

Fitzgerald, Daniel L.
— Tell my fortune!
ADP1779

F71052 Fitzgerald, Daniel L.
ADP1779

TELL MY FORTUNE!



THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street

New York, N. Y.

TELL MY FORTUNE!

By

DANIEL L. FITZGERALD

New York
THE PAULIST PRESS
401 West 59th Street

Nihil Obstat :

ARTHUR J. SCANLAN, S.T.D.,
Censor Librorum.

Imprimatur:

✠PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES,
Archbishop, New York.

New York, April 4, 1931.

TELL MY FORTUNE!

LOVE and money are the two baits that lure thousands every year to the lair of the fortune teller. They cross the palm with silver in order to hear the whispering of the tea leaves, the warnings of the stars, the vibrations of the numbers, to say nothing of other possibilities. The "dark horse" in the offing who will cross their path and play a prominent rôle in their life is too much for the ladies who cannot resist the temptation to beguile themselves with fiction garbed and announced as reality. Even the tired business man has his weakness. Not content with his experience over a period of years and the application of principles based on this practical experience, he betakes himself to the inner sanctum of the soothsayer in order to find out the trend of the stock market, the soundness of an investment, and other business details, so as to get rich without work or worry.

How prosperous a business this has come to be among us probably very few so much as suspect. Of course, we have known all along that our favorite adjectives for characterizing the American people—"shrewd, hard-headed, sensible, practical"—did not fit every specimen of the genus, but for all that it was something of a shock to learn how many really justify the use of such uncomplimentary adjectives as



“stupid, soft-brained, foolish, incompetent.” An article in the *Popular Science Monthly* opened our eyes wide with astonishment. It also inspired the thought that your attention should be called to the matter, so we sought and obtained permission to reprint it, with our own comments. Here it is:

I

PRESENT CONDITIONS

(Reprinted by permission from the *Popular Science Monthly*)

Victims of a wave of superstition such as the world has not seen in centuries, the people of the United States are paying \$125,000,000 a year to an army of 100,000 fortune tellers of all kinds, including crystal gazers, numerologists, palmists, astrologers, phrenologists, card manipulators, tea-leaf readers, and other charlatans, who infest the country from one end to the other.

In New York City alone, more than \$25,000,000, a sum equal to the total city budget of Pittsburgh, Pa., is spent annually by the gullible for the privilege of listening to the vague, valueless, and often vicious predictions of between 15,000 and 20,000 soothsayers who are active there in defiance of the law.

The yearly harvest in Chicago is about \$12,000,000 half of which is contributed by local “believers” and the other half by mail order customers in a territory extending as far as Kansas City. Other localities are duped in various proportions, depending on popular credulity, stringency of the laws, and the rate of taxation levied upon the tricksters.

Compared with the present-day dealers in fake prophecies, the bearded, corn-hatted diviners of medieval times were a lot of bungling amateurs. The modern Merlin's business methods are as efficient as his forecasts are spurious.

For example, one woman astrologer, doing a thriving business in New York, charges her clients according to a sliding scale fees ranging from \$25 to \$100 for a "reading." Her income from mail orders alone is \$10,000 a month. Another star gazer, a man, with headquarters in Chicago, has one hundred customers, all of them substantial business men, who pay him \$1,000 a year each for a monthly business horoscope.

Supposedly an individual message based on the movements of the stars, this expensive revelation, simply is a form letter sent out with a cheerful disregard of the client's particular business. In other words, a furrier and an ice cream manufacturer say, who happen to have been born in the same month (and hence under the same planet) will receive identical "business forecasts."

In the Wall Street section of New York there are many fortune tellers' offices furnished as luxuriously as those of the traders in the district, hundreds of whom seek advice from the diviners every day. As for Washington, a baseball player standing in the Capitol grounds and throwing out a ball at random, would have a fair chance of seeing it land in the window of any of a score of clairvoyants' establishments.

In the heart of the fashionable Fifth Avenue shopping district in New York several gypsy tea rooms, where fortunes are told from the leaves in the cups,

are crowded each afternoon. Meanwhile, of course, the more obscure practitioners continue their activities in back alleys and tenement districts.

What do the customers buy for their \$125,000,000? The fortune tellers' combined knowledge of the past, present, and future may be summed up in one phrase, and even that is not original with them. It was coined more than sixty years ago by the late Mr. Barnum, who said: "There is a sucker born every minute." As for their "science" and their "art," these consist of keeping hidden how little knowledge they have of their victims and of concealing the source of the little they do know.

