his country throw off the rule of this unjust exploiting conqueror.

The Indian National Congress

One of his most important instruments is the Indian National Congress—not to be confused with the Council of State which is official, hand-picked by the Viceroy, and, for obvious reasons, pro-British. Half of it is appointed directly by the Viceroy (who represents the crown); the other half is elected by the Indians—after the Viceroy himself has placed the men he wishes in nomination. For instance, in one province he may nominate both a Mohammedan and a Hindu. Sometimes in a province he nominates several men, any one of whom he believes would be agreeable to Great Britain and help to further her interests. This gives the Indians—or so the British feel—the illusion of choosing their own leaders. But even for these lay figures only those Indians can vote who pay a certain amount of taxes. This leaves out most of the workingmen and peasants, an arrangement which has at least one good result—it unites these two great forces.

In this Council of State two-thirds of the members are elected from the fifteen provinces over which are "governors," the other third are selected from the seven hundred and twenty-six princes who rule the other third of India, subject to Great Britain. One of these princes, His Highness Maharajah Singh Malvender Bahadur of Nabha (the only Maharajah unanimously respected by the Indian masses), dared to support Gandhi—and for that England promptly took away his state and put him in prison. Later he was released with the restriction, still in force, that he remain within a definite confined area.

The Indian National Congress, on the other hand, is a genuinely elected body. It came into being forty years ago, thrown to the Indians as a sort of sop to their feelings. But it was not until 1905, when the Nationalists began to take real hold of it, that it assumed power. It has no official authority but it is a legal body and recognized as such by the British government. All the provinces of India are represented, which means that the congress consists of between fifteen and sixteen hundred Indians whose dominating thought is

the welfare and independence of their country.

Before 1928 this Indian National Congress was for the dominion status. They asked only that India be given the same rights and privileges that Canada, Australia, and The Union of South Africa enjoy today. This the British failed to grant and at midnight on December 31, 1929, the Indian National Congress adopted a resolution demanding complete and immediate independence. England has dallied too long.

"We feel now," Khalsa explained, his fine eyes alight, "as your own Patrick Henry did when he said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

Educating the Indian Masses

But there is a division of opinion as to how to get this independence. Gandhi and his party, who control more than half of the congress, counsel non-resistance. The other group, headed by Subhas Chandra Bose, would resort to arms. (The English at once arrested and put him in jail for these sentiments. His sentence was for one year.)

Gandhi realizes that he is dealing with great masses of uneducated people. Great Britain, in her wisdom, spends five cents a year per person on the education of her Indian subjects as against three dollars and a half on the education of her own people. Ninety-two out of every hundred Indians are illiterate. (Seventy million cannot afford two meals a day. They are starving.) Gradually Gandhi—great psychologist that he is—prepares the minds of these slow-thinking, under-nourished masses, making them realize their need for education, how cleverly they are being exploited, how little interest the English can and do have in them, and what a powerful country they will become when they govern themselves.

While practically all of the leaders in India are free thinkers and the present president of the Indian National Congress, Pandit Nehru (a young man of thirty-three years and one of those arrested in the recent salt protest) is an atheist, the priests are all pro-British. It is to their interest as well as to the interest of England to keep the people ignorant and under thumb. Also most of the seven hundred and twenty-six princes are pro-British. They know that their own time would be short if India gained her independence. England's arguments against giving India self-government are:

First, that she is over populated. In view of the fact that there are only one hundred and seventy-five people to the square mile in India as against six hundred and fifty to the square mile who live in England this seems an absurd reason. Moreover, as Khalsa points out, as education becomes more general families decrease in size. Birth control information can be legally taught in India and is more and more widely disseminated even among the less cultivated Indians. As others learn to read it is only logical to think that they will avail themselves of the knowledge which is denied to the masses in this supposedly more enlightened country of ours. At present there are too many people engaged in agriculture in India, but as soon as she has her own factories and industries there will be a flocking to them and a wider variation of sources of income.

England's second avowed reason is that there are too many races in India. There are two: (1) the Caucasian, to which the great majority of Indians belong, although like the Latin people their skin has darkened, and (2) the Negroid race in the south. The others are intermixtures of these. If too many races were an argument against self-government one wonders, really, how our own manages to stagger along! If there is any country in the world that is full of diverse races it is the United States. In passing, let me refresh your minds as to the reason why Hindus are refused the right to citizenship here. Our supreme court admits that they are white—but insists that they are not free white. It is only too bitterly true that they are not.

England's third excuse for withholding what she has already promised in India is that there are too many religions and that the Hindus and the Mohammedans could not get along together. Now in India the Mohammedans are to the Hindus in much the same relation that, in this country, the Catholics are to the Protestants. To be elected president of the Indian National Congress is the highest honor that lies in the power of Hindu and Mohammedan alike to bestow upon one of their countrymen. Yet more than a dozen Mohammedans have been elected to this office while this Protestant country of our own has never been able to quite bring itself to put a Catholic in the White House.

"But," said Gopal Singh Khalsa quietly, "you have more religious fanaticism in this country than we have in India."

The Old and the New India

He is constantly surprised, this keen young man, to find religious superstition among the cultivated, intelligent people in this country. He repeatedly stressed his astonishment at the fact that it is to be met with among professors, lecturers and writers. Such a state of mind would be impossible in comparable people of India. There, religious superstitions are fostered only among the uneducated.

I think I never realized before the vastness of India. As large as all Europe, with the exception of Russia, she is capable of being entirely self-supporting. Take the one matter

of cotton. India exports to England yearly millions of bales of the raw material. There it is made into cloth and the finished product is shipped back to India. It is easy to see what the latter's income would be if she had her own factories and could reverse the process and herself ship, instead of the raw cotton, the finished product to England. But there are practically no factories in India. The products which should feed, clothe and put beauty and joy into the lives of the Indians go pouring into England. She brazenly battens off her subject nation and prattles in conferences of justice and peace!

In the whole great country of India where there are three hundred and twenty million people there are only about one hundred and fifty thousand Englishmen. No wonder England spends sixty-three percent of the revenue she gets from India on the British military and naval forces. It is only by force that she can keep this rich empire under heel.

