

"Robbers of Our Country's Greatest Asset"

By Lloyd E. Smith

Georgia Robertson is the author of one of the newest tracts being distributed by the American Tract Society. The title of this tract is "Robbers of Our Country's Greatest Asset!" It has also an explanatory subtitle: "The following Warning Against Atheism was given before the Business Women's Council at Washington, D. C., and also the Executive Board of the Parent-Teachers Association of the District of Columbia."

Distribution of the tract, apparently to those interested in helping the society in its activities, is accompanied by a multigraphed letter, containing the following sentences, among others:

The peril of Atheistic propaganda would be recognized immediately by you, if you saw the literature sent, by mistake, to a friend of the American Tract Society. It was from the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism. First, a catalogue, listing hundreds of books to destroy the Christian faith, with the name "Atheistic Book Store," and an appeal for funds to reprint "The Bible in the Balance" and other Atheistic tracts. Stating that the generous support of friends has

made possible their extensive activities, they close with the appeal: "If you believe that the Church hinders social progress, you are invited to aid in its overthrow. Let's discredit religion!"

The American Tract Society congratulates itself needlessly. The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism did not necessarily send its literature "by mistake" to a friend of the American Tract Society. No doubt Mr. Charles Smith would be glad to send his literature to all the friends of that society. Why should such literature be sent "by mistake"? Does the American Tract Society fancy that the Atheists are afraid that their activities will be discovered? That is, rather, one of the things they want most to happen. Barring Arkansas, Atheism today is not a crime; there is no necessity for its propaganda to be distributed secretly, or for an avowed Atheist to creep along dark alleys lest a minion of the law grab him and clap him promptly into jail. The American Tract Society would probably like to see such a condi-

tion of things, and so it slips into the unwary "by mistake" idea. Would the American Tract Society send its literature to Atheists "by mistake"? The letter goes on:

It is obvious that the American Tract Society must exert every effort to counteract this Atheistic propaganda. To accomplish this, it has distributed hundreds of thousands of free tracts during the past year. . . . Atheists fear our publications. They have refused to permit their distribution in Russia, while the same international group is scattering their pernicious doctrine broadcast in America. Is it not time to awake to the danger that confronts our country, when organized Atheism is seeking, by every known method, to eliminate all reference to God in every department of our government?

The American Tract Society recognizes that Atheists and other liberals are becoming a force to contend with. That is something. But why cannot the American Tract Society fight honestly? Apparently it is not enough that there should be Atheists, and that they should be sending out their "pernicious" propaganda. Apparently this alone is not enough to arouse devout Christians to fight. They must go further—they must seek to ally with their side the forces of patriotism, the bigoted prejudices that Americans feel against anything "foreign," and

Why does not the American Tract Society admit that Charles Smith was brought up in their faith—and trained, besides, to be a minister of the Gospel? He had an excellent chance to be a Christian—a better chance, it is safe to say, than any casual reader of an accidentally acquired tract of this American Tract Society. Yet he is not a Christian. He is an Atheist.

As for the tract itself—the Atheists are called robbers of "our country's greatest asset." The asset—is it necessary to state?—is, of course, Religion. But the American Tract Society makes no attempt to prove that Religion is this country's greatest asset.

The tract starts with a pretty allegory about Incentive. A paralytic in a wheelchair sees a snake about to fall on him; this is incentive enough to make him forget that he is paralyzed and he starts off down the road in a panic. If the snake is Atheism, and the paralytic is Christianity—but perhaps we are not supposed to carry the analogy that far.

The tract continues: Deeper down there was a more powerful incentive that had laid the foundation of your character, developing these better traits and curing the baser ones. That power is belief in God and in a hereafter. This same powerful incentive sustained our country through many dark days when nothing else could have sufficed, and enabled the founders of our Nation and their successors to carry on. That incentive, a firm belief in God and in a hereafter, is the greatest asset of our Nation.

Did Georgia Robertson ever hear that when the Infidel Jefferson, so called by the people of his day, was in the White House, as the third president of these United States, devout believers in New England hid their Bibles lest he confiscate them? How does it happen that this country did not go on the rocks in the days when those who held the helm of the ship of state lacked this "powerful incentive" which is hailed as "the greatest asset of our Nation?"

Washington was not a Christian; the picture of him praying at Valley Forge is a painting, one must remember, and not a photograph. The tract further states that the charter of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism was granted, "unnoticed by the public." She admits that the charter was refused once, but she fails to make clear that unbiased legal counsel secured a charter in spite of public "notice." Her "unnoticed by the public," however, is another suggestion that the A. A. A. has to work covertly, lest "the public" prevent its constitutional rights. Does the American Tract Society overlook the fact that the charter was granted by representatives of the public, acting upon established principles of law, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

"They work quietly," says the tract, meaning Atheists. Did Charles Smith "work quietly" when he was in Arkansas, not long ago, and was jailed under an archaic Arkansas statute? Is *The Debunker's* continual campaigning for new readers to be called "working quietly"? When such conservative magazines as *The Forum*, *The Outlook*, and *Independent*, and *World's Work* print articles presenting the ideas of Atheists and Agnostics, does this suggest that "they work quietly"? In a very recent issue, the second of the magazines named printed an article entitled: "Religion? None." *The Forum* not long ago printed Clarence Darrow's "The Myth of the Soul."

In one sentence Georgia Robertson approaches something like the truth, though the first part of her statement is somewhat conservative. "There have been a very few outstanding persons in the history of our country who claimed disbelief in God and in immortality; but never before has there been as much interest manifested in the spread of Atheism." Why "claimed" disbelief in God and in immortality? First, an error in English, for "claim" means distinctly to "claim as a right or privilege." If it is a right to claim belief in Atheism, then Georgia Robertson gives a point to her enemies. Second, why not state honestly that they disbelieved, for certainly they did. Miss Robertson would also have strengthened her statement in her favor had she left out that little indefinite article "a," the fourth word in her sentence.

Let us go on: They claim in this country they have no connection with politics but accept persons of every political belief in order not to hamper the spread of Atheism. There are and have been for some time, we are told, regular Bolshevik Sunday Schools teaching Bolshevism to our little children.

Either the paragraph which closes with these sentences lacks unity and coherence, or Miss Robertson means to imply that though the Atheists claim to have no political affiliations, they are really Bolsheviks. Apparently Bolshevism in a Sunday School is rather horrible; Miss Robertson clearly identifies Bolshevism with Atheism. She has no clear idea of what either really is.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR Entered at Girard, Kans., Postoffice Published Weekly at 228 N. Forest Avenue Girard, Kansas, March 2, 1929

Canadian and foreign, one year, \$1.50 as second-class mail matter

Sexual Apathy and Coldness in Women

By WALTER M. GALLICHAN

The author of this book has made a long and comprehensive study of the various causes and factors of an abnormality which is said to be increasing in Western nations. Sexual apathy and coldness have far-reaching social consequences, and are the root-cause of much matrimonial unhappiness, separations, and divorce cases. This emotional resistance to conjugal love is chiefly the result of the misguidance of young women in the art of living, and of the lack of knowledge of the scientific bearings of sex, which is deplored by many leading thinkers and physicians of Europe and America. This volume is sympathetic in tone, and contains much valuable counsel for married persons.

"Sexual Apathy and Coldness in Women," \$2.65 per copy postpaid, from Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kans.

United States? The Constitution is the foundation stone of this government. Could the founders of this country have overlooked God? How can the American Tract Society explain this vital fact? One of our country's greatest assets is the so-called Bill of Rights of the American Tract Society, in their hope to squelch all Atheistic propaganda by legal means, will become themselves "robbers of our country's greatest asset!"

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

Lewis and Guest

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is considered by some, including Menck-en, to be the modern originator of the psychograph; he is important, that is, in the history of biography, as having helped to raise it from the status of undistinguished narrative to that of creative psychology. Strachey, who is generally considered to be the leader of the school, is chronologically later than Bradford. Years ago, as co-editor of the old *Stratford Monthly*, I was instrumental in printing a novel of Bradford's which has not yet achieved book publication. It was, as I recall it, distinguished for clever conversation. And now I find Bradford running, in a Boston newspaper, a series of "Things That Might Have Been Said." The third of the series is a conversation (imaginary, of course) between Sinclair Lewis and Eddie Guest. Let me reprint it, with a courtesy to the Boston Herald:

Sinclair Lewis, Eddie Guest, chatting in the smoking compartment of a cross-continent Pullman. Lewis—I cannot imagine how you do it, Eddie, pour out that heart-stuff day after day. Where does it come from?

Guest—Right from my heart. Lewis—You are full of pretty answers, as our cousin Shakespeare says, but what a horrible lot of heart you must have.

Guest—I am all heart. Lewis—You must be. Guest—And what is much more important the human heart is all me.

Lewis—Aha, that is more interesting, and—pardon me—what I should not have expected of you.

