

I needed no literary help. He recommended the manuscript to the best publisher in London (Smith Elder), and it soon appeared.

In Maitland's life there is no reference to Stephen's breach at this date with his old friend Dr. H. D. Traill, editor of the chief literary weekly and writer of distinction. It was because Traill, who feared to offend Catholics (I inferred), refused to admit Stephen's review of my book. In his sense of justice and loyalty to me Stephen shed one of his oldest friendships and a profitable connection.

I had the vanity in those days of paying for press cuttings—for 20 or 30 years I have not crossed a room to read a review—and I felt the first flush of success. I had stepped out, and I met many well-known folk. Somehow—I forget how—I made the acquaintance of a lady who had 20 years earlier set fire to America with her bold feminism. Mrs. Biddulph Martin, as I knew her, was now the widow of a rich British banker and so mellowed that the Parable of the Vine and the Elm was painted on marble over the mantel in her drawing room. She had one of the richest houses in Hyde Park Gate, a few doors from my friend Stephen, who almost shuddered at the proximity, as Coit also did, because she and his sister Lady Cook had once advocated something like free love. I became curiously intimate with her and her daughter, both rigorous puritans, and roamed at will over their beautiful house.

Sir John Robinson, editor of the *Daily News*, sent for me, but it came to nothing. He had just read my book and he paid me the sterile compliment of saying, "I was expecting a *man*." Passmore Edwards, the philanthropist, was kind and gave me work on his paper, the *Echo*, but he sold it before I reached the staff. Domville, a retired lawyer, who talked of having me trained for the bar, introduced me to Professor Westlake and others. Sir Walter Egmont saw me for a time—at his suggestion I wrote a second book (a dead failure) on monastic life—but when he saw that I dabbled in Rationalism he wrote:

"Drop that or drop literature. We have to tolerate it from a man like Stephen but we will not stand it from you."

W. T. Stead tried to lure me into Spiritualism, others into the Church of England, Unitarianism, or Congregationalism. Robertson—later the Right Honorable—took me into an anarchist free-love circle. I lived in a world of 'isms: a beggar at the feast.

The sudden elevation was too much for a brain that had lingered so long on the monastic lowlands. It was the most difficult year of my life to recall, but I seem to have lost appreciation of my contacts with distinguished people—writers, editors, professors, lawyers, etc.—and been blind to the opportunities they afforded. Probably the economic uncertainty of my life disturbed me. At all events when a friend told me that the Leicester Secular Society, an old Owenite foundation but chiefly regarded as an atheist center, wanted a sort of chaplain I applied for the post. I bade good-bye to my elegant London friends, and it was final with most of them. But I saw in a few months that I had put myself in a false position. I had expected mainly to be a lecturer: they had expected me to maintain and enlarge the society much as a parson manages his parish. I had never done parochial work, and they innocently assumed that I had. We parted at the end of a year on friendly terms; and still once a year I go to the little Midland society to lecture, though I have almost abandoned lecturing. It was a worth-while experience that I have never regretted, and I had leisure to begin to write my first historical work, "Peter Abelard," my prototype in so many respects. There too I met the girl of 18, daughter of a hosiery worker, a fine little man and great reader, whom I married a year later. Then back to London to resume my literary work, insure a steady income, and prepare a nest for the bride.

4. I BECAME AN ARCH-HERETIC

A friendly correspondent recently surprised me by saying that I seemed still to be "more of a priest than a Freethinker," and it is not many months since a representative of the Catholic Welfare organization asked me if he might have the honor of confirming a rumor, current in American Catholic circles, that I was about to return to the Church. This latter amazing experience inspired me to write a profession of faith which my friend Haldeman-Julius published. The reproach that I still seem to be much of a priest recalled to my mind an experience I had on a New Zealand boat plying between Auckland and Sydney. The Australian Opera troupe were abroad, and I was told that one of the leading actors, a Freethinker, was looking for me on the crowded boat. He was half—a good half—intoxicated when I met him in the evening, and he insulted me. Penitent but still cloudy next morning he apologized; but when I pressed him to say why he had mistaken me for a clergyman (which, to his mind, fully explained the insult), he said or muttered: "Well, you see, you have that silly sort of mug they have." Possibly in an hour of perfect sobriety he would have said "that spiritual expression."

Once a London theatrical manager, despairing of making a profit out of G. K. Chesterton's play "Miracles," got me, with the economist J. A. Hobson as support, to hold a debate in his theater with Chesterton (a mountain of flesh) and Hilaire Belloc (a hill of flesh)—Hobson was even leaner than I. In one of the papers next morning a reporter observed that the labels on the performers seemed to have been confused: that the materialists were too spiritual and the spiritists too material. The truth, as is not uncommon in these transcendental matters, is that Chesterton and Belloc were euphistic and Hobson and I dyspeptic. But I suspect that there is more than this in the suggestion that I am still a cleric, an atheistic chaplain. It will appear in the course of this narrative that I am as impatient of hypocrisy in leaders of or workers in an "advanced" movement as I am in the case of priests; and that I loathe the hard dogmatism that pushes some eccentric opinion—as that Jesus really was a fish-god of ancient Palestine or the hero of a rustic passion-play—because it has such a destructive air.

To the many people who do know my name, since several of my books and booklets have sold more than 100,000 copies and at least a million folk have heard me lecture, in America and Britain it is that of one of the leading rebels against religious traditions. From their clerical writers in fact they get the idea that, from some mysterious impulse or diabolical guidance or anger at the waste of my youth, my life is "devoted to the destruction of religion." This sketch of my life will, I fear, show that I am a much less melodramatic and colorful personality, and I must explain how the accidents of life so shaped my early career that I came to devote so much of my writing and lecturing to religion. I have explained that I had set out on a definite literary path in writing my "Peter Abelard" and "St. Augustine and His Age." This field of historical biography, studying the age even more than the man, had a fascination for me, and Leonard Courtney, then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and others as well as Sir Leslie Stephen, assured me that I would go far along that line. But, with all respect to Voltaire, I must live. I had married, and, although we lived sparingly in three rooms in a cheap district, bread and beef could not be paid for in compliments. Just at this juncture the Ethical movement and the Rationalist movement offered me a steady basic income. The expert on the moral instruction of children, F. J. Gould, succeeded me in Leicester, and I took his place in London; and the work of writing and lecturing on both lines was entirely congenial.

Here let me begin to be a little more malicious, if you care to call it that, than convention permits in a respectable biographer. I came out of the hypocritical atmosphere of the Church expecting that, while I almost hoped that the world would prove as wicked and picturesque as our sermons represented, anti-clerical movements would be entirely honest and courageous. I found at once that my expectation had the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience. The head of the Rationalist movement who introduced me, as a substitute for Gould in the Ethical movement, to Dr. Stanton Coit, who was to find the salary, said: "Above all don't mention money, you'll get plenty if you profess that your only desire is to serve the cause." I resented the advice but Coit, though held up for a time by the strong opposition (which was overruled by Stephen) of Professor Muirhead, who considered that in my "Peter Abelard" I was too lenient in regard to sex, passed me, and I entered the commando of ethical lecturers who were to convert England to ways of virtue.

We met weekly, an interesting group, and discussed the weekly paper, which I edited. Coit was the leader. He was a skilful speaker and sounded quite Pauline in his theme: "Not the Duty of Religion, but the Religion of Duty." It is well known how he ended his public career, just when he was about to enter Parliament, in a police court on a charge of indecent assault. He was acquitted on appeal, but it overcast his life, and he spent his later years in luxurious solitude on a lonely coast. Next was Ramsay MacDonald, then a stern moral critic of politics—"No man can enter politics and remain honest," he said to me—later Premier. Ramsay and I were close friends in those days, but he cut me dead when he began to rise in politics. A time came when a London branch of the Socialist party wanted to adopt me as their candidate for Parliament. Ramsay forbade them. No Atheists, by request.