It is a significant fact that when the bill to prohibit child marriages came up, all the pro-British Indians were against the bill—all the Nationalists were for it. It passed. Child marriages are no longer legal. Among the uneducated masses there still are child-betrothals in which the children are promised in marriage but the marriage does not take place until the girl is grown. The Nationalists in India do not approve of these betrothals. Miss Mayo, who wrote *Mother India*, refused to debate with Madam Sarojini Naidu (ex-president of the Indian National Congress) when challenged by the latter to do so. That mischievous book of Miss Mayo's, written at the instigation of the British government, has spread many erroneous and unfair impressions. In answer to it Khalsa is writing one entitled *My Mother India* with an introduction to it by Gandhi. Surely Khalsa should be able to speak with authority for he is a descendant of one of the oldest and most martial Sikh families in what, until 1849, was a free state.

In that year three great battles were fought between them and the British. Two were won by the Sikhs, but the decisive one by the British and thus again, by force, England added to the ever-growing domain which she began one hundred and fifty years ago in India. In this warfare against the Sikhs the British had used other Indians, Mohammedans and Hindus. Therefore the Sikhs cherished a bitter feeling against them. Accordingly, when in 1857 a revolution broke out in India headed by these same people, the Sikhs, of whom there are some five millions, foolishly turned pro-British and fought against their own interests. Since then they have learned wisdom.

Sidelights on Indian Character

I got the distinct impression from Gopal Singh Khalsa, that while there are only five million Sikhs and there are seventy million Mohammedans and two hundred and ten million Hindus, the Sikhs are a powerful motivating force for the complete independence of the people of India.

"Only seventy-one years ago," he explained, "my grandfather, one of the Sikhs in the northern part of India, was a free man; but we, his grandchildren, are slaves."

This same grandfather died two years ago. Like many of the young Sikhs, you see, Khalsa came up in direct personal contact and under the direct influence of men who had known complete independence and had been smarting under England's domination even as we would, if today, we were to become subjects of another nation. In his own country young Khalsa himself wears always a sword. Essentially he is a man of action although circumstances and a keen mind have made him, for the present at least, an adherent of the doctrine of passive non-resistance.

As we sat later at the dinner table, where the children joined us, their eager questions brought out many little sidelights which all together composed into the general picture Khalsa had painted for us of India and her struggle.

Asked as to that country's attitude on prohibition, he explained that they do not have prohibition; they simply do not drink. It is not a problem. Nor do the Sikhs smoke.

"What are their vices?" laughed E. H.-J., and he asked about the sex life of the people.

"In the cities," Khalsa explained, "there is of course much of the looseness that is to be found in all countries, but in the villages there is a most sane and moral condition." He went on to amplify this by saying that the young men were taught to consider the girls in their own villages in the light of sisters and to go to other villages for their wives. Inter-marrying in the same village brings disrepute not only to the young couple but to the village itself. The reason is that many of the families are closely related.

Disease and lack of food kill many but, granted normal conditions, Indians live to a ripe old age. In most families who have not known too severe privations, one will find one or two over eighty years of age and in nearly every village there are fifteen or sixteen over a hundred years old.

A tranquil-tempered, clear-thinking if on the whole as yet slow-thinking people, with fire in their blood because of the injustices to which they are subjected, they live in a beautiful country whose richness is denied to them. They are—and this is most important—at peace with their great bordering nations, Russia, China

and Afghanistan. Although the Indians speak fifteen major languages, all of them come from the Sanskrit or Hindustani. This—Hindustani—is spoken in the Indian National Congress and is understood by nearly everyone.

How Gandhi Dramatizes Revolt

Gandhi, realizing that the people must think of themselves as homogeneous, made one of his characteristically dramatic gestures. He adopted for his own daughter one of the so-called "Untouchables." I found considerable difficulty in understanding just what was meant by an "Untouchable." (This caste system was introduced by the Brahmans in the south of India. The Sikhs have no more patience with it than you or I.) To make clear to you just what Gandhi did, I must ask you to picture to yourself a southern family thoroughly steeped in all the traditions of its section. Now consider that they adopt a quite dark mulatto child as their very own. The little girl, whom Mrs. Gandhi is raising so tenderly, is about ten years old. There is considerable Negro blood in her, as her kinky hair shows. Race prejudice does not differ much in different countries—nor fortunately does the attitude of civilized people toward it.

All Gandhi's gestures are purposely dramatic. No one knows better how to catch the attention not only of his countrymen but of all the world. As a trained orator sweeps in brilliant phrases to the logical climax of his thought, even so Mahatma Gandhi sweeps to his in a crescendo of well-timed actions. In this recent salt protest, for instance, he started with one hundred and twenty of his closest disciples from his native town in a four hundred-mile march to the sea.

From village to village thousands followed the little inoffensive-looking man. Often as many as a hundred-thousand clustered around him. To each and all he explained why they should refuse to recognize the English monopoly on salt.

"If they arrest you, make no resistance," he constantly instructed those in the listening crowds. "If they confiscate your property, let them take it."

By the time he filled his bowl with sea water and proceeded to boil it, the whole background of attitude was ripe. One day and that not far distant, Gandhi may ask the farmers to refuse to pay the taxes on their lands. Only last year when the British raised the taxes in one of the provinces, the farmers, urged by Gandhi, refused to pay this increase; and the result was that the British were forced to decrease them to the original amount. Trusting him as they do, eventually the Indians will refuse to pay land taxes altogether. The result will be a revolution. For eighty percent of the Indians are agriculturists.

The Modern Temper and Hope

If Khalsa (who is also ex-president of the Hindustan National Party of America) is to be taken as a typical Indian, they have not only great charm and courtesy of manner but also a delicious sense of humor. It bubbled out constantly. We spoke of Buddha and Khalsa reminded us that this man had preached "There is no God" only to be himself deified. (Three hundred years before Christ was born the Buddhists were sending out missionaries to convert the infidels!)

