

On Parade---Patriots, Christians Hero Worshipers, Boosters, Joiners

By E. Haldeman-Julius

1. The Patriot

It will be useful to take a further view of those bonds of loyalty which restrain unreasonably the freedom of thought and sympathy in common life. It is the aspect of extreme narrowness to which we object. Certainly, the spirit of loyalty—or, let us better say, the spirit and technique of cooperation—is, fairly regarded, a social necessity: it is seriously at fault, however, to the extent that it is lacking in good will and intelligence. The sort of loyalty which invites our criticism is that which, while it narrowly creates certain bonds among limited groups of men, has a greater and baleful significance in the barriers of misunderstanding, bad feeling and perversely opinionated intolerance which it maintains among men. It is a loyalty that sharply and dangerously divides the human race into hostile groups: not only do they refuse to cooperate, but they belittle and oppress and fight one another.

It is apparent that we are judging loyalty (as it should be judged) from the larger point of view—from the point of view of

world civilization—from the point of view of humanity without jealous, arrogant, invidious distinctions: and it is thus that the free man cannot help judging loyalty. This sentiment of union is fine in theory, but it is the application of it which signifies: it should be applied in a large way, in a practical spirit as fine as the theoretical virtue, but this of course conflicts with the narrow meaning which it holds for the average man. The latter carries the principle of loyalty (which, in its best and indeed only defensible significance, is fraternalism and cooperation) a little way: the free man carries it the whole way, identifying himself with humanity at large. Up to a certain point he recognizes the validity of certain group loyalties; but he is not willing to let them interfere with his freedom of opinion, with his wider sympathies of culture and reason and justice, with his loyalty to the universal cause of truth and a civilized life.

Essentially, what the free man rejects is the assumption that he must confine his mind loyally to a certain groove. He doesn't ac-

knowledge these qualifications which would limit and predetermine his thought. He admits no obligation to be a loyal thinker or a moral thinker or a respectable thinker and so on. He insists simply upon being a free thinker. A blind and unreasoning loyalty would rob him of his freedom, offend his conscience, and have the effect of degrading his own intelligence. Obviously, such an attitude of loyalty is made not only undesirable but impossible to him by the very fact that he thinks for himself—that he is not blind, but sees clearly—that he is not indifferent to reason but is, almost as a trait of second nature, strongly moved by reason. If his fellows regard this as an evil tendency, the fact remains that he cannot help it. Having an active and curious mind, he cannot stop that mind from working. One does not casually turn off one's flow of ideas as one turns off the electric lighting in a room. Once a man gets the habit of free thinking, he just naturally can't quit. And this is why the shepherds of orthodox flocks warn their good sheep not to take the first step on "the downward path." A little thinking is a dangerous thing—to any vested interests of faith or policy which cannot bear the light of reason.

The dangers of patriotism as an attitude of mind—its actual consequences of folly and evil—are clear enough. They do not need to be set forth as a matter

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of theory for they have been notoriously demonstrated in practice. It is, after all, the mob spirit in operation on the largest conceivable scale. That it is an organized, governmentally led mob does not affect the truth of this indictment. It is an appeal to the most extreme and destructive passions which lie primitively under the surface—and not so far under the surface—of human nature. It is supposedly the aim of civilization to restrain these passions and to educate men to reasonable and peaceable ways. Yet patriotism continually cultivates these old, ugly impulses and in awful moments whips them to their full deadly strength.

Naturally this frenzy—this insensate thundering of the herd—is terribly at odds with the spirit of the free, thoughtful man. There is nothing which, to put it mildly, he distrusts more than that emotionalism which submerges reason, which colors the issues of life melodramatically, and which overwhelms the standards of civilization and culture. The impassioned, headlong, stampeding character of patriotism condemns it at once: certainly, although he reserves final judgment for actual instances, the free man is justified in approaching patriotism with suspicion: and fundamentally, as a general principle of action, it is abhorrent to him because of its very reasonless nature. He grants no loyalty to the spirit of the mob. He will not agree to run thoughtlessly with the herd. Physically, he may not be able to resist it. But intellectually he will judge it in a clear light. He may be helpless but not mindless. When the herd goes patriotically on a rampage, he admits no obligation to be crazy along with his fellows. Extremes of opinion and action, violating all critical standards, are of the essence of patriotism. One might say that a reasonable or moderate patriotism (as that term is generally understood) is a contradiction in terms.

To be sure, mere emotionalism is not enough for patriotism. Propaganda does its best to justify this attitude in normal times and its extreme, violent manifestation on extraordinary occasions. These arguments had little resistance in the credulity of the average man. But with the free man the case is different: he perceives with a sad sanity how poor, even how dishonest, these arguments are. He cannot surrender himself emotionally to the excesses of patriotic mobism. And the managers of the patriotic show are unable to offer him anything in the way of sound intellectual justification. He cannot help asking reasons for the very severe demands made upon a principle of loyalty, which, in the first place, he has never admitted as a valid principle. Good, convincing reasons are not forthcoming; and so, while he may become a victim of the patriotic stampede—overridden by superior power and numbers—he is intellectually a critical, rebellious victim. And he is, in every way that is open to him, consistently opposed to the gospel of patriotism. He keeps his own mind clear of this cant and violence.

Another consideration that weighs with the free man is the role played by selfishly designing interests and leaders in encouraging the social vice of patriotism. It would be bad enough if it were a spontaneous impulse and could be laid simply to the old score of human nature: but the sentiment is skillfully and unscrupulously made use of to satisfy the greed and ambition of certain groups: the patriotic masses are themselves the victims, deluded and cheated and sacrificed, of their blind loyalty. Patriotism as the refuge of scoundrels, and as the popular machinery of more secret vicious designs, is so much the more odious.

In general, the patriot resents criticism of his country. He demands a loyalty without discrimination or reservation. The institutions of his national group are sacred, at any rate in a public view, and their theoretical purity must be asserted even though they are loosely dealt with in a spirit of opportunism. One must even proclaim a belief in the very ideals which are being violated by the political and patriotic soothsayers. One must say that the Constitution is a sacred, inviolable, immortal document, al-

though it is actually being changed beyond recognition; one must say that this is a land of liberty, in spite of the record of oppression and injustice; one must talk of the blessings of individual opportunity and equality, although the large organizations of capitalism dominate our economic life. In fact, one of the sure signs that a man is unpatriotic is that he upholds certain traditional ideals of his country in the face of their patriotic repudiation.

For if a man is going to be a full-length patriot, he must be prepared to embrace gladly any inconsistencies of belief and conduct which may gain ascendancy in the national life. He must be ready to act patriotically tomorrow in violation of the principles that he holds patriotically today. He must surrender all conscious and conscientious direction of his own mind, letting it veer this way and that with the changing winds of patriotic doctrine. Criticism is, on its face and without regard to its motive or weight, disloyalty: whence it follows that, to be quite loyal, a man must refrain from exercising the faculty of free, intelligent, honest judgment.

And the right of criticism is one which the free man most prominently stresses. Loyalty which demands that considerations of truth and justice shall take an inferior place (or be entirely ignored)—is incompatible with a civilized tone and activity of mind. There is no progress and enlightenment without freedom of thought. And enlightenment is not a sectional, national or racial business, it cannot be narrowly regarded, but it is a human business and must be understood in the broadest sense. To be genuinely interested in civilization—in the free, cultured, peaceable progress of humanity—one must rise superior to the mere interests of nationalism.

Even nationally, criticism is valuable to a country, however unwelcome it may be to certain privileged groups and to the masses who, doped with patriotism, do not know really their own interests. It is a wiser, fairer conception of loyalty which leads one to speak out for better conditions, to oppose folly and injustice, to be critical of false aims and standards.

But the free man sets aside the misleading notions of "loyalty" and "patriotism." His paramount consideration is given to facts, always and everywhere. That an evil condition exists in his country is the same, critically speaking, as if it exists in China or Timbuctoo—unless we may add that he is even more aroused by evils in his own country, which more closely affect his life.

In fine, the viewpoint of reality freely traverses national lines and is unblinded by national loyalties and animosities. There is an intellectual kinship, free and honorable, which is far worthier to be recognized than these accidental bonds of geographical place and biased group policy. There is a loyalty to civilized ideas, among men of intelligence and good will the world over, which should not be betrayed for the sake of smaller loyalties.