A third was Harry Snell, a farmer's boy who, though of mediocre ability, made his way by charm of character and shrewd judgment until he became Baron Snell, Labor leader in the House of Lords. With him also I contracted a close and warm friendship, and it was renewed in his later years. I never envied him or MacDonald or the great wealth which Coit acquired by marriage. Instead, whenever in later years I read of the latest compromise or blunder of MacDonald or Attlee, even of Snell, I murmured: "There but for the grace of God go I."

Miss Margaret Macmillan, another member and a social worker of restricted fame at the time, though there is now a movement afoot to raise some sort of monument to "one of the sweetest and greatest of English women," was an intolerant religious bigot. She had at least this height of character that she apologized publicly for insulting me because of my views. There were half a dozen others who in different ways became more prosperous than I, but I consider myself the most fortunate of the group. At the time I could not measure up to Gould's empty place amongst them. He was "the Saint of Rationalism." He never smoked, drank, touched a playing card, or entered a theater in his life. I liked him, though he bored me, and he was the only Rationalist leader to be just and friendly to me when the crisis came. But to resume my "malice"—the event sent me into peals of laughter at the time—he never knew that an angry and disillusioned husband, a member of the Leicester Secular Society, told me how he had, after housing and keeping Gould (as a saint) for months, detected him in tender clandestine correspondence with his wife. I am sure it never rose above kissing, but, Materialist and Atheist as I am, I could not do this to a host or friend.

At the same time began that long connection with the Rationalist Association which leaves me in my age, though I have written more than 60 publications (in Britain) and given hundreds of lectures for them, with only two or three friends in the whole Rationalist world of Britain and its Dominions. I left Leicester in 1899 or 1900 and was soon seen in the dim cubby-hole which was the cradle of the movement.

Gould's history of the movement shows that I am the one survivor of the early times—and that I was one of the original directors when the association was founded with my old friend George Jacob Holyoake as Chairman.

In 1902 my name went over the English-speaking world and I acquired a prestige to which I was not really entitled. I translated Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." I understand that over quarter of a million copies were sold. It was a poor translation, for I had not yet a good command of German and had an imperfect knowledge of science; though I now studied it eagerly (as I will tell later) and in the following year made a crushing reply to all the apologists who had "riddled the Riddle" and "heckled Haeckel." He was, like Stephen, one of the few men of consistently high character with whom I have ever had a close friendship. I met him in Rome a year or two later, and I then spent a week with him at Jena. It was hinted by many Freethinkers as well as Christians, that Rationalism had become a profitable business. One prominent Rationalist wrote to Haeckel, who disdainfully sent the letter to me, that my translation was poor and *he* was the man for the work. In point of fact, I received \$100 for the work—and the American rights of my translation were sold to Harpers for \$100, of which I got nothing—and Haeckel, who charged little for the 20 translations of his book, gave all such fees to the Jena Museum of Evolution.

But while this translation carried my name round the world it brought fresh evidence of the disgusting nature of much of the religious-Rationalist controversy in which I was now immersed. Haeckel was modest about his book. In the closing years of the last century he was troubled to see Germany being ruined, he said, by Socialism on the one hand and Catholicism on the other so he strung together in a "sketchbook" a number of papers he had by him on science and religion and gave the book the title "World-Riddles." He hoped, he says plainly in the preface, that he was helping to get the race a little nearer to "that immeasurably distant goal," the solution of the riddles. Yet he was harshly travestied everywhere as a dogmatic Materialist who pretended that he had solved the riddle of existence. He was a rigorous puritan yet his character was slandered by the clergy, as mine was, and for 20 years they kept in circulation a lie about "Haeckel's Forgeries" which the leading scientific men of Germany and Austria had denounced. Few scientific men in Europe had more honor for his work than he, yet hardly a scientific man in Britain would say a word about him. I heard that Sir E. Ray Lankester, then a leading zoologist, whom I knew slightly, had heavily complained of my claims for Haeckel, and when I wrote him he replied:

"I quite agree with you that Haeckel is one of the first living biologists. There are not any others who have the same wide knowledge and experience, and consequent point of view. He knows his zoology, botany, physiology, and pathology—also geology—and has traveled and has a keen interest in and knowledge of no small degree of philology, archeology, and ethnography."

Yet while the clergy and others were assuring the public that Haeckel had no scientific authority neither Lankester nor any other scientist would speak out.

Haeckel had, for his purpose, summarized the teaching of all branches of science, and the branch of which he knew least was, of course, physics. Sir Oliver Lodge, then the darling of the churches, but so little eminent in science that for years the authorities refused, in spite of clerical pressure, to make him President of the British Association, fastened upon this. In a courteous letter he invited me to cross swords with him in *The Hibbert Journal*, but he soon lost his spiritual calm, travestied Haeckel's position, and garbled his quotations. But the chief point is that he ridiculed the idea, which Haeckel had made fundamental to his structure, that matter and energy are just two aspects of one unknown substance. Since the discovery of Relativity

this is a platitude of physical science, yet such is popular education and such the reluctance of scientific men to speak when religion is concerned, that, as I may recall later, Jeans and Eddington had the whole religious world crying with hosannas that this new discovery and that of the composition of the atom (which Haeckel taught, and I followed him in 1903) had magnificently shattered "the Materialism of the 19th century" of which Haeckel was the prophet!

Another aspect of this lamentable situation was to appear in a few years, driving me yet further in the direction of a ruthless realism. Meantime I attended as delegate the International Freethought Congresses at Rome (1904) and Paris (1905), and I saw how overwhelmingly and enthusiastically anti-clerical France and Italy were. The Italian government, in fact, halved our expenses in Italy; which led to an amusing adventure. A friend of mine went one night to see a lady in Rome when her bully appeared and demanded more money. My friend flourished his card and walked quietly out of the room, saying: "I am a delegate to the Freethinkers Congress and am entitled to a reduced fee in everything."

In 1908 I published my two-volume "Life and Letters of G. J. Holyoake," another of the fine-natured men of that generation whom I had the pleasure of knowing before they passed away. The *Times*, I remember, said that the book just fell short of being a great work; and the five trunks of letters and other documents entrusted to me, illustrating the history of radicalism and Rationalism since 1830, gave me an incomparable knowledge of that side of 19th-century life. But the fate of the book fanned my growing resentment of the tactics of many anti-clericals.

I was already aware how the public is misled by the suppressions of a biographer. While I was in the Church, Cardinal Manning died, and my friend Father David was in close touch with the priest who was appointed to write the biography. Such facts as that Manning had, David told me, a natural daughter (from pre-Catholic but not pre-clerical days), a nun, all agreed to suppress, but this priest wanted to be frank about Manning's attitude to the Jesuits and to Cardinal Newman and others. It was a tradition that Manning had adopted the cry of old Cato, *Newmannus est delendus* ("Newman Must Be Destroyed"). All this was cut out. When I said to Bishop Paterson that I wondered how the gentle Newman could incur such ire he said: "My dear Professor, Newman was an angel by grace, but he was a tiger by nature." Catholic biographies are mainly instruments for suppressing the truth.

My book was printed and bound, and copies were sent to special members. Sir E. Brabrook, who got one, at once wrote Bradlaugh's daughter and J. M. Robertson that certain letters of Ingersoll to Holyoake which I included were damaging to Bradlaugh, Foote, and other leading members of the Freethought movement in Britain, and they presented the Rationalist publishers with an ultimatum: unless these letters and some remarks in my work were struck out, though it meant breaking up hundreds of copies of the bound two-volume work and reprinting many pages, Brabrook, Robertson, Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner, and other Bradlaughites would quit the Association.

Let me explain. The most serious of the feuds that had enlivened the movement, as happens in all movements and organizations, in the second half of the 19th century was that of Bradlaugh and Holyoake. Bradlaugh died first, and his daughter and J. M. Robertson carried the feud into the life of him which they wrote, and it was my duty, when the time came for me to write the biography of Holyoake, to relieve his memory of their grave misrepresentations. Holyoake had written a short defense of himself but wealthy contributors to the funds had prevailed upon him reluctantly to withdraw it. There was the familiar cry, like an echo from my clerical days: At any cost there must be no "scandal."