Guest—There is a lot of the unexpected about me, even if you do think I wallow in the usual, and that is a great part of my charm.

Lewis—So I am beginning to discover. God forgive me, I never imagined—

Guest—That I have any charm. I forgive you, and that is much more important. And do you know, that is just where all my charm lies, in the universal human heart, which beats and throbs forever in my bosom.

Lewis—And not in mine, I suppose?

Guest—Certainly it throbs in yours—if you will only let it. That is the real distinction of our cousin Shakespeare—as you so aptly call him and of myself. All you have to do is to keep still and let the heart throb. And, believe me, Sinclair, all that is really worth while in life is one little thrill or throb or sob of that human heart.

Lewis—Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

Guest—Some day I shall persuade you quite. For all you do, Sinclair, is to be a fool and stand in the way of the operation of that heart of your own. Let it work as it will, and it will open for you great, inexhaustible vistas of human life and human love.

Lewis—Eddie, you astonish me; I never believed you could.

In all candor, this, from Mr. Bradford, is rather weak tea. Indeed, I am mildly shocked. Can

it be that the man who has written so brilliantly of colonial wives, of distinguished Americans, and others, is so wilfully ordinary as this conversation might imply? All this palaver about the "heart" simply begs the question. Of course we all have "hearts," and we like other folks to have "hearts," too; but since when does "heart" excuse the absence of art? Guest is of platitude all compact; Sinclair Lewis, saying essentially the same thing, would give it spice and savor. Many of the finest things in Shakespeare are, as thought, platitudes; but when a Shakespeare says them, they acquire dignity, power, and the immortality of human sorrow and gladness. Guest it doggerel; Lewis is sophistication; Shakespeare is great poetry. To mention Guest and Shakespeare in the same breath—as Bradford so crudely allows Eddie Guest to do (Eddie himself would never dare to do it)—is to bespatter the gown of the Great Will. It is to confuse the raw material of thought with the finished gem of expression. Too often Guest's jingles are not even raw material; they are paste diamonds. One is simply astounded to find them on Bradford's fingers.

Prizes

What is there about prizes that seems to call forth the worst as often as the best from participants in the contests? Certainly the award of a prize for the best American music is a worthy deed if anything about prize contests is praiseworthy. Two such awards have recently been made; the one for a symphonic piece best representative of the American spirit in the higher forms of musical composition and the other for shorter and less ambitious orchestral works. The 3,000 prize offered by "Musical America" went to Ernest Bloch for his "America: An Epic Rhapsody; the Victor Company's \$10,000 prize went to Thomas Gazelle for a very short March and a Nocturne equally short. Offhand, we should say that the amounts were in inverse ratio to the length and the worth of the pieces.

But in either case the pieces, as representative American compositions, or as music intrinsically, were far from satisfactory. Bloch is a great composer, one of the geniuses of our day. He has written penetrating music of universal and racial import. In writing "America," however, he became suddenly self-conscious; he tried to weave a fabric out of all our national songs, and this he did with consummate contrapuntal skill. A coat of many colors, yet remaining, in the end, a Jacob's

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... Sure proof of Bloch's inner, even if not acknowledged dissatisfaction, was his running commentary, in words, upon the music. And his patriotic pronouncements about his aims. This is not bad music; it is simply not the music we expect of a Bloch, and certainly not artistic thinking. Five national orchestras played the epic rhapsody almost at the same time. Damosch broadcast the second movement over a continental chain; he will shortly do the whole piece, so watch for it if you are interested.

Mr. Gazelle's \$10,000 prize, considering the merits—rather the lack of merits—of his short pieces, is rather a gift than an award. His pieces are utterly undistinguished. They sound like a nightmare music in which dance the strangely assorted ghosts of Georg Gershwin, Edward MacDowell, Ethelbert Nevin, Richard Wagner and What-Have-You? I suppose this is what some persons call being "eclectic." What's the use arguing the point? The music means nothing. To think what I could have done—or you—with those ten thousand dollars!

Fiction

For old-world Jewish atmosphere, Joseph Gae's "The Legend Called Myrom" (Morrow, \$2.50). A tale illustrative of the Jewish maiden's revolt, and of the conditions under which secular life breaks upon the child of the spiritual ghetto. If possible, the book should be read together with the numerous Jewish folk songs in which the trials of maidenhood are chronicled.

For gossiping leisure, Knut Hamsun's "The Women at the Pump" (Knopf, \$2.50). If you know Hamsun, you know his indirect method and his queerly incommunicative peasants. In this village an impotent man may have five children; who is their father, or who are their fathers? If that isn't food for pumpkins gossip, what is? And besides, Hamsun is Hamsun.

For sophisticated amour, "Jerome, or the Latitude of Love," by Maurice Bedel (Viking Press, \$2.50). Morality changes with the map, and thereby hangs a tale of a soft-boiled virgin. Very funny, and recommended highly to shy men and forward women. "Theresa," by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). The gradual degeneration of a woman, handled with skill and patience, but not escaping frequent dullness. It was a distinct surprise to find that Schnitzler could be dull.

"Stone Desert" and "Black Valley," by Hugo Wast (Longmans, Green, 2.50 each). Wast has long been popular in the Argentine, where he occupies a position in letters comparable, let us say, to that of Harold Bell Wright in the United States. He paints in the primary colors; is easy reading and easy thinking; presents a new and therefore interesting milieu; besides, the government awarded him a \$30,000 prize for "Stone Desert"—laid in the gaucho regions and bathed in official romance. You could do much better; but you could do much worse.

The Father of Behaviorism. Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes. By Prof. Ivan P. Pavlov. International Publishers, New York. \$6.50.

It is interesting to compare the public of laymen who rushed, in the first wild Freudian days, to psycho-analysis, and the public of laymen that now, with less passion but more determination, rush to behaviorism. Each "ism" offers, to the unscientific mind, a broad playground of speculation in which the new discovery is applied to the problems of everyday existence. Psycho-analysis, however—I speak, remember, of the average cultist, and not of the rare being endowed with a disinterested pursuit of cold truth—psycho-analysis appeals to the person of letters; it is, as I have said before, the poetry of the *materia medica*; symptoms become beautiful metaphors—what are many cases of mental illness but a complicated interweaving of metaphorical pains and purposes?—and the cure becomes as fascinating as a long, misleading detective story.

Behaviorism, on the other hand, appeals to what Dr. Jung calls the extravert type. "Free me from facts," as Dr. Watson says. Behaviorism is the scientific prose of psychology. The very use of the word psychology, indeed, is a paradox for behaviorists; they reject the consciousness of all previous psychology, so that "mindless"—which is what psychology means—becomes theoretically a superfluity. Both psycho-analysis

and behaviorism may be—and have been—carried to the point of absurdity. Every new "ism" traps the faddist and reveals the eternal fool within him. Every new "ism," too, creates its patriots, so that the names of Freud and Pavlov early become standards to unfurl in the heat of battle. Watson, especially, writes of behaviorism with a most unscientific heat. Psychology of the Freudian type has been used by laymen as an excuse for avoiding action; behaviorism, by its many adherents, has often meant the avoidance of thought.

Yet behaviorism was bound to develop as a reaction against the excesses of the various psycho-analytic schools. It meant, first of all, a return to the physiological bases of experimentation. In such a sense it was material and deterministic. It reduced animal phenomena to a primary pattern of stimulus and response, of reflexes that are early conditioned by the environment. In the long run, if I may presume to speak upon so technical a subject, I can see no inherent opposition between Freud and Pavlov. It is significant, too, that certain Freudians accept and honor Pavlov, while they reject and denounce Watson. If you wish, say they, to know the true foundations of behaviorism and the true significance of conditioned reflexes, don't read the American; read the Russian.

Well, here at long last is the Russian in a carefully supervised translation. Watson, by his writings, has prepared the way. But the Russian master, as appears from the steady progress made between lectures—the book is in lecture form, chronologically—is no dogmatist. Experiments that scientists of lower stature would accept as certain proof, he rejects as incomplete. He is not afraid to retract. (What real scientist is?) Nor is he the superior automaton that some have been led to expect of the father of the behaviorists.

To the book, which should be read only by those who have some preparation in modern psychology, is added a very interesting biographical sketch of the master; H. G. Wells has called him "a star which lights the world, shining down a vista hitherto unexplored." Pavlov, at seventy-nine, is still engaged in research at his Leningrad laboratory. It was in 1904 that he was awarded the Nobel Prize in science for his work on the digestive glands. He has contributed much to the knowledge of the respiratory system, the physiology of the nervous system, the nature of thinking, and to the study of the normal and the abnormal temperament.

This is a book so well worth owning that I—hard-boiled reviewer that I am—bought my own copy, as the hard-hearted publishers may testify. And let me add, though it is a very "unbehavioristic" word, the volume has genuine fascination. It is not science that is dry; it is certain scientists. Pavlov is not one of them. What, compared to such investigators as he, or Darwin, or Freud, is the cheap magic of demonology?