I asked Khalsa about Madame Naidu, for whom I have long had a genuine admiration. He explained that although herself a high caste Brahman she had married a brilliant Oxford student, now a well-known physician in India who was one of the so-called "Untouchables." By him she has had four children all of whom are still living, two boys and two girls. Her election as president of the Indian National Congress would be comparable to being elected speaker to our own House of Representatives. At twelve she was ready for an English university but had to wait until she was fifteen before she could enter. She was at one time mayor of Bombay, the second largest city in India.

The Nationalists, young and old, are liberal in their attitude toward everything: toward woman, toward science and religion, toward art and letters. Speaking of Tagore, Gandhi said: "Not all men can be statesmen. He too has his place." He has indeed. When one thinks of him, majestic, nearly seven feet tall, venerable, one of the greatest living poets (one can find few men in England who can bear comparison with him in this) one realizes afresh the just indignation that seethes in the hearts of the Indians at the unwarranted assumption of superiority with which the British dare to treat them. One does not wonder that their battle cry is now, "Let us be free or slaves."

At present the National Indian Army has no guns, but they are being trained by Gandhi in cooperation with each other and quiet resistance toward their oppressors. When one reflects that in the British Indian regular army there are two hundred and forty-seven thousand Indians as against seventy thousand Britishers one does not doubt that should the day ever come when guns shall be put in the hands of the Nationalists they will be invincible.

Gandhi may or may not succeed in his hope of bloodless revolution. But those who know best the conditions in India firmly believe that some time during the present decade she will achieve the free position to which she is entitled in the modern world.

Around the Table By E. Haldeman-Julius Chats Among the Editor and His Readers

THE STORY OF PETER OCHREMENKO

I shall tell my readers about a case that will not get any dramatic headlines in the newspapers, yet that has an important bearing upon the progress of international culture. Or, rather, I shall bring to the attention of my readers the story of Peter Ochrenenko, which is sufficiently told in two letters from Alden Freeman, one addressed to Alden States Senator Borah and the other to myself. In a quiet, self-effacing way, Mr. Freeman has supported most substantially the aims of culture, of higher education, and of that liberalism which is the admirable flowering of true culture. He has been the generous and tolerant patron of Will Durant and others who have contributed to the intellectual sum of American life or who have served as stimulators or interpreters of culture. It is clear, for example, that Peter Ochrenenko is doing a valuable work of enlightenment, which transcends the petty limitations of nationalism, and which should be facilitated with broad disregard of party or national issues.

I am puzzled as to why Ochrenenko should be obstructed for a minute in his wish to renew personally his cultural connections in the United States. There does seem to be an obstacle; and I am sure that readers of The American Freeman will be glad to assist in removing that obstacle; I ask them to communicate with Senator Borah, urging that he use all possible influence in behalf of Peter Ochrenenko.

Ochrenenko translated *Dust* into Russian and he is now translating *Violence*. He is plainly a most useful worker in the field of international education. Mr. Freeman's letters indicate the character and extent of Ochrenenko's labors.

The following is the letter which Mr. Freeman has written to me:

Dear Mr. Haldeman-Julius:

I appeal to you as I have already done to Sherwood Anderson and Hendrik Van Loon to write at once to Senator Borah in Washington and back up my appeal to him to ask the Soviet government to release Peter Ochrenenko for a few months' study of English in the United States. It is seventeen years since he returned to Russia and he feels his English is getting rusty. You will recall that Ochrenenko translated your famous novel, *Dust*, in which Mrs. Haldeman-Julius collaborated with you.

I am the old man to whom Will Durant makes a habit of inscribing all his books and as it was you who made him widely known you may be interested in a letter which I received from him the other day, in which he tells of two annual invitations received while on his world tour. The letter was mailed in Rangoon. Just as he left India, Mahatma Gandhi asked him to visit him at his home, but the sailing of the *Franconia* prevented his accepting. In Ceylon he found a letter from Secretary Anderson asking him to dine with the President and sleep at the White House on January 29, so our William has certainly arrived. He says he has delivered four lectures which have scandalized all the ladies on board but were vastly enjoyed by Ross Skinner, Thomas Cook's agent on board, who has given him a cabin de luxe on B deck with bath for his exclusive use as a writing shop for that "Story of Civilization" in five volumes which is to keep him busy for the next ten years. He says he was thus able to spread out the two hundred books he is taking around the world. Some worker, isn't he?

While I have this opportunity permit me to express my personal appreciation of the quiet, unobtrusive work which you are carrying on for so many years in leavening the heavy loaf of our material (and so-called) prosperity. Your work is so vast in volume and so insidious that it must eventually loosen up the smug self-sufficiency of so-called American success. I feel the best investment I ever made was in helping Will Durant with his education. I have never interfered with his thinking, although I am vastly more radical than Will and more nearly allied to your own rationalism. I want free thought for myself but still more I desire free expression for those who differ with me. I feel that we are already in the midst of social revolution in this country. The revolt is already on in our overcrowded prisons and just one successful jailbreaking on a large scale would set the United States ablaze. It is horrible to contemplate and no one seems to realize that we are living over a volcano. Within these prisons is confined a vast Bolshevik army. And outside a vast army of gunmen, bootleggers and revenue officers take a daily toll of life equaling the toll of war.

But to return to Peter: Borah promised me that he would and could get Ochrenenko out. That was in December and nothing has been done. I thought I would jog his memory. Borah appears to be the only American in official life who has influence with the Soviet government.

Naturally, I complied at once with Mr. Freeman's request and suggested strongly to Senator Borah that Peter Ochrenenko should be helped in his plan to visit America. For the sake of getting quick action, I pass Mr. Freeman's appeal on to my readers. They should also write to Senator Borah, reminding him of the merits of this case. Just state the case briefly and I trust that the result will be a victory for intelligence—for the international freedom and facility of culture. Further and interesting particulars about Peter Ochrenenko are given in Mr. Freeman's letter to Senator Borah, which follows:

My Dear Senator Borah:

May I recall to your mind that I made an appeal for your aid in securing a six months' leave of absence from the Soviet government of Russia for the Russian translator of American books? I left with you two or more letters on the subject, one from Captain Butler of our merchant marine, one from Peter Ochrenenko himself and, I think, a copy of one of my own letters. These covered the whole case and its merits, but I will recall a few facts to your mind.