I, on the contrary, always held the wicked maxim that as a biog-

rapher and historian I must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but I may confess that the Rationalist publisher, Charles Watts, who had read and passed every word to which the Bradlaughites so violently objected, had not encouraged me to put Bradlaugh on the high level on which I put Holyoake. Watts had in his possession, and lent me a copy of, the legally suppressed life of Bradlaugh, which was known as "the Libelous Life." Libel in British law really means libel. Mrs. Bradlaugh-Bonner often dined with Watts when the Bradlaughites entered his movement, their own being irretrievably wrecked, and as I listened to their prim gaieties in his study I wondered what the effect on her would be if I told her that within a yard or so of her, behind a row of innocent books, was a copy of the work which she hated and feared above all others.

Foote, Bradlaugh's successor, also obtained an advance copy of the book and breathed fire and slaughter unless references to him in quotations of Ingersoll's letters were withdrawn. I was not consulted but important passages of letters of Ingersoll to Holyoake, particularly references to Bradlaugh, for whom Ingersoll had little respect, were suppressed; though the work even as published shows that Ingersoll, for whom every British Freethinker had a deep regard, did not think much of any leading British Freethinker except Holyoake. The storm passed, but I now had a leaning to rebellion in the ranks of the rebels, and the idea began to be whispered from ear to ear that I was tactless and lacking in respect for the saints and martyrs—what a book I could write about them!—of the new faith. The Bradlaughites nursed a silent but deep hostility to me, and this rose to an articulate and pitiful vindictiveness when the time came for an open quarrel with me.

Another reason for withdrawing and reprinting many pages and rebinding the book was that I had included without permission (not then knowing the law) a candid letter of the Right Hon. (later Lord) John Morley to Holyoake. I now asked his permission and he emphatically and nervously refused. It had been written when, after the death of J. S. Mill, Gladstone had behaved outrageously. Morley had then written Holyoake—they both knew Mill and Gladstone—that Mill was "as much superior to Gladstone morally as he was intellectually." What a gem that would have been in Morley's later three-volume life of Gladstone! He barely mentions the incident and he tones down Gladstone's attitude. I began to wonder if my exchange of old saints for new was quite so splendid a bargain.

In the following year I had a new enlarging experience. I had been interested in Spain since 1900, when an American engineer who had spent 20 years there opened my eyes to the tyranny of Church and State and the extent of political corruption. I added Spanish to my little repertory of languages, and when Professor Tarrida del Marmol found refuge in London from the new Spanish Inquisition we became close friends. He was an intimate friend of Francisco Ferrer and, like him, an Anarchist of the Tolstoy anti-violence school, though he belonged to an aristocratic family. Ferrer was in England, where I corresponded with him and hoped to meet him, when the riots of 1909 broke out in Barcelona, and I knew that he hurried back to Spain for the sole purpose of checking the bloodshed. He was arrested and, after a glaring scandal of a military "trial," judicially murdered. I crossed to Paris the night we heard the news and met fugitives from Barcelona. Within a week of my return I wrote, and within another week my friend Watts published, my "Martyrdom of Ferrer." It had a large circulation and moved the Australian Federal Cabinet (with whom I discussed the matter the next year) to send official (and unheeded) inquiries to Spain.

William Archer was commissioned by Harper to make an "impartial" inquiry for them and write a book. A distinguished American official said to me that in this book Archer "tried so hard to stand up straight that he fell over backwards." In simpler English Archer trimmed and

was unjust to Ferrer. Various writers, including Belloc, had fired trumpery and vicious booklets, though they were completely ignorant of Spanish affairs, at the murdered man, and I lectured, I should think, a hundred times on the truth. A difficulty was that Ferrer was an Anarchist of the philosophical school, and the press as culpably misrepresented that school as it today misrepresents Communism. Some of the directors of the Rationalist Association opposed the publication of my book on that ground. My explorations of this political jungle during my week in Paris led me into an adventure that is worth recording.

My French and Spanish friends there said, eyeing me obliquely, that if I really wanted to understand Anarchy and Ferrer, I ought to see the famous international Anarchist, well known to the police of many countries, Charles Malatesta. They gave me an address on the site of the old fortifications, and I set off at once and soon found myself in a dark and dirty district through which I had almost to find my way by match-light. At last a grille opened in the garden door of an isolated house, and a grim old lady challenged me. Presently a mellow cultivated voice cried "Bring him in," and I found myself sitting at table with a notorious Anarchist and his English mistress. A cabinet of beautiful silver—his grandfather had been physician to Napoleon—and some fine oil paintings hung on the walls. Malatesta was, in conventional language, a scholar and a gentleman. Our meal lasted three hours, and the empty bottles, if I remember rightly, numbered six; and I learned more about European politics than I had learned in 10 years. Next day Charles, in correct bourgeois costume, took me to tea in the salon of a distinguished Senator, later a leading cabinet minister, who greatly esteemed him.

I had in the meantime cut myself loose from Dr. Stanton Coit's apron strings and was making about \$2,000 a year by writing (mainly for the Rationalist Association) and lecturing. I had, by methods which I will describe later, acquired a broad and fairly good knowledge of several branches of science, and was, under a professional lecture agent, giving popular expositions, with stereopticon views, all over Britain. My slides were at first extremely crude but the novelty of a lecture on "The Evolution of Man" was such that halls were overcrowded. Speaking first for the Glasgow Secular Society I had such a packed audience, in a large fruit-auction room, that the net proceeds gave me the largest fee I have ever had for a lecture. Gradually I discovered how to get better pictures—I made hundreds of slides myself—and will tell later how I became (I understood) the chief, certainly the busiest, popularizer of science at that time.

Ethical, Rationalist, social, and historical lectures filled the Sundays, often morning and evening, and for the Scots in the afternoon also. I have a book containing a faded list of my lecture engagements that goes back to the year 1902. By 1909 I was giving a hundred lectures a year with an appalling amount of cheap and tiresome traveling, and often enduring equally tiresome accommodation to save expense for some poor society. The variety was educative. I have spent a week end in a miner's cottage in Wales and two days later had tea with a baron in one of the stately homes of England. I often spent the night, after lecturing, in the houses of doctors and clergymen, rich men and aristocratic ladies. I spoke in hospital wards—two or three times in a hospital for the insane—and university halls, drawing rooms, Labor Churches, Socialist rooms, chapels, schools, and slums. I was being educated.

My wife had to introduce me afresh to my younger children after, perhaps, a fortnight's absence; and the absence was soon to extend to six months or more. Those were cheaper days and, with one servant, I could own and maintain a nice seven-room villa and take the growing colony down to the sea for a month in the summer. Dyspepsia lingered from the miserable years in a monastery and was not alleviated by the rush of my life and the irregular feeding. But they were happy years.

There is a quaint old ceremony in one rustic locality in England in which a flitch (side) of bacon is given to any married couple who can bring evidence that they had not quarrelled during several years. My wife and I were qualified to win it in that decade; and with the two girls and two boys who came along we had only the usual incidental troubles of childhood. They were taught neither religion nor irreligion, and they learned the social code of conduct with ease and developed fine characters. Never in my life have I laid a finger on any of them, and they clung to me in difficult days. The virus of an exaggerated feminism had not yet entered our Eden; but here to prevent a misunderstanding I must explain my work in the great early fight for women's rights.

5. INTO A LARGER WORLD

Some time in the year 1900, as nearly as I can fix the date, three people sat, under the cynical smile of the police, in the vestibule of the House of Commons. They were cranks—you will remember that a crank is a crooked little thing that makes the wheels go round—awaiting the issue of the debate on one of those crank bills for the political emancipation of woman over which representatives of the people inside were cracking jokes or gloomily predicting that to pass such a bill would spell the doom of the Empire. The three were Mrs. Pankhurst, widow of a freethinking Manchester doctor, Mrs. Woolstenholme-Elmy, a frail little woman (also a Freethinker) from the north who read eloquent appeals for the rights of women in the Ethical weekly paper: and one Londoner, Joseph McCabe, who had written these appeals in the quaint belief—he had so many quaint beliefs—that justice to women and the workers was involved in the ethical scheme of life. If I remember rightly, I was then the only male writer or lecturer in Britain who joined these wicked women in their rebellion against the will of God and the convenience of man.