Ivan P. Pavlov, long the admiration of scientists, becomes now one of the great cultural forces who should form part of the consciousness—another "unbehavioristic word"—of all who truly live in our day.

The Trial of Bayard Veiller—"The Trial of Mary Dugan" is one of the popular plays of the day; here and abroad it has been the rage for at least a year. Written by the author of "Within the Law," it displays, quite naturally, a preoccupation with our courts, and that "gift of the gab" which is associated with the legal profession. I propose, in this short consideration, to place the author himself upon trial.

May it please the court: Mary Dugan is accused of having elain her lover, Edgar Rice; he is an honored member of society, a husband and a father, while she is only a Follies girl. Mary's first attorney, however, turns out to be the lover of Mrs. Rice. Mary's second attorney, who arrives in court under melodramatic circumstances, is her own kid brother, trying his very first case. The maid of Mrs. Rice, moreover, knows Mary's brother-lawyer, Jimmy, from old days in France. Before the play was half over I expected the Judge and the State's Attorney to be somehow related to one or the other of the principle figures, but in this I was disappointed. The murderer of Rice? Mr. West, the first law-

yer for the defendant, Mary Dugan! How is he detected? It is proved—to the satisfaction of the author—that the murderer was left-handed. So the wise kid brother, having West on the stand, throws him the knife with which the murder was committed, and lo! West catches it with his left hand. This does not necessarily prove that West was the murderer; but it absolves Mary Dugan, and down comes the curtain.

Now, I'm no authority on sports. But hang it all, I often played baseball as a kid, and I am right-handed as can be. I wore my catching glove on my left hand, however; I threw balls with my right, but invariably I caught with my left. Were I on trial for that murder, right-hander that I am, I should have caught that knife with my left hand as easily as with my right. I'd have been convicted on that flimsy evidence!

You may easily guess that I consider "Mary Dugan" an inferior play. It is hardly better than the cheap tabloids that give New Yorkers their matutinal thrills. It is no tribute to the American public that a play so full of holes should pack houses night after night, on the strength of the most obvious hook. If I remember rightly, Nathan was the only critic in New York to point out the fallacy of the left-hand motif in the play. But that is only one among many. The surprises of the play are cheap; they are of the mechanical rather than of the brainy sort. Had the chief inspector of the homicide squad been anything but a patiently incompetent fool the play could never have gone beyond the middle of the first act. And perhaps the novelty of leaving the curtain up during the entire performance—since the scene of the court room is unaltered—added a fillip that brought sensationalists to the theater.

I don't think that the vogue of the detective novel and of such plays as these is damaging popular taste; it merely brings out a formerly quiescent element of the reading multitude. Detective plays and murder tales legitimately challenge our ingenuity at solving riddles; they may be very clever and they may, on the other hand, be exceedingly puerile. I class "The Trial of Mary Dugan" among the latter.

"The Art of—Ing"

Two years ago the firm of Harcourt and Brace issued a solid book—solid in substance, if not in facture—entitled "The Art of Thought." It was by a noted writer, Graham Wallas. The book came out, was noticed here and there, and was soon forgotten. Just before Christmas the firm of Simon & Schuster issued a slender monograph, by the Abbe Ernest Dimmet, a polyglot and polysyllabic Frenchman, entitled "The Art of Thinking." In a couple of months this \$2.50 opus was selling in the thirty thousands; it will probably reach to 50,000 and more. What, I ask—and I ask it as an author and a professional commentator upon books—what made Dimmet's book take a leap into the best-seller class, and kept Wallas' book from the notice of the grand public?

I am too wise to offer a direct answer. I merely speculate. Wallas' book, in the first place, is an abstract work. The very noun Thought, in the title, has a less attractive ring than Thinking, in Dimmet's. The one connotes heavy abstraction; the other, active, concrete purpose. Dimmet, moreover, writes in a congenial style, patting the reader on the back, letting him talk for himself, as it were; Wallas, agreeable enough for the cultured reader, makes no such fireside concessions. This is not to imply that the one book is inferior and the other superior; it recognizes a difference of approach. Wallas wrote a text; Dimmet wrote a conversation. Again, let me caution you: I am not speaking against well-written texts; I am trying to explain why one book sold and the other did not. The number of copies sold is not necessarily an index of a book's worth; nor need a large sale mean worthlessness.

I expect, now that Dimmet's work has made such an impression on the American public, that we shall have shortly a series of books on The Art of Doing This-That-and-the-Other. Never was such an age of fetching titles.

Self-Renewal Is Life

The Motives of Proteus. By Jose Enrique Rodo. Brentano's, \$4. I have been calling, for the past ten years, for a translation of this Uruguayan masterpiece. Rodo

died in 1917, and was so little known outside of his native land that only Havelock Ellis, long an admirer of Spanish culture, wrote an obituary of the foremost prose-writer among the Spanish-speaking peoples. In my first adult book, "Studies in Spanish-American Literature," issued by Brentano's in 1920, I devoted a very long essay to the man—perhaps the first full study to appear outside of the Spanish language. Now comes, at long last, his inspiring essay on the perpetual renewal of the human personality.

Rodo had an intuitive sense of "becoming"; he lived, as Emerson phrased it, "ever in a new day." D'Annunzio had proclaimed "self-renewal or death"; Rodó answered with "self-renewal is life." He is not, strictly speaking, a philosopher. He has no systems. Perhaps he felt, as Nietzsche felt, that in all systems lay the core of a lie. His book, like his thought, is a perpetual becoming—like the stream that is ever the same yet never for two successive moments alike. One dips into it, as into the stream, for delight and refreshment.

In Rodó one renews the sense of protean potentialities. Modern psychology has brought to us a feeling of countless unplumbed possibilities in the human personality. We get, out of ourselves, but a fraction of the power that lies leashed within. Not that only. We are more versatile than we know; we are endowed, to use an agricultural metaphor, with fertile fields that yield a rotation of crops. Much of this may begin to sound like a sermon; but since the devil may have most of the good tunes, why should the preacher have a monopoly on happy thoughts? Rodó is, from some standpoints, a secular preacher; in South America, long ago, there was a reaction to his melodious optimism, in favor of a materialistic efficiency that the Latin Americans learned from us. Yet it would be a sad error to find in Rodó a glorified Polyanna. Nothing of the sort. Rodó knows the difference between dilettantism and creative versatility. He makes of Proteus the symbol of man's multiple powers, and summons forth, by parable, epigram, apologue and exposition, the hidden possibilities of personal expansion.

The book, for its rich allusiveness and its universal embrace, is in itself a liberal education. Coming now, at a time when the American public has been trained in the reading of psychology and biography it stands a far greater chance of success than it would have had if it had been issued when I was recommending it to publishers ten years ago. Naturally, much of its linguistic beauty is lost in Mr. Angel Flores' translation; it would be lost in anybody's translation. In English, it seems somewhat burdened with Latinity, whereas in the original that element would be native to the work of the tongue.

Nevertheless, I recommend the

work heartily for more than one reason:

It is one of the central products of modern Spanish-American culture.

It asserts one of the salient attitudes of the Hispanic-American temperament confronting a world that threatens to become the slave rather than the master of the machine.

It is the product of a mind that ranged freely over ancient and modern civilization, and that blended the essence of each in a vitalizing and a re-vitalizing document.

"The Motives of Proteus" is also the "travel diary of a philosopher," but a diary of mental rather than physical travel; a diary in which the personality is strengthened by contact with foreign influences, and not spit up into Narcissus-like fragments, in the manner of that chameleon, Keyserling.

Here is a book that is a thrilling adventure of the mind. Rodó, opposed to absolutist thinking, does not bring the Truth; for Truth, with a capital, may evolve into a Lie. He brings that something infinitely more precious, the love of truth. Himself a beautiful nature, he brings out, with the gift of these pages, a like beauty in others.

Those Dictionary Blues

We all have our pet antipathies. I was speaking in this place, some time ago, about the popular misuse of the word "claim." Nor is it misused only among the "peepul." I find it so frequently misemployed in works by careful writers that I can only foresee its ultimate acceptance as a synonym for "maintain," "allege" and "assert."

Today I weep over "diction" in the sense of "pronunciation" and "enunciation." Learned critics compliment actors upon their "diction," when they mean clearness of speech; "diction," of course, refers to choice of words, and the actor has nothing to do with that; he speaks what the author has set down for him.

Another word, this time suffering from almost consistent mispronunciation, is "autopsy." We all know what it is; most of us, however, defying the dictionary, accent it on the "o," whereas the accent belongs on the first syllable. I have heard dozens of doctors pronounce it with accented "o"; even on the stage, in a number of recent murder trials, I have heard it invariably pronounced wrong.