Why, then, do hundreds of thousands of people, most of them otherwise reasonable, consult these swindlers on questions so personal that they would not discuss them even with their relations or best friends?

RADIO ASTROLOGY

The radio is also being widely used by the fortune tellers, especially the astrologers and numerologists, in the furtherance of their pseudo-scientific racket. More than a hundred broadcasting stations in the country innocently are helping to promote a shady business. They permit the soothsayers to lecture on the air as a "sustaining feature," meaning one given gratis to the broadcasting company in return for the free publicity received by the speakers, or as performers paid at the rate of \$150 to \$200 for each broadcast. Apparently the stations are unaware that the fortune tellers take advantage of their time on the air to swindle the public. Here, for example, is the way the game is worked in Los Angeles, Cal.

In his radio talks, a certain astrologer invites the listeners to write in questions, which he will answer free of charge, at a later date. This, he actually does, but the reply of course is vague and unsatisfactory. The letter, however, states that more definite answers to four questions will be mailed for one dollar. At the same time, a dream book is offered for a dollar, a horoscope for a dollar, and a set of "love secrets" for a dollar.

In response to his first invitation, this man received 100,000 letters from radio listeners in eleven weeks. Then his staff of secretaries got busy mailing out "come-on" letters. In reply to these, thirty per cent or 30,000 sent from one to four dollars, ten per cent or 10,000 mailing the entire four dollars.

The horoscopes and dream books are furnished by a supply house in Chicago, which sells the books that retail at \$1 for three cents a piece when bought in bulk. The card file of this wholesale dealer in occult paraphernalia contains more than 1,000 names of fortune tellers in all parts of the United States.

As for soothsaying methods these vary according to the tastes and social standing of their clientele. The fortune-seeking public dictates hokum accompaniment to the predictions they buy. Whether this takes the form of peering at an astrological chart, staring into a fire-bowl in which you believe the paper bearing your questions is burning, playing with cards, reading your palm, gazing into a glass ball supposed to be a crystal (which would be worth from \$60,000 to \$75,000 if it were real) or interpreting the mess of leaves at the bottom of your teacup, it may be characterized in one short word—bunk.

Fashions in fortune telling change like fashions in hats; but, like hats, they remain the same in essentials. Today, pseudo-science is the style among the more educated customers. They demand the involved, pseudo-astronomical phraseology of the astrologer and the pseudo-mathematics and fantastic palaver about "name-vibrations" of the numerologists. How dependable astrological and numerological forecasts are, may be judged from these facts:

A pamphlet, giving horoscopes for the various months, still used by hundreds of diviners was written as a joke by a popular stage magician when a boy. It has sold 100,000 copies. The "lecture" delivered by a well-known fortune teller at a New Jersey coast resort was written for him by a newspaper man, as was the book of horoscopes the soothsayer sells for a dollar a copy and a widely used "text book" of numerology.

Fortune tellers' methods vary, but their technique is always the same. It consists of getting, by hook or by crook, all the information they can about the customer, presenting it in the most impressive way, and convincing the victims, by means of all sorts of mummery and tricks, of the truth of their assertions.

How the average soothsayer gathers the necessary data concerning his client can best be illustrated by a few examples.

A man who always had been skeptical about fortune telling, was told by a friend about the powers of a certain palmist and decided to give him a trial. He was thinking of making a business change and had no other question in mind. Phoning for an ap-

pointment he was told that the "professor" would be able to receive him in half an hour.

When he entered the studio he was greeted by the palmist who, without a single question, began telling him about his wife, son, and daughter. He mentioned their names, talked of the children's school work and other personal matters. Peering into the customers hand the "professor" told him he was a college man, stated correctly the business in which he was engaged, and the name of the firm which employed him, and advised him not to make any change in business that would take him away from the city.

Thoroughly impressed the man came away convinced of the seer's power. As the palmist advised he turned down a splendid offer from a firm in another part of the country.

THE METHOD

What happened was this: When the client phoned for an appointment, he gave his name. The fortune teller's assistant immediately consulted the telephone directory. The current book showed he was living in a private house in a new neighborhood; an older one gave his address at an apartment building.

The assistant phoned the man's home and, claiming to be a photographer, asked the man's wife if he might take pictures of the children. Making an offer of a number of free photographs, he obtained the children's names and their ages. On the pretext of desiring to obtain the father's permission to photograph the children, the assistant was given his business telephone number and a call there elicited infor-

mation as to the position he had and so on. A city directory furnished the name of the school for the neighborhood and the name of the principal.