As soon as I had recovered from the giddiness that was caused by my fall from heaven to earth I began to apply my new social principles to the collective life, in which I had hitherto not taken the slightest interest. Contrary to the frivolous talk about a man losing all principles when he loses faith in God the readjustment to life is easy and natural. I have still the Latin volume from which I learned moral theology 60 years ago, and I see that even then I was much attracted to the opinion of the critical Irish Schoolman, Duns Scotus, whom I thought and think a much deeper thinker than Thomas Aquinas, that the divine prohibition did not *make* acts bad but laid emphasis on their inherent badness or social injuriousness. So in practice, most folk recognize, when the commandment is taken out of its divine frame you see its social sanction the more clearly. Only in regard to one clause of the Christian code, the elaborate sex-clause, is there any difficulty. In the Decalogue it merely refers to the one-sided property rights of the male. The expansion in the Christian code is based upon ancient Persian superstition that while the good God created the spirit the devil had created the body . . .

Most of my readers, however, will have read these opinions of mine. It is enough here to say that the social principles of behavior soon took clear shape in my mind and it was not long before I steadily perceived their application to social problems. In this I was immensely helped by studying the life of the great Welsh reformer Robert Owen, in whose honor I was engaged to deliver a special lecture a year or two after quitting the Church. I had early made the acquaintance of a fine old lady whose father had been an Owenite enthusiast, and she had pinched and scraped all her life in order to get together a fund for the purpose of reviving the memory and the influence of Owen. An enthusiast for some different and less unselfish cause diverted her

\$40,000, and the one lecture I was engaged to deliver was the only idealist fruit of her sacrifices that I ever saw. How many such cases have I known! But it made a deep impression on my mind when I learned that 70 or 80 years earlier, in an age of profound reaction and of few and narrow liberalisms, the Atheist Owen had advocated the abolition of war, the emancipation of women, free universal education, Socialism (in the older sense), the reform of the treatment of criminals, religious freedom, democracy, humanization of marriage and toleration of free unions, Trade Unions, and higher wages for the workers. The Wilberforces and Shaftesburys were paltry, in their one reform, by comparison with the forgotten Owen. Within a year or so I held the whole range of those heresies of his which had not yet become actualities.

Until the suffrage was granted I gave a large number of lectures (including some in New York) and wrote a book or two, especially "Women in Political Evolution"—which even the pious Lady Snowden told me was her "Bible"—for the ladies, never accepting a cent for any lecture in that cause. Gradually the jeers and sneers disappeared. The churches and the clergy came in at the 10th hour. Once I was invited to address the London Irish Women's Suffrage Society; though I never learned how these Catholic girls would receive me, for when I reached the little room I heard that the members of the society were Mrs. Pankhurst's bodyguard and, as the lady was to be arrested that night, they were all "on duty" at her house. My only satisfaction was that I went and saw her arrested. One lady friend of mine after another went to jail—one insisted that I was their chaplain and demanded that the authorities admit me to visit her—in those days, but the first World War, with its heavy demand for women workers, did more than the Holy Ghost to enlighten the politicians, and the reform was won. . . . I wandered in the great crowd which celebrated the victory, and saw a parson on nearly every one of the platforms. I was not invited; nor to any later function.

I had introduced my wife to the movement, and she entered a local group of large and white-hot enthusiasm. One of them slashed with a knife a painting of Velasquez in the National Gallery. Another tried to break into the British Museum with a torch. I had no objection to the idea of martyrdom but unfortunately they began to make martyrs of their menfolk. Ladies told me that at their meetings they heard the slogan: "All Men are Tyrants, All Women are Slaves." Need I continue? I will tell later of the inevitable separation.

This has carried me far ahead into the second decade of the century, but meantime my experience had broadened. I have already said how I spent a year in Belgium, six months in France, a month in Italy, and a few weeks in Germany. In 1910 I made my first world-tour. Somewhere about that time a Spiritualist medium made the interesting discovery that I am the reincarnation of St. Paul. This must have been because I am, like him, "insignificant in bodily presence though somewhat of a power with voice and pen"—also that I am ever ready to "withstand Peter and the other apostles to the face"—but I really have not the itching feet and apostolic ardor, to say nothing of Paul's contempt of the flesh. All my journeys were responses to welcome invitations. In 1910 the Australian and New Zealand Rationalists invited me, and I set out on my first 30,000-mile journey.

This is no place to linger over the trivialities of seven weeks' life on a boat. In order to reduce expenses, as is always demanded of the rebel apostle, I had to sail in a no-class (or entirely third class) 10,000-ton hulk, which took 400 passengers, mostly emigrants, as a film on its load of cargo. On the third day out a young Irish attorney wound up one of the long arguments I had with him by saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "You'll find your level in McCabe's books." He had one under his arm, and I had almost to produce my birth-certificate to convince him that I was the author. He talked, and after giving a

few lectures to the giddy crowd I found myself in a privileged and more comfortable position.

I was the more comfortable, too, because my friend Mrs. Donaldson (of the Donaldson Line) had given me a bottle of effective anti-sickness stuff, made up from some secret recipe in the family. Young ladies who begged doses of it complained, or affected to complain, that I had given them an aphrodisiac, and the young men clamored for the secret. It was even surmised that I secretly dosed the stern, pale young chaplain of the boat, who frowned upon this popularity of an Atheist in his parish. At all events before the end of the voyage he fell deeply and palpably in love with the wife of another parson who was amongst the passengers, and the boat rocked with laughter when they spent the last night sitting, hand in hand, on the hatchway. Nor did I lose the moral when one day we had to bury a man, and most of the passengers, in shirt and trousers, cigarette in mouth, listened while the chaplain read: "We thank thee, O Lord, that it hath pleased thee to call this our brother" or words to that effect. The chief officer had told me that the man was so rotten with syphilis that he had had to pour so much rum into two sailors before they would prepare the body that they stitched him to his canvas shroud.

In the area of the Southern Ocean in which the Waratah had turned turtle and completely disappeared a year earlier we encountered just such a "tremendous sea," and its 60-foot waves battered us for three days and drove us out of our course. I had cut my program too fine, and when we left the first Australian port for Adelaide, betting ran high on whether McCabe would reach Melbourne in time for his lecture. The chief engineer tried to assure me that he burned several hundred tons of additional coal "pushing the old tub along," but I had already discovered that, as the captain blandly said to me, "all ships' officers are liars, as they have no other recreation." But a new calamity broke. My baggage was laid out on deck in good time, for a special launch was to rush me ashore, when it was found that a bag containing the slides for my first lecture and my dress suit was missing. I later learned from the chief officer that the chaplain had bribed the pious young third officer to put it ashore at Albany, four days sail away. But amongst the local Rationalists who met me in the launch—and were astonished to see hundreds of passengers line the boat and cheer the arch-rebel as I left—was the chief surgeon of Adelaide, later my esteemed friend, Dr. Pulleyne. We had four hours before the train left for Melbourne, where my first lecture was advertised for the following night. The ship's doctor had lent me his evening dress, and Pulleyne rushed me in his car to the house of the Medical Officer of Health, who had a fine scientific and Rationalist library. I selected a bunch of books from which slides could be made, and our Melbourne folk were warned to have a maker ready. I spent half the night selecting pictures. . . .

In short, I opened to a crowded house in Melbourne next night and began a surprisingly successful tour. From business-like semi-American Melbourne I passed to Sydney, where the folk are as sunny as their great harbor, and in another week or two was sweltering in a sultry drought that lingered in Queensland and smelling the thousands of corpses of cattle on the fields. Still, contrary to expectations, crowds came to hear me. On a pleasure boat along the coast I heard a woman explain that she had never heard a lecture in her life but she was determined to hear this one on the Evolution of Man.

On Sunday, the workers wanted to hear me speak on Ferrer, and, as only Trade Unions and parsons could hire halls in Brisbane on Sunday, the Plasterers Union enrolled me. If I have not been struck out for not paying any fees I am still a Trade Unionist, but on the only occasion on which I practiced my trade, patching a small area of my ceiling, I was infected with anthrax and the doctor had to mutilate me grievously to save my right arm.