The idea of loyalty needs extension and a reasonable harmony among its different objects. The average man admits an obligation of loyalty to his family, his community, his state, his country—but there he stops: he has no sense of loyalty to humanity and civilization as a whole. The free man merges all loyalties into this greater human interest.

2. The Christian

The prevalence of the Christian view of life, loosely so called, is also inimical to clear thinking. Many profess this sort of allegiance without meaning by it a definite belief in Christian doctrines or indeed without much interest in religion as such. They are led to apply the character of "Christian" confusedly to many practices, ideals and institutions which really have no valid connection with Christianity. That resounding phrase, "Christian civilization," is made to embrace all the features of society in the Western world (excepting of course the ugly and defective features), as if indeed Christianity alone were responsible for our culture, our progress, our ways of life. One who falls into this error does not understand the

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to yield to these things—and now it tries dishonestly to steal the credit for them and to identify them as "Christian."

But apart from the historic role of the church in opposition to these principles of a higher social life, it is clear that these principles have nothing to do with religion. They are based upon the needs of human life and not upon any religious ideals or dogmas. The growth of democracy in the modern world, for example, has not been due to Christian teaching and it obviously does not depend upon Christianity—upon religion in any form—for its continuance.

Stronger forces, quite worldly and exhibiting themselves concretely in the changing aspects of social-economic life, have established a more liberal, enlightened system: a system that, with all its defects (which simply mean that progress is incomplete), has broken decidedly with the old medieval conception of tyranny, of gross superstition, of extreme intolerance, of indifference to the rights of man, of stupid and vicious disregard for social reform.

Consider any good feature of our civilization—education, cooperation, constructive power and range, humanitarianism, liberalism in all its bearings—and it is apparent that none of these features can be called "Christian" or religious in any sense. They are justified plainly by their actual, visible and tangible results in the lives of men and there is no sentiment of religion that can make them greater or less in their significance. Take away Christianity, and these features of civilization would still remain.

On the other hand, had Christianity kept its medieval power these features would have been impossible. They belong, not to any religious conception or system, but to a realistically active and enlightened world.

And what are the features which are really Christian in our civilization? They are the moral dogmas, the illusions of faith, the vestiges of superstition which do but clutter the modern scene. To be loyal to these things—to be moved at all by the sentiment of Christian loyalty—is to live mentally in the past.

3. The Hero Worshiper

Among other things that make up the illusory attitude of the average man is that hero worship which, on conventional lines, deifies certain figures of the past—their actions, their personalities and their principles. Dazzled by the light (in many respects the false light) cast by these heroes, men are the more easily impressed in favor of beliefs which claim the sanction of such illustrious names.

Images of dead men are held up as examples to keep living men from thinking on their own account. The ideas and social arrangements of a past age are regarded in an ideal light rather than in strict relation to their time. Advocacy of progress and new ideas is thus given, illogically, the stigma of an insult to the sacred dead.

It is a familiar method of patriotic "argument" to assert (whether reasonably or not) with regard to problems of the present that Washington or Jackson or Lincoln would, were he alive, favor this or that attitude.

Strangely enough, the absurdity of this notion that dead men's memories—rather irresponsibly dealt with, too—should have weight in deciding living issues does not occur to the average man. Great names are used effectively to influence the opinions of men.

There is an element of irony, to be sure, in the fact that many of these heroes were in their day the champions of new ideas. They broke on some vital issue with the past. Washington was a revolutionist. Lincoln was not guided, in the stress of practical affairs, by a lifeless model of a hero. Heroes, whether distinguished as innovators or not, have been forced to deal with the actual problems of their time. We have to do the same. It is our business to make, not to imitate, history.

All the talk of "our forefathers" is simply dust thrown in the eyes of the people. Powerful men, seeking their own interests, do not let themselves be hampered by the traditions nor unduly influenced by the heroes of the past. They recognize, however, that this sort of appeal is useful to bedazzle the multitude. Hero worship—the tutelage of the forefathers—the sacredness of tradition is not permitted to interfere with the designs of a ruling class. This method of attack is employed only against new ideas which would

interfere with important entrenched power, privilege and prejudice.

The hero worshiper is very naive. He does not understand, in the first place, the forces which led his hero to have certain ideas and to follow a certain path of achievement. He does not see a full-length realistic portrait but a carefully colored and shaded one. He fails to realize—he does not even suspect—that different conditions, new issues and interests, and the growth of knowledge must affect a man's outlook (even, to some extent, the outlook of the most reactionary) and that it is impossible, in a changing world, to adhere strictly to any model of past character or belief.

Hero worship is used to reinforce many beliefs that are naturally weak and indefensible. It is a notable tactic of preachers to use the names of heroes in support of religion. They are not, by the way, honest in their claims. To influence patriotic Americans, they use recklessly the names of Washington and Lincoln, both of whom were skeptics—not atheists, yet not Christians. Even Franklin and Jefferson are linked—prettier slenderly, to be sure—with the religious tradition; both men were decidedly skeptical, Voltairean, in their attitude.

Yet if it were true that these men were Christians, what would that signify? It would not be of the slightest value in proving the truth of Christianity. Ideas are to be judged impersonally. Heroes and ideas require a different order of consideration.

It is true that there are heroes of thought whom the free man holds eminently in honor. He does not have toward them the slavish feeling of hero worship; his admiration is a reasonable one and does not imply a mere copying of their ideas, an agreement with them absolutely, without regard to individual judgment and conviction. Voltaire believed in a God, although he was a very thorough critic of religious doctrines and the religious spirit: the free man admires Voltaire's skepticism, but disagrees with his deism.

Hero worship is unreasonable. A sound admiration is quite another thing. In any case, our ideas should be free from the domination of dead men. We can of course learn from great thinkers, which is not to say that we can take their ideas without critical examination. But most popular heroes were men of action rather than ideas and are not safely to be followed in matters of opinion which they were not specially competent to judge.

4. The Booster

There is a psychology of "boosting"—of crying up enthusiastically certain enterprises, aims and ideals that are favored by a certain group—which adds to the confusion, intellectually speaking, of the average man. It is the spirit of loyalty in its more common and local phase. It has of course wider implications. There is national boosting, state boosting, county boosting, town boosting—boosting for churches, lodges,

and various organizations—boosting which has both practical and sentimental elements.

The booster is moved by a tide of unreflecting enthusiasm. It is not that he is swept into movements and activities of which he disapproves. His sense of values is that of the crowd. His role as a booster is not, however, an intelligent role. He does not carefully consider and weigh the usefulness of the causes he is readily persuaded to support; he does not critically investigate the origin and aim of such causes; when the shouting begins, he joins with juvenile impetuosity.

A great deal of this boosting is not to be more seriously regarded than as mere child's play. Yet, taken as a general attitude, it is insidiously harmful. Its tendency is to obscure the individual judgment. It leads irresistibly to exaggerations. It is the spirit of loyalty—of stampeded herd impulse—in a most uncritical, untrustworthy form. It is more sweeping than the spirit of patriotic or religious loyalty, for it includes a great variety of things in its almost sacred list of allegiance. Whatever is advocated by various popular groups, on a large or a small scale, calls arrogantly and vociferously upon the virtue of boosting.

The most serious aspect of this boosting spirit (one is indeed not unjustified in calling it the boosting mania) is that it encourages not simply material objects—plans which are often important only to a very small self-interested clique but which are furthered by the blind enthusiasm of the crowd—but encourages likewise, as its underlying significance, acquiescence in a standard of values, in a set of ideas and conventions, in a general outlook upon life which has all the force of orthodoxy.

The extreme claim is made that any community movement, for example, must be loyally supported regardless of whether one is in sympathy with the object of such a movement. Thus it is felt that pacifists should show a civic spirit by boosting for an American Legion convention—that citizens who are indifferent to religion should boost church enterprises—that workmen should follow the self-interested lead of a Chamber of Commerce—that local industries should be boosted and painted in the most eulogistic colors regardless of questions of economic justice—that local products should be boosted as superior to all other products of a similar kind, whether they actually have or do not have such a superiority—that "everyone should boost for 'bigger and better' institutions, regarding whether reasonably they need to be bigger and whether in quality rather than in size they will be better—and so on, interminably.