What are we to do about it? Not much. Pronunciations do not worry me too greatly. Accents have a habit of shifting unconsciously: old Hebrew and new, classic Latin and vulgar, exhibit instructive accentual alterations, most of them in the direction of least phonetic resistance. The popular pronunciation of "autopsy" is good physics; by that I mean that it is in conformity with the comfort of the organs involved.

As to making "diction" mean "enunciation," however, I am not

so lenient. Accent is a matter of what I call physics; definition affects clear thinking, and must be far more self-critical. The case of "claim" is more difficult than that of "diction." When we "claim" something, there is certainly a sense of "maintaining" and "asserting." When we "assert" something, often a claim lies well in the psychological foreground.

Correction

In the issue of January 26, 1929, in the second last paragraph of my first article, I am made to say, "Off hand, I see that he (i. e., Irving Berlin) needs to be a plagiarist."

What I wrote was, "I do not see" that Berlin needs to be a plagiarist. Typographical error; and let's hope that I am not fined three hundred pounds for the "not" omitted by the type-setter. Why three hundred pounds? Then you haven't heard about that famous Bible issued in 1631. In this rare work, the word "not" was omitted from the Seventh Commandment, and it actually reads (if you can procure the book) "Thou shalt commit adultery." Of course the edition was instantly suppressed. A copy may be seen in the New York Public Library.

Thou shalt not omit any not's.

The Moving Finger Writes

By Lloyd E. Smith

England's Greatest Scholar and Author

The pamphlets printed to announce the lectures of Joseph McCabe in his present tour of the United States and Canada (he will be back in England February 17) carry these words in large type: "England's Greatest Scholar and Author—Leading Authority on Science, History, and Religion." He is further described as "the most learned man of our time."

Inside the pamphlet two good-sized pages are devoted to "Who Joseph McCabe Is." So that H.-J. readers, who know well enough already who Joseph McCabe is, can see how this man is presented to the "outside" public, we are printing below this summary of McCabe's life and achievements:

He was formerly the Very Rev. Father Anthony, O. S. F. Born in England on November 11, 1867, he found himself living under the shadow of the cloister at a very early age. Was educated at St. Francis College, Manchester, Forrester Gate and the University of Louvain, Belgium, under the late Cardinal Mercier. Franciscan Monk 1883. Priest 1890. Professor of Scholastic Philosophy 1890-94. Rector of Buckingham College 1895.

From his early youth he revealed in his studies with an abounding zeal for learning and logic. His honesty of purpose inevitably destined him to throw off the shackles of superstition, and in the year 1896 he cast aside his robe and sandals, left the Church for the larger freedom of the outer world, and entered on his life mission as an Apostle of Scientific Research and Intellectual Emancipation.

His progress from Rome to Rationalism is expressed in a masterly manner in two of his books: *Why I Left the Church and My Twelve Years in a Monastery* (Little Blue Book No. 439).

Already having ten years familiarity with the telescope and the microscope, he entered upon a study of Science and History and he now stands without a peer so far as his comprehensive knowledge is concerned.

Joseph McCabe speaks and reads ten languages. He has traveled every continent in various fields of Scientific Research, and is at home in almost every country of the world. A prodigious worker, he is regarded as the most prolific writer on educational subjects in the world today. In his extensive studies he has surveyed an enormous literature.

With the unequalled facilities for study in the British Museum; the extensive opportunities in the British National Library where any work, in any language, is at his service if it is in print anywhere; the ability

to peer into rare and original documents on account of his command of many languages; his vast knowledge of the Sciences and the first hand contact with the facts, Joseph McCabe has acquired such an unprecedented knowledge that it is a question whether the world has ever known his equal.

Joseph McCabe is England's leading authority on Evolution and History, and rated as one of the world's leading historians.

Joseph McCabe has given to the world more truths about the Church of Rome than any living man.

Joseph McCabe was one of the first scientists to recognize and develop the significance of the Ice Age.

Joseph McCabe, according to H. G. Wells, was the one man in England who was qualified to edit the *Outline of Science*, the larger part of which was really written by him.

In the early controversies about Evolution, Joseph McCabe was the translator of Haeckel's works, and was his most vigorous defender against the malicious and untruthful attacks of the anti-evolutionists.

Joseph McCabe believes that most Fundamentalists are sincere; but asserts that the opponents of Science both ignorantly and wilfully distort the Scientific position. He believes that if the Fundamentalist will really take the trouble to get the proper explanations of Evolution, that he will be surprised to learn how he has been either misinformed by people who do not understand Evolution because they never really studied it; or that he has been grossly deceived by others who are more interested in maintaining a sectarian form of worship than they are in giving Humanity the Plain Facts.

Joseph McCabe will tell you, in a simple, truthful, fascinating manner, the facts which every one should have about the subject. No man is more competent to deal with it. No man can tell it like Joseph McCabe. He believes, with that great American thinker, the late Professor Lester Ward, that all forms of progress depend upon the maximum diffusion of knowledge among the people.

Joseph McCabe has the knowledge. He wants to give it to you.

Joseph McCabe is a Great Scholar, a Great Humanitarian, a great progressive personality who typifies what the world might be when our attitude toward the problems of life are based on Knowledge, Utility, and Humanity.

You will be delighted to hear [or to read] Joseph McCabe. If you are a Student or a Thinker there is an intellectual feast in store for you that you will never forget.

Inversely to the remoteness of time has been man's ascent to knowledge. The facts about the Universe have made their ingress into the human mind in the ratio by which man's brain power has enabled him to grasp them. As the torch of Science has lighted the dim pathway of ignorance and superstition, we

THE OUTLINE OF BUNK

The complete story of mankind's burden of bunk down through the ages—something new in outlines! Here is the humanization of knowledge approached from a vividly fresh viewpoint. The most famous Debunker of them all tells a story that is biting in its condemnation, swift in its narrative, zestful in its style. Thoroughly readable, vitally critical, this is a book that certainly should be in the library of every intelligent reader. 27 chapters; 500 pages.

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The Outline of Bunk and The First Hundred Million contain many alluring chapter headings, including: Are Americans afraid of sex? — Rulers of men have had their ups and downs, yet bunk has always ridden in the bandwagon. — Americans want fun and laughter. — In man's sex ideas and behavior, natural sense and social policy and bunk have been confused. — The quest for self-improvement. — The object of the debunker is to make life more sane, better ordered, and more enjoyable. — Business man or philanthropist? — We admire man's laughter, ecstasy, courage, sympathy, and sense of wonder. — Whatever the issue, debunkers will always be found on the side of freedom and progress. — We admire the modern spirit because it has expanded, liberated and brightened life. — We admire science, without which we should lose in wealth, power, knowledge, comfort and freedom.

E. Haldeman-Julius

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learn that every contributor to human knowledge has committed errors, the errors themselves being the very stepping stones to a fuller, a freer and happier life.

As one of the most tireless workers in the realm of Scientific Research, and as one of the greatest Educators that ever lived, the Committee which invited Joseph McCabe to this city feel that they are giving the people the opportunity to make contact with a man whose history will speak of in the years to come as the greatest scholar of the age.

He speaks and reads ten languages. Think of the opportunities this gives for research, especially in History, in which he is accepted as one of the best informed men of our time.

As an author he has written over 100 large volumes on all branches of Science.

As a translator he translated such profound works as Einstein's Relativity, the works of Prof. Eucken of the University of Jena, Prof. Kuhn's Rise of Christianity, the works of Professor Ernst Haeckel, the great German Evolutionist and over 50 other such volumes by the men of Science and Philosophy. Think of the background of learning which a man acquires through this kind of work alone. He becomes acquainted with every word and every idea which these contributors to human knowledge are giving to humanity.

As a Scientist he enjoys the friendship and the close cooperation of the foremost men in every branch of Science such as Prof. Ernest Rutherford, leading physicist; Prof. Westermarck, leading sociologist; Sir Arthur Keith and Prof. Elliot Smith, leading anatomists; Sir Ray Lankester, leading zoologist; Prof. Moore, leading bio-chemist; Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, leading zoologist; Prof. Haddon, leading ethnologist; and many other leading men of Science all over the world.

Joseph McCabe's reputation is thoroughly international in scope and people are eager to hear him wherever he goes.

As a debater he has debated with the most prominent opponents of Science and the leading metaphysicians of the world such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Gilbert and Cecil Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, the learned Rev. C. J. Shebbeare, Dr. W. B. Riley of the Fundamentalist Association, Alonzo L. Baker of *The Signs of the Times*, Prof. MacReady Price, and many others. Some of the most distinguished men in the world have presided when Joseph McCabe has debated the Scientific position.

As a lecturer he has lectured one night at Columbia University and the next night to the poor in the slums of New York. He has traveled all over the world, giving the people the benefit of his researches. His lectures are packed with Scientific information, his great ambition being to strip Science of its mathematical symbols and technical names to translate the language of the laboratory into the language of the fire-side. He believes that Science can be taught that way, and that is one reason why the thinking people flock to hear Joseph McCabe.