A month after the heat of Queensland I was lecturing on the fringe

of the New Zealand Alps and looking over fields in which, they told me, thousands of sheep were slowly dying under 10 feet of snow. I still had enthusiastic crowds and made warm friends, including the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stout, and his brother-in-law the Hon. John MacGregor, with whom I stayed. He took me one day to the races—a novel spectacle, with a brilliant sun flashing on the colors and glistening on frost-laden trees—and introduced me to the chief orator of the New Zealand Parliament. "Tom," he said to him, "meet a better speaker than you are." They were two grand survivors of the progressive New Zealand of 30 to 40 years earlier.

It was an arduous but inspiring tour, but when I sailed away I left behind a host of new friends—and faced many who were no longer friends. My adventures were described by me in monthly letters to the Rationalist organ in London. My travels even in Britain now began to have touches of color and glints of humor, and the editor asked me to send in a sparkling chronicle every month. After a few months he abruptly, without explanation, cancelled the order. Another crime was added to my "hostility to Bradlaugh."

To that we will return, but I may briefly tell here my further relations with the Australasians. Amongst my hearers in Melbourne had been the well-known lecture-agent, Carl Smythe, who had piloted Proctor, Shackleton, and all the more distinguished lecturers. Proctor's tour had been the high-light of his career, and he was good—or misguided enough—to think that as an exponent of science I equalled that brilliant popular lecturer. He invited me to run a tour under his direction in the winter of 1913, and I agreed. I was now experienced in the technique of travel, and I avoided boredom on the long voyage by writing a book. It seems only the other day, but the boat was not yet fitted with wireless, and the empty "Marcaroni Cabin," as the crew called it, was put at my disposal. There, high above the madding crowd, above the sparkling tropical sea or the angry Southern Ocean, with only the albatrosses peeping in at me, I wrote the most important book I had yet written, "The Tyranny of Shams."

Before leaving London I had delivered a lecture with that title, explaining that it was my last will and testament in case I did not return. It was the full and candid social creed I had constructed for myself in 17 years, and characteristically, I cast it in the form of an ironic attack on the "idols" (in Bacon's sense) which divert the attention of most folk from the truth. Consistency, Emerson said, is the virtue of cowards. I have received many epithets but never that, yet that is, line for line, my creed today, as it had been since 1900—Atheism, Socialism, Republicanism, and all the rest. This inspired the book I now wrote, and it was so candid, even in the analysis of ethical ideas, that the Rationalist monthly refused to review it! The public gave it a good reception, but somehow I had selected a publisher who was more accustomed to issuing memoirs or biographies of duchesses, and after selling 1,500 copies in a few months and sending 500 to America he refused to republish. Leonard D. Abbot told me that the 500 copies sent to New York were sold in a week or two and (after reviewing it in his paper) he received hundreds of demands for it that could not be fulfilled.

But this tour in Australia was a failure. We began with the old "Full House" signs in Melbourne, and then a blizzard, a fierce political election, fell upon us. Hastily Smythe switched off to Tasmania and New Zealand, and then back to Sydney, but the success was so slight that we agreed to abandon the tour. My friends in New Zealand, Sir Robert Stout, Professor Macmillan-Brown (Rector of New Zealand University), and others smoothed the rugged path as much as they could but from the first town—where I became an Antarctic explorer, since I had a drink in the nearest pub to the South Pole—it was a failure. Rationalists sulked because I would not, being under a professional agent who would not tolerate it, lecture on Rationalism, yet the public was warned against me by the Churches.

Carl Smythe bore the disappointment well and introduced me to many distinguished friends. One was the head of the Union Line who had been the adviser of Shackleton, Scott, and other Antarctic explorers. A day at his house added a little to the fund of small ironies that were accumulating in my mind. He showed me Scott's diary. It may be remembered that Leonard Huxley used it in his account of Scott's expedition to the South Pole, but what he quotes as such are *not* Scott's last words. What they were and what my friend told me about that and other "heroic" expeditions and sacrifices need not be told here, but it all went into my secret Diary of Dupery.

We sailed for Sydney, where I got my invariable warm reception and the old kindnesses from Sir Norman McLaurin, Rector of the University, and others. When Smythe and I parted, friends in South Australia and elsewhere arranged a few lectures, and I reached home with a moderate profit. The tour illustrated once more the difficulty of combining professional and heretical work. From the start I had a suspicion of the danger of devoting oneself entirely to heretical work and trying to live on it. Time confirmed me, and so I had professional agents for both writing and lecturing. Both roundly cursed my Rationalist work and said that it cost me heavily, yet I drew my income mainly from the professional work. When the air began to be sultry just before my final quarrel, and I was annoyed by some foolish remark of a man who seemed to think, as so many did, that Rationalists supported me, I stated incidentally in the Rationalist monthly that for 20 years only about one-fifth of my income had been derived from Rationalist work. The editor would not permit that to reach the eyes of his readers, but in the subsequent quarrel he produced it as a specimen of my mis-statements and got the Chairman, a strong follower of Bradlaugh, to name a sum of payments they had made to me which was enormously beyond what my statement implied. His figures had been swollen by including such items as the \$1,000 *expenses* of my third Australian tour, receipts from purely scientific books, and so on. I have still my detailed account books for those years (1905 to 1925) and repeat that about four-fifths of my income did not come from Rationalist work. I gave many hundreds of lectures for the Rationalist Society at a fee of \$10 or less a lecture while Lecture Societies paid me \$30 or \$40 and I wrote books for them on a scale of payment that was almost the lowest known in the trade.

On my first Australian trip I had found amongst the passengers one of the open-air atheist lecturers of the British movement. We became friendly, and when he fancied that I was expressing sympathy with a colleague of his who had been imprisoned for blasphemy, he laughed. "We were just out for the coppers of fools," he said. Leaving out of consideration speakers like Bradlaugh, I found that too many of those men who had "devoted their lives" to "the best of all causes" duped their own followers. Large numbers of men and women, admirable in character and keen in the analysis of argument, I found painfully gullible, as folk are in the churches, in regard to the real personalities of men they admired. These men, naturally, did not like my way of earning my income. One of them, stating that he had received a query about my world-tours, wrote: "We get many invitations to such tours, but we have devoted ourselves to the work of emancipation in this country." That was probably worth a few checks.

For the time, however, this undercurrent of hostility was imperceptible. I resumed my work apparently with the cordial support of all members of the Rationalist Association. In 1914 I made my first visit to America, but to that and later visits I will return. The war opened but at first interfered little with my work. I was too old for service, my eldest son too young. Occasionally a Zeppelin floated or a plane hummed overhead, and I would have sought some form of national service but I was pledged to a New York agent to return to America when he called, and he called in 1916. Still the danger seemed re-

mote, and I left my four children in the care of my wife and her "mother's help" and sailed. I had hardly been in America a month when Germany declared its submarine zone round Britain, and my wife implored me not to take the risk. But I will tell later of that stirring six months in New York. In June I refused to wait longer and returned through the shark-infested zone and at once sought national service.

I saw John Buchan (later Lord Tweedsmuir) at the Foreign Office, and he cordially welcomed my offer. I was, he said, much esteemed by Spanish Liberals, and I must write articles for their paper to check the Conservatives who (including the King) were dangerously disposed to snatch the prize which the Germans dangled before them—Gibraltar. Our little bureau for press-work in neutral countries soon became the Information Department, and until the end of the war I wrote most of the articles which were translated and found their way, mostly by bribery, into the neutral press. Some of my articles appeared even in Viennese papers. The Dutch bought copy freely from both sides, and needy editors in many cities of Europe now bought automobiles for the first time in their lives.