This was all the information the palmist could get in half an hour, but it was enough. Naturally, he could not know the particular question in the man's mind, but all fortune tellers know from experience that their victims consult them on only two subjects—love and money. Proceeding on the theory that the question was about a loved one, he first spoke of the family. Then he tackled a hypothetical business problem. Evidently, the client had just bought a home and it was unlikely he would wish to move away from town. Hence the advice against a change in business that would take him to another town or city.

Now let us assume that the client is not listed in the telephone book, nor in any professional or other directory. In that event, the fortune teller has to rely on his wits, which usually are pretty sharp. The following is an actual case of this kind.

A pretty young widow visited a soothsayer to get advice on the wisdom of remarrying. Her costume consisted of a dark dress, a hat of last season, and new shoes. She wore a wedding ring and a string of beads, but no other jewelry. As it was summer, she wore no coat, and she did not carry a pocketbook. Without her having said one word, the diviner told her fortune simply from her appearance.

He told the woman she was not used to work and that she ought to accept the offer of marriage she was considering. This, he said, would be exactly what her late husband would have wanted her to do.

Dumfounded by the man's powers of divination, the woman appraised him to the skies, and shortly afterward married a worthless individual.

These were the fortune teller's observations and deductions: The wedding ring showed the woman had been married. It was of a better kind than the dress she wore indicated she could now afford. The gown looked like one worn for second mourning. Thus, she probably was a widow in reduced circumstances.

The new shoes were of a brand advertised to help foot trouble; hence it was likely that she was doing work involving a good deal of standing, to which she was not accustomed.

The string of beads was new and rather expensive, and the seer reasoned it must be a gift from some man who was in love with her. He guessed that she wanted to marry again, but felt that she should remain faithful to her husband's memory. So he told her what he believed she would be glad to hear.

All of us carry some marks of identification. Even if you do not wear a Rotary Club or service button, a lodge or fraternity pin, your rings, your watch and chain, the cut of your clothes and hair, your speech and mannerisms will tell the soothsayer a number of things that he will repeat to you, translated into the flowery lingo of his profession, at a price.

Selling knowledge that they do not possess, fortune tellers swindle the public out of millions. But even this is not the worst phase of their racket. The real danger lies in the fact that, more often than not, the advice they give is unwise and destructive.¹

¹End of Reprint.

This is a serious state of affairs. Surely something should be done about it and quickly. Happily a little has been done already. Illinois, for example, exacts a fine of five hundred dollars from any one who receives pay for purporting to exercise occult powers with an additional fine for advertising. Massachusetts punishes fortune telling as larceny. In Texas the soothsayers are classified as vagrants, while across the sea in England they are regarded as rogues and vagabonds. Ontario, Canada, still retains the old English witchcraft Act put in effect in 1735. Let us hope that other States will legislate against this evil to protect the feeble-minded among us against themselves and against these shameless exploiters of their folly.

II

THE MORAL VIEWPOINT

There is another side to this stupid fad of running to fortune-tellers that ought to count with Catholics whether it counts with other people or not. The practise is not merely soft-brained, but it is also grievously wrong. It is a direct and positive violation of the Commandment: "I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me."

"That is not true," some will reply. "I believe in God; I honor Him. Even though I go to fortune-tellers and believe that they can reveal much of the future just as they accurately uncover much of the past, I am not thereby putting them in God's place, nor do I worship them. I know perfectly well that they are only men, and I treat them only as men."

The answer is no doubt sincere, but it is not sound. One can break that Commandment without setting a golden calf, a brazen Venus, or a leering satyr on a pedestal for worship, without bending the knee or burning incense in its honor, without calling on it as on God. By giving to any creature, even the fairest, the honor that should be given to God alone, or by attributing to any creature, even the greatest and wisest, a power or a perfection that belongs to God alone, one takes from the true God what is His, and bestows it on a strange god. That is precisely what is done when one seriously credits Miss T. Leaves, or Madam Starr Gazer, or Mr. Cristal Globe with ability to read and tell the future. That is known only to God—and no creature, not even the shrewdest devil in hell, can forecast it reliably. True, God can, and