Joseph McCabe is a great lecturer and a great scholar, the Modern Schoolmaster who presents the accumulated knowledge of the race in language that a child can understand. As an author, he is undoubtedly the most prodigious producer of educational books, we venture to say, that the world has ever known. His learning is unquestioned, his style is fascinating, he is fearless in the cause of Science and does not truckle to the conventionalities of our age. He is in a position, after years of work and struggle to speak his mind without fear or favor. He has torn up literary contracts worth as much as \$20,000, because he would not

disturb the issues with which Science is confronted. "There is no writer today," says a London Journal, "who can explain the discoveries of Modern Science in more simple and popular language; nor is there a man who has a more thorough grasp of the subject."

His larger volumes on Science include: *Ice Ages, Prehistoric Man, ABC of Evolution, The End of the World, The Wonders of the Stars, How the Universe Is Constructed, The Story of Evolution, The Marvels of Modern Physics, The Evolution of Mind*, besides the greater part of the *Outline of Science* which is now edited by J. A. Thompson.

His Works on History and Comparative Religion include *A Century of Stupendous Progress, 1825-1925, The Evolution of Civilization, The Dark Ages (Little Blue Book No. 1180), The Decay of the Church of Rome, The Romance of the Romanoffs, The Horrors of the Inquisition (Little Blue Book No. 1134), The Popes, The Church and the People, The Church and the School (Little Blue Book No. 1128), Crises in the History of the Papacy, The Martyrdom of Ferrer, The Emperors of Rome and Constantinople, The Origin of Religion (Little Blue Book No. 1088), The Growth of Religion, The Twilight of the Gods, The Tyranny of Shams and many others.*

On Women he has written *The Influence of the Church on Marriage and Divorce, The Degradation of Woman (Little Blue Book No. 1122), The Religion of Woman*. He wrote *The Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake, Georges Clemenceau, Peter Abelard, Talleyrand, Goethe, The Soul of Europe, Can We Disarm, The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge*. He has recently written 50 small volumes covering the whole field of Religious Controversy; besides a 40 Volume work known as *The Key to Culture* which contains the cream of Modern Knowledge.

Clarence Darrow's "Farmington"

A new title is to be added to the series of Big Blue Books, which will be No. B-49. This new title will be Clarence Darrow's famous novel, *Farmington*. First printed in 1904, this book has run through a number of editions, and has been several times revised by Darrow himself. It is a masterpiece—an immortal story of American boyhood. Clarence Darrow's own boyhood, indeed! Here is a book that will not die, and soon it will be available in the low-priced Big Blue Book edition.

"Published in 1904, *Farmington*, an American Idyll, one of the first and one of the most sympathetic treatments of life in a country town, has maintained its important place in American literature.

"It is a side of Clarence Darrow's nature known only to his intimate friends that is revealed in *Farmington*. The world knows him as a shrewd and successful lawyer, an implacable foe of capital punishment, whose brilliant career reached possibly its highest point in his successful conduct of a sensational murder case, in Chicago (Loeb and Leopold). But this book of Mr. Darrow's proves him a man possessed of rare humor and charm. It is an idyll of boyhood, a successful business man's wistful excursion to the sacred places where he romped as a boy and cherished illusions that have long since vanished.

"Any man, worn and tired from the world's rush, can be made a boy again for a few hours by going with Mr. Darrow to Farmington."

Be Honest

Do you admirers of Joseph McCabe, you readers of *The Key to Culture*, want this 40-volume work to be published in clothbound form? Simon & Schuster are considering it. But it will take four or five large volumes, and the price will probably be somewhere around \$20 for the set. This makes the project somewhat problematical.

So you are asked to be honest. Write to Simon & Schuster, 37 West 57th St., New York City. Answer specifically the following questions: (1) Do you feel that *The Key to Culture* should be issued in clothbound form? (2) If *The Key to Culture* is so issued, will you be likely to purchase a set? (Affirmative answer to Question 2 does not obligate you in any way if you change your mind, lose your job, or something like that.) (3) If *The Key to Culture* is published in a clothbound set, do you think that a few large volumes or a larger number of smaller volumes would be the more desirable? (The fewer the volumes, the lower the price is likely to be.)

Prove Evolution and Win \$1,000!

A news item dated February 4, originating at Chicago, blazons "Happiest Christian" Offers \$1,000 Award in Evolution Battle."

It is none other than Rev. Paul Rader, so called "Happiest Christian" in the business. Beneath his halftone portrait, along with the news story, is shown a bag of money, marked \$1,000; a surprised monkey is holding the bag of money, and in the offing is a book, marked "Bible." The symbolism of this drawing is a little vague.

"If you believe you are descended from a long line of apes and care to prove it—in other words, if you're a subscriber to the evolutionary theory and have the wherewithal in evidence to back up your belief," the story opens, "\$1,000 in real money awaits you here."

The story goes on:

It [the \$1,000] has been posted in a Chicago bank by Rev. Paul Rader, called "America's happiest Christian," and militant leader of the religious faction now edging up their war clubs for a mass attack upon the evolutionary dogmats in this country. Rader says that evolution is nothing more than the salad dressing of Science and has been mixed to suit the taste of jaded intellects that no longer can stomach the good and solid food for thought and inspiration contained in the Bible, which Rader says is infallible in every word it utters.

To anyone able to prove otherwise—that is, produce one "scientifically-proven" fact—that in any way disproves a single statement in the Bible, Rader will hand over the \$1,000 and, what is more, succumb to the evolutionary belief himself.

He made this challenge as the first barrage let loose prior to a foregathering of anti-evolutionary foes in Indianapolis, Feb. 3 to 10. At these meetings, being held under auspices of "The Defenders of the Christian Faith," fundamental adherents and Biblical literalists from all parts of the country will get together to plan ways and means for putting the skids under every metaphysical monkey that has dared show its head inside the school rooms of America.

Bands of Bible minute men are to be organized and uniform legislation patterned after the Tennessee anti-evolution law that resulted in the now famous Scopes monkey trial at Dayton, sought to curb the teaching of evolution in the public grade and high schools. Rader informed:

"This is a move of self-preservation that has been forced upon us," he says. "Some folks probably think we are a lot of long-haired fanatics and we're not, as you can see. We're just out to protect our own interests. We claim that the Bible is infallible and anyhow, no one yet has been able to disprove it. On the other hand, evolution is just a theory and fast-dying at that. Even the once staunchest adherents of evolution now admit it to be an hypothesis at best. It is absolutely unconfirmed and a sugar-coated guess smoothed over with a lot of neo-intellectual words like 'Pithecanthropus,' the 'Cro-Magnon Man' and a lot of other laboratory hocuspocus, that means nothing to the man trying to earn a living and live happily in the hope and happiness found in the Bible which evolution would undermine.

"The Bible is accurate even to details. For example, it predicted the automobile, the radio and the vacuum tube. Long before Harvey, who is credited with discovering the circulation of the blood, the Bible said centuries before Christ: 'All life is in the blood.'

"And, too, Professor Einstein's most recent theory which shows a direct relationship between gravity and electricity through the laws which govern falling objects and the inertia given to moving bodies, has foundation in Job 26-7 which says: 'God stretched out the north star over the empty place and hangeth the earth upon nothing.'

"Men today are just commencing to find out about this law and force of God which keeps the earth and

all the planets moving regularly in their orbits, yet the Bible spoke of it thousands of years before Newton or Einstein."

Space has been taken to quote the lengthy item because it is, beyond a doubt, an interesting exhibit of loose scientific argument. Orators and preachers alike delight in pretty phrases which lack meaning, as, for example, calling evolution "the salad dressing of science." Science, to carry out this absurd figure, must be lettuce plus whatever other ingredients are in the salad; to a good salad, the dressing is as necessary as any other element.

Rader seems to be treading dangerous ground. But, unfortunately, he is the one who must be convinced, and it will probably be difficult to convince him of the truth of evolution, no matter how many scientific proofs are advanced. You can't convince an ignoramus, who stubbornly thinks that the earth is flat, that the world is round by any scientific demonstration.

The foes of evolution are indeed active. Anti-evolution bills continue to get into state legislatures. Maynard Shipley, in a forthcoming issue of *The Debutant*, takes up one phase of the imbroglio in his article entitled, "A Perplexed Biologist."

To say that evolution is "just a theory, and fast-dying at that," is the rankest sophistry. Worse and more of it is the oratorical phrase, "a sugar-coated guess smoothed over with a lot of neo-intellectual words."

Loose scientific thinking is clearly revealed in Rev. Rader's sweeping conclusions about Einstein's newest theory. He speaks of the inertia "given to moving bodies," and the "laws which govern falling objects," and then identifies these with the Biblical text which states that the earth is hung upon nothing. Even the Hindus put the earth on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise—here they sensibly changed the subject! But God—ah, he hangs the earth upon nothing! Why bother to hang it? Jester that he must have been. Yahveh certainly went out of his august way to use language that would befuddle his followers for scores of generations.