One war experience is worth recording. About the middle of the war optimistic articles began to appear in the British press saying that Germany was rapidly using up its man-power and must soon collapse. These reports were chiefly spread by Hilaire Belloc, who told a friend of mine that he had his figures from the French War Office, and by Masterman, whom I knew to be Viscount Haldane's chief lieutenant in the British War Office. I studied the official German annual, the *Deutsches Jahrbuch*, for the 10 years before 1915, and found that these optimists were at least 2,000,000 astray in their figures! A friend spoke of the matter to Lord Haldane, and he invited me to his house at 11 on the Sunday morning. As I was due to lecture at that hour I wrote and told him, and I said that I would gladly see him at *any other hour on the Sunday or any other day*. He replied that "the hour you suggest" is impossible, and I heard no more. He did not want to hear my story. No editor in London would take even a short article on the figures but eventually I saw Lord Northcliffe. In 10 minutes he was convinced that I was right, and he compelled the editor of his *Daily Mail* to accept; though the editor had his revenge by getting his Berlin correspondent, Price, to contradict me in the same issue, and Belloc, of course, was playful in his weekly about the ex-monk who had become a military expert. Within six months Price generously acknowledged in the *Mail* that he was wrong, and when events plainly proved this, Belloc explained to his friends that he and the French military had been misled because for years before the war the Germans had falsified the figures of population in their official publications. It was just from those publications that I had got the correct figures.

Northcliffe added another irony to my growing repertory. He lent me a manuscript article that had been sent to him by one of the leading war-correspondents in the Dardanelles theater. It was, he said, entirely true but so bad that even he dare not publish it. We had lost a decisive battle against the Turks through a general's concern for his guts. At a critical moment he had decided that an action was successfully completed so that he could go to dinner. The Turks returned and recovered the lost ground. One does not read these things—I heard many—in histories of our glorious campaigns.

It may be useful to add here my experience in the Second World War. As soon as war was declared I wrote six leading officials in the new Ministry of Information offering my services and explaining my experiences and qualifications. Not one of them replied. My friend Lord Snell, then Labor leader in the House of Lords, told me that there were already 600 applicants on a waiting list. The truth was soon out, for London journalists publicly poured scorn on the incompetence of the immense staff (999) of the Ministry housed in the shining new building of London University. Months before the war began the staff-

list had been drawn up, largely out of sweepings of Tory propagandist colleges. Later I saw that the Censorship advertised for men, at a salary of less than \$20 a week. I asked if my knowledge of languages and countries was of any use to them, and they put me through a farce of an examination, controlled by two girls in their early 20's, and rejected me.

To return to 1919. The troops were in open mutiny at their long detention abroad. I heard on good authority that there was a mild panic in Downing Street and Buckingham Palace, and the War Office organized lectures for the men and invited me to cooperate. An officer who received, probably, \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year and, as I saw, had not enough work to fill three honest hours a day, told me that I would be paid \$5 a lecture (a day) but I could "wangle" more on expenses. At Cologne I found that the clergy had tried to monopolize the lecturing and had fed the troops to the teeth with talks about the Church and the Empire. A bishop, two deans, several canons, and a number of clergymen occupied most the mess-table, and I privately learned that they proposed that I be boycotted. I soon overrode that and the colonel, though religious, made me top-lecturer. The troops, hearing that I had brought a lantern lecture on "The Evolution of Man," called for it twice a day in the various camps spread over the Rhine Province, while canons had two or three lectures a week. One night I had to pick up an archdeacon, a prim and conceited man, for the journey home, and he tried to read me a lesson on the wickedness of depriving people of their faith. When we reached Cologne I dropped him in the Komödien Strasse. I did not warn him, of course, that it is Cologne's Street of the Whores. My final experience was that when I was leaving a rather young canon followed me to the car and said: "Try not to be too hard on us, McCabe." This is the last time I have been in such high company.

But of the war-muddles, scandals, extravagances, etc., that I learned, in both wars, on both sides of the Atlantic there is not space to say much here. I mention a few because these things are an integral part of my education in life. I would add only at this stage that the war put an end to my long and inspiring association with Professor Haeckel. He severely blamed England and sent back to British universities the honors and diplomas they had awarded him. In 1917 a Swiss professor wrote me that Haeckel was ill and in deep distress. He had been duped by the authorities at Berlin, who had made false statements to him in order to induce him to sign an indictment of Britain. He died in 1919. Let me place it on record that in character he was one of the finest scientific men of his generation; and there were, and are, many like him in Germany and Austria. Of his scientific distinction his international gold medals and diplomas, nearly a hundred in number, give sufficient proof.

In 1923 I made my third and last voyage to Australia and New Zealand. When, a few years later, there was a quarrel in London, the Melbourne Rationalists assisted my critics by publishing a virulent four-page account written by their lecturer of that visit, and I must explain. Recently an American candid friend wrote me that it is a pity I have such a bad temper; and this, I found, was said in the New York *Truth Seeker* to be clear from the fact that I have had so many quarrels. I have now in this sketch covered 55 years of my life, and I cannot recall that I have had to record any quarrels at all. My differences with the Church of Rome will hardly be called personal quarrels, and in the wrangle between my publisher and the followers of Mr. Bradlaugh over my "Life of Holyoake" I had taken no part. I did not, in fact, quarrel or make any public complaint about this visit to Australia in 1923. Whether I had ground to do so I leave the reader to judge. The last virtue in the world that I would claim is gentleness, and the last august counsel I would think of favoring is to turn the other cheek to the smiter. I once made Theodore Roosevelt, who had apparently never

heard the joke, roar with laughter by telling him that I am a peaceful man but that "if any man smites me on one cheek I smite him promptly on both." On principle. The evil-minded must not be suffered to get away with it.

In 1923 the Rationalist authorities in London told me that the Australians wanted another visit, and on the explicit understanding that they had asked for me I signed a contract. The Rationalist Association would guarantee \$1,000 for expenses—which the sum barely covered—and would, if the net profit which the Australians and New Zealanders would undertake to give me, did not reach another \$1,000, bring it up to that sum. But I had not been an hour in Melbourne when the local leaders bluntly told me that they had not asked for me, did not want me, and had never signed or seen any agreement. They had, however, organized a heavy schedule of lectures in Victoria—16 in 14 days, I think—and I set my teeth. The lectures, some of which were given in the huge City Hall, netted about \$4,000. Of this they gave \$350 to one of their members who had blunderingly and most extravagantly organized the lectures, and to me they handed an account for, I believe, \$300: the deficit on my lectures, they said, which they had decided to take out of the profit of my lectures in Sydney. I made no complaint, and they pleasantly saw me off at the depot.

Traveling with me was one of the directors of their society, a well-to-do Socialist merchant and Federal Cabinet Minister. He beguiled me with stories of the corruption of the Australian Labor movement, to a Congress of which he was going. Two dejected-looking Rationalists met us at Sydney and said that one of their group, a schoolmaster, had embezzled the \$400 they had collected for the organization of my lectures, so there would be none. I induced them to call an urgent meeting, that evening, of their friends, and told my traveling companion to see the delinquent and squeeze what money he could out of him. I had little trouble in persuading the Sydney Rationalists, who are of a more genial and generous character than Melbourne folk, to arrange a series of lectures, and I went off to Brisbane, where another fine and generous group of men gave me a warm reception. The lectures in Sydney were the success I had anticipated, though the deduction of \$300 which I "owed" Melbourne and a further \$300 for local organizers did not leave me rich.

Melbourne had entrusted the New Zealand tour to a thirsty Labor man of no experience, and it was not long before I smelt his breath. We had the usual crowds at Auckland, where I was always happy, and at Wellington, where I had so many friends. At Wellington there was a moment of unpleasantness to mar the general geniality. The Chief Justice Sir Robert Stout boldly took the chair for me, but when he came into the room he handed me a copy of the London Rationalist monthly and asked: "What's the meaning of that?" In the first issue of the paper after I had sailed away, in the interest of the Association, they had published a criticism of me on the first page. The excuse was that it was merely a criticism of my materialist ideas: the reason was that the author was rich. Sir Robert remembered it and my explanation when, a few years later, they tried (as I will tell), in vain, to destroy our friendship.

At Christchurch, where there was a strong Rationalist society, I overheard a violent quarrel about profits of the local leaders with my organizer, whom they ordered out of the hotel. They warned me against him. In short, at the end of the tour I had great difficulty in getting even \$200 from him. He would send the money—probably a further \$600—on to London. I never received a cent and the Melbourne folk who had appointed him would not move a finger to help me. I must really be a bad-tempered man to attract all these experiences.