It is obvious that the free man cannot be attracted by this remarkably loose, indiscriminating, arbitrary view of things. The puerile excesses of boosting—its pomposity and psychology—are, to begin with, foreign to his nature. He would not say perhaps that

all boosters are fools, but he realizes that he would be acting very foolishly and out of character if he were to become a booster. And many of the "bigger and better" things for which the boosting fraternity performs its antics are without sound, intelligent appeal to the free man. He is, to say the least, not interested in them. Often he regards them as quite undesirable.

The civilized person has individual tastes and standards. He thinks in terms of value, of quality, and not of size and show. He has a quietly discriminating air—the whooping, pushing, cheering mania is not in his style. Concerning things, ideas and movements he is without any sense of artificial loyalty: he sees them as they are, uncolored and unconfused by group sentiments. As he does not yield to the stereotyped phrases and appeals of the patriot or the Christian, so he feels no urge to echo the stereotyped slogans of the booster.

5. The Joiner

The booster is certain to be, in support of his various loyalties, a joiner. It is not enough that he should by his orthodox beliefs and standards and behavior show that he is a good, safe member of the herd. He must signalize it by definite kinds of affiliation. He takes pride in belonging to numerous lodges, leagues, associations, societies. He belongs to this, that, the other, and something else—and he is always ready to join another formally organized and—to him—impressive group.

The United States has been called a country of joiners. If a man does not belong to something, he is an outsider in the full meaning of the word. And it is not enough that a man should belong to one or two popular societies. He must belong to a dozen or a score of them. The more widely and variously he functions in his proud role of a joiner, the more thoroughly he proves his orthodoxy, the more he assures himself that he is what men call "a regular fellow," and the more important he is in his own eyes.

In the average small town in the United States, there are about as many organizations as there are families. This shows what a passion—it really is a passion—for belonging obsesses the people.

It is not just a case of drifting into certain associations. There are stronger (not necessarily intelligent) reasons. There is, as I say, the feeling of importance that is conferred by membership in a highly respectable lodge or society. Then a man is not merely an individual. He represents the pride and power of a group—of numerous groups. Taking part in the gaudy ceremonies of his Noble, Loyal or Grand Order of Something-or-Other, he has an illusion of grandeur which deeply pleases his vanity, which appeals at once to his childishness—to his love of prestige—to his respect and indeed his need for popular approval—and, with certain organizations, to his bigotry, his feeling that he has behind him a

certain force of respectable intolerance which is ranged threateningly against unorthodox persons and principles.

Motives of politics and business do not professedly enter into this urge of joining—at least, they are not announced as the "ideals" of any Noble Order. Privately, however, such motives are often acknowledged. Their weight in the matter is obvious.

Joiners are of course confirmed in their herdlike attitude and in their narrow loyalties and in their associatively endorsed brands of prejudice. They think in formulas, typically and narrowly, seldom individually: they react to the varied and many-sided phenomena of life in the role of Christians, Patriots, hero worshipers, boosters and joiners. Ideas are pre-judged according to rule and ritual. They must stand the test

of these group interests and sentiments or—all other considerations aside—they are rejected unceremoniously.

At the farthest remove from all these extraneous and prejudiced interests stands the free man. He does not concede loyalty as a matter of course and as an uncritical attitude and as a thought-cramping obligation to any group whatsoever. He is not of the joining type. He rather suspects and stands aloof from organizations. Certainly, he will not sacrifice his freedom to thought at the behest of any group. He is in the best sense an individualist, which does not mean that he is unsocial. He respects the rights of others, but not necessarily their ideas. He is loyal in the spirit of fair-dealing, honor and common sense—but not in the spirit of group narrowness and intolerance.

Looking at Life, We Find a Ready Philosophy of Common Sense

By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

1. This Animal, Man

Man is an inscrutable, whimsical creature, never revealing himself (perhaps being unable to reveal himself)—that is one view which, at the extreme, has a faded air of mysticism. There is another view which has the opposite fault of being too simple: according to this view man appears only in a few typical attitudes, neatly defined and consistent, and all set down in the impressive old tome (unprinted yet generally in glib circulation), "Human Nature and How to Recognize It Without Half Trying." Undoubtedly this latter view is the more comprehensively, objectively attractive. It is less confusing.

Neither way of looking at man is satisfactory as a general idea or as a means of judgment for practical use. It is futile to speculate about man as a deep, impenetrable mystery: if he is that, nothing remains to be said. Dwelling on this sense of mystery only intensifies it. This criticism refers to its value as thought. It has another sort of value as an imaginative, artistic mood. Mysticism creates imaginary problems and neglects the truth which lies close at hand. It is so when men become deep, empty and vague about the soul of man.

Yet we cannot be so naive (or the free man cannot be so naive) as to accept a few copybook maxims as sufficiently, soundly revealing human nature. All too frequently these rules meet with individual situations, complicated motives and contradictory behavior, which they are inadequate to explain with even a low degree of plausibility. Simplicity is fine when it is realistic and illuminating, but not when it is a fanciful guess in the dark.

One thing which is contrary to common sense is the separation of men into saints and sinners, into rigid categories of good and bad, as if the personality of a man

must be as smooth as rhyme or as definite as a sum in arithmetic. Common sense should make it clear to everyone that men have mixed qualities. No person can be wholly explained by reference to any general type. Each is like a puzzle with some pieces missing or with some pieces which do not precisely fit. Human nature is made up of disconcerting angles rather than pretty curves. It is more interesting for this reason. A complete saint or a complete sinner would be a bore.

It is, however, a considerable bother, unless one happens to possess the kind of mind which delights in studying the twists and turns of character, to take men as they are and discriminate aside from the rules. As in looking at a play, so in looking at life, men like to see characters perfectly modeled and solid as to type. Villains and heroes, good men and bad, strong men and weak, practical men and dreamers, energetic men and lazy, orthodox men and heretics—this sort of unshaded black-and-white classification is what the average man, not a very curious nor analytical spectator of life, demands. If he must look for these traits blending as it seems inconsistently (or conflicting rather than blending) in the same individual, he feels rather imposed upon and set adrift, as if someone were to tell him that two and two occasionally make five or seven or any shifting sum. So the rules persist, not because they are true but because they are convenient. Life is short and too many facts spoil a theory.

The thing which most encourages the mystical view of character is the ancient fiction that man has a "soul." Thus when everything is known about a man—or when we have a sufficient knowledge out of which to make a pretty clear and convincing portrait—it is felt that there is still something beyond in a misty region of the elusive and inscrutable.

We may know how a man has behaved in a variety of situations, both commonplace and critical; we may know his training, his environment, the problems he has had to face and how he has dealt with them; we may know what his tastes are, what his interests are, and what his opinions are on a great many subjects trivial and vital. Yet with all this material, we are told that we have only touched the surface—far deeper, beyond our merely human gaze, is the mysterious soul of the man or, as a philosopher might say, the reality behind the appearance.

To put it plainly, facts and a reasonable analysis of the facts have never been enough for the spirit-mongering school of character obfuscation. They must have fancies, even though these fancies are discredited by the facts. But fancies, while they may be interesting, do not explain character.

A good deal of this needless mystery is due to the unwillingness to recognize man as an animal. He is portrayed as half-man and half-god (or, sometimes, half-devil): as a little lower than the angels; as a strange, wonderful, reason-defying combination of the spiritual and the material. Suffering from this illusion, man has had far less peace of mind than he might have had by taking life more naturally. He has been made ashamed of his animal nature. He has been deluded by nonsense about the evils of materialism. He has worked himself imaginatively into a state where he really

is, using the term reservedly, a soul-sick creature.

In reason, we must dismiss this idea of a spiritual mystery in man and confine ourselves to what we actually can see and understand about human nature—that is a great deal and it is a matter of realism, not of magic. And we must also dispel from our minds the notion that men can be precisely classified, each fitting perfectly into this or that unvarying type. It is useful for comparison and as a rough-and-ready guide to have typical instances, and even typical combinations, of character in mind; but we shall be led into endless false judgments if we seek arbitrarily for the typical at the expense of the individual—if we try to make every man fit closely to a pattern; it may almost be said with regard to this fascinating study of character that there are no rules but only exceptions.