God sometimes does, lift a corner of the veil and give some men a glimpse of what is to come. But it is only to some devoted son or daughter that God grants such favors. He does not bestow them on wandering gypsies, smirking Oriental fakirs, or neurotic damsels. To a limited extent, and in a hazy, uncertain way human intelligence can forecast the future. But if any professed fortune-teller has a more than human range and clarity of vision into what is to happen, it is not God, but the devil who sharpens his mental sight. That they are not taught of God is clear from His command: "Go not aside after wizards, neither ask anything of soothsayers, to be defiled by them; I am the Lord your God" (Lev. xix. 31). "Neither let there be found among you anyone . . . that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens, neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor anyone that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead. For the Lord abhorreth all these things" (Deut. xviii. 10-12). Rightly therefore does Father Conway say of all this conduct in *The Question Box*: "It is a gross superstition against the virtue of religion, attributing to creatures a knowledge of the future life, which can come only from God." Those who do these forbidden things *seriously* are without even a shadow of excuse. Those who do them as they say, "just for fun," have but the flimsy plea of light-headedness between them and a verdict of grave guilt. What it may be worth is indicated by St. Bernardine's sentence: "He who jokes with the devil, cannot sup with God," as also by the warning of Scripture that he who touches pitch will be defiled.

Astrology

Astrology, a popular fad of the day, is nothing new. It can be traced into the far distant past. It flourished long, long ago in Egypt, Greece, India, Rome, Arabia. We owe its first stages, apparently, to the people of Accad and Sumeria, or at least to their successors, the Babylonians. It was the Chaldeans, the priestly caste of Babylonia, who spread it in the West. Nowadays, cheap newspapers and sordid radio stations have renewed its vogue.

That the starry heavens of clear eastern nights exerted a deep influence on the early races of mankind is quite credible. They sometimes thrill our sophisticated selves. Nor is it hard to understand how a belief sprang up among them that the heavenly bodies affected the lives of men. Even yet the moon is widely believed to have quite an active influence on certain nervous types. From this belief sprang the whole fantastic business of astrology with its mumbo-jumbo of horoscopes, and its meaningless jargon.

Of course its adepts claim that it is a science—a very deep, occult science. And in a sort of a way they are right—so long as they have in mind the painless extraction of money from the pockets of their dupes and its transfer to their own bank accounts. However that is an art rather than a science.

There is a pin-point or two of fact in this astrological bunk. The clear shining of the sun after dark, dreary days speeds us all up quite a bit and makes all nature more cheerful. Leaden skies dampen our spirits. Well if the sun affects us, why not the rings of Saturn and the belt of Orion? Surely they've got

as much right to play with our destinies and to shape them as the sun to warm our blood, to limber our joints and to brighten our dispositions. They have the right and they use it 24 hours out of every day. And they do a better job than old Sol. Many people remain gloomy as night when he is at his best and brightest and many more are as cheerful as a frisky pup when he has gone to the other side of the world, or is under blankets. Nobody cheats the planets that way. When a baby boy comes into the world they spot him at once, and the angle at which they squint or wink at him decides the pattern of his life. Neither his parents, nor his teachers, nor his associates, nor his environment, nor even his own wishes will be able of themselves to do anything about his future. They will all do just what the stars or the planets tell them to do, and just because Venus happened at that very moment to be looking amiably at Mars, this baby will be named Algernon, will marry a brunette, will become a bank president, and die an unconvicted crook. Half a minute later another baby boy is born half a mile away. But alas by this time fickle Venus is looking askance at Mars, and at the earth from an infinitesimally different angle, so this boy willy-nilly will be called Joe, will be jilted by a blonde, will rob Algy's bank, and will die in a riot at Sing Sing. How wonderful! How grand old Dame Nature is after all. Man talks of wresting secrets from her one by one, of controlling her powers, of chaining her lightnings, and of making her his servant to do a thousand tasks at his bidding. Poor little puppet! All the while he talks and acts as her master, she is laughing at him. From thrones far beyond his reach she plays with

him as a cat with a mouse. But he is duller than the mouse. He doesn't know that he is a plaything until some astrologer tells him—at fifty cents or five dollars a lesson.

Were this so-called science anything but the frothiest and falsest buncombe all that makes man a noble creature and gives his life dignity would have to be thrown overboard; were all his doings determined by the position of the planets at his birth, free-will and morality would be but an lying dream. Man would have no power of choice; he would have no control over his own actions. There would be neither good nor evil, but inexorable necessity. Man would be an utter slave, not to a superman, nor to a tyrannical spirit, but to blind, brainless heaps of dirt, for that is what the planets are, heaps of dirt of exactly the same texture as the earth itself.

Nor is there room for a God in the astrologer's scheme of existence, unless indeed those same huge chunks of dirt and rock are his gods. While that seems improbable, yet if he really believes his own weird theory as some idiots seem to do, it is before them that he should bow in worship, for to them he attributes the guidance and control of human life. The strictures of St. Thomas on this brainless business are none too strong: "If any one applies himself to the observation of the stars in order to know casual and fortuitous events, or to know with certitude future human actions, his conduct is based on a false and vain opinion; and so the operation of the demon enters therein, wherefore it will be a superstitious and unlawful divination" (*Summa* IIa, IIae, Q. 95, Art. 5).

Most of these schemes for getting advance information about the future are so palpably nonsensical and stupid that very few of those who fall back on them will admit that they do so seriously. For shame's sake they protest that they don't really believe in such stuff but tie up with it only for fun or because they get a "kick" out of it.

Spiritism

There is, however, one kind of divination of which its devotees are not ashamed. On the contrary they are often proud and boastful. It is so "thrilling," so "mystical," so "occult," that they feel themselves on a different and much loftier plane than us poor earth-bound mortals who are satisfied with our present means of getting information, and are willing to wait until next week for next week's news. It consists in consulting the dead. This very ancient practise has had its ups and downs. Followed, as a rule, only in dark corners, and furtively, it has of late taken on an air of respectability. Sir Conan Doyle thought it preferable to Christianity. Sir Oliver Lodge and some other distinguished scientists have been intrigued by it. Psychologists have dabbled in it, have shaken their heads sagely over it and have looked unutterably wise while discussing its marvels. Unquestionably for a while it has had a high-toned clientele.

But in itself it is no more reputable nor respectable than it was five thousand years ago. Most of its alleged communications with the dead have been proved sheer trickery and deception. Some few seem to have been genuine messages from another world to our

own. But in not one case has there been sure proof of the identity of the spirit speaking out of the night. That some spirit spoke may well be granted—in fact it can hardly be successfully denied. But it has yet to be proved that the spirit gave his real name, or was the one he claimed to be. The only judgment warranted thus far is that some minor servant of the “father of lies” has always been at the other-world end of the line, or at its microphone, playing his deadly jokes on the gullible listeners here. If they had a sense of humor, or just a bit of common-sense, and used their wits a little during “séances” they would realize that the “spirits” were playing with them, but playing a grim, ghastly game.

The “communications” of these spirits have been uniformly trifling and worthless. They have been full of evasion and deceit, especially when a well-thought out test of identity was tried on them. Frequently they have been filthy and obscene. Indeed a lowering of moral standards has almost invariably followed protracted dealings with them. Insanity, immorality and suicide are the fruits men have gleaned only too often from partnership with them. In this field of divination the “cloven hoof” is even more plainly to be seen than in any other.

“But,” some addicts will say, “events that were foretold have been substantiated in every detail by subsequent developments. Explain that.”

In such cases the credulity of the seeker after knowledge of the future, and the laws of chance both come into play. Quite often, nay generally, the fortune-teller follows the clever scheme of the Delphic Oracle. He gives a general, indefinite answer which

with a little pressure can be made to fit fairly well any one of half a dozen different subsequent happenings. An enthusiastic wish to believe, ninety-nine times in the hundred readily provides the pressure. And it also brushes aside inconvenient facts as incompetent workmen sweep away the evidences of their poor workmanship. Besides, the fortune-teller, especially one who has made a reputation as well as money in his profession, is generally a shrewd, clever scamp. He absorbs a lot of information quite unobtrusively from his victim's appearance, clothes, questions, and behavior. Or he gets it from other and surer sources. Then he dazzles his client with his knowledge of the past and hazards some prophecy which is but a fairly obvious deduction from what has already taken place. The law of averages makes it likely that he will sometimes come very close to the truth. It even allows for an occasional bull's-eye shot. The credulous victim, too, not infrequently subconsciously and as if hypnotized, brings to pass the very event foretold. And finally, one comparatively accurate guess is allowed to obscure and outweigh a score that were wide of the mark.

Prying Into the Future

For many people the future has a tremendous fascination. At times most of us would give a great deal for an accurate forecast of the years ahead. Yet that inherent curiosity is ordinarily checked by a fear that the lifting of the veil would embitter the present by disclosing hard and sorrowful things to come. Very few remain calm and indifferent when a fakir draws a gloomy sketch of their future, even

though they know that he is a fraud. How many would bear up bravely if they knew him to be a genuine and truthful seer?

That it is not wise to pry into what is to come we hardly need to be told. Those of us who have left many years behind can look back and be thankful that God in His Providence did not let us know all at once all the cares and sorrows of our lives. Taken singly they were hard enough to shoulder; their united weight would have crushed us.

Anticipation of good things to come is one of the greatest joys of life. One plans ahead, builds air castles and dreams rosy dreams. Every step toward their realization is a delight. Each difficulty in the way yields a drop of nectar for there is a separate joy in grappling with them and overcoming them one by one. The very uncertainty of each struggle adds zest. Easy victories and sure are not the sweetest. At best the realization of one's aim is but one drop in a pleasant cup. And sometimes it is not as sweet as those that have gone before, for in these things distance often "lends enchantment to the view."

It is best then, all along the line, that we should not know in advance what the future has in store for us. Such knowledge would dull the edge of joy and sharpen that of grief. God is good who keeps the future veiled and rarely gives us a sure glimpse of either coming trial or triumph.

Since this is His wish, and since He has forbidden us to consult those who claim to foretell the future, it is easy to see that all professional fortune-tellers are either impudent frauds, or, if there be more than human perspicacity in their messages, are in league with

lying, evil spirits. That most of them are simply shrewd parasites who thrive on "suckers" cannot be called into question; that none of them are enlightened of God is evident from His stern prohibition of all dealings with them.

The Future Sometimes Revealed

A little thought will enable us to see that there is no clash between the Divine will that the future should ordinarily be hid from our eyes and His will that the veils which hide it should sometimes be slightly and briefly drawn aside for privileged souls, nor between His condemnation of fortune-telling and His occasional permission that some coming events be revealed. His wise and tender love of us accounts for these variations in His dealings and laws. While a full knowledge of what is to come would undoubtedly dull the joys and sharpen the sorrows that lie ahead, yet a partial foresight of them may enlighten, strengthen and encourage. While those who pretend to find visions of the future in the lines of a man's palm, or the jumble of sodden leaves at the bottom of a tea-cup, or the depths of a glass ball, or the mutterings of mediums are condemned by Him, and we are forbidden to traffic with them, yet He may enlighten the minds and open the mouths of his own chosen ones for our instruction. The many tribes of fortune-tellers with their chicanery, their superstitious practises and devices, their unscrupulous playing upon human weaknesses, their conscienceless pursuit of money, their downright evasions and dangerous lies, their conscious or unconscious partnership with evil spirits, are all unworthy to be employed by

Almighty God in making hidden truths known. He has indeed at many times revealed the future. He did it on a grand scale through the Prophets whose visions are recorded in Sacred Scripture. He did it again and again through holy men and women who were devoted to Him and were well above the average in spiritual attainments. He may do it again, in our own day and before our very face. Of whether He will do so or not we cannot be absolutely sure. But of one thing we can be certain. He will not speak, in revelation of what the years will bring, through any swarthy, greasy gypsy crone, through any turbaned fakir with his Oriental air of mystery, or through any neurotic, languid damsel who advertises herself as "psychic," for He has told us that He abhors them all.

When next therefore somebody offers to "tell your fortune" keep your wits about you. Thank them politely (for that's always good form) though hurriedly, for their offer; but be on your way somewhere else without dilly-dallying. That will be good for your pocket-book, your brains, and your conscience.

The members of THE PAULIST PRESS ASSOCIATION receive two pamphlets a month, including new pamphlet publications of The Paulist Press. Membership is two dollars the year.

The frankest book on the noble and ignoble possibilities of sex that has ever come from the pen of an authoritative Catholic writer. A forceful, brief yet comprehensive discussion of the dangers of sex-promiscuity, informative chapters on Birth-Control, Divorce, Annulment and Separation. A sane, practical, illuminating book by

Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J.

WHAT does it all mean? Birth-control, divorce, modern paganism with its worship of self and denial of the soul . . . its exterior of Christian culture, and heart of heathenism teaching that the body is supreme . . . uncontrolled passion with its resultant disquiet, dissatisfaction, wretchedness and despair . . . broken homes, broken hearts and callous children?

WHAT is the reason for this debasement of moral standard and conduct? Father Scott in his new book goes straight to the true facts; gives an unflinching condemnation of modern sexual vices and proves that true Catholic marriage promotes the happiness and welfare of the individual, the family and society.

Cloth bound \$1.00

Paper 50c

Published by

The Paulist Press

401 West 59th Street

New York, N. Y.

Marriage



NICKEL BOOKS

\$3.50 the 100, \$30.00 the 1,000, Carriage Extra
Write for a free catalogue

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street, New York