Another experience of the tour was that a New Zealand lady gave me \$500, stipulating that for family reasons it must remain a secret. I confided the matter to my wife on my return, and when my quarrel

with Watts began he heard of it and made it the ground of a charge that I had lied about my profits. All Rationalist and Secularist workers have received such gifts—they are often pressed upon them with great earnestness—for a century, but this was the first I had accepted, and as an alleviation of a heavy and irritating tour and my losses. I may add that the only legacy I have ever received, a small one, in my long life came from a Catholic.

Some months later the lady sent a letter to me in London. Instead of forwarding it to me Mr. Watts kept it until I called and insisted on my immediately opening it. It had, of course, been steamed open, as all my letters through the office were at this time. It notified me that a check for \$5,000 awaited me at the London agency, and that the money was to be used "for Rationalist purposes." Watts not only offensively insisted on accompanying me to the agency but, to the disgust of the agent, demanded that the check be delivered to him. He was contemptuously ignored. I received the check, endorsed it, handed it to Mr. Watts, and left the room. All I was later supposed to get out of that check was the part of it that was called a "lecture fund" and my lectures for a year or two were paid out of it (\$10 a lecture). But since I should have received the same payment if no check had been sent I clearly gained nothing from the gift. Others were more fortunate. The account was growing longer in my mind. But I was still silent.

6. POPULARIZING SCIENCE

In an earlier chapter I have explained that the tissue of medieval verbiage called philosophy of which I was a professor in the seminary included sections which we know as "Cosmology" and "Psychology." These lured me into the field of science and into, as my old colleagues would say, the pit of infidelity. Cosmology dealt with the origin of the physical universe and those aspects of it which the X-ray eye of the metaphysician perceives and the mere physical scientist does not. In other words, it was a superficial discussion of the physical universe in so far as it is the basis of arguments for the existence of God. The psychology was a series of statements about mind and body, little advanced beyond the opinions of Aristotle, which served as a basis for proof of the spirituality and immortality of the soul.

But from my first introduction to it as a student I felt that the physical basis of these specimens of medieval dialectic was not firm or satisfying, while my professor knew as little about science as he did about the poetry of Sappho. When one day he illustrated his point by saying that we do not even know the distance from the earth to the moon and I glared at him, as I always did when my professors blundered—I have confessed what a little prig I then was—and told him the distance, he laughed it off by asking who had used the measuring tape. I began to look out the dim cloistral windows for glimpses of this wonderful world of science, like a child in a puritanical home glancing across the fields at a distant circus.

When I became professor I insisted on having a few scientific books bought for our library—they were burned, I believe, when I left—and by a curious accident I made the acquaintance of an ex-Catholic, an Atheist, who had a fine scientific library, a good six-inch telescope, a beautiful binocular microscope, and other instruments. Some missionary canon at our church had asked me to guide him in a hunt for "bad Catholics," and we struck this gentleman. The canon broke down in argument and said: "I see, Mr. Parker, you want a religion based upon reason but ours is based upon faith." I was quite orthodox in Catholic philosophy when, to the astonishment of the heretic, I said: "Yours may be, canon, but mine isn't." It led to my spending many an hour over my friend's microscope or scanning the heavens with him, and I was invited to lecture on astronomy in our parish hall; which

nearly closed my life at the age of 26, for after two hours bawling in an ill-suited room I caught pleurisy and got as near heaven as receiving the "last sacraments."

My colleagues, not one of whom could have told the difference between a nebula and a rotifer, were uneasy—after my lecture I overheard my superior say to the others, "But where will it all end?"—but I resumed my zealous study of science. This did not seem at first to affect my creed, and I once amused Mrs. Huxley by telling her that I devoted a whole novena (nine days) of prayer for the conversion of her late husband. The works of our one Catholic scientist, Professor St. George Mivart, who had not at that time disclosed his profound heresies, were presented by him to our library—he often visited us—and were "safe" reading. We met at his club after I quit the church, and he tacitly admitted that he had little religious belief. When I took charge of the small college in the country I got a 4½-inch telescope, a microscope (which I used for 20 years), and a large number of scientific works.

The result was that, although I made little further progress during the two unsettled years after quitting the Church, I had a large and varied store of scientific knowledge when, in 1900, I was invited to translate Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." The lively discussion that ensued all over Britain gave me a new zeal for the study of science, and in my defense of him ("Haeckel's Critics Answered") I was able to reply effectively to his scientific as well as his theological critics. Sir Oliver Lodge sent me a most courteous invitation to cross swords with him, and I began to correspond with a number of professors.

The idea of evolution put a vertebral column and a spinal cord into what had hitherto been my loose collection of scientific facts, and I began to organize it and fill up the deficiencies. I made a thorough study of the contents of the Geological Museum and the old Jermyn Street Museum, covered every foot of the collections of comparative zoology and prehistoric science—which fascinated me above all others—and through the friendliness of Sir Arthur Keith was enabled to study anatomy in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Haeckel sent me all his books, with honoring inscriptions, and I spent a week with him in Jena and received a generous gift of microscopic slides. Haeckel, by the way, detested hypocrisy as much as I did, and he gave me a letter he had received from a prominent British Rationalist, a "friend" of mine, who told him that my translations of his works were bad and he would be glad to take over the job. He thought it was lucrative, but in fact I had as I said, received only \$100 for my translation of the "Riddle" (which sold hundreds of thousands of copies) and the American rights to my translation were sold next day for \$100, of which I had no share. A few years later my friend Fisher Unwin, the publisher, showed me a similar letter from a well-known Congregationalist divine about two translations of Eucken which he had begged me to do. Another publisher showed me a letter from Professor Bury . . . But more of this sort of experience later.

My gleanings in the fields of science—in virtually all fields except mathematics and chemistry—were now directed by the guiding idea of evolution, and each new fact found its place in the conception of reality or "philosophy of life" which replaced the archaic philosophy of my monastic days. A richly positive knowledge replaced the meager bunch of negations in virtue of which I had quit the church. I sketched the outline of this as early as 1903 in my defense of Haeckel, even stressing the evolution of the atoms from, as I said, "ether or whatever the prothyl may turn out to be." At that time physicists uniformly defined energy as an abstraction or "the capacity of matter to do work," and it was not so much by a discovery as by a change of meaning that it came in this century to be put on the same level of reality as matter. Haeckel, in fact, though by no means a physicist, gave matter and energy equal reality as two aspects of the fundamental stuff of the

universe before radium was discovered. Thus the way in which Jeans and Eddington fooled Britain—they had little influence in America—into believing that Haeckel and "the materialists of the 19th century" had regarded atoms as ultimate and not composite particles was pitiful. It was an ironic reflection on public instruction and on the lamentable reluctance of the proper scientific authorities to speak out when it was supposed that the interests of religion were concerned. It was the same with Sir James Jeans's attempt to prove that the universe had a beginning and was therefore created. Not only did Jeans not believe in the existence of a material universe but his argument was 50 years old. Yet the work of the Rationalists in Britain was so poor—all my own work went to America—that Jeans and Eddington held the field for 10 years, and large numbers still follow them.

For this view of nature as a vast evolving whole in which the hundred-million years of the life of our solar system, including the incident of planetary and organic evolution, are just a pulse-beat in a process of the suns of which we see no beginning and no end, I must refer to my books. I have here only to explain to inquiring readers why and how I devoted so large a proportion of my time to science. The evolution of man was the central theme of my studies at this time, and, while I was impelled to carry the inquiry further and further back into abysses of astronomical time, I was still more eager to press onward to a close study of prehistoric archaeology, of which rich museum collections were available, to a broader conception and more extensive knowledge of general history, and to sociology and economics and a lively interest in the social struggle that began in the 18th century and has entered upon so interesting a phase in our own time. As, except during a summer holiday or when I was traveling, I always worked, and still work, seven days a week, it is hardly surprising that in 50 years I was able to acquire a considerable and varied knowledge. Not having the requirements of an academic position or a specialist—except on religion and all knowledge that bears upon religion—to consider, I could ignore all facts that were not relevant to my purpose, and I soon evolved a technique. When I entered a new field or part of a field—a biographical study or a problem of science—I first mastered a good primer of it, then filled in the framework from larger books. The dissipated practice of reading, say, a book on oceanography one day and on Ming porcelain the next never appealed to me.

It is, of course, absurd to suggest that I ever professed to be more than a camp-follower of science, though I might claim a few modest discoveries. I was the first to draw attention to the curious, perhaps significant, fact that Ice Ages came at intervals which are shortened by 50 percent as the earth grows older; and, while geologists were still vacillating between various theories of the cause of an Ice Age I firmly selected the rise of the land, which is now the general opinion. I so stressed the influence of the Ice Age on the advance of life that geologists, one of them told me, said that I "had Ice Ages on the brain." A good many of them have today. I was the first writer on the evolution of civilization to point out that the main factor of social progress is the friendly contact of different minds or of bodies of men with differing cultures. I resisted the excessive claims for heredity that were generally accepted in the earlier part of this century, when even an able man like Karl Pearson said that "no amount of education will change the proportion of good and evil in the zygote" (fertilized ovum), the poor fallacy of "the Jukes family" seduced academic minds, and the cry that "Darwinism is dead" was heard even in meetings of the British Association. I have lived to see the balance of emphasis between heredity and environment restored; in fact, shifted preponderantly to environment in the new science of social psychology.

This may help to give a reader some confidence in the general soundness of my writings on science, but it is enough for me that, considering the immense range of the territory I have covered and

the multitude of my critics, a paltry number of errors have been detected. It is amusing that one of the most flagrant, though obviously not due to ignorance, passed undetected. In my translation of Haeckel's "Last Words on Evolution" there is a drawing of the skeletons of man and the four large apes. To that I have given the title "The Five Anthropoid Apes," though I give also the label "Man" to the first skeleton. I have lived to see even some of my early scientific and at that time supercilious critics confounded. In a manual of physics which I wrote for the general public in 1925 I predicted a time when you would see your distant friend on a glass screen while you spoke to him on the telephone. A reviewer in *Nature* was scornful about this wild assumption of a "popularizer." Perhaps he has lived to see the combination of television and the sound-track or telephone today.

Generally I found that my work of putting scientific facts and truths before the public in language experts found it difficult to use was appreciated by scientific men. During one of my Australian tours, as I have said, the officials of a Pan-Pacific Congress suggested that I should give a model popular lecture for these representatives of American, Japanese, and Australian science. Some went further. Sir Michael Sadler, the distinguished (and religious) educationist once surprised me by his appreciation of my work. When I observed that I was not a specialist, he said: "But synthesis is just as important as analysis." When I published my "Riddle of the Universe Today" in 1934, Professor Elliot Smith, one of the leading anatomists in Britain, wrote to the publishers:

"Mr. Joseph McCabe has had an inspiration of genius in adopting as a centenary celebration of the great author of 'The Riddle of the Universe' the submission of that work to the test of present-day knowledge. Moreover he has the wide and exact learning and the powers of lucid and decisive expression to make his survey of the modern writings that so strikingly corroborate the general accuracy of Haeckel's views a work of fascinating interest and illumination to all intelligent readers. I am glad to possess this volume."

As Professor Elliot Smith was probably the highest British authority on the evolution of man and a high authority on prehistoric man his opinion was of different value from that of the junior American professors who airily assure their pupils that I write on too many subjects to be accurate on any. I may add here the estimate of another brilliant man of science, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, who wrote in the *Rationalist Annual* for 1947:

"I am much more likely to learn to think clearly by detecting fallacies in the works of Joseph McCabe than in those of C. S. Lewis. For one thing they are a lot fewer. For another, I think most of Mr. McCabe's general conclusions are true, and I want other people to think so. Therefore I should like all Mr. McCabe's arguments to be correct; and if I can find a hole in one of them, it will make it easier for me to find holes in my own."

I fancy that my friend Professor Haldane in hinting at my few errors (as he says) means mainly that my refusal to subscribe to Dialectical Materialism occasionally leads me astray. I am not an opponent of Communism, and I have for years fought for its right to the same respectful consideration as any other creed, but I do not—I believe Marx did not—like the Hegelian terminology of Dialectical Materialism. I reach a Socialist conclusion in a different way, and I do not for a moment admit that the evolutionary process is more dynamic, as Lenin claimed, in that philosophy than as I conceive it.

I have again outrun my story, but to describe my life and work year by year would require a lengthy and rather tedious narrative. I have never kept a diary, but my shabby little book of lecture-engagements goes back to 1902 and reminds me how I became a popularizer of science. In 1904 I translated Haeckel's "Wonders of Life" and went

deeper into biology. The attitude of some of the lesser scientific men was well illustrated by one of them, Dr. Saleeby, who, quoting from this book a few years later, said that he was quoting Haeckel's "Wunderleben"; a crude blunder—the German title is "Die Lebenswunder"—which betrayed that he did not know German and was using my translation. In 1905 I translated Haeckel's big two-volume work "The Evolution of Man" (the title I gave it). It is richly illustrated, and I was asked to use it for a lantern lecture. I confess again that the work is not well translated or, on account of its technical character—Haeckel was a good Greek scholar and coined hundreds of scientific names and words, as well as a good artist illustrating his own work—likely to be widely read, but the previous success of the "Riddle," the interest of the subject, and the hundreds of illustrations gave it a large circulation. I was pressed to lecture on it.

By that time I had delivered hundreds of lectures, but I was so ignorant of the technique of lecturing with stereopticon (lantern) views that I did not know that the illustrations in the book could be photographed and slides made from the negatives. With the aid of an amateur artist I got a collection of crude pictures and prepared a lecture which today (on account of the superb photography of the screen) would drive the audience from the room; especially as in my youthful zeal for logic I "began at the beginning" and showed folk diagrams of weird beasts from microbes to worms. But such was the interest in the kind of society for which I then lectured—Rationalist, Secularist, Socialist, or Ethical—that it filled the halls or schools to capacity.

In the next few years I prepared and delivered a series of four lectures on the Evolution of the Universe, of Life, of Man, of Mind, of Morals, and of Civilization, chiefly for the Rationalist Association. Repeatedly I took the 200 slides, or half or more of them, on long journeys over Britain or Australia, and once over Canada, California, and (as baggage which I could not shed) across Mexico, Yucatan and Cuba. The expenses allowed did not include taxis or meals in the restaurant cars, and the meager fee (\$10 a lecture) did not permit me to indulge. Friends urged that I was shortening my life. They are all dead. And these were the minority of my lectures. I prepared large numbers of lectures on great literature, social questions, and so on. There were a few societies—chiefly in Scotland, let me say—which gave me the net profit of the lecture, which was often high, but there were other cases of desperate propagandist ventures, 200 miles from London, where the treasurer would, with a long face, produce a collection of less than \$5 and ask me how much of it I expected for fee and expenses. Over and over again I was out of pocket.

The chief lecture agency in London was attracted and put me on its list. For this purpose I put together a series of restorations, largely colored, of scenes in the earth's past, and it was one of the most successful lectures on the agent's list for several years. I skated rapidly and skilfully, joking like a conjurer, over the thin ice that lay between the Tertiary apes and prehistoric man. Once when I gave the lecture at a highly respectable college for young ladies somewhere in Connecticut, a sharp-eyed pupil took me to task for the "disgraceful" way in which I had darted over the ice. I gave it a week later in a New York slum, in a dingy living room, at the request of Leonard D. Abbott, and most of the children slumbered happily. I gave it (to the public) in several university halls, in a large private mental hospital, and in more than one church. At York the archbishop's family sat in the front row. In a Congregationalist chapel the chairman, a rich patron who knew much more about wine than about Joseph McCabe or his subject, assured the audience, to its huge delight, that tonight they were going to hear some genuine science, not this atheistic stuff. Once I was invited to give it to a convivial club of businessmen in Glasgow, and a friend privately warned me that they intended to dine and intoxicate me before the lecture. I grasped the opportunity and said