We cannot draw an ideal figure of a man—or a number of ideal, typical figures—and put certain elements of character together in what we conceive as a logical, right combination, and then expect that any man will resemble to the last least point and shade this artificial model. One can easily enough form a conception of an absolute saint or sinner, but where will one find an individual whom such a conception fits as a glove fits a hand?

The thing is impossible. Saints are tempted (or they forget they are saints and act naturally); while sinners, even if sin is their main pursuit, must reasonably have time off. Strong men have their weaknesses, very ridiculous weaknesses sometimes, while a weak character has its aspects—or perhaps only its moments—of strength. If we can ever finally and fully judge character, it must be a judgment of individuals.

To be sure, we can reasonably and pretty safely infer certain things from a man's social environment, his occupation, his associations, his background, without knowing the man directly and intimately. Such inferences may, roughly and generally, be fair enough. They at least serve as indications, which we may follow to their proof or disproof. But always we must bear in mind that such general judgments are not sure, final nor unalterable. In any type there are, so to speak, untypical specimens.

Nor should we be deceived by the well-known generalization that all men are composed of the same fundamental stuff of human nature. Broadly speaking, this is true. It is an immensely significant truth and has a vital place in any description of man that is at all worth while. But these elements of human nature are manifested in various degrees and ways as between one man and another. "Circumstances," as the saying goes, "alter rules." We all have the same general necessities, passions—the same basis, that is to say, of natural humanity—but there are particular variations of intensity, of quality, of the shape or color these natural tendencies assume.

What may be called our human nature as distinguished from our individual nature is affected by the special conditions under which we live. It may in certain respects lie dormant; it may be repressed; it may be stimulated; it may be expressed in kind and fortunate circumstances or it may be subjected to extraordinary pressure. This human nature is not an absolute, unvarying quantity nor is it qualitatively simple, summary and the same in all men. Human nature is influenced by associations. And as our individual associations differ, so will our human nature vary in some sort accordingly.

We are often puzzled and surprised by the actions of men because we do not know enough about the circumstances which (taken in connection with the individual's physical-mental makeup) determine action. It may be put this way: that we know human nature pretty well but we cannot always know just where and how it will individually break out.

Man has been on the stage long enough to have appeared in about every conceivable role, ordinary and extraordinary, and concerning his history in the main there is no such mystery as is obscurely intimated by those who talk of God and Destiny and the Great Unknown. Some centuries ago, in the fantastically imaged darkness of a prescientific age, there was naturally an impressive (as well as oppressive) air of mystery. It would not be correct to say that life has been entirely shorn of mystery—that it stands forth fully and finally explained—but there is certainly an immense en-

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lightenment; and those who make a mystery of man in the medieval spirit are simply closing their minds to what, in this scientific age, we may call common sense (whether it is commonly applied or not).

There are persons who, at bottom, do not like a realistic explanation of things. If a thing is clearly understood, it ceases to be important or attractive to them. They look upon knowledge as rather sinister, even degrading, certainly cold and unfeeling, robbing life of its ancient charm of mystery (which, after all, was in a great degree the "charm" of ignorance). Such persons will preserve a mysterious—or mystic—attitude toward life in spite of the most definite, extensive knowledge which is available. They have a low regard for plain explanatory facts. They refuse to follow a method of real analysis. By ignoring the great deal that we know about man they almost make it appear that, when all is said, we know nothing.

As I say, this perverse and of course meaningless mystification is due chiefly to the myth of the "soul" of man. And, curiously enough, those who are most loosely and inaccurately simple in their generalizations about human nature are also deceived by this soul-mystic. Both in their false simplicity and their superstition, they neglect to avail themselves of what is really understood about man. They are, in their excessively simple character, fond of making rules for a game they have not studied; while in their would-be mysterious character, they sit in a room with all the blinds down and say that nobody knows what is happening outside.

2. Common Sense and Omar

Omar Khayyam is celebrated as a poet. He wrote poetry that is not only beautiful, with haunting rhythm and images, but that has a philosophic significance. It is not the technical, formidable and bewildering philosophy of one who constructs a system but that of a man who looks at life with shrewd, disillusioned eyes. It has been said that Omar is not profound. That is not a criticism that need worry his admirers. Some men who are thinkers after an esoteric fashion of their own are profound to the point of being absolutely meaningless.

fashion of their own are profound to the point of being absolutely meaningless.

But the thought in the Rubaiyat is clear and thoroughly alive with meaning. It is taken directly from life. It applies realistically to life. Omar is sensible, human, and civilized. And his poetic-philosophic reflections of nearly a thousand years ago have a convincing as well as a charming tone to the free man in this modern age.

The old Persian poet (who was also an eminent mathematician and scholar) had a philosophy of common sense. This means of

course that he was uncommonly clear-seeing, straight-thinking, and no less candid than intelligent in his views. Common superstitions did not delude him. Common opinions, careless and unscientific, did not satisfy his intellectual curiosity.

Yet his thought is simple enough and conveys such truth as any may know by a little thinking, a little observation of life. Omar did not turn to any obscure sources for his ideas. He did not deal in rare, difficult knowledge which is beyond the reach of the average man. The inspiration of his philosophy is open and apparent to any man who cares to see it. It is simply life seen without illusion, treated with poetic feeling but based on sound philosophy or common sense. Omar did not fool himself. Strictly speaking, he was neither a pessimist nor an optimist. He was a realist.

In the beautifully simple lines of Omar we can follow interestingly the mental processes of a free man—one who was free, that is to say, in his ideas and superior to any dogmas of theology or morality. In reading Omar, the free man of today finds as it were the echo of his own thoughts. But Omar did not believe in freedom in an unscientific sense. The dogma of human will and responsibility was not a bit convincing to him. He saw man as a creature of circumstances. He is, in the first place, not responsible for his own nature. To illustrate:

After a momentary silence spoke
A vessel of a more ungainly make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all
awry."

What! Did the hand then of the
Potter shake?"

Even the Christian, to be logical, must say that a man is what God made him. The scientific view leaves God out of the business. A man has certain natural impulses—and he didn't choose them. He has, individually, certain physical and mental characteristics. He is weak or strong, more likely a mixture of weak and strong traits. He moves amid powerful circumstances which bend him this way and that. Given a very fortunate environment, he seems in his success and happiness to be a free man: it is a prideful and pleasing illusion. He is really no more free than

speaks for himself and in the same breath for all men as follows:

O thou who didst with pitfall and
Beset the path I was to wander in—
Thou wilt not with predestined
evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to
sin.

If there is evil in the world, and if a man is weakly prone to evil, or if circumstances press too heavily and mislead too treacherously—who can blame the man? It is an illusion that we can control life. We can only more or less intelligently and happily be adapted to it: this "only" signifies indeed a great deal, and through intellectual and social development our adjustment to life is increasingly better (that is to say, scientific)—but, even so, we have to deal with forces which we did not create and which we cannot change.

We cannot make laws for nature. We cannot willfully elect ourselves to a position of untouched aloofness from the operations of cause and effect. Life in general proceeds independently of our wishes, while as individuals we are subject to many unfavorable limitations. Thus:

The Moving Finger writes and having
writ
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half
a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word
of it.

That is common sense. It is also the view of toleration. How absurd to condemn a man, in the tone of moral indignation, for that which, all things considered, he could not help! And there is another message in these lines. It is useless to bewail piously the past or to attempt by sophistry to attempt by sophistry to make it appear other than what it actually was. Good or bad, its record has been written decidedly and unchangeably. And we always have a past to influence our future.

Yet Omar is not tamely, spiritually resigned. He makes the best of life as it really is. Even so, there is the critical thought that it might be improved. He did not have the childishly religious idea that an overruling Providence, spite of all the evil in the world, inscrutably directs all things for ultimate good. Omar would criticize God if there were

not that man can change what, at bottom, are the inexorable natural rules of this game of life; but he can and does (so far awkwardly, indeed, in response to impersonally superior circumstances) agree upon humanized and rationalized rules; and he can, let us say, learn to play the game more skillfully; he learns how to avoid certain dangers and how to get certain values out of life. And in this we see not optimism nor pessimism but the critical, religious attitude of man. It is only by being dissatisfied with "this sorry scheme of things entire" that we can "re-model it nearer to the heart's desire."