Why didn't God put the scientific formulas, which Einstein has just worked out, into Job or some other book of his Bible? No doubt because God was not a mathematician. Apparently he was not, for he seems to have labored under the delusion that a circle three feet in diameter would be nine feet in circumference. Only it was cubits instead of feet.

Evolution needs defenders, not because its truth is threatened, for no man can threaten that, but because the right of scientists to establish and publish that truth is jeopardized. There are a couple of dozen Little Blue Books which present all aspects of evolution—look in your catalogue. But this is not enough. A longer work, written and published as a consistent whole, is needed.

Maynard Shipley is to prepare, therefore, *The Key to Evolution*—a series of eight volumes, the size of *The Key to Culture* volumes. In these eight volumes Mr. Shipley will tell the whole story of evolution. Here will be made available all the facts. Titles of these volumes will be announced soon.

The Truant Is Interviewed

E. Haldeman-Julius, the Editor himself, spent New Years in New York. It was not a business trip; he kept away from men who wanted to sell him advertising, and from authors who wanted to sell him manuscripts. So, for a short time, E. H.-J. was a truant from Girard, enjoying a brief respite from editing and publishing, and becoming himself a reader of other publisher's books and a spectator of good plays as well as an auditor of good music. And while in New York the Editor was interviewed by the *Brooklyn Standard Union*. The result of the interview, as printed, follows:

You would think that a man who has published 100,000,000 books in nine years and who expects to publish 50,000,000 next year would be a little tired of talking books.

But such is not the case with E. Haldeman-Julius of Girard, Kans. Haldeman-Julius is one of the world's greatest publishers. Book lovers in the Arctic Circle, below the Equator, above the Equator, in fact, all around the Equator, scholars who live in the remote places of the globe, and that intangible person, Mr. Average Citizen, have bought his books by the hundreds of millions.

Up in room 500 in the Algonquin hotel in Manhattan the other day Haldeman-Julius stretched out on the bed, lighted a pipe and talked about books. His books, anybody's books.

From the platonic dialogues to the most modern of moderns, the talk ranged, the publisher supplying sincerely felt criticisms. Some of the

criticisms 'would have perturbed over-idolotrous worshippers of the classics, but there was reason behind the criticisms, right or wrong.

Punctuating the book, discussion were enlightened flashes on the wholesome tastes of the wholesome American public as far as books were concerned.

Let the publisher of 100,000,000 books tell you what the American public wants primarily in its reading matter, as analyzed from the vast sales of more than 1,300 titles he has issued:

- 1—Sex.
- 2—Self-improvement.
- 3—Entertainment.

Do not, Haldeman-Julius warns, confuse the American public's desire for sex literature as a desire for "sexy" literature. They want scientific sex information in the manner of Havelock Ellis and his proselytes.

Another thing they want is instruction in the academics and they want to be entertained with the short story. Whittier, by the way, is America's most popular poet, from Haldeman-Julius' analyses, and Omar the most popular of all poets.

The publisher is in New York to see old friends and to see new plays. He has seen several plays and several friends have seen him. Two of them were George Jean Nathan, the dramatic essayist, and Konrad Bercovicz, whose tales of Roumania and New York have made him famous. They talked of books.

From books the conversation was switched, momentarily, to the theater. Mention of an Ibsen drama brought out the fact that Haldeman-Julius likes his stage set for powerful, tragic, satiric and bitter things. "You can get enough fun out of life," he commented.

Back to books, and then came the expressed belief from Haldeman-Julius that slowly but surely the public literary taste was being raised. In answer to the fact that many critics hold that the reading taste is low, generally, the publisher replied:

"Well, the same type of persons who read today a low type of literature could not read at all a hundred years ago."

When the interviewer left, Haldeman-Julius had stopped talking books. He was reading one.

Love, Fights, Fun, Facts, and Scandal

In his daily feature, "Round About Chicago," in the *Chicago Herald Examiner*, James Weber Linn has some kindly words about *The First Hundred Million*.

A scrapbook of all that has been printed about this startling work would make a volume fully as interesting as *The First Hundred Million* itself! Each commentator has some peculiar angle of his own that is just a wee bit different from the other fellow's. Here is what Mr. Linn has to say:

A young gentleman by the name of Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, who married a cousin of mine, has sold to the American public more than a hundred million books, at 5 cents apiece. Now he has written a book about that feat of salesmanship; it is called *The First Hundred Million*. All of it is interesting to anybody who likes facts about success; it contains almost as many facts to the page as a railway time-table. But the most interesting (to me) sections of the book concern his inference, based on the sale of more books than any other man ever sold, probably, regarding the literary taste of the American reading public. Sex is the great matter of interest, as might be expected. But controversial discussion of religious and moral topics is not so far behind. Neither is the topic of "How To"—how to do this and that, which a great many people can do a little, and wish to do better. Joke books sell well, also. It appears that we would rather, on the whole, read jokes than humor. Emanuel does not print many books treating sports, historically, or sportsmen biographically. If he did, he would find that this sort of reading is also very popular.

Though Emanuel does not sum the matter up, I venture to do so. We like to read books about love, fights (and that really includes love), fun, facts and scandal. Out of controversial discussions of religion and morals we hope to extract scandal; that is why we read them. After all, the "reading public" for books is no different from the reading public for newspapers, and love, fights, fun, facts and scandal are the newspaper stock in trade.

We Are Overwhelmed!

Of all the reports and rumors ever printed about E. Haldeman-Julius and his Girard publishing plant, that which recently appeared in *Zit's Weekly* (a theatrical paper), takes the prize. It is overwhelming in its naive endeavor to do justice to E. H.-J. and his enterprises. Here is the item—the asterisks refer to corrections in the paragraph which follows the item:

"Wild Women of Broadway" is the title of a new series* of booklets to be published by E. Haldeman-Julius, of Girard, Kans., to sell at the usual price of five cents each. They are to be written by none other than Sam Marx** who, through the experience he gained on Broadway before he got married, is believed to be thoroughly conversant with the lives, habits, street addresses and telephone numbers of all the important specimens of this popular species of female.

Sam is preparing to wade into

the secrets of Peggy Joyce, Mae West, Tex Guinan and a flock of other dames and do them up handsomely, so that Cooksickie Hicks can hold a copy in one hand and get a thrill while they milk the cows with the other. They are to be translated into five languages*** and distributed round the world****.

Incidentally, the business of E. Haldeman-Julius is expanding at such a rate that he is now reported to be printing 350,000*** copies of these little booklets daily. When he first went to Girard, there were five houses in the burg*****. Now, he has a printing plant covering five acres***** and the government has had to build a new postoffice to handle the mail he gives it.

*Not a series, if you please; the title is that of a new book—one volume.

**Officially, Samuel Marx, author of "Confessions of a Gate-Crasher," "Broadway Gangsters" and "Their Rackets," etc.

****Zit's Weekly* might be so good as to inform us about this five languages notion. Which five? ****The book will, however, undoubtedly be distributed round the world.

*****The report is not official. *****Page the Girard Chamber of Commerce. Allowing for wear and tear, which offset new buildings, Girard has approximately the same number of houses now as then. The number somewhat exceeds five!

*****Someone must have sneaked in with a measuring stick some dark night. None of us around here have any idea whether it's five acres, more or less.

Ran out of asterisks, but the statement about the postoffice is stretching it a bit. It is true that the business of the Haldeman-Julius Publications wins for Girard a first-class postoffice which it would not otherwise be justified. But this happens wherever the volume of business merits it. Uncle Sam is impartial in this respect.

* * *

"A Book of Exasperations and Admirations" Published monthly by the College Press, 606 Harrison St., Topeka, Kans., is a delightful little magazine called *Community Arts and Crafts*. It calls itself "a little journal devoted to the creative arts and their civic, educational and cultural significance in American community life." (Single copies 20c; \$1.50 by the year—in

* * *

Sam is preparing to wade into

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case anyone's interested.) The periodical is well printed and seems to be filling its place well as "the Western art magazine." It has received commendation from Lorado Taft, H. L. Mencken, Edgar Lee Masters, E. Haldeman-Julius, Birger Sandzen, and others.

The current issue contains "Art and Experience," on the basis of education in the art museum, by Geo. W. Eggers; "Florence Heizer," the director of the Little Theater of Washburn College, by Golde F. McCoy; "Youth Is Adventure," by Roxoli Seabury; and other articles—with a book review department called "New Books on the Editor's Desk." Among the "New Books the Editor Recommends" is *The Outline of Bunk*, by E. Haldeman-Julius. The editor calls it "A Book of Exasperations and Admirations," and discourses as follows:

The reader opens this book at his own risk. The title is plain, and he cannot plead innocence in having been colly seduced through its pages by any sweet rhetoric of ambiguity. The author has a serious open purpose, and he employs no camouflage. Having, in the last few years, published and sold broadcast millions of copies of the Little Blue Books containing most of the world's best literature, Haldeman-Julius is probably entitled to open an iconoclastic broadside against some of the world's worst "literature," together with its major insanities and hypocrisies. Not only the "fundamentalist" but the equally "modernist" with his superstitions brought right up to date, is subjected to the same unabashed and mercilessly honest scrutiny. Public opinion, journalism, war, religion, morals, *et cetera in excelsis*—such are the subjects treated to the acid bath at the hands of this salutary critic as he reviews the social phenomena of our folk-way world. And the worst thing about the author's remonstrances is that they have the uncanniness of being based on fact.