As a boy Ochrenenko came here from Russia bearing a letter from

Tolstoy to Thomas Edison, who at once gave him work in his laboratory. I personally helped the boy to learn, speak and write English and gave him schooling in the high school in West Orange, N. J. Captain Butler is a tree expert as well as a sea captain and Peter won his friendship while helping him to doctor and trim trees. Ochrenenko returned to Russia and finished his education there, also with my aid.

While I was traveling through Russia in 1912 on my second visit there, in company with Will Durant (today well known as the author of *The Story of Philosophy*), Peter was our guide all over the country and we found him thoroughly versed in the history, art and literature of his country. We lived in the home of his peasant parents and became acquainted, through Peter as interpreter, with all sorts and conditions of men in Russia: Volga boatmen and boatmen on the Dnieper, soldier and sailor friends and relatives of Peter's, workers in factories and mines; and the discontent of the masses, especially of those who had traveled or moved about in the army or navy, was very marked. We had many bitter remarks and threats translated to us, so that I for one was not surprised when the revolution came about.

On this trip in 1912 I introduced Ochrenenko to our American Consul-General in Warsaw, Mr. Snodgrass, and later Peter procured a position with the Chesapeake Oil Company through the good offices of Mr. Snodgrass. Ochrenenko taught Russian to the manager of the Chesapeake Company and got along well until the Germans in the office drove him out on account of his sympathy with the United States. Then Peter got a good job in the coal and iron mines run by the government.

At the beginning of the revolution Peter was elected to the presidency of his district on account of his superior education, but he has never been active politically nor in conflict with the government at any time. He is simply a scholar and student interested solely in his work as a translator and thinks he has a literary message from the United States to the Russian people. Years ago he has supported himself, his wife and child by his translations of American books. His translation of Van Loon's *History of Mankind* he dedicated to me, just as Will Durant and other writers whom I have helped with their educations seem to make a habit of doing, sometimes to my embarrassment, as in the case of Kate Dickinson Sweetser, whose *Famous Girls of the White House* is just out and dedicated to me as "a maker of history through those whom she has helped to achieve greatness."

Ochrenenko has been so long away from English speech that he wishes to have six months to study and improve his English in America and to accept the hospitality offered to him by the many authors who have invited him to visit them at their homes since he has translated their books into the Russian language.

The case seems very simple to me. Peter Ochrenenko wishes to visit in the United States—and why should he be denied that right, even if his object were merely idle and personal? It is not pleasant to think that he is a prisoner in Russia. Is that his status? Probably it is a matter of that "red tape" which is the curse of all governments. It is clear enough that Ochrenenko's desire is very rightful and that, moreover, his literary, cultural purpose in visiting America would yield valuable results. Please write to Senator Borah and, as Mr. Freeman says, "jog his memory" about Peter Ochrenenko.

* * *

SOME OPPORTUNITIES MUST BE PASSED BY

As an editor, I have to reject a good many opportunities. Occasionally I receive a manuscript which is a masterpiece in the eyes of its author—and maybe I should agree, if I could read the manuscript, if it were written intelligibly. Again, I have offers of literary bargains. Would-be authors try to excite my curiosity. They try to tempt me with suggestions of great stuff just waiting for them to flourish the pen and down go smacking truths, adventures, revelations upon paper. A recent specimen letter is the following from a Texas woman:

Dear Sir:

do you Buye Stories I write wonderful Stories the life of real people. And I sell them cheap What ever you pay me I take so if you would like to have me sent you one of my Stories Then let me know and Ill sent you one, hoping to hear From you at once. I haven't a doubt that writing a story would be as easy for this woman as writing a letter. I am convinced, however, that her galloping productions could not be illustrated by the maxim that easy writing makes easy reading. I trust the woman hasn't gone to the trouble (such little trouble as it would be) of composing her "real life" stories. If she hasn't then I have saved her that trouble. But have I accomplished much good? Almost certainly not. The woman will now have the slight trouble—or perhaps the thrill—of writing similar letters to other editors. It is not only genius that perseveres.

* * *

THE SAVAGE AND THE PROFESSOR

Contrasts or resemblances are often illuminating. Take, for example, a primitive man and a modern college professor—what is the difference between them? Or are they, in a significant way, alike?

Radicals and Police Clubs

An Exchange of Letters Between a Worried American and Upton Sinclair

[One very important truth is brought out as a clear and timely—always, a timely—reminder in the following exchange of letters: the truth, namely, that policemen's clubs are the most ignorant and dangerous weapons for dealing with any social question. In the long run, ideas that have a sufficient basis in reality and movements that spring from strong, urgent forces in our social life will find expression. This expression may be painful; but repression invites disaster. The principle of free speech is as enlightened, as wise, as thoroughly practical as it is liberal. We have contrasted below the kind of panicky emotion that reinforces intolerance and that wise attitude which insists upon facing reality and conquering it with truth.]

The Viewpoint of Fear and Repression Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I shall be most obliged if you will answer a question relative to your conception as to what should be the attitude of the conservatives towards the Communists. But before stating this question I submit the following as being, in effect, what the Communists say to their opponents:

We know that after twelve years of Communism and more than five years after the disappearance of all serious resistance to their rule, the economic position of the emancipated Russian workers is worse than that of the American workers whom we call wage slaves. Nevertheless, we insist that these American workers would be better off under Communism, that they are incompetent to decide this for themselves, and that our judgment as to this is infallible. We therefore claim the right to establish for a dictatorship of our party and afterwards to confiscate the property of our opponents.

The powerful rich are relatively exceedingly few in number. Therefore, if a serious class war should occur started by the Communists, those who would suffer most would be our hard working minor executives, professional men, farmers, small business men, clerks, and our numerous more prosperous wage earners who have accumulated some property. Many of these would be killed and wounded, and if defeated the survivors would be deprived of most of their property and might even be condemned to a pariah life, as have been many former members of the middle class in Russia.

Knowing this, why do you deny the right of self-defense to the intended victims of the Communists and insist that it would be an outrage for these victims to make any effective effort to escape the deplorable fate planned for them? Why should these proposed victims passively permit their Communist enemies to carry on propaganda, perfect their organization, accumulate arms, and make other preparations for achieving their aims not by the ballot, but by force?

Yours truly, BENJ. P. HORTON.

The Viewpoint of Realism and Free Speech

Benj. P. Horton, Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Mr. Horton:

I have your interesting letter. It goes to the heart of the problem of civil liberties. Many other persons are asking these questions, therefore I will answer your letter at length, and publish it in The American Freeman.

Your statement as to what the Communists say to their opponents is hardly exact. The first sentence may be literally true, but it gives a very wrong impression. If you say that A is a mile ahead of B in a race, one assumes it to mean that A is a better runner than B. But what about the question of how the two runners started? If we know that A started two miles ahead of B, we get a quite different idea of the race.

The statistical facts are these: Industry in the United States is increasing at the rate of three percent a year, while industry in Russia is increasing twenty-three percent a year. It will take about ten years longer for Russian industry to overcome the enormous handicap with which it started. But I doubt very much whether world capitalism will allow Russia another ten years of peace, in which to surpass all the other nations. If you and I are living ten years from now, write to me again!

Your general idea is correct; that the Communists propose to overthrow the United States government, and to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat. You fail, however, to add the essential corollary: that the purpose of the dictatorship is to bring into being a classless society, in which industry is collectively owned and democratically managed by all the workers both of hand and brain. This ideal represents, in the industrial field, the same thing as our forefathers sought to establish in the political field. The action of the Communists, in their proposed industrial revolution, will be the same thing as was done

by Adams, Hancock, and others of our violently revolutionary forefathers. It is an historical fact that the American revolution was put through by an active minority of the colonists.

It is also a fact that the system under which we live at present purports to be a democracy, but it is really the world's most arrogant plutocracy, maintained by fraud and force, and far worse than anything suffered by the colonists under the rule of King George. You, as a "conservative," may not accept this statement, but that does not keep it from being true. The conditions are operative, in spite of any one's ignorance about them, and they will force some kind of industrial revolution in our country.

As a Socialist, I am hoping that this change can be brought about by peaceful means; therefore I am not endorsing the program of the Communists. But I live in the world in which Communists are active and determined, so I have to meet the issue which you raise. Shall we allow the Communists to go on agitating and organizing, or shall we support the plutocracy in using the police power to prevent Communist propaganda?

I judge from the way you phrase the question that you are not aware that the police power is now actually being used in this way. You discuss it as something that "could" be done, or "should" be done, or "might" be done. Can it be that you have no "red squad" and no "Criminal Syndicalism laws" in your vicinity? I advise you to get a copy of *The Labor Defender*, 80 E. 11th St., New York, and inspect the numerous photographs of policemen slugging and arresting Communists all over the United States.

You subtly phrase your proposition to indicate that these sluggers are defending "our hard-working minor executives, professional men, farmers, small business men, clerks, and our numerous more prosperous wage earners who have accumulated some property." This sounds better than if you were to mention that our political parties are subsidized and run, our officials chosen, our taxes levied, and our policemen hired and directed by the American plutocracy, which consists, not of small business men, farmers and clerks, but of big industrialists and bankers. These gentlemen meet in hotel rooms with political bosses, and send their lobbyists and secret agents to Washington to direct their government, and order the violent suppression of all forms of working-class agitation.

I have lived fifty-one years in capitalist America, and during thirty-five of those years I have been watching our political affairs. In that period I have never seen an election carried except by the party which had the most money; and on every occasion the party which had the most money got it by nominating the candidates and adopting the policies of the big industrialists and bankers. Any one who does not know this about American politics and government, knows nothing.

Suppose that the Socialists should endorse the plutocracy in the violent putting down of Communists, what would be the result? In any crisis the plutocracy would take the machinery of repression which they had practiced upon the Communists, and turn it upon the Socialists. We

saw that during the world war, and I, for one, learned my lesson. You, as a "conservative," should accept Washington as an authority, so I quote to you: "Government is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force! Like fire it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master; never for a moment should it be left to irresponsible action." A "conservative" may refuse to accept Thomas Jefferson as an authority, but I will cite him also: "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

Of course capitalist government will go on clubbing and jailing Communists, and will not stop for the protests of Socialists, or for our little group of idealists of the American Civil Liberties Union. All that we can do, in the course of this long-drawn-out civil war, is to hold aloft the banner of our principles, those of freedom of opinion and discussion. Neither conservatives nor Communists accept that doctrine, so it stands small chance of being tried. I can only repeat to you the old formula that truth has nothing to fear from error, provided that reason is left free to combat it. The only safe way to solve social problems is to leave men free to express and to propagate their ideas, to teach, to educate, and organize for the carrying out of their ideas—and to take police action only against overt acts of a criminal nature.

I am aware that it is sometimes hard to draw the line; but it can be done—and at least the effort should be made. Our authorities at present have no desire to draw that line, but are drawing another and entirely different one—to prevent the wage slaves of the American plutocracy from taking any effective steps to voice their protests and waken their fellows to action. In many of the great industrial districts of America, such as the coal towns of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and the Rockies, it is not only impossible for the workers to hold any sort of public meeting, they dare not even assemble in their own homes. And yet you think it necessary to defend the right of the conservatives to defend themselves!

Sincerely, UPTON SINCLAIR.

Folly and servility have always been considered, theologically, as passports to a heaven. Wisdom and independence have always been considered as passports to a hell. That is how theology has distorted values and, amazingly, men have submitted with special veneration to this vicious hoax.

Those who talk the most loudly about virtue present it most forcibly as a rule for others. Their ambition is not so much to lead virtuous lives as it is to compel others to lead (according to a dogmatic view) virtuous lives.

It is sad but true—the lover of bunk is bored by wisdom.

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TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE DEVIL:
OR, MENCKEN AND THEOLOGY, PLUS
MENCKEN AND THE JEWS

Treatise on the Gods. By M. L. Mencken. New York. A. A. Knopf, \$3.

It is not generally known, though Mencken has not kept it a secret, that the editor of *The American Mercury* is one of the foremost theologians in the nation. He is fond of religions as a bacteriologist is of germs; and for a similar reason: the purpose of understanding the sources of disease and of eradicating them from the body politic and social. As I was to be expected, there is much humor in Mencken's new treatise: humor, which can pardon because it understands, rather than wit, which is more frankly satirical in nature. This is not to say that *Treatise on the Gods* leaves no wounds. The author, indeed, as we shall shortly have occasion to see, has created a loud ruction in the Jewish press, both English and Yiddish. Besides, it is one of the functions of surgery to leave wounds; if it cuts clean, the wounds in time disappear and a slowly vanishing scar serves as a token of restored health.

Mencken has gone at his task with a sanative commingling of science and humaneness. It would have been easy for him to shoot the whole subject full of gaping holes. I am of those who believe that the religious scruples of the old should be respected in the same way that the inevitable infirmities are respected; in the young they should be ridiculed, for youth is the plastic material out of which we build tomorrow. To a hardened old atheist like myself, then, it might appear that the ungentle Mencken has been too gentle. In my more scientific moments, however, I recognize that the approach of *Treatise on the Gods* is excellent as strategy, and that its fundamental humor improves it both as a document in theology and as a tractate to be read.

The book consists of five main divisions: (1) The Nature and Origin of Religion; (2) Its Evolution; (3) Its Varieties; (4) Its Christian Form; (5) Its State Today. There are no footnotes, few dates, an utter absence of ponderosity; and there is that straightforward style which made even so specialized a monograph as *The American Language* not only easy to read, but most unphilosophically entertaining. I suppose by now that the professional theologians have had at Mencken with their heavy artillery. It may be easy to show that in this detail or that he is in error; as to the spirit that pervades the entire book, there is, as far as I'm concerned, little to cavil at. Religion is a cosmic jest; in time it will disappear, being absorbed into the arts. I do not agree with Mencken that poetry will go with religion. The argument would carry us too far afield, but

essentially it would be something like this:

Poetry and the other arts may well be illusions, but they are illusions that we accept knowingly. Religion, to those who accept it, is not seen as illusion but as higher reality. I shall come back to this at some later time.

Treatise on the Gods will best fulfill its function as an undogmatic, common-sensible introduction to the subject. For this purpose it is so admirably adapted that it is to be strongly recommended to all agnostics, in whatever state of dubiety. It will undoubtedly bring to Mencken a new class of readers, and they will be surprised to discover how human he is, after all. In fact, if you will take the trouble to read the account of his youth in my book, *The Man Mencken*, you will discover that he was actually baptized. Only yesterday he wrote to me that he could not recall the ceremony, but that, according to eye-witnesses, he "howled like a prohibition agent caught in a bear trap."

Long before the appearance of this book Mencken was accused of anti-Semitism. That is, when he wasn't being accused of being a Jew. If Mencken is an anti-Semite, so am I; for he detests just those types of Jew that I do, and for similar reasons. Mencken is not the man to trim his opinions to the winds of popularity. As a spectator at the farce of life he has had his say about all the actors, regardless of their racial or religious origins. It is not new that his former intellectual partner, George Jean Nathan, is a Jew; it is not new that his publisher, A. A. Knopf, is a Jew; it is not new that Charles Ansoff, the assistant editor of *The American Mercury*, is a Jew. It is even rumored that I, his authorized biographer, am a Jew.

The cause of the recent outburst in the Jewish press is to be found on pages 345 and 346 of *Treatise on the Gods*. Here is the excerpt upon which the main attack on Mencken is based:

One might go still further. The Jews could be put down very plausibly as the most unpleasant race ever heard of. As commonly encountered, they lack many of the qualities that mark the civilized man: courage, dignity, incorruptibility, ease, confidence. They have vanity without pride, voluptuousness without taste, and learning without wisdom. Their fortitude, such as it is, is wasted upon puerile objects, and their charity is mainly only a form of display.

I was sorry to read that. Mencken is a keen observer of mankind and has perhaps been peculiarly unfortunate in the Jews that he has met. But I have met just the same kind of Jews—and, without necessarily accepting their attributes as characteristic of the entire race, my reaction to them has been the same as Mencken's. The worst construction that could be put upon these words is that they are expressed with the same candor and courage that Mencken has always shown in treating of the Babbitts, the Ku Kluxers, the Rotarians, the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and other of his familiar Gentile targets.

The Jewish commentators upon this passage also seemed to have forgotten the text that precedes it and

the text that follows. Let me supply some missing lines. Immediately before the offensive excerpt come these sentiments:

But in one respect, at least, Christianity is vastly superior to every other religion in being today, and, indeed, to all that we have any record of in the past: it is full of a lush and lovely poetry. The Bible is unquestionably the most beautiful book in the world. Allow everything you please for the barbaric history in the Old Testament and the decadent Little Bethel theology in the New, and there remain a series of poems so overwhelmingly voluptuous and disarming that no other literature, old or new, can offer a match for it. Nearly all of it comes from the Jews, and their making of it constitutes one of the most astounding phenomena in human history.

And here is some of what follows:

Yet these same Jews, from time immemorial, have been the chief dreamers of the human race, and beyond all comparison its greatest poets. It was Jews who wrote the magnificent poems called the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, and the Books of Job and Ruth; it was Jews who set platitudes to deathless music in Proverbs; and it was Jews who gave us the Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount, the incomparable ballad of the Christ Child, and the twelfth chapter of Romans. I incline to believe that the scene recounted in John viii, 3-11, is the most poignant drama ever written in the world, as the Song of Solomon is unquestionably the most moving love song, and the Twenty-third Psalm the greatest of hymns. All these transcendent riches Christianity inherits from a little tribe of sedentary Bedouins, so obscure and unimportant that secular history scarcely knows them. No heritage of modern man is richer and none has made a more brilliant mark upon human thought, not even the legacy of the Greeks. What would you have—everything?

What Mencken himself thinks of the recent attacks from the Jewish camp may be gleaned from an answer that he gave to me and to another Jewish journalist. Here follows a copy of Mencken's statement:

That I am anti-Semitic in general is a notion that is made absurd, of course, by my writings over many years, and by my constant and everyday association with Jews, both in business and socially. But that I am anti-Semitic in particular is quite true. I know no more loathsome person than the sort of Jew who is a professional defender of his people. If he is rich he is a blatant and intolerable ass, and if he is poor he is slimy and revolting. It seems to me that the Jews produce far more than their fair share of such quacks. The United States resounds with their bawling, and they are responsible for whatever anti-Semitism exists. No other race can match them, not even the Irish. My hope is that the decent Jews of the country will one day organize to put them down, as decent Christians have tried to put down Ku Kluxers. Their raucous efforts to annoy and intimidate their betters is disgraceful and disgusting. As for me, I care nothing about their bellowings and have no desire for their approval. Whenever I have anything to say about Jews I shall say it, whether it be favorable or the reverse, and those who do not like it may depart unanimously for hell. All aboard!

Treatise on the Gods is a treat. I intend to come back to it.

One seldom finds a nagging moralistic tone in connection with a clear view of any subject. We don't say that such a combination is impossible; but it is unlikely and infrequent. The spirit of moralistic nagging is bound to confuse thought; and, for that matter, it will spoil—it will taint with unreasonableness—an idea or a group of ideas which are in the main reasonable enough. For at heart the nagging moralist is an intolerant fellow; and intolerance conflicts with intelligence.

We should have toleration for all ideas. That includes even the most foolish ideas, which we should tolerate even while pointing out their foolishness. What we find in practice is that there is a wide toleration of foolish ideas—oh, a positive affection for such ideas—and an attitude, equally popular, of suspicion and hostility toward intelligence. It is a pathetic irony to have to say it—but what society needs is at least a feeling of toleration toward wisdom.

It is flattery to use the expression "common sense" as having the meaning of "good sense." The common opinions about religion, about patriotism, about politics, about social questions, about art and literature, about intellectual or philosophical questions do not represent good sense. These common opinions are in many respects in advance of what they were a hundred years ago; but they have yet a long way to go.

Preachers have poor confidence in what they affirm as "God's laws." They have always demanded that these so-called "laws of God" be supported by human laws. They want to legislate men into conduct, if not belief, agreeing with their (the preachers') dogmas.

It is a significant custom among preachers to use the word "pagan" as a condemnatory term for both pleasure and culture: the two things which are the glory of human progress.

Have It My Own Way

By John W. Gunn

THE LANGUAGE OF PRAYER

It has always been the popular idea that faith and humility and the devout sentiments of the heart are the real language of prayer. This is still the orthodox idea. On its face, the idea is reasonable enough (waiving for the nonce the question of the reasonableness of prayer itself) and it might be accepted as absolutely true and a settled point in theology if there were a primary certainty about God's temperament and wishes. Let me put it this way: the spirit of prayer is what ought to count with God, if God is a big-hearted, broad-minded fellow. But this is just one of the things we don't know.

There is nothing improbable (waiving the improbability of the idea of God) in the notion that God is a stylist in his attitude toward prayer. He may have a subtle, a versatile, an exacting literary taste. He may, for that matter, have other standards of selectiveness which are not grounded in pure, superior justice. The prayers of handsome votaries may have a better chance with him than the supplications of the most devoted ugly persons. Powerful persons may be listened to a good deal more obligingly than the humble. Wealth may lend much prestige to prayer—doesn't a king, and why not the heavenly king, note more favorably his rich and therefore (as these things go) his respectable courtiers?

One point at a time—let us assume, then, that God's slant on prayer is critical in a literary way. A Los Angeles preacher, Dr. Carl S. Patton, seems to hold this opinion about God. Addressing recently a meeting of preachers, Dr. Patton declared:

If some of you preachers would have your stenographers take down a few of your extemporaneous prayers, and then take a good look at those invocations in cold type, you probably would be ashamed of your poor English and seek to learn how to address the Lord in a more dignified manner. . . . Men need to be taught how to pray. I knew one young preacher who repeated the word "bless" three times in one sentence in his prayer.

This man has the spirit of the typical God student, the genuine theologian, the classic and traditional religionist. There is no clear authority in the Bible nor in the doctrines of any church for the idea that God is simple, just, noble, and easily pleased with sincere, devout intentions. The weight of such evidence as theologians and all specialists in the study of God have submitted to us is that God is jealous, fussy, temperamental, and exacting. It is quite in character that he should be sensitive and even hypercritical about the language of prayer. It may well be that he has attained to this much refinement since the days of his crude and gaudy barbarism as recorded in the Old Testament.

Dr. Patton barely touches the question. He lacks imagination. His own literary tastes, I suspect, are rather dull and constricted. He suggests only a "dignified manner" in prayer and the avoidance of awkwardly close word repetitions. He suggests a subject with which he is incapable of dealing. For if we grant that God is touchy about language, we should realize at once that the problem of devotional and supplicatory style is far from being as simple as Dr. Patton evidently believes. It follows, indeed, in as logical a fashion as anything follows about God which begins nowhere and leads nowhere, that God would not be satisfied with dignity alone or always. He would crave vigorous language, a smashing style, a torrent of titanic words on occasion; and this vigor, I am assuming, should be expressed in good English. I do not have in mind the styleless haranguing of evangelism.

God would also have a taste for nice metaphors, for clever similes, for turns of phrase that are smart and fetching. Really dramatic prayers would furnish an agreeable excitement at times; as it is, God must suffer from the excess of melodrama that is poured into his infinite but not invulnerable ears. He is probably tired of tawdry and slushy sentimentalism and, as he would welcome serious drama in prayers, doubtless he would relish a bit of genuine artistic contrast, heart interest, psychology, pathos, after bathos—anything that would mark a change for the better. Improved language and, in a wider sense, improved art in prayers would be (on Dr. Patton's hypothesis) the natural yearning or even the stern demand of celestial taste. A good choice of words would not be enough; there should be a skillful handling of emotions, viewpoints, conflicts, character suggestions, and ideas of a kind; the faithful should endeavor to approach within a dim, discerning distance of the art, the cleverness, the persuasive appeal which is found in skeptical essays and realistic tales.

To finish this merely tentative catalog, God would be glad to have a little humor in prayers—the deliberate humor of art, not the driving humor of asininity; he would be pleased by satire now and then, by strokes of shrewd irony, by devices of delicate and even irreverent wit; he would appreciate ridicule as a stimulating novelty; and the argumentative style, done in the grand and thought-impressing manner, would be necessary once in a way to maintain the reputation of prayer as a literary form at the Court of the Most High Critic.

If God is a literary critic at all—and Dr. Patton implies, albeit narrowly as befits the clerical mind, that he is—then it is reasonable to assume (inasmuch as we are dealing with unreasonable assumptions altogether) that he would have tastes as varied as suggested in this modest outline.

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Atheist Poetry SELECTED BY CHARLES SMITH

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER
Matt. 21:22: "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—Jesus Christ.

"O God, have mercy!" a mother cried,
As she humbly knelt at the cradle side,

"O God, have mercy, and hear my prayer.
And take my babe in Thy tender care."

The Angel of Death is in the room,
And is calling loud for my babe to come.

Thou, Thou alone hast power to save!
O God, have mercy! 'tis all I crave."

A tiny grave, 'neath a willow's shade,
Telleth the answer the Merciful made.

A father and mother knelt them down
Together, before the Eternal One,

And with trusting hearts implored that Heaven
Would guard the flower its grace had given—

Would keep their blossoming daughter pure,
And guard her eye from the Tempter's lure,

And from every stain would keep her free
As the lilies that bloom in eternity.

A self-slain lost one, seduced, betrayed,
Was the only answer Heaven made.

A beautiful maiden knelt to pray
For the life of a loved one far away,

Away in the fields where life and death
Hang poised in the scales that tip with a breath.

"O Father of Mercies, protect the heart
Of him I love from the foe's man's dart;

When the death-bolts rain on the charging field,
Be Thou his strength and guide and shield."

A mangled corpse and a soldier's grave
Was the answer the Father of Mercies gave.

The night was dark on the ocean's breast,
And the waves rolled high in wild unrest,

Where a stately bark was dashing on
Toward a breaker's crest, with the rudder gone.

Around the capstan, in wild despair,
The crew had gathered, and joined in prayer

To Him who only had power to save,
To deliver them from a watery grave.

A crash and a gulping wave alone
Were the answers of the Omnipotent One.

—Charles Stephenson.

The philosopher who professes to see a mind in nature is, after all, only giving his own mind—his own interpretations of things and their meaning and purpose—to nature. It is an illusion which a good thinker, a good observer, would not be guilty of; and that sort of philosophy, which is the opposite of realism, is no longer regarded with respect by the men who are really studying the evidences of nature. The scientist observes, not a mind in nature, but the behavior of things. He doesn't imagine that trees and rocks and clouds and oceans and continents are following what in our human language and scale of values we know as purpose.

A Christian is supposed to be very broad-minded when he says that a man can be "saved" whether he believes in the foolish doctrines of Presbyterianism or in the slightly different foolish doctrines of Methodism. The "broadness" of such an opinion is not very striking; it is, after all, only an instance of fellow-feeling in the love of bunk. A Methodist has more of this feeling for another Methodist; but he feels more cordial toward a Presbyterian than toward an atheist; indeed, he abhors the atheist—and so his "broad-mindedness" ceases before it fairly begins.

One reason why religion so easily passes for civilized among many uncivilized believers is that they do not know the history of religion. If they were fully aware of the origin of their beliefs, they would find it a bit harder to defend these beliefs as a sacred, peculiar kind of truth. But the average Christian, for example, is not likely to ascertain the real origin of his beliefs; he has been taught a false history, as well as a false system of beliefs, and an open-minded investigation of his own is the last thing he would think of.

"Science in Search of Reality"

Under this heading the *Kansas City Star* prints a long editorial which, boiled down, says that life is still a good deal of a mystery and that science hasn't completed its work and called it a day. We were not exactly knocked breathless by that information. Did the editorial writer of the *Star* suddenly wake up to its realization? He announced it with the air of one bringing news.

There is a catch in the *Star* editorial—or so it seems to us. Subtly the idea is implied that science isn't so wise as some of us had thought it was—and as we still think it is, for we have never held the foolish, unscientific attitude toward science which is stated in the *Star*. That attitude is given in the following paragraph:

Not so many years ago it was widely believed—and the idea still is current, but increasingly less so with some well-known scientists—that the great minds of science and research had got down to genuine business and settled the whole question of the universe, its origin, development, and present nature. An alluring order, in which natural law dominated first and last, was dangled before the eyes of the amazed onlooker who was

told that the issue was clear and all had been explained. So for the mechanists and their view.

Real scientists and thinkers never held such a finality of belief. It is axiomatic, among intelligent people, that science is always searching for more truth and for added views of reality. "Science in search of reality"—why, of course, science is a searching rather than a dogmatic method of intellectual life. And the mystery that remains in life—science will continue searching for that, too. As we further understand this mystery, it will be due to the rational, solid efforts of science. Religion will not explain. Religion will not even search—for orthodox religion maintains that the search was over long ago and the best that the "modernists" in religion can do is to assert that "God" is just over the hill beyond the latest searching outpost.

The thing can be summed up in this way: What we know is science. The rest is assumption, guesswork or beautiful theory.

No man should feel shame at the fact of human evolution from lower forms of life—unless he has a guilty feeling that he resembles too closely his pre-human ancestors.

Smashing Shams with a Smile

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Some of the articles and sketches that will appear in *The Debunker* for July are: *Dr. Riley Clowns Again*, by C. Samuel Campbell. *The Practical Uses of Pure Science*, by Maynard Shipley. *The Ser of Carthage*, by Miriam Allen deFord. *The Charming Humanism of Joseph McCabe*, by Marcell Haldeman-Julius. *Brotherly Love in Practice*, by Booth Mooney. *Signs of the Times*, by Sophie E. Redford. *Lionel Strongfort—Strong and Simple*, by A. L. Shands. *Famous Infant Prodigies*, by J. V. Nash.

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The Strange Death of President Harding

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Means also throws new light—and what searching light upon hidden, high-tensioned drama!—upon the love affair between President Harding and Nan Britton. One of his jobs was to trace the Nan Britton intrigue for Mrs. Harding. He describes the passionate scenes in the White House.

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