We cannot indeed conquer life but we can endow it with a certain human fairness and significance—only, however, by means of the rationalistic approach. And clearly Omar was a rationalist. He saw life in concrete images. His was a philosophy to live by. It brushed aside all the misty futilities of esoteric philosophy (i. e., metaphysics) and of religion. The poet-philosopher declares:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great
argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in
I went.

Could the uselessness of this sort of speculation, with which we are all so tiresomely familiar, be expressed with more simple and brief convincingness? We go in and come out by the same door. We have arrived nowhere and learned nothing. All these fine-spun arguments, theological and metaphysical, are no better than wasted rhetoric, words pointless and comprehensible, mental acrobatics which have after all but a slight and quickly exhausted appeal as entertainment.

Surely it is enough for the intelligence to recognize that all the religions and all the darkly profound (or profoundly dark) ventures of metaphysics have not contributed to our knowledge of life nor to the practical livableness of it. If a man wants this kind of theorizing or imagining about life, he can take his choice out of a wide variety. One can find any sort of system or creed that one's fancy may desire. Since man began to think, he has been engaged in the strange eerie business of fabricating illusory—

It is the principal criticism of religion that it has always been at odds with the real substance and means of life. It is not alone nor chiefly its theoretical unreasonableness that makes it objectionable to the free-thinking man; but it has notoriously raised obstacles to the sensible, joyful realization of life in our time these barriers have been greatly reduced: even where there is belief in religion, it does not so vitally interfere with the individual's life. But in its very nature religion is unreal and even a little of it is narrowing and misleading. And we must bear in mind that in Omar's day religion was far more obstructive to real living than it is now. There was more religion then, while today it is a decidedly reduced and not so piously applied kind of belief. Its very absurd, indeed its vicious, tendency was toward a denial of life. Omar, more humanly, emphasized the reality—as well as the brevity—of life and celebrated its joys.

He had a pretty attractive conception of life, too. "Wine, women and song"—but the element of song included the best of poetry, wisdom and culture. Evidently a materialist and full of a sensuous appreciation of life, Omar's materialism, so to speak, was of the mind as well as the body. His idea of the real good in life is suggestively as follows:

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and
thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!
Isn't it a delightful picture? To be sure, it absolutely omits mention of the "soul." It is, as any preacher can tell you, a program of living which takes no account of the "spiritual." It ignores any religious conception of man's duty to a God. It doesn't try to explain or idealize life in terms of something that is utterly apart from and meaningless to life. It is materialistic in the sense that it is solidly, valuably realistic. It is not merely a dull, stupid, unimaginative existence that Omar suggests: but living to the full a solidly and beautifully rounded life. We have not merely the comforts of life but the ecstasy, the culture, and the love which complete our self-expression.

And it is noteworthy that religion, when it is exhibited in its "pure" form, not only minimizes the importance of comforts, insisting that we should think less about the material basis of life; but that it is suspicious when not severely antagonistic toward ecstasy, culture (the liberal inspiration and wisdom of life) and love. In his spirit of joy in life no less than in his intellectual rationalism, Omar directly challenges religion. Again, for all their poetic fancifulness which one does not take literally, Omar's materialism is shown in these lines:

I sometimes think that never blows
so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar
bleed,
That every hyacinth the garden
wears
Dropped in her lap from some once
lovely head.

Dust unto dust—an expression that is glibly repeated by preachers who deny its evident and inexorable meaning. Omar had no such reservations. He meant "dust unto dust." Or, as some philosophers expressed it in witty prose: "At the banquet of life, every man is in turn a guest and a dish." Or we have the stark Shakespearean image: "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot." Yes, that is unpleasant. So is death unpleasant, and life itself in many respects is unpleasant. Truth has nothing to do with pleasantness. As for the "soul" which the preacher imagines to be hidden, oh so cleverly, in the physical frame of a man and to be superior to the dusty dissolution—Omar apparently was not deceived by this vague, baseless fancy. He refers to the "soul" in this ironical, dismissive fashion:

Why! if the Soul can fling the dust
aside
And naked on the air of heaven
ride—
Were't not a shame, were't not a
shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to
abide!

Thus the poet suggests that this arbitrary conception of a "soul" is contradictory of the facts of life and cannot, put in whatever form of words, appeal to the reason. It would indeed be a shame, if life were so wonderfully "spiritual," that it should be so bound by the material. Strangely enough, nobody ever gets a glimpse of the "soul" in birth nor in life nor in death. If it exists, it is as

well hidden as it is effectually imprisoned by the crippling clay. Soul? Paradise? Religion with all its phrases and formulas? These feeble shadows of rhetoric are far removed from the kind of concrete images that Omar's mind sought. He was not the man to deny facts nor to shrink, with hands upflung to obstruct the gaze, from the meaning of life. He chose the delightful form of poetry but his lines have the convincing ring of truth. He could make a theme of poignant beauty out of the sad necessities of this fated circle of nights and days.

Pate, or what you will, limits us—but life has tangible, even delightful realities if we turn aside from the futile "argument about," taking instead what lies directly within our range of vision and our grasp. Life is not ideal, but if it has real pains it has also real joys, real opportunities as well as real misfortunes, real thrills of intensely happy, vivid feeling as well as the keen thrills of disappointment. Omar was all for life, here and now. He tells us:

Some for the glories of this world,
and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to
come.
Ah, take the Cash and let the
Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant
drum.

What! The cold, barren counsel of materialism? The empty despair of agnosticism? Thus saith the preachers—but what we really have, in these lines of Omar, is a very sensible, wholesome, attractive invitation to enjoy life while we may and not cheat ourselves with vain illusions of "the Prophet's Paradise to come." It is nature, location, and date or manner of appearance are too uncertain.

A distant drum—a very hollow drum—a drum whose vague, muffled sound is utterly meaningless: that is religion, the speculations of mystical Doctors and Saints, all the unrealistic systems and creeds. There is more wisdom in Omar than in all the sermons ever preached.

3. Man's World

It is the human significance of things that should receive our intelligent attention. It is man's world, not God's, in which we live. And the philosophy of common

we express this philosophy (and every man does express it, inevitably though not to his own mind recognizably, in greater or less degree) that we get anything worth while out of life. It is this common sense, out of which, as we see, both poetry and philosophy can be made, that assures happiness, success and survival in life. It is to the disadvantage of life—a social disadvantage from which none of us quite escapes and a particular disadvantage to all individuals hugging the ancient futile illusions—that this philosophy of realism is not clearly and fully applied.

As I say, the mysticism and the asceticism which Omar so wholesomely rejects have never helped man to any better understanding or more useful activity in life. Their influence has been just the opposite: they have interfered with life. All human progress has been, basically and necessarily, materialistic. Our culture has a material foundation and meaning. Civilization means power and wealth and knowledge—all quite material in their origin, significance and use. Real ideas, real motives, real actions, quite in the spirit of the thoroughly realistic Omar, have raised humanity from the depths of medievalism to the far higher plane of modern life.

And the ideas of Omar are in accord with modernism and with the outlook of the free man today. We cannot transcend the scheme of nature: we can only apply our intelligence, within these limits, to human adjustment in social life. Scientifically, we can study the influences of heredity and environment; but we cannot maintain the old notion of individual free-will and responsibility. We see that "religion declines steadily in interest and its valuelessness is exposed beyond doubt. Life is short and we are more interested than ever in living for its own sake—living, in a clear light unobscured by mysticism—living, which is quite evidently all that we are here for. The drums of a mythical Paradise are as nothing to the music and color and solid feeling of this worldly spectacle which is ours for a short tenure—short and therefore not to be wasted.

Common sense is more respected now than it was in Omar's time. It seems still to be uncommon in comparison with the bulky rags

of religion, in which we live. And the philosophy of common sense, as we find it in the unforgettable and also the unanswerable lines of Omar, is one which man readily grasps and applied by any man. It is only insofar as

now than it was in Omar's time. It seems still to be uncommon in comparison with the bulky rags and tags of prejudice and superstition. Omar's poetical phrased philosophy has not outlived its usefulness—as perhaps it will never outlive its charm.

The Moving Finger Writes

By L. O. E. Smith

Twenty Books to Watch For
The Little Blue Books are not stopping at 1300, or 1400, or even 1500! On they go, up toward 2000 different titles. (N. B. It is rumored that when we reach 1,500 different titles we're going to have some kind of a celebration. Keep it in mind, anyhow. Surely it's worth celebrating!)

You remember that John Langdon-Davies arrived in Girard. He wrote the *Short History of Women* which was distributed as one of the Literary Guild books last year. He is a young Englishman, with a colorful background and plenty of ideas. Before he had been in Girard twenty-four hours, E. H. J. had signed him up for thousands of words.

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Sound intriguing don't they? They will all be added, probably, during 1929. This is but a small part of the good things for Haldean-Julius readers to look forward to.

Best news of all for Weekly readers is that Mr. Langdon-

Misjudging the Masses
The following editorial, under the heading "Misjudging the Masses," was published in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*:

It is something of a joke on the intellectuals to learn from E. Haldean-Julius that the masses had read *The Story of Philosophy* in Little Blue Books long before it appeared as a \$5 volume and made Dr. Will Durant famous.

As a matter of fact, the experience of Mr. Haldean-Julius is that both the tastes and intelligence of the masses are much finer than we commonly suppose. Their craving for knowledge and self-improvement has increased his production to 350,000 Little Blue Books daily, and they are being consumed by even the masses of the new states; but it is also true that as they achieve literacy they devour eagerly the classics, science and history. The philosophy and drama of the Greeks, for instance, lead all the rest. He reminds us that it is out of the masses, to whom we ordinarily attribute bad taste and worse pabulum, that the great thinkers usually come. It was so with Spinoza, and it is so with most of the men who contributed in the anniversary number of the *Post-Dispatch* to the symposium on civilization. The masses give us our Michael Pupins, our Martin Nexos, our Rudolf Holzapfels.

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HUNDREDS OF MARRIED MEN AND WOMEN WILL RECOGNIZE, AND YET NO ONE EVER TOLD IT BEFORE. NO OTHER AMERICAN WRITER EVER HAD THE COURAGE. IT IS TOO STARK—TOO RUTHLESS—TOO MERCILESSLY SHORN OF SENTIMENTALITY. NO ONE PERSON COULD HAVE TOLD IT! ONLY A MAN AND A WOMAN TOGETHER COULD HAVE PROBED SO DEEP INTO LIFE AND SEEN IT SO COMPLETELY. MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS HAVE THE GIFT OF RARE UNDERSTANDING. THOUGH THIS IS THEIR FIRST NOVEL, IT IS CONSISTENT WITH THEIR REPUTATIONS ESTABLISHED AS WRITERS IN OTHER FIELDS. "DUST" IS UNLIKE THE USUAL EPHEMERAL WORK—IT IS STILL READ; AS CARL SANDBURG REMARKED, "IT LINGERS ON" AND STAYS WITH ONE. IT HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS "A WORTHY VOLUME IN THE MID-WESTERN EPIC THAT OUR YOUNGER AUTHORS HAVE BEGUN TO WRITE." THE THEME OF "DUST" OPENS AND CLOSES THE STORY AND RUNS ALL THROUGH IT, FROM FIRST PAGE TO LAST.

"DUST"

By E. and M. Haldean-Julius

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"From beginning to end, *DUST* is a work of art, a searching probe into human souls brought together by an indifferent fate and parted by a caprice of nature."

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"*DUST* is a highly worthy addition to the best in our contemporary letters."

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"The authors have produced a most remarkable novel of the Middle West, a masterly piece of work which touches every emotional chord, as well as making a strong intellectual appeal."

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"In truth a work of literary note—a tragedy set forth with such dignity and power that it should compel reading."

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Paperbound edition, cover in attractive colors, substantial, handy size, thoroughly readable. The complete novel—not a word omitted—exactly the same as the clothbound edition. Now sent postpaid anywhere for 39c per copy.

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Haldean-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas

learned is what history itself seeks to teach us—that thought is an attribute of all men, feeding eagerly upon whatever nourishes it. Notable educators believe that the Haldeman-Julius enterprise is the greatest of all our universities, and it probably is. It has at any rate fed the hunger of the masses for good reading.

Concerning Manuscripts.

O. Beaver, Drawer N9972, Trenton, N. J., has some pertinent questions to ask about manuscripts:

Q. Do you accept any new books?
A. If they are satisfactory in every way; only experienced writers, as a rule, can turn out sufficiently satisfactory work. Anyone desiring to write books for us should write first, outlining his work, and asking if it is likely to meet with editorial approval.

Q. Do you return manuscripts?
A. Yes, if the author sends a stamped addressed envelope for their return to him.

Q. On what terms or contract do you publish?

A. If the manuscript is acceptable, the author is paid immediately and in full.

Q. Do I need to take out a copyright?
A. No. The publisher copyrights the work.

A new Little Blue Book, to be issued soon as No. 1366, will answer all such questions as these. It is called *How to Write Little Blue Books*. Meanwhile, good titles to buy on the subject of writing for publication are the following: *Writing for the Market*, by James Oppenheim (No. 1131); *Short Story Writing for Beginners*, by Fawcett Tarleton (No. 1240); *Hints on Writing Short Stories*, by Charles J. Finger (No. 326); and *How to Prepare Manuscripts*, by George Milburn (No. 1143).

They Fight Over It

The following letter, sent to E. H.-J. by Mr. George D. Mitchell, treasurer of The Pathfinder Publishing Co., Inc., Washington, D. C., publishers of *The Pathfinder*, a national news review, is self-explanatory:

A dozen of our staff here are quarreling over the chance to read "The First Hundred Million," and after they have all partially absorbed what is in it we will place it in our reference library, along with the dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases and "Who's Who."

We do not hesitate to say that this is the first time anyone has had the knowledge, the will and the courage to issue such a cross-sectional analysis of the American public. No questionnaires could ever have elicited the information you have thus assembled and classified. And all other mail-order magazines have been so busy piling up profits that none of them would ever think of taking the trouble to do such a job. If they had done it, they would have kept the cream of their conclusions to themselves anyway.

You need not be afraid, however, that anyone else will steal your thunder. Your task of making literature at a price so that the masses of the people can afford to learn what it is all about is very much like that of the *Pathfinder*, and we sympathize thoroughly with your determination to devise special methods to carry on this good work. As there are no golden profits in any such work for the benefit of "just ordinary" people, the other fellows will continue to let you do it.

We have ordered copies of the book to be sent to our advertising representatives in New York, Chicago, Atlanta and Los Angeles, so that they may have a chance to

study the contents. They will probably learn some things about *Pathfinder* readers that neither they, nor even we ourselves, knew.

We intend to make use of some of the material in the book in the form of advertising circulars and letters. Perhaps your book will make some of the highbrows realize you are in existence. In an article we have just read in "Advertising and Selling" for Nov. 14, entitled "This Mail Order Book Business," you are not even mentioned. Perhaps the author did have you in mind when he intimates that "the mail order book business as popularly conceived is a snare and a delusion."

Rev. Cadman Gives the Cut Direct

In his radio broadcast of spontaneous (supposedly) answers to questions propounded to him by an interrogator, reading (presumably) questions sent in by puzzled humanity, on Sunday, Jan. 27, 1929, Rev. S. Parkes Cadman of New York said: "I do not know who E. Haldeman-Julius is." This astounding statement appeared as part of the reply to a question about monasticism; E. H.-J. had stated, said the question, that the monks were ignorant, vulgar, and had none of the virtues claimed for them by the church apologists. Rev. Cadman said that such a statement proved the ignorance of Mr. Haldeman-Julius, whoever he might be.

The next issue of *The Debunker* takes up the challenge in detail, in an article called *Why Must Holy Men Lie?* Though Rev. Cadman has given the cut direct in denying knowledge of E. Haldeman-Julius, he has also made himself absurd by stating—not only that he does not know, which is to say that he would not recognize, Mr. Haldeman-Julius—that he does not know who E. Haldeman-Julius is. Surely it is hardly possible that Rev. Cadman can be so ignorant as that; especially when a full-page advertisement of the Haldeman-Julius Publications appeared in the book section of the *New York Herald-Tribune* (which prints Dr. Cadman's "Counsel") on Sunday, Jan. 27, the very day Rev. Cadman broadcast his astonishing denial.

This promises to develop some interesting things. Already E. H.-J. has written Joseph McCabe to prepare a 7,500-word article on monasticism, citing irrefutable authority for the assertions in *The Outline of Bunk*, by the way—that the monks were immoral, uncultured, and ignorant. You can expect McCabe to do the subject full justice! Meanwhile, read *Why Must Holy Men Lie?*

Movie Dogs and Horses

The *Saturday Evening Post*, issue of February 2, 1929, contains an article by Larry Trimble about Strongheart and other movie dogs, as well as movie horses. He is the Mr. Trimble, "director of Strongheart, discoverer of Ranger and undoubtedly the man who of all living today has the most sympathetic understanding and complete working knowledge of animal psychology."

Larry Trimble was recently in Girard, at the Haldeman-Julius farm; there he and Marcell talked dogs and horses until the wee

small hours of the morning. Marcell tells the whole story, with many of her inimitable glimpses of character and personality, in the March issue of *The Debunker*, in her own department, now appearing regularly under the new title: *Sports From an Interrupted Pen*.

Little Blue Book on Patents Receives Widespread Acclaim

Ray Belmont Whitman, author of Little Blue Book No. 1365, *Patents: How to Get and Sell Them*, writes us as follows: "My book has been placed in several hundred public libraries and requests made for it repeatedly by them and various corporation officials and inventors throughout the country. I enclose some comments from various individuals and officials, whose opinion on the value of this work is more or less authoritative."

"This book is intelligently written by a man who is a direct thinker and student. In the last 20 years we have waded through reams of printed matter on patents, most of it put out by firms whose one object is to get production in applications filed and give the poor inventor they represent something which looks like a patent but which is frequently not worth the paper it is printed on. There is a vital need of wide distribution for so splendid a book as yours."—Saffold Engineering Laboratories, Cleveland, Ohio.

"The manner of setting forth the various subjects differs as much from the mail-order catalog of some of the larger patent concerns as daylight from darkness."—Wilton C. Carver, Washington, D. C.

"This is the best thing I have seen for the layman."—Ray C. Frisk, Works Mgr., Farrington Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

"Every inventor should have your book before applying for a patent. If I had known before where to get such a book, I would have paid almost any price for it."—Jos. F. Rajal, Louisville, Ky.

"We can conveniently use ten copies of your book on patents."—N. Y. Public Library.

"A welcome addition to the collections of the Library of Congress."—Librarian, Washington, D. C.

"Send 35 copies of your book for our libraries."—Free Library, Philadelphia.

"Chapt. 34 seems to me to give a 'rough and ready' rule for gauging the value of patents."—F. C. Van Cleef, Sec., B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

Others who praised the book include G. J. Lang, Vice Pres., American Bosch Magneto Corp'n, Springfield, Mass.; James F. Firestone, Chief Engr., Beckwith Co., Dowagiac, Mich.; W. H. Schulze, Stewart - Warner Speedometer Corp'n, Chicago; R. B. Benjamin, Pres., Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co., Chicago; C. E. Ogden, Pres., Kodel Radio Corp'n, Cincinnati; L. S. Slagle, Pres., U. S. Electric Corp'n, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Zetka Laboratories, Montclair, N. J.; Newell and Spencer, Attorneys, N. Y. C.; International Inventions Corp'n, N. Y. C.; R. G. Kloeffler, Prof. Electrical Engineering, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kans.; H. P. Trusty, designer and inventor, etc., etc.

The First Fortnightly Article by Joseph McCabe

The subject for this first fortnightly article by Joseph McCabe, to be printed in the new *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* before long, has been decided upon. It arose out of a controversy that has been going on in the *Forum* (the magazine of controversy, of which argument is the breath of life).

It was begun by Clarence Darrow, who wrote for the *Forum* "The Myth of the Soul." This was so good that it was reprinted in *The American Parade* for Haldeman-Julius readers, and, to perpetuate it, it is being included in the Little Blue Books and will appear before many moons have waxed and waned as No. 1404.

Now Clarence True Wilson, "recently unanimously reelected General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church," replies to Mr. Darrow in the February *Forum*, with an article entitled: "Shall We Live Forever?" The text is from Job (xiv, 14): "If a man die, shall he live again?" The answer of Mr. Wilson is—well, you are allowed one guess!

To demonstrate that the soul is apart from the body, Mr. Wilson cites a delightful Negro yarn; but his story is better grist for the mill of Mr. Darrow than of Mr. Wilson. Judge for yourselves. Here it is:

A young medical student returned

down South and taunted his old colored mammy with his faith. He said, "Mammy, I have dissected a Negro, just after he died. I examined his blood, his bones, his brains. I followed every nerve and sinew; and I never saw a soul or where one had been."

"Child, you certainly is ignorant for one who has been to school so long. I wouldn't think you would ever try to find a live soul in a dead Negro."

And if not in the dead Negro, where else would one look for that Negro's "live soul"? And the medical student expressly stated that he could not find where a soul had ever been.

In his first fortnightly article of 7,500 words Mr. McCabe will make an effective—and it is safe to wager, a devastating—reply to Clarence True Wilson's defense of immortality. Soon—in the new H.-J. weekly paper. Make sure your subscription will include it!

A Mistake Somewhere!

Any mail-order establishment gets all kinds of letters. Some are a long way from the proper subject. Here is a sample, word for word, spelling as written, names unchanged:

"Dear Sir this is to notify you that Curtis Smith seen your advertisement that you were selling Saxtione horn case for 2.98 & he cut it out and sent it and the 2.98 and he hasent, received it yet I wrote the post master and I received a card from them that the maney had been paid July 6. Please send the case or the money Here is his address Please send it to Curtis Smith 155 Peter St. Johnstown Pa Please send it at once, looking to here from you son Maggie Ragland Muddy Ill."

Anyone having saxtione horn cases for sale, please note. We were obliged to inform this irate customer that we do not sell saxophones or cases for them.

Some Statistics

There are now 1,324 different titles in the Little Blue Books, all available at the uniform price of 5c apiece, postpaid to any address in the world. In slightly less than 10 years, some 100,000,000 copies of these books have been sold to satisfied readers in every land on the globe.

The 1,324 Little Blue Books contain something like 80,000 pages, and more than 20,000,000 words! The vaults of the Haldeman-Julius Company contain more than 20,000 separate electrotype plates, from which new editions of the titles are being constantly printed. The weight of this metal is very close to ten tons!

The Washington Monument is the tallest obelisk in the world. It is just 555 feet in height. If the Little Blue Books were placed end to end, one of each title (the longest dimension being five inches), the complete set would measure 551 2-3 feet long. This is a trifle less than four feet shorter than the height of Washington Monument!

A fast reader can read one Little Blue Book an hour. If such a reader keeps at a complete set of 1,324 Little Blue Books for 8 hours every day, 5½ working days per week, it will take him more than 30 weeks to read the entire series through from beginning to end! But the average man has, let us say, an hour a day to spend in miscellaneous reading. His complete set of Little Blue Books would therefore last him more than 3½ years!

Some 100,000,000 of these Little Blue Books have been sold in a trifle less than 10 years. If these 100,000,000 books could be gathered together, and stacked in one pile, one on top of another, the pile would reach—assuming it did not topple over!—263 miles into the air! If these 100,000,000 books, again supposing, could be placed end to end, the long way (5 inches), they would reach through the earth at the equator—a matter of about 8,000 miles!

Yet these Little Blue Books are amazingly compact. The complete set of 1,324 titles weighs only about 80 pounds. If placed on a shelf, in the usual manner, this set makes a bookshelf of reading extending about 18 feet only. In these 18 feet, however, there are something like 1,400 hours of reading for the average person.

To get a complete set all you have to do is order whatever amount you care to (20 or more books at a time), keeping a record of the numbers you order, until you have all the titles.

Bargains in Laughs

Look in your Little Blue Book catalog (free on request, if you haven't one) at the great amount of humor and the large number of jokebooks now available at 5c apiece. These books contain some 200 jokes each. It's good for the

digestion, and the disposition in general, to laugh. Witness these samples:

A Yankee Joke (From No. 422): "You told me you hadn't any mosquitoes," said the summer boarder reproachfully.

"I hadn't," replied Farmer Corn-tossle. "Them you see come from Si Perkins' place. They ain't mine."

Married Life (From No. 820): "A woman's work is never done," she said, as dinner came on the table half an hour late.

"So I observe," he answered gloomily, pushing away the potatoes.

A Rube Joke (From No. 1220): "What's that odor I smell?" asked the old lady, sniffing.

"That's fertilizer," answered the farmer.

"For the land's sake!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the farmer.

Shop Talk

The Chicago *Evening Post*, as the opening paragraph of an editorial entitled "How to Know a Book when You See It," recently printed the following tribute: "Everybody reads books today. If there were any people left who didn't, E. Haldeman-Julius wiped out that blot on an otherwise literate civilization by publishing classics under alluring titles, and selling them for a few cents apiece." So he did. And he still does. Complete catalog free on request, etc.

Wm. E. Grose, 130 W. 49th St., New York City, sends the clipping from the N. Y. *Times*, which gives S. Parkes Cadman's surprising "I don't know who E. Haldeman-Julius is," and which denies the truth of E. H.-J.'s statements about monasticism, with this request: "Please send me a copy of your *Weekly*, *Monthly* or *Quarterly* in which reply to Dr. Cadman is made." Interest is already rampant. Well, the reply—first salvo—will be printed in the April *Debunker*.

Fred A. Smith, 916 Rust Bldg., Tacoma, Wash., suggests *The Civilizations of the East and the West* for a Little Blue Book. This would be, according to his recommendation, a reprint of material now appearing in *Whither Mankind?* edited by Charles A. Beard (Long-

SEX AND THE LOVE-LIFE

By William J. Fielding, Author of "Sanity in Sex."

Here is an honest, straight-forward exposition of the sex question, thoroughly constructive in tone, written in a popular vein, and at the same time scientifically sound. Practically every problem concerning sex that the average person is interested in is covered, and many important facts and informative features are included that cannot be found in any contemporary book published for popular reading.

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mans Green & Co.). We have filed this suggestion for future consideration. However, the subject is well covered in volumes of *The Key to Culture* (Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22), by Joseph McCabe.

"I have just ordered another year's renewal and a year of *The American Parade*. Anyone who puts out the kind of reading you do, does not have to beg for renewals!"—G. W. Jackson, Cebu, P. I.

Heinz Norden, reading proof on Samuel Marx's *Confessions of a Gate-Crasher*, just came downstairs to say that it is hilarious. It is scheduled for the next *American Parade*, as you probably know. E. H.-J. has been chuckling over this manuscript ever since it came into the office. It must be good. (I can hardly wait to read it myself; I have not had time to read it yet.)

Marcell Haldeman-Julius is working on an article for the *Debunker*, giving some details of Joseph McCabe's recent visit to Girard. It will be in an early issue.

George W. Friede, Chairman, Round Table Committee, University of Chicago Liberal Club, invites Mr. Haldeman-Julius to be one of the club's guest speakers. "The University of Chicago Liberal Club," he writes, "recognizing the progressive part which you have played in mass education in America, and also your stand in behalf of freedom of speech in social as well as purely political matters, desires to have you as

one of its guest speakers." The club is "For the Free Discussion of Social Movements." E. H.-J. says that on his next visit to Chicago, he will be glad to drop in.

Helen Christine Bennett, 1318 Putnam Ave., Plainfield, N. J., a magazine writer, discovered the Little Blue Books in a unique way (usually it is the other way about!):

My fourteen-year-old daughter gave me *The First Hundred Million* for Christmas, and as I am a writer for popular magazines, I simply ate up the information contained therein. It was my family's first meeting with the Little Blue Books—and we have not met the Little Blue Books face to face yet, but I am enclosing an order. I am certainly glad that you were persuaded to write *The First Hundred Million*. I expect to refer to it many times in the years to come, and I trust that as your business develops you will issue Addenda. P. S. We found the catalog of the Little Blue Books in the World Almanac.

The Outline of Bunk promises to take its deserved place in popularity among the spring books. The publication date was February 15th, but by the 14th, we are informed, the complete first edition had been sold out! By the way, have you seen a copy? You'd grab it in a minute if you could sort of heft the book—both literally and figuratively.

I CHALLENGE

you that I can teach you, by mail in one lesson, the simplest, shortest method, all for \$1. Not telepathy. You can read one's mind to a dot, by only looking in the eyes of parties, chess, sweetest, etc. Praised by New York, Boston, Montreal, Police, Chicago, etc. If false, let them arrest me. A. Rougemont, 5116 Clarke St., Montreal, Can. Dept. ALD. W.

MARCH "DEBUNKER" JUST OUT!

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THE giant presses have just stopped vomiting forth their huge stacks of printed paper. The razor-sharp knives of the trimming machines have finished shearing off all rough edges. The new March *DEBUNKER* is ready to go out to its thousands upon thousands of friends who anxiously await its coming each month. And what a number it is, too! It contains an exceptional array of contributions that touch on the live and interesting subjects of the day. Just compare the contents printed at the left. Surely you will not want to miss the article on Hoover, the Quaker; on Frank Harris; on the two California labor martyrs; on the latest in swindling (this latter is alone worth more than the entire price of the magazine).

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

OUR contributors are men of importance in their fields. They write with authority. *George M. Husser* is Director of the Kansas City (Mo.) Better Business Bureau. *Roger N. Baldwin* is Director of the American Civil Liberties Union. *L. M. Birkhead* is pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church at Kansas City, Mo. *Clay Fulk* is the well-known Arkansas school teacher who was dismissed for his liberal convictions. *Harry Hibschman* is a prominent New York lawyer who now devotes his entire time to writing and lecturing. *George Sylvester Viereck* is a famous poet and excellent interviewer. *Arthur Wakefield Slaten* is the former pastor of the famous West Side Unitarian Church, New York City. *Marcell Haldeman-Julius* is the Editor's wife and a brilliant, perspicacious interviewer. *T. Swann Harding* is a prominent scientist. *Maynard Shipley* is President of the Science League of America. *Miriam Allen deFord* is his wife and has attracted much attention for her stories and her translations from the Latin classics. *Havelock Ellis* is the outstanding authority on Sex of our age. *Lloyd E. Smith* is Assistant Editor of the Haldeman-Julius Publications.

YOU NEED "THE DEBUNKER"

EVERY enlightened, intelligent, alert, wide-awake person needs this militant little magazine. It is a tonic against sham, fake, make-believe and hypocrisy. It is vigorous, fresh, fearless. It calls a spade a spade; and it has a golden sense of humor that will send you into gales of side-splitting laughter. It probes the queer outcroppings of the American mind. You may have 12 big issues of this unique periodical for the trivial sum of only \$1.50. Surely that is a very modest price for a magazine of THE *DEBUNKER*'s caliber. You can't afford to pass it up.

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Haldeman-Julius Publications,
Girard, Kans. (D329)
Here is \$1.50. Send me THE *DEBUNKER* for one year. As a SPECIAL PREMIUM for this subscription send me, free of charge, "This Tyranny of Bunk," the 128-page book by E. Haldeman-Julius.

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A New Typography THE AMERICAN PARADE

DIGNITY is the outstanding characteristic of the new typography just designed for future issues of *The American Parade*. Page size and binding remain the same; headings and arrangement are new. Sensationalism and extreme modernism have been avoided. Quiet dignity, unobtrusive distinction, and reading clarity are the advantages. Also new short features, and a continuing policy of no illustrations: readers welcome a magazine without pictures in these days when pictorial periodicals are prevalent. Emphatically a reader's magazine—no catering to advertisers, either by giving space-buyers position "next to reading matter" or by stifling the editorial policy to conform to an advertiser's prejudices. One guiding principle makes this magazine unique: to present truthfully contemporary American life on parade.

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Girard, Kansas

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