But the author is by no means a mere cynic, rejoicing that the folly of men furnishes him an object for derision. He is, primarily, an iconoclast, but rather a discoverer and defender of the true values for the individual and society. The latter half of the book presents the "Admirations of a Debunker." Our debunking author evaluates and proclaims man's real triumphs in the long story of his history—triumphs of the thinker, the builder, the scientist, the creative genius in literature. He emphasizes the human value of art and science, of sympathy and rational idealism, of laughter and courage. "The debunker," he says, "is neither a dogmatic critic nor a dogmatic cynic. He sees both the good and the bad in man's nature and man's works. And he is, first and last, the friend of man."

The Outline of Bunk is a brilliantly written criticism of many vital aspects of contemporary civilization; it is sane, penetrating, hopeful.

The Fool-Killer.

From Boomer, North Carolina, comes an honest paper named *The Fool-Killer*. Its masthead shows a vicious giant with a club, killing fleeing fools labeled Religious Fool, Gambling Fool, Political Fool, Society Fool, Medical Fool, Idle Rich Fool, Drunken Fool.

The editor of this monthly castigator is James Larkin Pearson.

If you have not heard of James Larkin Pearson, where have you been all these years? Pick up your copy of Upton Sinclair's *Money Writes!* and turn to page 201. Witness:

Who are the American poets who write consciously and deliberately in the cause of labor? First among them I name Edwin Markham. . . . And then Arturo Giovannitti. . . . Dorothy Parker and Edna Millay. . . . And then John G. Neihardt. . . . And Ralph Chaplin. . . . Also Margaret Widdemer and Sarah N. Cleghorn; and James Larkin Pearson—do you know that we have a sort of American Burns, living in a North Carolina village and publishing his humble verses, set up by his own fingers?

Turn to Edwin Markham's *Book of Poetry*, page 580. Or to Clement Wood's *Poets of America*, page 334. Lacking either of these volumes, hunt out your copy of Clement Wood's *Poetry of the Southern States* (Little Blue Book No. 719), and flip the pages to folio 45; read there James Larkin Pearson's poem "Untamed."

A poet and a debunker is James Larkin Pearson. His book of poems, 374 pages, clothbound, costs \$2.10 postpaid, direct from the author. As Upton Sinclair suggests, if you want to help feed a deserving poet, and at the same time provide yourself with pabulum of another but no less nourishing kind, send for this unique volume. The book has been praised by many worthy critics, including Clement Wood, who wrote:

I have read the poems of James Larkin Pearson with interest, and at times a touch of wondering delight. He strikes at times harmonies which would ring well in any poetry. He has written two or three breathless lyrics—exquisite and finished pieces of art and expression. To have done even one or two such telling poems is more than most mortals accomplish in a lifetime.

And remember *The Fool-Killer*, Boomer, North Carolina; one year just forty cents, or in clubs of four or more, twenty-five cents apiece.

A Letter From Joseph McCabe

On February 9, in his New York hotel, Joseph McCabe sat down to write a short letter to E. H.-J. It was on the eve of McCabe's embarking for England—and home! Home and work—for McCabe has three million words ahead of him, which he is to write for Haldeman-Julius Publications exclusively.

Mr. McCabe has some remarks about his debate with Riley:

Riley was a clown as usual. In print I believe he will look a perfect fool if he is not allowed to write his speeches. The audience (about 1,000) was against my wish, asked to vote for or against evolution and voted for evolution by 10 to 1. The Fundamentalists had not turned up. I believe Straton did not want them to hear me. But there was a jury of 29 men and women who had to vote on the merits of the debaters, and Riley and

Straton had been allowed to pack this. They voted for Riley by 17 votes against 12. The audience booed them for several minutes, and it turned out several invited jurors had not turned up and Straton had others ready. The fun was that after the "professional" jury had given Riley the palm a second jury of 50 senior high school children was invited to vote, and the house roared with delight when they voted for me by 45 votes to 5.

Well, I am just off to begin my serious work.

Another Critic Has His Say

The First Hundred Million seems likely to go on forever, like the Little Blue Books themselves. Reviews continue to appear; viewpoints are still as varied as the readers of the book. Now comes G. D. Eaton, erstwhile contributor to *McNaught's* and even the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*, and now editor of *Plain Talk*, to say his say about *The First Hundred Million*. It is in the March issue of *Plain Talk*, this review, headed, "Publishing." Here it is, just as it appeared:

Because I have always had a business bent of mind—without, however, the patience and diplomacy necessary for a business life—I got a vast deal of satisfaction out of E. Haldeman-Julius' *The First Hundred Million* (Simon & Schuster), a book describing the trials and errors of the astute Girard publisher in selling the indicated number of his Little Blue Books.

His achievement, as from the business angle, is a manifold critique of American life. For instance, consider that nearly half of the hundred million books sold are on sexual subjects; such a fact is a clear tribute to the sneaking hypocrisy of our moral fabric. It also indicates, to me at least, that the public is not nearly so avid for good literature as Haldeman-Julius would believe. That most of his books along this line are of a high and honest type is, I think, clearly beside the question. I may be wrong but I have a suspicion that some of the millions who buy this type of H.-J.'s literature have bought it with a sense of guilt. I base my suspicions, as I have indicated, on the fact that nearly half of H.-J.'s output is on sexual subjects. I base them again on the fact that about seventy percent of the buyers of *What Married Women Should Know* are men—most of whom, I'll wager, are not married and not over-zealously contemplating marriage.

Next, one may consider the appalling number of "self-help" books that H.-J. sells. Here again I am willing to admit that the "success" books that he disposes of are infinitely superior to the general run of such works. But again consider the buyer—not the seller. I am not questioning the fact that H.-J. is doing a great deal of good by putting honest books before such a public, but I do question the high motives of his public, most of whom I would say are of the kind who are trying to get something for nothing and who, in the main, achieve the end of getting their names on innumerable sucker-lists.

Then consider the large number of books he sells under such classifications as *Toasts for All Occasions*, *Best Jokes of 1926*, etc.—the kind of books that have sold in vast quantities since the Methodist Church first accepted gratuities for foreign missions from saloon-keepers—sold to the immature farm lads who paw over the lingerie sections of Sears-Roebuck's catalogue.

I suspect that H.-J.'s greatest pride is the fact that he sells so many anti-religious books. I would not be proud of it. Many of these books seem to me the worst he publishes, and many of them are fly-blown with arguments as ancient as the beliefs they hit at. The volumes in general are read by anti-religious fanatics, who are, to my mind, just as objectionable as the John Cochrane Stratons. And no one has ever called me religious. H.-J. counts Joseph McCabe as one of his best writers and leading intellectuals. McCabe, an ex-Jesuit, is, so far as I can see, mainly a consoler of the more-learned Kluxers. Some of the anti-religious books which H.-J. publishes are—I not only admit the fact but applaud it—excellent, for they list writers like Burbank, Voltaire, Bertrand Russell, Ingersoll, Darrow, Schopenhauer; but again I am inclined to gloat skeptically at the readers.

When it gets to actual literature of first merit, certain failures of H.-J. become apparent. Aside from Maupassant and such writers, however excellent, who deal with sex to a large extent, the titles of good literary stuff that H.-J. sells show considerable sales resistance; the vast majority of really good literature that H.-J. puts out falls under the required 10,000 per volume, and the classics show a woeful weakness. The fact is that Haldeman-Julius himself in a naive moment parades the fact that many a good piece of literature failed to sell in the Little Blue Books until its title was changed to one with a sex implication in it. Where, I ask, is the taste for literature in the results of such machinations? I note, too, that the excellent volumes of literary criticism by Isaac Goldberg have gone to the morgue. So, too, have works by Herbert Spencer, Shelley, Goethe, Georg Brandes, Shakespeare, Aristophanes.

Now, I will very readily agree that the Little Blue Books are sold in considerable quantities to persons of real culture and persons with a decent desire read the best in print. I'll grant, too, that among persons of motives less good, Haldeman-Julius has improved many a mind, and that a certain opportunism is absolutely necessary on his part to achieve any of the spreading of enlightenment that he actually does

achieve. I am for him all the way, but I do not see why I should be as naive as he is in the belief that the American people have an innate capacity for the Higher Things.

But, as I have noted, the book interested me a great deal from the business angle. H.-J.'s production and cost data furnish lessons from which many publishers might learn. His analysis of advertising results shows an enormously keen business mind at work. I am much intrigued by the fact that of all media *Liberty* is far in the lead in selling the Little Blue Books, and that it leads especially in selling these books when they are of a sexual nature. I note that the *New York Evening Graphic* rivals the *Nation* (so far as the disparity of circulation permits) in the sale of sex books, and this supports my belief in the ratio of intelligence among Little Blue Book readers. But here H.-J. indulges in such bosh as to say, "Readers of the *Graphic* (in contradistinction to those of the *New York Times*) courageously try to find out the facts." Who believes such nonsense? I ask this question without sharing the usual jackass prejudice against the tabloids.

When I get to the defense of his late-in-copy I wonder if he believes what he states. He states that his going-out-of-business advertising was absolutely honest; that he intended to go out of business if he could not sell enough books. That would be true of any publisher, but nevertheless H.-J. did not state this interesting fact in his advertising. I know that I, for one, did not believe such advertising and I was constantly consoling a number of friends who were bewailing the prospective passing of the Little Blue Books. I told them that they would be able to buy the same Little Blue Books at the same price two years after H.-J. announced he would suspend—and they were able to do so. I believe that Al Smith could supply the proper answer to this chapter of H.-J.'s book: Boloney!

But enough; the book, I assure you, is fascinating.

Mr. Eaton admits the book is fascinating, and perhaps that is the main thing a reviewer should get across to his adherents. But to face certain of Mr. Eaton's points, which he rather cockily thunders against E. H.-J.:

Take first that "sneaking hypocrisy of our moral fabric," a criticism hurled against the American reading public because it buys sex books. Hm. Why pick such an uncomplimentary label for human nature? Have not the Freudians sufficiently demonstrated that we are all rather interested in the subject? And what is sneaking or hypocritical about a public that does get the books and read them? If the readers sneaked the books out of someone else's hip pocket—but it is idle to go further. The readers are honest, not evasive.

If Mr. Eaton objects to the sale of self-help books, on the grounds that they build up mailing lists of suckers (he is somewhat obscure in making his point here), on what does he base such an opinion? If a man buys books to improve his English, does that mean he wants to get something for nothing? Not the books, surely! When Mr. Eaton advertises his *Plain Talk* he lures many a subscriber by patting that subscriber on the back (don't we all?) to the extent of dangling stimulating, startling, straight-from-the-shoulder reading matter before him. If Mr. Eaton thinks Little Blue Book buyers are suckers, does he think those who clip coupons and send dollar bills to *Plain Talk* are suckers also? To be fair, he should.

What if the arguments against religion are as old as the beliefs themselves? They may be good arguments. They may need wider circulation. They may require constant reiteration. Old anti-beliefs certainly are as potent as can be expected against old beliefs.

Then, McCabe. Mr. Eaton, you really should read Joseph McCabe—apparently you have never heard of his most ambitious work, *The Key to Culture*. Nor was he ever a Jesuit—a small point, but worth correcting. Nor is he "mainly a consoler of the more-learned Kluxers." My, my! Such ignorance! McCabe hardly consoles Ku Kluxers by writing against all religion, no more than he could please them by writing in favor of all culture.

The American reading public may not have an innate liking for Higher Things, but one wonders how Mr. Eaton can be so sure the capacity for a developed liking is not there. How did those who are cultured get that way? Fortunate environment; a capacity to take advantage of educational opportunities. Well, the Little Blue Books present opportunities to any and all who have the capacity—why be so begrudging, Mr. Eaton? One would think these intellectuals are jealous of the public; they seem to rail against any and every indication of dawning intelligence in the mass.

THE STORY OF A PATRIOT, by Upton Sinclair. A novel of 100-percent patriotic leaders saving the country from the "Red" "Bum" and "Informative." Cloth, 327 pp. Order "100 Percent" \$1.20 postpaid (was \$1.50). Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas.

MAKING MONEY

Probably this is the most interesting subject on earth—making money, or its equivalent. Most of us are occupied more with making money or making a living and getting ahead, than with any other subject in this old world.

I have been called lucky, and a "lucky dog" and a "lucky fellow" and a "fool for luck" a thousand times, just because I have made money, when in fact, I don't remember ever to have had a stroke of luck in my whole life, with one exception, and this was just recently. I have had enough bad luck to cause many a man to commit suicide. But I have always overcome bad luck and I have succeeded by hard work, determination, hard study and careful planning.

There is no secret about making money and there is no secret about saving money and investing it profitably. The first point in making money is to study carefully what you can do best, and then do that thing or engage in that business or occupation and work hard, study hard, and save, and then invest your savings, always with successful men.

I never could understand why people will invest or speculate, nine times out of ten, with men who never made a success of anything in their lives, except making a big noise. People will throw their money away on fake and near-fake mining and oil investments and speculations time after time, because some loud-mouthed fool guarantees to make them rich in sixty to ninety days, when, in fact, the faker or well-meaning adventurer who bids for their money to put into his oil well or mine or other scheme never made a real permanent success of anything in his life.

If you want to win eight or nine times out of ten, back winners.

If you invest or speculate in mines or oil, pick out the winners, and then line up with them. Pick out good solid men who are backing their judgment with twenty-five to one hundred thousand dollars or more of their own money, and whom you know are bound to succeed. Such men have a reputation worth more to them than all the money in the world, and dare not fail.

PICK MEN WHOM YOU KNOW TO BE SQUARE SHOOTERS—WHO WOULD LOSE A MILLION DOLLARS OF THEIR OWN MONEY BEFORE THEY WOULD ALLOW YOU TO LOSE A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY INVESTED WITH THEM.

With this combination, you can't lose. Some great misfortunes may cause such men to lose temporarily, but they are never completely knocked out, and they fight on and on against every obstacle until success finally crowns their efforts. Associated with such men, you must and will win.

YOU SHOULD KNOW

Friends, winners or losers in former or present oil and mining "investments"—there are some things you should know before "investing"—and whether you invest or not, you should know that the poorly informed are still losing, and wondering why. Winners are still winning, and they have no more brains than you have.

If you have any questions, after reading and re-reading and studying our "literature," ask them and we will frankly answer them. We cannot afford to mislead anyone for a few hundred dollars, because our high financial standing and our high standing in every way is too great to be bartered away for a "mess of pottage."

CHAS. MOORE 246 MAIN ST. PARK CITY, UTAH

Mr. Chas. Moore,
246 Main St.,
Park City, Utah.

Dear Sir—

I have just read your advertisement in the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*, and I am curious to know what you have to say. I have some money to invest or speculate with, occasionally, in a real A-number-one proposition. Of course, I want to "be shown," but I have an open mind and I think I am fair-minded. It is understood that you have no mailing lists, and that you are only to write to me or send me your booklets, at any time, upon request from me.

Name Address
City State

Traffic in Women and Children

Extract from League of Nations Report (1927)

"The facts . . . show that the international traffic in women is still an ugly reality and that it continues to defy the efforts made to suppress it. . . . An exact knowledge of the facts, active supervision and the application of suitable laws and measures of protection, are all necessary elements in the campaign against the traffic. . . . The traffic [is] of an international character. . . . If a neighboring country fails to exercise the same supervision, traffickers then immediately transfer to that country the scene of their operations in connection with the despatch and reception of women."

"The Story of a Terrible Life"

The Amazing Career of a Notorious Procureuse

UNBELIEVABLE! Such a word might be flung against this book if it were not readily demonstrable that conditions such as it depicts really do exist. Basil Tozer, the author, has in the course of his wanderings come upon a woman who was one of the most notorious procureuses of Europe. A clever and experienced newspaper interviewer, he succeeded in worming out of her, bit by bit, the whole story of her atrocious career, and in this book he sets down all that she told him. She revealed the methods which are still employed to entice away girls and young women without chance of their ever afterwards being traced; the secrets and secret organizations of the modern *maisons de tolerance* in different parts of the world; the wiles to which male and female blackmailers and others have recourse, and much else that is of absorbing interest concerning the social evil known as the "white slave traffic." This book, while extremely outspoken, is in no way pornographic. On the contrary, it will be instrumental in setting on their guard all those who read it. This story of an actual "Madame" will intrigue and horrify you from its first sentence: "A woman of atrocious life has lately died in France."

A SNATCH OR TWO FROM THE OPENING PAGES

Nowhere was there sign of human habitation, and they seemed to be miles from everywhere. The distance to the castle must have been 14 or 15 miles, judging by the time they took to get there; and by the time they arrived, after their long drive through dense forest, darkness had set in. Then, in the light of the rising moon, Messaline beheld for the first time the tall, forbidding gray walls of the centuries old pile standing out in blurred relief. The great oak door was opened

"The Story of a Terrible Life," by Basil Tozer; bound in red cloth, with green title-lettering in mounted panels on front and back; 242 pages, 22 chapters; \$2.65 postpaid.

Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas