

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A Freethought and Agnostic Newspaper.

BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT IS TRUE, AND NOTHING MORE. PROVE ALL THINGS.  
AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

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## IN CATHOLIC CANADA.

### Impressions of a Priest-ridden Country Where the Church Controls Education.

Montreal at first did not strike me as much different from any American city of similar size. The streets are just as dirty, Jews deal in clothing, Chinese keep laundries, Irishmen saloons, just as with us. However, the quaint old buildings remind one of Europe. Everybody on the street (i. e., everybody who knew how) spoke French. Even street urchins, scrubwomen and tramps spoke it, which, of course, proved the unusual enlightenment of the people. But what marked Montreal as distinctly non-American was the great number of black-robed, overfed monks and nuns; swarming the streets like certain insects in the kitchens of "modern flats" on the East Side of New York.

"Who are these women in queer black robes?" asked the inquisitive little boy. A smile lit up the father's face as he answered, "Nuns, my son."

"What are nuns?"

"Nuns are ladies who make a virtue of a necessity." The boy looked somewhat puzzled for a moment, and then asked.

"And who are these men in black?"

"Monks, my son."

"What are monks, pa?"

"Monks are bull-nuns."

Again the inquisitive boy looked puzzled, and asked: "What is their business?"

"They deal in phantoms, my son."

I did not remain in Montreal. I visited a local statesman and financier of no mean ability, and we together took the train to Quebec.

My friend was surrounded by a crowd of politicians, who spoke much and with great animation, and drank more and with greater animation. Some fell asleep in the cozy chairs of the parlor cars.

As I did not participate in the drinking, I will not pass any opinion on the quality of the beverage consumed. I am not even aware whether that beverage was whiskey, brandy or something equally strong. I am certain that it was neither sodawater nor lemonade, as the participants looked decidedly happier than mortals really do look when not in love, drunk, or crazy.

During my six weeks' sojourn in the province and city of Quebec, I convinced myself of the radical difference between the capitalistic American and the agricultural Canadian civilization. In Quebec, everywhere, is repose. There is no hurry about anything or anybody. Time is not money. Enjoyment of life is the most important thing; business is not an aim by and for itself, but a means to live and consequently of secondary importance. Here people do not live to work, but work to live. Their ambition is not to be rich, but to be happy. There are few millionaires and few paupers. The Canadian is very conservative in his investments. He is averse to speculation and complex economic transactions. Economically and industrially the province is way behind the times. Its inexhaustible and varied mineral resources are dormant on account of lack of transportation facilities and

BY ISADOR LADOFF.

enterprising spirit. Is it to be wondered at, that immense numbers of American tourists flock constantly to Canada? The contrast between the frenzied hustle and bustle of our distressingly modern "hives of industry," with their vitiated air, stuffy offices, dusty workshops, filthy and noisy streets, shabby lunch counters and soul-killing, nerve wrecking, tedious daily grind on one hand and the placid, idyllic life in Quebec with its bracing pure air, clear water and endless fields, mountains and forests, its slow-going inhabitants on the other is so great!

There is an immense field for capitalistic development here and Americans slowly and surely invest their money in various enterprises.

I was besieged by Canadian gentlemen with propositions to acquire mining properties of all kinds. It was amusing to see those overgrown children in their economic helplessness and industrial innocence.

"Why do you not develop your mineral wealth yourselves? Why do you not build railroads to get access to your mines?" I asked them frequently. "Do you not realize that the sway of American capital is a menace to your language, culture and civilization? Do you not realize what this peaceful conquest of your country means? Do you not understand that American capitalism spells industrial wage slavery for your children? That it means polluted streams, air poisoned with smoke and laden with putrid dust, squalor and misery for a reserve army of unemployed?"

"We know all that," was the reply, "but we cannot help ourselves. We cannot get any money for industrial enterprises. But the main thing is—that we have no technically educated men in sufficient number."

"Why do you not start technical schools? You have too many churches and no public school system."

"There is our sore point. But here again we are powerless. The church is stronger than all our political parties combined. A political party that should dare to oppose the church would thereby commit suicide. It would not have even a ghost of a fighting chance. The Canadians vote as the cure wants them to vote. Contemporary France has forfeited all the natural sympathies of a mother country among our people since it started its crusade against the church of Rome."

The power of the Roman Catholic church over the minds of the people is glaringly demonstrated by La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for over two hundred and fifty years the meeting-place of devout pilgrims seeking miraculous restoration of health. The village is twenty-one miles from Quebec and is reached by the Quebec Electric Railway.

Tradition relates that in the early part of the seventeenth century some Breton mariners, who were overtaken by a violent storm while navigating the St. Lawrence river, solemnly vowed to St. Anne that, if delivered from the dangers which encompassed them, they would erect a sanctuary in her honor on the spot on which they should land. The saint allowed herself to be bribed by this promise. The grateful mariners then fulfilled their pledge and built a small wooden chapel, which has since then become famous owing to the efforts of the enterprising clergy. The primitive little church was replaced by a larger structure in 1660, which was in its turn subsequently enlarged, as "the healing business" increased in proportions. It was then entirely rebuilt in 1787 and again in 1878, near the "sacred spring," whose waters have, it is claimed, miraculous properties. Across the street is the magnificent edifice raised to the dignity of a basilica by Pope Pius IX. It is a fine specimen of Corinthian architecture. A colossal statue of St. Anne surmounts the facade between two towers rising to a great height. On each side of the entrance are large pyramids of crutches and canes, trusses and splints, alleged to be left by former owners, as mute testimony to the efficacy of the saint's intervention on their behalf. Near the altar is another statue of St. Anne resting on a column of onyx, and in the sanctuary a fragment of a finger-bone of the saint procured by Lavall, the first bishop of New France; a part of the saint's wrist sent by Leo XIII., and a portion of the rock from the grotto in which St. Anne gave birth to the Virgin Mary. The Scala Santa, "holy stair," which zealous supplicants ascend upon their knees, is built in imitation of Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, each step containing relics of the holy land.

Over half a million poor, deluded incurables yearly visit this conglomeration of fraud and art called Ste. Anne de Beaupre. And the number of these unfortunate pilgrims is annually increasing—they come not only from Canadian provinces, but from the United States, Europe, in fact, from all quarters of the globe. Accommodation is provided for the pilgrims on a large scale. There are images of saints of all descriptions and sizes on every step of the village street. Some of the images are hideous enough to scare a horse. All is calculated to overawe the ignorant and superstitious, to excite their imagination and instil in their obtuse minds a blind faith in the absurd and impossible supernatural agency of phantoms called saints. And the results are not phantoms, but real streams of gold flowing into the spacious pockets of the dealers in phantoms, the Catholic clergy. The richest mine on earth always was human folly, and those who know how to exploit this mine will never need to do an honest day's work in all their life!

All Canada appears to be a rich mine for those dealers in phantoms who are called the Catholic clergy. Whatever village you approach, the

church is the most conspicuous building. It is not only by far the best, but the largest edifice in the place. You may pack into it the entire village with its inhabitants and have some space to spare. The best fed, the best clad and most influential member of the community is the priest.

The general impression produced by the country and its inhabitants on me was that of ancient France before the great revolution, miraculously preserved in the picturesque wilderness of the Laurentian mountains. The language, the manners, the customs, the architecture of the houses are all relics of the "ancient regime."

The physical type of the inhabitants, especially of the children and women, is rather attractive. They seem to possess a sunny disposition, and are hospitable and courteous to strangers.

But the ignorance of the French farmers is as dense as the dealers in phantoms desire it. The education of a child consists in the knowledge of the Catechism and is considered as terminated with the ninth year of age.

Another peculiarity of the "cultivateurs" is their bucolic innocence in all matters pertaining to bodily cleanliness. They wash their faces perfunctorily once a week—before mass Sunday morning. Their bodies come in contact with water only incidentally when bathing on a hot summer day in some creek or lake of which the country abounds.

The habit of taking a bath frequently appears to these children of ancient France ludicrous. I heard them often say:

"These Americans are so dirty; they have to wash themselves every day."

The physician of the village of St. Urbain assured me that there are hardly more than three bath-houses in the entire county of Charlevoix.

"Does not the priest preach cleanliness?" I asked the doctor. He only laughed in reply.

"Why, I once extracted a tooth for him and found traces of blood on his face four weeks after."

According to the testimony of the physician the inhabitants are physically degenerating. They do not have enough to eat and raise large families. Besides the usual burden of taxation, the farmers are legally bound to pay a special religious tax. The soil is quite fertile, but the modes of cultivation are rather primitive and inefficient.

The spiritual sway of the church is noticed even in the ornamentation of the interiors of the dwellings of the French farmers. The walls are covered with barbarously gorgeous, absurd and variegated "holy" pictures, crosses, crucifixes, and rosaries. The thorn-crowned and bleeding face of Jesus is endowed with a flourishing complexion of cream and peaches and carefully curled whiskers. He is painted dressed in a sky-blue tunic, covered with a crimson mantle and represented as pointing with a manicured hand to a flaming heart placed just under his well-groomed chin. The incongruity of the cheap engraving is actually a grave sin not only against common sense, but offends your esthetic susceptibilities. In one house I found a very crude representation of Noah's ark and its inhabitants marching in pairs, issued by some enterprising Chicago house.

"And to think that the naive farmers nourish their minds on such horrible rubbish!" I remarked to an educated French Canadian in Quebec.

"But the farmers are happy. They believe in a future life. There is no philosophy that would console, that could console, a cripple and make him resigned to his fate. Religion does it."

"Now suppose that I should console myself in my troubles with the faith that I am the king of Spain—would you not consider me ripe for an insane asylum?"

"I do not say to the cripple—you are the king of Spain. I tell him you will be the king of Spain after death. There is a difference. I am a Catholic. I believe that Jesus was a God and that he empowered the Pope of Rome to interpret his will."

"Where is your logic, where are your proofs?"

"You do not need them in religion. Religion makes people happy—this is all that can rationally be expected."

"Religion makes people miserable, actually miserable, while the happiness it is alleged to bring along, is rather problematic in its value. Take for instance the celibacy of your clergy."

"Now you are talking," interrupted the Cana-

dian. "I do not believe the Lord wants such a sacrifice from any man. A priest ought to be allowed to take the oath only after he had lived in the world and its temptations at least ten years."

"I am afraid you would then have very few priests," I answered.

Indeed the life of a priest, provided he remains true to his oath, must be barren and dreary.

I had a glimpse of their life when working temporarily at the chemical laboratory of the Lavall University, a Catholic institution conducted exclusively by priests.

Personally, I could not help but entertain the kindest feelings toward those professors I happened to come in contact with. I could not help pitying them. All they get for their labor is one hundred, say one hundred dollars a year salary! And a bare living besides this!

Are the dealers in phantoms themselves happy? And if yes, is not the price paid for it by the common people altogether out of proportion to the intrinsic value of the peculiar kind of happiness of a priestly caste leading a life contrary to nature and common sense? The fate of all priest-ridden countries, of Italy, Spain, etc., is an eloquent answer to the queries. The struggle of modern France against the conspiracy of popedom, a struggle of life and death, is an eloquent answer to our queries. And are not the United States invaded by the same enemy of true democracy?

## DO WE GET OTHER CHANCES?

Maybe God Will in Another Life Repair the Injustice He Permits in This.

BY ELIZABETH E. EVANS.

The older I grow, the more I am inclined to believe in continued existence after death, notwithstanding the many scientific facts which seem to favor a materialistic view of the universe and consequently to disprove the idea of immortality. To me the strongest argument in support of this belief is the fact that in this life no one is entirely satisfied, while the great majority fail to attain what would make them happy.

Even lives which may be called successful do not satisfy their owners, who regret their mistakes of ignorance, or grieve over their personal sorrows, or sigh for more complete achievements, or deplore the shortness and uncertainty of remaining opportunities for further activity. May we not venture to hope that after the brief and unsatisfactory span of earthly life there exists for us all other spheres of action wherein we may develop our better selves according to the wisdom acquired through disappointment here, and thus atone for earlier failures?

Let us consider a few typical instances, such as almost all of us have known, and which seem to deserve another chance. A young man of respectable parentage, good health, and uncommon intellectual power, after a few years of diligent study, falls into the habit of using strong drink, at first as tonics after a severe illness, the craving being probably increased by a hitherto unsuspected hereditary predisposition. He became a confirmed drunkard, the vice involving family unhappiness, loss of property and of professional reputation, in short, complete ruin, leading to early death and a dishonored grave. He was loved to the last by his widowed mother, and by the woman he had once hoped to marry, and, except for that one fatal weakness, he was worthy of being loved by all who knew him. But so far as this life is concerned, there was no hope. Now is it likely, can it be, that this was the end of all for him? One might say: "He destroyed himself, the consequences were his punishment, or, at least, the natural results of his conduct. He sleeps forever, and the world passes on." But that conclusion will not satisfy any thinking person. He had his own individuality and it cannot be that of any one else. No two persons, no two characters are alike; this man might have done, might do, what no one else could perform. Give him another chance!

One might say: "Such a system would make no distinction between Right and Wrong. Where would be the reward of virtue, or the punishment of crime?"

Virtue is its own reward. And as for crime

we have the answer in the words of the great moralist when he saw a murderer led to the scaffold: "There goes John Bunyan, but for God's grace!" which is another way of saying: "If I had had no better opportunities, I might be in his place!" There is no danger of the criminal not suffering the full measure of repentance and remorse for what he has done amiss. Give him another chance!

Let us contemplate another case, of which we all know many instances. A woman justly honored on account of her admirable conduct in all her social relations, yet lived and died lonely and unhappy, because she had missed the usual destiny of her sex. She had no husband, no children; and for such a character there could be no substitute for such ties. How many women in every generation suffer the same fate in this respect! They are beloved; they are useful; they often accomplish great good for others, and those of their contemporaries who believe in the heaven of the churches say of them, "They will have their reward"; but harps and crowns would not compensate them for what they failed to obtain here.

Give them another chance!

Some materialistic writers (the late Mr. Pentecost among them) seem to find comfort in reflecting upon the insignificance of the individual as compared with the immensity of the universe. They say in effect: "We are born, we exist for a short time, then die and make room for others, who come and go in like manner."

But such a view will not satisfy the individuals of each generation. To every man and woman his or her separate experience is the most important thing that happens, and they cannot think otherwise. And although persons who have give up traditional religious beliefs no longer imagine that even the hairs of their heads are all numbered and that not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed, implying that all creation is under the watchful care of a kind Father, there is comfort in the thought that in the processes of Nature the weary and penitent of earth may be allowed to correct their mistakes in some other dwelling-place, to remedy what is defective and supply what is lacking, and intensify what is good, and give permanence to what was here evanescent. We may hope that every well-wisher of his kind may be able to accomplish something towards, the elevation of his own generation, and so far towards the final perfection of humanity; but if the individual is to perish forever at the close of his earthly career, what part can he have in that final perfection? If, as the Poet sings, there be really coming

"that far-off divine Event  
To which the whole Creation moves,"

can it be that only the people then existing shall welcome that consummation and enjoy that bliss? The reasoning of modern scientists from recently discovered facts, facts which are accumulating with wonderful rapidity, seems correct and undeniable; but considering how little we know of what there is yet to be learned we have no right to say that there is no God, and that there is not and cannot be any future life. It is more likely that when one door is shut, another will be opened before us, and that our opportunities for knowing and doing will be endless. It is true that most of the so-called messages from the spirit-world are unsatisfactory, and we have the option of rejecting testimony which appears unworthy; but there may be difficulties in the way which we do not understand; at any rate, we can each hold to the Agnostic standpoint, and say with regard to all these questions: "I do not know."

The aspect in which President Roosevelt is revealed by the Harriman exposure will not tend to dissipate the suspicions of those who have been led to think that he has been, secretly or otherwise, catering to "the Church" for the sake of political advantage. If for the sake of political advantage he will have such relations with the "money devil" as were had in the Harriman intrigue, it is not altogether improbable that he has, for the same reason, had equally or more reprehensible relations and intrigues with the great theocratical "devil" and its representatives. The Storer exposure went pretty far toward proving the latter.

## SOME SURVIVING SUPERSTITIONS

### Absurd Beliefs That Coexist with Judaism and Its Successor, Christianity.

BY GILBERT PATTEN BROWN.

While education and common enlightenment have done much to dispel the superstitions that impede human advancement, we still find, flourishing in these infant days of the nineteenth century, the same frauds of faith that were practiced thousands of years ago. And these impostures have scarcely been touched by the current religions.

People in the Bible were as superstitious as those found in profane history and the incident of Saul going to the witch in the cave of Endor is proof that there were fortune tellers and diviners in those days who made a profession of telling people's fortunes as it is called, just as they do at the present time. Listen to this from the twenty-eighth chapter of 1 Samuel:

"Then Saul said unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.

"And Saul disguised himself and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night; and he said I pray thee, divine unto me by thy familiar spirit, and bring me here up whom I shall name unto thee."

It appears that Saul had previously ordered all wizards and fortune tellers to get out of the country on pain of death, and that in spite of the fact that Saul was disguised on the occasion mentioned, the witch recognized him and so informed him.

The purpose of Saul's visit to the witch was to have his fortune told, or, in other words, to find out what was going to happen to him and his designs in the future.

Now, there are thousands of people today who are doing just as Saul did more than one thousand years before the birth of Christ, and in this connection it is a noticeable fact that superstition in some form or other has accompanied Christianity everywhere, and remains on the ground in spite of every attempt to eradicate it.

The writer does not call to mind another incident in the same line as that in which Saul figured in the Old Testament, but in the New Testament soothsayers are frequently mentioned, and they were no doubt as plentiful at that time as in the days of Saul, as well as before his day and time.

Today in almost every town and city in the world there are palmists and soothsayers, who follow the business as a profession, and many are making money out of it at that.

The strangest feature of the matter is that nearly all these people are women, as was the case in days of old, and one rarely hears of a male palmist or fortune teller.

Most prominent among the Christian denominations is the Roman Catholic communion founded upon fabricated traditions and including the bulk of believers in current superstitions. The students of history can readily see that this church is the immediate offspring of paganism, and heir to all the motheaten beliefs of its parents.

Belief in omens, auguries, oracles, and soothsayers was common to the Greeks and other peoples of antiquity, and these old time ideas and beliefs could not be jarred loose from the people's mind even after Christianity came to be preacher, Bibles printed, and educated men teaching in every part of Christendom.

So it came to pass that among other distinguished passengers on board the Mayflower that came across the Atlantic and landed its precious burden at Plymouth Rock, in 1620, old Superstition came along also, although his name does not appear on the official register of the passengers whose names are now honored and held in grateful remembrance by posterity.

And strange to say that although the Puritans found no kinsman in the wilds of North America, Superstition did find such among the wild Indians, who already had the woods and waterfalls peopled with departed spirits and looked forward to the time when he should occupy a

prominent place in the hunting grounds. In the whispering winds the lone Indian heard the night song of departed spirits, and he made offerings to waterfalls and rivers in order to propitiate the anger of the tutelary gods thereof in favor of the wild children of the forest.

And, after all, what difference was there in the religion of the Puritans in 1620 and for years and years afterward, and that of the simple yet savage children of the wilds? The Puritans, banished from England on account of intolerance in their religion, themselves became a set of intolerant bigots in their new home on the Atlantic shore. They tolerated no man nor set of men who believed not in their religion. They believed in witchcraft, and put to death hundreds of people who were thought to be witches, and banished Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson from their midst because the two mentioned were bold enough to stand out in advance of the age and environments of the time and conditions in which they lived. From all accounts, old Roger Williams must have been a character. Living in a superstition-shrouded age, he was bold enough to declare it was false, and in doing so was the first to proclaim and preach religious liberty in America.

The writer is descended from three or more passengers on the Mayflower, and also descended from one or more of the "Pilgrims of Boston," but pride of ancestry does not permit him to state the case otherwise than upon its merits.

So from the advent of the Puritans at Plymouth Rock superstition in various forms has filtered through all conditions and classes, and today there is not a community in the United States, nor an individual in such community, who does not in some form or other still cling to the superstitions of the past.

Without such superstition it would have been impossible for Joseph Smith, who found, as he alleged, a book whose leaves were solid gold, and which taught a divine revelation, to have induced people to become his followers. Since that time other Joe Smiths have received revelations, and their following in many instances depends upon the superstitions of the people to whom such revelations are preached.

A religious sect is a superstition organized, formulated, and propagated on the basis of a creed, and the adherents of the creed regard themselves as the favorites of their deity. Boston, founded by Protestant bigots, is now ruled by Roman Catholic bigots. In this old city both Protestants and Catholics are jealous of the Jew, a more recent comer. Even in the Hub of New England a man is secretly known by his creed. In the local political field, the Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, each following his own particular superstition, votes for the man of his own creed. By all the Freethinker is considered an outlaw. The men preaching religion are inferior to such Freethinkers as Voltaire, Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin, members of the institution of Freemasonry, which order is older than the governments of Europe or any of the religious creeds.

### Why Few Physicians are Christians.

BY MEDICUS.

I was very much interested in the article by "Medicinae Doctorem" in The Truth Seeker (Nov. 17, 1906) in which were given a few reasons why the members of the medical profession are not enthusiastic believers in the Christian religion as represented by any orthodox church; but with all due charity to the doctor I beg to state that the reasons mentioned by him are at best only minor ones.

The one barrier between the educated physician and the church today is that organized theology has never been ready to welcome the man or woman whose sole purpose in life is a search for truth. There are few churches in the world today, aside from the most liberal Unitarian, where a man who recognizes the Bible myths as such can find membership without becoming a traitor to the best scientific truths of the universe. The real educated physician of today is a constant student. He has found that the study of mankind in history, sociology, psychology, and ethics all goes to prove the absurdity of the Adam myth, the miraculous conception myth, and the redemption myth. Further-

more he finds that if he is to enter any of the so-called orthodox churches he is expected to subscribe to doctrines and creeds in which their own pastors will tell him confidentially they no longer believe. These men confess that they no longer hold to the tenets of their own church. What reason is there for his support of these moral cowards?

I give it as my opinion that the vast majority of the orthodox clergy do not believe that there was a creation day, 4004 years B. C., when a certain god created a perfect man. I give them the credit for more intelligence than to honestly believe that the man Jesus Christ was "born of the Virgin Mary." I also find few who will look me straight in the eye and declare that they believe that any man really dead has ever been brought to life.

It is upon this three-legged stool that incorporate Christianity sits today. Knock out any one leg and it totters. Evolution disposed of the Adam myth, and no educated physician believes that a child was ever born except as the natural result of sexual contact, or that the dead are raised to life; therefore he will not be interested in any organization whose only claims for support are myth, bigotry, and superstition, and he can feel but a calm contempt for men who continue to present to the world old-time fables, in the truth of which they themselves no longer believe.

The educated physician finds but two classes of clergymen among his acquaintances; those just described who really believe as he does and yet do not dare to tell in public their own beliefs, and those who are densely ignorant. He knows no other name for the first class but "moral cowards," and he certainly cannot be expected to support the second class.

The man of education, whether he be a physician or not, is learning to recognize the Truth. He asks not whether it be of godly, priestly, or theological origin; whether it comes from shop, laboratory, or pulpit; he applies the test of truth, and if it gives not the ring of true metal, he discards it, no matter how venerable its ancestry.

The educated man is becoming less afraid of saying "I do not know." To him there is no longer a reason for giving the name of a god to the things we know not. We are in a universe governed by certain laws; many of these laws we have developed enough brain matter to understand and apply to our growth and well being. Does it imply superior knowledge if we say we are now in the presence of a god when we enter the realm of the unknown?

Let the clergy dare to give the facts of the universe, and the conflicts between science and theology will cease, and all men who have been taught to think will unite in one common Church of the Universal Truth.

### Roosevelt's Promise to Help Churches

How and where is our republican government drifting? When a delegation of Protestant ministers called at the White House and asked the President to aid them in regaining the acceptance of their decaying superstition among the workingmen (as if the workingmen could not be their own judges on this), he promised to aid them. Is this what he was elected for? Is it not clearly enunciated that the government or its representatives shall not interfere in any religious matters whatever? Does this not prove his craven cowardice before the church? If he had been a brave and an honest man he would have replied, "It is beneath the dignity of my office as the President of the American Republic to interfere in religious matters, which our Constitution prohibits me from doing." He also should have told them (as they loudly proclaim in their untaxed churches that their God rules everything) it must be their God's desire that the workingmen should begin to open their eyes to the grasping dishonesty and hypocrisy of these self-appointed agents, who really care nothing for the workers except to dupe them into the churches and obtain their hard earned money wherewith to build up a religious despotism, as shown by their unconstitutional attempt to influence the President. E. P. PEACOCK.

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## College Girls Strain at a Gnat.

The editor of "Sequoia," the Stanford University paper, has won the disfavor of the young women of the college by writing and printing a poem on Bathsheba. It may well be asked why the editorial course should have had that result. The verse is not bad literature nor disrespectful toward the female sex. The poems in the Bible are coarser. The Truth Seeker can print the lines of the Stanford poet without a blush, but would hesitate to admit a true rendering of the Song of Solomon to its columns. Yet there are many Bibles in Stanford University probably, and we doubt not that the young ladies are exhorted to read them diligently. So they may read, if they wish, the scriptural rendering of the story of David and Bathsheba, which is told in 2 Sam. xi.

If such a story, idealized and versified, is injurious and out of place in a college paper, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more inappropriate and powerful for harm must be the unfigleaved recital in a book which the girls are expected to keep close to their bosoms and daily to peruse. From the Bible they will learn how the Sweet Singer of Israel committed adultery with the woman and by treachery compassed the death of her husband. They will learn that God punished David and Bathsheba by killing their illegitimate but innocent child, while blessing their later relations by making them the parents of Solomon, and thus the progenitors of Jesus Christ.

Of the previous and subsequent life of Bathsheba nothing is told, but there is a great deal about David, a man after God's own heart who hardly did an honorable act in his life. As the anointed of God, who said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," he seduced wives, and in obedience to the statute "Thou shalt not kill," he murdered their husbands. Moreover, remembering that "Thou shalt not steal," he robbed right and left (leaving neither man, woman nor child alive to report his thefts), and as one who walked "always in the ways" of a God to whom "lying lips are an abomination," he resorted to falsehood whenever it would serve his purpose. If the Stanford girls deem "Bathsheba" a reflection on their sex they might retort with a poem on "David." We should take pleasure in sending

them, for material, Bradlaugh's "New Life" of the monarch in question.

The Bible has often furnished the theme of poet and painter, and it is astonishing how many of their productions are for that reason open to objection on the score of decency—not so much because their own performances have outraged propriety as because they carry the mind of the reader or beholder to the original. However suggestive a biblical poem or painting may be, it is always certain that the incident it is founded on is a great deal worse. And the devout believer suppresses the shadow and puts the real thing on the altar and center table, and into the school attended by his children.

## Want the President to Help.

The affairs of the universe being now under the dominion of Mr. Roosevelt as the regulator of all, the churchmen have applied to him to help him fill their churches. The officers of the Federation of Churches recently made a pilgrimage to Washington to engage his services in inducing the population of this city to attend divine worship. As Mr. Roosevelt has shown such a versatile enthusiasm for such a variety of causes the officers were sure he would help them out by preaching a sermon on the duty of the people, when the ladies were not engaged in bearing babies and the men in running for the doctor, to go to church.

The delegation had bundles of statistics to show that the churches are losing their hold upon the people, and that unless somebody comes to the help of the Lord against the mighty amount of indifference to religion now manifested by the New Yorkers, the churches would soon have to hire worshipers for their services. It is said that the President displayed great interest in the matter, and promised to lift up his voice.

The Federation statistics show that while the population is increasing all churches are decreasing in membership and attendance. Protestants are vitally affected by this indifference of the populace, Catholics to a lesser degree, and the Jews to a still greater degree. From the investigation of the Federation it would seem that 5.7 per cent of Roman Catholic families fail to attend church; 28 per cent of Protestant families, and 63 per cent of Jewish families. Yet in property, as the Federation points out, the church, as a whole, is richer than it ever was. It is plethoric with material wealth. In New York the churches own at least \$204,000,000, which is exempt from taxation. In the early days of the various religions the church had little or no property. Caves and forests sufficed for religious services. Despite adverse circumstances, religion acquired a vast power. But now that the church is gorged with property it finds that it no longer has a hold, either spiritual or material, upon the masses of people. They reject its call and its forms; they give little attention to its teachings. This condition is one which has affrighted the Federation and made it strive for an explanation. It does not say that all of the individual churches are rich in wealth. On the contrary, it specifically points out that many churches have a precarious time of it. But this also arises from the fact that their congregations have dwindled.

The Federation finds, in considering the subject, that there are two reasons for the decline of church-going. One is the dislike of the workingman (Catholics excepted), for the church as an institution. The church has drifted away from the plain people. The masses are no longer satisfied with the doctrine that they should be content with their lot on earth and expect their reward hereafter. The workers distrust the church and regard it as an apologist for "capital-

istic" conditions. They also say that the church is completely out of sympathy with real humanitarian aspirations. It preaches mummified doctrines instead of tackling live questions. The clergy live in ease and preach patience and humility for the workers, but never for the idle rich. In short, the churches are for the prosperous and not for the laborer. So that a spirit of antagonism has taken possession of the workingman's mind toward the churches.

The Federation officers profess to believe that it is this "out-of-whackness" of the churches and the workingman which is responsible for the decreasing number found in churches, but that is not wholly true. Aside from the workmen of Roman Catholic proclivities (and they are such mental slaves as not to be reasoned with or reckoned with) the workingmen of New York are absent from the churches because the majority of them do not believe the doctrines of the churches. Particularly is this true of the Jews. The 63 per cent of that nationality which absents itself from the synagogues does so because it has no sympathy with Jewish doctrines. And Jews will never become Christians. Some of them are found at the meetings of the Philosophical Association, at the Manhattan Liberal Club, at Mr. Coryell's meeting. They have numberless little clubs themselves. There is a huge element among the Jews which pays no attention whatever to things theological. They have escaped from Judaism, but have no interest in doing anything to set others at liberty. They exist with money-making as their sole object in life. They support charities among their own race; some of them have built up Felix Adler's society, but the great majority of them are members of no church, synagogue, or ethical society. In the avoidance of race suicide the Jews are Mr. Roosevelt's ideal nationality, but it does not lie in him to coin the words that will get them into churches.

The large proportion of New York's population that is neither Catholic nor Jewish, nor bigoted Protestants, are indifferentists. They think not at all, neither do they read anything but the newspapers. They are lukewarm, if not heretical, as to religion, but too lazy mentally to take any part pro or con as to either its propagation or its overthrow. Most of them make indirect contributions to the churches, regard religion as good for the women and children, and are themselves content to chatter business and politics, in the last of which they have no settled principles, but adhere to a party by reason of heredity. The Federation of Churches will have hard work to corral this class of religious lightweight.

But there is another class more hopeless still. It is the class who have read something besides daily yellows and pot-boiling novels. Scientific research and discovery have alienated many thousands from religion. Science has so completely exploded the old dogmas, myths, and superstitions that theology has ceased to be a force to conjure with. The reports of heresy trials have had their influence. The lapses from virtue of the clergy affect many minds unfavorably toward the church. The higher criticism has destroyed the dogma of plenary inspiration of the Bible for the many who accept its conclusions because of the scholarly attainments of the critics. The scriptures are no longer held to be of supernatural origin, and theological teachings based upon the assumption that the Bible is divine have ceased to attract, for the reason that the people know them to be untrue. The spread of knowledge compels a contraction of supernaturalism.

In discussing this subject one writer recently brings out a point which should not be lost

sight of. It is, that fifty years ago, when New York had more churches than now, in proportion to population, and they were better attended, crime of all kinds was more rampant, and commercial and political corruption more brazen, as is proved by the records. How do the clergy account for it?

### A Colorado Minister Moves Up a Little.

Denver, in Colorado, has been moved up to date in theology and now possesses a clerical heretic in the person of the Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, who is quite as advanced as Dr. Crapsey in thought if not in scholarship. The Rev. Mr. Pinkham wears the Baptist tag and is pastor of the Bethany church. At a recent meeting of ministers of all denominations he read a paper on the subject of "Miracles," which, the Denver Times assures us, "created a sensation."

While not putting any limit to the possibilities of nature, the speaker showed his disbelief in the miracles of the Bible by saying that "to the typical modern man an argument based on the miracles of the Bible is destitute of cogency." The address contained this rather good thing on prayer:

"The governor of Nebraska appointed a day of prayer for rain and within a week thereafter abundant rain descended. It is absurd to suppose that there was the slightest causal relation between the Nebraskans' prayers and the rainfall. The fact is that such a prayer does not deserve to be called a prayer at all. Here in Colorado we understand perfectly—even if they do not in Nebraska—that a good irrigating system is better than prayer as a means of watering the farms."

The preacher retains a belief in God, but does not depend upon the deity to do anything for man in a substantial way:

"If the railway builders thought that God would strengthen the weak material they put into the bridges, when the trains run over them, in answer to the prayers of the pious people on board or of their dear ones at home, they could hardly be expected to make their bridges strong enough to bear every possible strain, and the bridge inspection would probably be very careless. But everybody knows that unless the bridges are built of the right material the trains will go through them, prayer or no prayer."

In this behalf the Rev. Mr. Pinkham explains that "thus God honors intelligence, skill, and honesty, and discourages ignorance, laziness, and carelessness." But where do the prayers of the righteous come in? Does God honor intelligence, skill, and honesty more than he honors worship, faith and prayer? If so, Christians are on the wrong tack, and should go about and follow science, which is materialism, instead of religion. This is bad theology, but it is the logic of Mr. Pinkham's argument. The fire has been lit under preachers for less heretical conclusions.

But the above is only a part of the clergyman's attempt to preserve a deity after having demonstrated the uselessness if not the non-existence of that being. He concedes that the doctrine of evolution appears to have bumped Jehovah off his earth, but, he hastens to explain, evolution is only God's way of doing things. It may be material, if hopeless, to ask how the Rev. Mr. Pinkham happens to know this to be the case.

About the unique origin of Jesus' human life, known to modern critics as the virgin birth, he does not vouchsafe an opinion, merely mentioning it as among the beliefs on which some Christians have staked the salvation of their souls. Of the resurrection, however, he says:

"With all calmness we may take up the question whether Jesus arose from the dead. The evidence will satisfy some that Jesus actually rose from the dead; others with the same evidence before them will reach the verdict 'Not proven.'"

After that the reverend gentleman does not need to tell us that he rejects the dogma of the resurrection. No man ever believed it who had once admitted it among debatable questions or had acknowledged there was a possibility that it might be untrue.

We size the Rev. Mr. Pinkham up as one of those inquiring minds in the ministry who are finding out and giving their congregations all of the enlightenment that the traffic necessary to the support of their pulpits will stand. If he had a more advanced congregation he might go further toward the truth as Freethinkers see it. We have a friend who is an inventor, and who says that when his invention has brought him the million or two which it will be worth to mankind, he will devote a part of it to the economic emancipation of the preachers, so that a progressive minister may tell the whole truth without creating strained relations between himself and his bread and butter. Such an endowment would fill a want acutely felt.

### Torrey in Canada.

Norman Murray of Montreal, whose communications have appeared in late numbers of The Truth Seeker, is adding excitement to the Rev. Dr. Torrey's evangelistic sojourn in Canada. Torrey has not ceased to slander Ingersoll despite the exposure which followed his resort to those tactics in London, and on April 30, as reported in the Montreal Daily Witness, he declared that "he had known of young men attending Ingersoll's lectures, and on leaving them walking straight into a house of infamy." The intimation was that Ingersoll's words excited his hearers and promoted licentiousness; and Mr. Murray, who sat in the rear of the church, made as good an answer as the circumstances would permit by asking "How about King David?" Three of the Montreal newspapers agree that Torrey rejoined: "David was a better man than you. But there is hope for you even if you were arrested for selling obscene literature on the street." The evangelist also referred to a statement attributed to Mr. Murray: "To any Infidel, notorious or otherwise, who says that, you can give my compliments and tell him he is a liar." Mr. Murray at once declared that he would prosecute Torrey for defamation of character, and informs us by telegraph that he has done so. The suit will give Torrey a chance to prove, if he can, that Mr. Murray was arrested for selling obscene literature on the streets.

The Rev. Dr. Torrey appears to be suffering from an obscene distemper. One of his stock libels on Ingersoll is that he acted as counsel for a gang of miscreants who were burdening the United States mails with obscene literature. When the Bible that he swears by is criticised, he replies that young men have been known to go from Ingersoll's lectures to a house of ill-fame. That may be so or not, but either way, what of it? A man told us that he dropped into a Third avenue resort one Sunday and found it empty. It was about 11 o'clock. The barkeeper said it would fill up as soon as the services were over at St. Ann's church. Between the two cases this difference is to be noted: The young men who went from Ingersoll's lectures may not have been Freethinkers; but the men and women who attended St. Ann's church and adjourned therefrom to a Raines law hotel were almost certainly professed Christians, and in the rooms which the young men visited they about as certainly found crucifixes and other religious objects. The Bible Dr. Torrey reveres yields a large amount of material for the history of prostitution, adultery, concubinage, etc., which passed uncondemned by the inspired writers, and there are numerous disreputable characters among its heroes, including the progenitors of Jesus Christ, male and female. The result is that the Bible is a book unfit for general circulation, as literature is now judged, and extracts from it, sent through the mails, have led to the prosecution and conviction of the sender. When the subject of indecent literature is broached, it is gen-

uine charity for Freethinkers to refrain from pointing out to Christians the particular passages of the Bible which come under that definition.

### Purchasing Religious Influence.

In his recent address at the laying of the cornerstone of the Young Men's Christian Association building in Dayton, Ohio, William H. Taft, secretary of war, spoke of the club houses which the government has provided for its employees in the canal zone and placed under the control of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Taft defends the clubs, and says:

"And I have not hesitated, therefore, not only to authorize the construction of these club houses under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., but also to confirm the action of the commission in the payment of chaplains of different denominations who officiate in the church services held in the buildings of the association in the various labor centers across the isthmus."

Secretary Taft appears to know that this mixture of government and religion is wrong, for he enters upon a defense of his course. "Some question," he admits, "has been raised as to whether the expenditure of this money was within the authority of the commission." His justification is that "the authority of the President in the construction of the canal is to build the canal, and he has therefore the right to expend the money in any way necessary in pursuance of that purpose."

Does Secretary Taft expect any reasoning person to believe that the canal cannot be built unless the men who do the work are preached to regularly? Does he himself honestly believe such ministry to be essential? If so, how does he explain the great enterprises that have been put through without it? To us it seems a trifle singular that vast engineering plans are carried out by private enterprise unassisted by the clergy, while no sooner is a knot of government employees brought together than there must be chaplains to shepherd them.

The greater part of this country was opened up, developed, settled, and civilized by men who left their parsons behind them, but the government cannot send a regiment into the field or a ship to sea without its "Holy Joe."

There is a reason but not the one given by apologists for the government. The truth is that our statesmen cultivate the good graces of the church and find political offices for its ministers for the same reason that Napoleon Bonaparte established the Catholic church in France—it enables them better to govern the populace and to hold their own jobs. The churches of this country might not overthrow an administration which should ignore them, but they would make a strenuous effort to that end. We have not of late had an administration with confidence enough in its own merits to make the experiment of carrying out the provisions of the Constitution as regards disunion of state and church. The loyalty and patriotism of the churches is procured by corrupting them with gratuities, immunities, and preferments. Chaplains are appointed and Young Men's Christian Associations promoted in pursuit of the policy of purchasing ecclesiastical support of government at the expense and without the consent of the governed.

### Was Lincoln a Christian?

In The Christian Work and Evangelist Gen. Horatio C. King claims that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian. He says that Lincoln before his death gave utterance to the following:

"When I left Springfield I asked the people to pray for me; I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus."

In an early issue of The Truth Seeker, J. E. Remsburg will answer General King.

## JOHN PECK ON JOHN OF PATMOS

### The Revelator's Visions While in or Under the Influence of the Spirit.

I have been reading the book of Revelation. John, the author, says he was in the spirit, and I have every reason to believe that he was. I knew a man by the name of Brown who was in the "spirit" a number of years. I have known others to be in the "spirit," and it appears to work on a saint just as it does on others. For a time it seems to produce no evil effects, but if persisted in it brings disaster, or what has recently been called a brain storm. Brown passed through a number of these storms, and, like John, saw many frightful and wonderful things. He told of sights that would send a shiver up the back of a marble statue; bugs a foot long creeping on the fence rails; great black spiders as big as turtles spinning down from the ceiling; hideous worms crawling over the floor; snakes writhing and twisting around the bed posts. He saw other reptiles so huge, horrible and loathsome as to baffle description.

John was affected in the same way and saw similar sights. Brown died in one of these brain storms, and whether John survived is not set forth.

When a man is in the "spirit" he sees things double, but John imbibed until he could see hoofs and horns and dragons where none existed. He could not only see white horses, red horses, black horses, pale horses, and heavenly horses, but beasts with heads and horns too numerous to mention, with women riders.

In going through the book of Revelation, I noted down a few of the wonderful things which John saw, without any regard to arrangement. Indeed, if any system should be observed the book of Revelation would not be fairly represented. There is no system about a man when he is in the "spirit."

The sights which John saw will now be in order, and without order, viz.: "Seven spirits of God, seven seals, a lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, seven beasts full of eyes before and behind, and vials full of the prayers of the saints."

"The sun was like black sackcloth, the moon was as blood, and the stars fell to the earth; there was a great earthquake, the mountains and islands moved out of place." "And I saw four angels on the four corners of the earth holding the four winds (they did not want the corners to be flapping up); seven angels and seven trumpets, thunder and lightning and an earthquake, hail and fire mingled with blood, a great mountain burning with fire cast into the sea; the sea became blood. There fell a great star from heaven, the third part of the sun was smitten and the sun and the air were darkened." "And the shapes of the locusts were like horses—their tails like scorpions, and they had stings in their tails, and out of their mouths issued fire and brimstone."

It is pretty clear that John was not in touch with those who wore the blue ribbon. Should not his condition prove a warning to all who are lured by the "flowing bowl"?

"A great red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven." "I saw a beast rise out of the water with seven heads and ten horns." When a man sees so many heads and horns, isn't he in a brain storm? "And I saw the heavens open, and behold, a white horse, his eyes were like a flame of fire; he was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood and the armies of heaven followed him on white horses." Who can doubt now that there is a "horse heaven"? Poor Lo can take his dog, and the jockey can take his horse to the heavenly abode. "And an angel took up a stone like a great mill stone." An angel is supposed to be a spirit. How can a spirit handle great stones? It could not have been a spiritual stone, for it was like a "mill stone." The Christian will say this must be explained spiritually, but the more he explains the more he will stir up the holy mud.

"An angel came down from heaven having the key to the bottomless pit." Will some minister who is well up on such affairs tell us where that pit is located, and how a pit can have no bottom? Everything put in must fall through. If the

key of hell is kept in heaven it is only through heaven's consent that one can get into hell.

"A hundred and forty thousand having their father's name written in their foreheads." Wasn't that a goodly number of children for one father? What will those Christian women who wanted to kick Smoot out of the Senate think of that? Brigham Young was not in it.

"I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of great thunder." John was always hearing voices and noises and thunders. There was another man who was in the "spirit," like John, and heard a wonderful noise. One fourth of July he lay on the grass and a boy let off a fire-cracker close to his ear. He roused up and wondered when they would "stop shootin' off that damned old cannon."

"I saw three unclean spirits come out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beasts; they are the spirits of devils working miracles." A being to work miracles must have power over the laws of nature, and be able to change them. If God and the Catholic church have power over these laws on the one hand, and the devil on the other, is there anything that we can depend on?

"And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone the weight of a talent." Webster says a talent weighs about 57 pounds. If one had struck John on the head he would have seen more stars than hail stones.

"And he carried me away in the spirit, and I saw a woman sit upon the beast with seven heads and ten horns." Is it not queer that he should see so many seven-headed and ten-horned beasts? But no one can tell what a saint will see when in the "spirit." It is evident that Bacchus had shot him in the neck.

"When I saw her (the woman on the beast), I wondered with great admiration." Just so; hundreds have been affected in the same way.

To clear my quail pipes and refresh my soul  
Full oft I drained the spicy nut brown bowl.  
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,  
As all true gamesters of the trade must know.

"Behold the beast that was and is not and yet is." Now you see it and now you don't see it.

"And cast him (the devil) into the bottomless pit and shut him up; after that he must be loosed for a little season." The power that could cast the devil into the bottomless pit could keep him there. If he is loosed it must be according to the will of that power. So God allows the devil to lure us into by and forbidden paths and then damns us for being lured. Nice scheme! Tie a boy up in the barn and then lick him because he doesn't go after the cows. If you don't believe in God you will go to hell; if you do believe in him you may go there just the same.

You shall and you shan't, you will and you won't,  
You'll be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't.

Now I have studied the different systems of religion to some extent, but in the scope of my knowledge there is no system that contains so much that is unreal, unnatural, incomprehensible, extravagant, and nonsensical as is set forth in the book of Revelation. It is positively without meaning.

Sometimes I am compelled to study parts of Shakespeare's plays very closely, but there is some encouragement, for I know that there is a meaning if I can reach it. But no meaning can be attached to the apocalyptic aberrations of John the revelator. But the Christian says there is a spiritual meaning although we may not be able to understand it, but I guess one must be in the "spirit" to get the spiritual meaning. One must be drunk to see things as a drunken man sees them.

My Christian friend, I want to ask you, Has your God got common sense? If so, would he give us a revelation which we cannot understand and then make heaven and hell depend upon it? Talmage said there were passages of the Bible which he could not understand. Then one of two things must be true: either God is a chump or he had nothing to do with the Bible. For a God with brains would never send a message to men which they cannot understand.

Think of it. God calls the preacher to explain a document which he has put into his hands and which he knows the preacher cannot understand. Thus it is the Christian falls into a pit without knowing it and will neither get out nor be helped out. Now select the wisest minister in the land and let him read Revelation, and compel him to explain each passage as he proceeds.

There is not a Bible-banger in the land that could worry through the first chapter. Does it not show that a wise God had nothing to do with it? If God created us and fashioned our minds and gave us a revelation, would he not have adapted it to our understanding?

Now I want some Christian who believes the Bible to be the word of God "from kiver to kiver," and who has got a live coal from God's altar, to tell me about the heavenly horses, red, black, white and pale (I wonder who takes care of the stables up there), and also about the terrible beasts with seven heads and ten horns, upon which a woman rode, and the beast with eyes behind, and the dragons, the vials of wrath, the loud thunders, big hail stones, earthquakes, great chains, rainbows, trumpets, fire and brimstone, and the bottomless pit. What does it all mean? Can you explain it? Can you find a man who can explain it? If not, what does it all amount to? What useful purpose can it serve? Did you ever consider that every time you speak of the "Holy Bible" you indorse this rank nonsense as "holy," and that every time you do so you are lying? Hundreds pretend to believe that this insane babble is divinely inspired, while in reality they take the same view of it that I do. Ministers rehearse to the people what they want them to believe, but what they really believe they discreetly keep to themselves. The people furnish them with a living, and what do they get back from these sanctified parasites? Promises of robes and crowns, harps and halos, about as real as a hole in the air. Many are caught in the traps set by these gospel grafters, while the knowing ones laugh in their sleeves. Some day the curtain will be raised, the people will see how the puppets are manipulated by the pious snob who pulls the strings; then all will burst out laughing.

### IF NOT A GHOST, WHAT IS IT?

"You Men of Athens, I Perceive That in All Things You Are Too Superstitious."

BY L. H. DANA.

Professor Ernst Haeckel, in advancing the monistic theory of the universe, simply carries to a logical conclusion the views of Darwin. He conceives mind to be a product of matter, and says that when the brain dies, the soul dies also. The metaphysician scornfully denounces this idea as illogical and equivalent to the statement that when the engine dies the steam comes to an end also. The objector here chooses an unfortunate illustration, for it is certain that when the apparatus for producing steam is not in working condition, there is an end for the time being to the power that makes the engine speed along the rails; this power still exists, but in another form, viz., that of water. Steam is not a separate entity which floats about unchangeably in the air and works upon water to make it pull the engine; it is simply a product of water. The locomotive, too, is made up of particles of matter—what they really are Haeckel says very plainly that he does not know, but he calls them "world-stuff"; water is also composed of this mysterious "world-stuff"; and on the application of an unknown element called fire, the steam is generated which supplies the motive force for the twenty-hour express to New York. All matter; not one particle more marvelous than the other, but all unknown and perhaps unknowable. I might select a simile which is still plainer, and speak of the electric light. It burns here vividly before me now, but I can turn this tiny screw, and on the moment it is extinguished. Or the tiny filament within may become burned out, and then there is no light. What, then, becomes of the light? Does it float away, a mysterious distinct essence, reanimate again another lamp? No; down in that dark cell which I can grasp between my fingers, matter is generating the force that made the light, and when other substances are properly arranged so as to form a circuit, the light will burn again. So we might think of men; they are rushing along on an express train; it collides with another train and lo, the filament is snapped that made the man a living being. A moment ago he laughed, he hoped, he loved, he thought; now the circuit is broken, the light ceases to burn. Yet in those cells of that which we say has no longer being, there resides this mysterious life force; this is not "dead" matter, it continually changes

and works itself into something new; and there seems to be no logical ground for the assumption that it is worked upon by something of an essentially different essence from that with which we are already familiar—or better, with whose demonstrations we are familiar.

Recently the newspapers were devoting some columns of space (which might have better been given to describing the merits of Dr. Green's Pink Pills for pale people) to the remarkable discovery of a Boston doctor of medicine. This man of "science" gravely informed us that on carefully weighing a number of patients before and after death, he found a marked decrease in weight—sometimes as much as an ounce—taking place upon the stopping of the heart; and he advanced the theory that this loss of weight was due to the departure of the "soul" from the body. This is scarcely the sort of thing we should expect from erudite Boston, for it is of course perfectly evident that anything having weight must be matter, indestructible, indeed, but capable of constant change, and by no means likely to be the "soul" of which, theologians used to tell us, several thousand might be balanced on the point of a needle. Experiments, indeed, may show that all animals lose weight at death. So likewise, do all solids lose weight in water, and in this latter instance, however, suppose we will agree that the "soul" is not involved. But, says this son of Esculapius, if the decrease in weight is not due to the flitting of the soul (or ghost), what does cause it? There, sir, we have one of the oldest of questions. If Apollo does not drive the chariot of the sun across the sky, how account for the rising and setting of that great luminary? If there is not a god in the brook, why does it run down hill? What explanation can there be for thunder if Jupiter does not produce the sound by the hurling of his powerful bolts? It is the tendency to explain the unknown by something outside the realm of natural law, that makes the careful thinker reluctant to accept a supernatural explanation for so-called "psychic" phenomena, strange as they occasionally are. I remember sitting one afternoon within a block of a large newspaper office, and that mournful poem of the Irish famine, "Give me three grains of corn, mother," came repeatedly into my mind. It had probably been years since I had thought of the lines before, nor did the sense of hunger suggest them at the time, for they occurred to me shortly after luncheon. The next morning the poem appeared on the first page of the Chicago Tribune; and I have several times had experiences as peculiar. There are a number of apparently authentic cases where a sense of a disaster to one person seems to have been communicated to a friend or relative at a great distance, almost simultaneously with the accident; but when one picks up the receiver of a telephone and in less than thirty seconds speaks from Chicago to a man in Evanston, or remembers that ships out at sea have flashed messages, without the use of wires, to a land station many hundreds of miles away, one realizes that in the world of science, too, there are many things that Horatio would certainly have thought well outside the field of his philosophy, and which he probably would have denominated "ghosts!"

### Mortality and Plague.

Last year it was generally thought that the plague was about to leave the country. But it has now set in with an increased vehemence and all hopes of its abatement are for the present over. In the month of January there were between sixty-four and sixty-five thousand deaths reported from plague in the whole of India. But within the four weeks from 2d February to 2d March, the number of deaths from plague has increased to 101,068. The principal mortality is in the Punjab, which shows 39,517 deaths in the month of February, or nearly two-fifths of the entire plague mortality of India.—The Review of Religions, Qadian, India, March, 1907.

Mr. John E. Remsburg's two latest works, The Bible, and Six Historic Americans, should be in the library of every Liberal. They are among the most useful books we ever published. Price, \$1.25 each.

### Protection.

A Plea for the Preservation of the Game Laws—by Fish, Flesh, Fowl and the other Hunter.

"I need and want Protection," said the Shark,  
"An 'Infant Industry' needs more'n fair play  
To grow to be a giant in these days:  
These Jeffersonian Jonahs would delay  
'Benevolent Assimilation.' Nay,  
Give ME more class Protection," blew the Whale.

"I need and want Protection," said the Shark.  
"The small fry are in ev'rybody's way,  
And ought to be abated, don't you know,  
Besides, I'm on the predatory lay,  
And little fishes are my lawful prey.  
What I ask is Protection," snapped the Shark.

"I need and want Protection," said the Skunk.  
"For my light meals I'm always glad to pay  
(I buy my chicken at 'steen scents per pound—  
D' you s'pose I'd steal? 'The wise call it convey'),  
This free trade drivels hot air and decay!  
I love Protection's savor," sneered the Skunk.

"I need and want Protection," said the Bear;  
"The only thing my sweet tooth's pangs allay  
Is honey (though my brother George likes coal);  
And any bee's a pig to go and say  
It's his, just because he made it—he's a jay!  
I'm looking for Protection," growled the Bear.

"I need and want Protection," said the Wolf,  
"I need it in my business, night and day;  
It's vital to my int'rests, don't you see?  
Suppose ferocious lambs should bite me? Say,  
The sheep's a darned bad lot when it gets gay!  
Protection's my salvation," snarled the Wolf.

"I need and want Protection," said the Hawk.  
"This fooling with the tariff you'd betray  
My whereabouts, and cut my food supply;  
Those silly geese within the coop would stay,  
And furred and feathered game refuse to stray—  
You bet, I'm for Protection!" squawked the Hawk.

"I need and want Protection," said the Man;  
"How else am I expenses to defray,  
And live in luxury without hard work?  
How else am I to gather in the hay  
Which fools have raised and cut? Just hear 'em bray!  
My Trust is in Protection," whined the Man.

W. E. P. FRENCH, U. S. A.

### Ultima.

The seeker after Truth his guide besought,  
That leaving devious ways he might be led  
Unto the sacred shrine where Truth is taught,  
That he might drink at Wisdom's fountain-head.

"'Tis well," his guide made answer, "yet the way  
To that great fountain where thou fain wouldst drink  
Must be pursued through many a night and day—  
Place thou thy hand in mine and do not shrink."

When but a little progress they had made  
Upon the road a priest they did espy,  
To whom the guide most courteously said:  
"We seek the Truth, O Father, he and I."

The priest made answer, "Then may heaven send  
The wished-for knowledge, sit thee down and pray."  
But when they raised their eyes around the bend  
He vanished from them on the backward way.

Undaunted, said the guide, "Just o'er yon hill  
Dwell learned men who spend their days in thought  
And of the spring of wisdom take their fill;  
Not vainly shall the truth from these be sought."

With confidence they knocked upon the door;  
An old man answered with benignant air:  
"Welcome, O Seekers, to our heaped-up store  
Of human learning—we have treasures rare."

"Nay," said the guide, "it is the Truth itself—  
The fountain of all wisdom we pursue."  
The gray beard hotly cried: "Upon yon shelf  
Is ranged the product of the world's great few."

"Your pardon, Doctor," softly said the guide;  
"The fountain gushed we seek ere man was born."  
Indignantly the scholar opened wide  
The door and drove them forth with words of scorn.

Many they after met who paused to hear,  
And gave some knowing answer, looking wise;  
But tho' they kept the road full many a year  
Ne'er gazed they on the Fountain with their eyes.

At length one day as slowly sank the sun  
Beyond the golden mountains of the West,  
The guide said suddenly, "Thy journey's done,  
Come, tired one, lay thee down a while and rest."

"And know at last the Truth—for thou dost know  
Man can know nothing—this is wisdom's height;  
Honor to thee for seeking! Thou didst show  
Thy courage. Traveler, sleep till breaks the light."

THOMAS O. CLARK.

### Gee!

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
A little boy once said,  
"If I should die before I wake  
How will I know I'm dead?"

### The Code of Jamestown Colony.

The press dispatches from London and Paris make much of the criminal code put into force by King Leopold of Belgium in his Congo Free State, so called. It is bad enough, but for severity it cannot compare with the first criminal code of the Jamestown colony which settled on Jamestown Island, in Virginia. After the departure of Lord Delaware from Jamestown, the colony fell into bad ways; vice, superinduced by idleness, threatened to ruin the venture, but Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general of the colony, made a strong appeal to the London Company for a more rigid government. The result was the adoption of a criminal code which for severity was probably never equalled. It was decided to administer the government of the colony under martial law, and this proved to be a wise decision, for no half-way measure would have accomplished any good. Armed with this arbitrary code and the title of high marshal of Virginia Sir Thomas Dale was sent out to govern the colony, and he did it with such success that he was recognized as its strongest and wisest Governor. The fact that the great Lord Bacon suggested this code may add to its interest. It will be seen that death loomed largely in its making and constant terror of skull and crossbones may have been the strongest factor in making the early Virginians be good. On the 10th of May, 1611, it was nailed on the church door and proclaimed by criers:

Speaking against the Trinity or articles of Christian faith—Death.

Blasphemy against God—First offense, severe whipping; second, bodkin through tongue; third, Death.

Deriding God's word—Death.

Disrespect to a minister—Thrice whipped and apology in public three Sabbath days.

Failure to attend Sunday service—First offense, loss of allowance one week; second, same plus whipping; third, death.

Murder, adultery, rape, sodomy, perjury—Death.

Robbery of church or store—Death.

Treasonable speech against the King—Death.

Slander or unfitting speech against the Virginia Company of London, its council, committees, officers, representatives or against any of its decrees or orders—First offense, whipping and public apology; second, galleys for three years; third, same; fourth, death.

Unauthorized trading with the Indians—Death.

Robbing an Indian coming to trade—Death.

Rendering of false accounts by any officer of colony—Death.

Mariner selling at higher rates than fixed by Governor or council—Death.

Killing any domestic animal or fowl without consent of the Governor—Death.

Failure to keep regular hours of work for the colony—First offense, to lie neck and heels together all night; second, whipping; third, galleys for one year.

Running away to the Indians—Death.

Robbing gardens of flowers or vegetables, stealing corn or other grain—Death.

Refusal to go to the minister for religious instruction—First offense, whipping; second, whipping twice and apology; third, whipping daily until apology and contrition.

Fraud by any baker, cook or fisherman employed for the colony—First offense, loss of ears, second, galleys one year; third, galleys three years.

In spite of this savage code, which probably was rarely enforced, the colony survived. It in fact survived the code, which will be shown as a curiosity at the Jamestown Exposition.

The little boy who said: If God was everywhere he would get run over by the cars, hit theism, pantheism and every other theological ism a knockout blow.

A large number of America's best judges think that President Eliot of Harvard is the greatest living American. A voice from Washington is heard saying: What then am I?

## The Ecstasy of Death.

By R. W. H. Staite, B. A.

From whence I came I know not,  
My advent was unheralded to me.  
I was not, and this consciousness of life,  
Its joy, its sorrow, its responsibilities,  
Its hope or fear, could find no part  
In me ere I was born.  
No horror of regret, nor dreams  
Of pleasures past in that long time  
Ere thence I came, enter my soul,  
And I fear not the time ere I was born.

Whither I go I know not.  
My exit is unheralded to me.  
I shall not be. This consciousness of life,  
Its joy, its sorrow, its responsibilities,  
Its hope or terror, will have ceased  
In me, when I am dead.  
No horror of regret, nor dreams  
Of pleasures past in that long time  
When I am not, shall trouble me;  
And I fear not that time  
When I go hence.  
I fear not—nay, I do rejoice;  
For, looking back, I see  
My sorrows all within this life;  
Ere that, no sorrow, no remorse,  
And after that I go to whence I came—  
Into the silence of eternal night.  
Then welcome, Death—  
Thrice welcome, Death.  
My soul ecstatic thrills with thought of thee.

## Ecclesiasticism Triumphant in Quebec

The idea put forward by some of our more optimistic Freethinkers in Montreal, that religious tolerance has made great headway there, must have received some slight shock when Archbishop Bruchesi rapped the knuckles of the directors of the Theatre des Nouveautes early this month. In future, we are told, all plays presented at the Theatre des Nouveautes will be submitted to a committee appointed to act as censors. The plays will have to be within the limits of the laws of morals and good art, as understood by this committee, which will be under ecclesiastical direction. The management of the theatre apologized for their act of rebellion in offering "La Rafale" for one performance after the interdiction has been placed upon the play and the theatre on Sunday. The directors of the theatre also extended to Archbishop Bruchesi sentiments of loyalty to the church and future mandaments of the episcopal authorities. This action is due to the interdiction of the archbishop placed on the theatre. "The laws of morals and good art, as understood" by the church, is a mild way of saying that, in future, a play that reflects on the Romish priesthood in any way will be summarily squelched by the committee. The people of Quebec have thus to take what the priests allow them in the way both of literature and of art. A bright look-out for "toleration," this.—Secular Thought, Toronto, Canada.

"In Memoriam: Edward Bliss Foote, Ohio and New York, 1829-1906," is a pamphlet of sixty-four pages issued by Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., in memory of his father, who died in October last. It contains the funeral address delivered by Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, which fitted the occasion and the subject; the letters of friends to the legatees; reminiscences, tributes, messages, resolutions, and the like, with the phonographic testimonies of Ingersoll and Mrs. Stanton; an observation by George E. Macdonald; The Truth Seeker's editorial eulogy; a facsimile of the engrossed memorial of the Ohio Society of New York; the writing on the fly leaf of the copy of the Home Cyclopedia placed in his father's coffin by E. B. Foote, Jr.; and also biographical sketches of the deceased, with numerous likenesses. The memorial pamphlet will be highly prized by the friends of Dr. Foote, any of whom may obtain a copy by addressing Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., 120 Lexington avenue, New York.

The late Charles Bradlaugh's eldest sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Norman, has lately died in England at the age of seventy-two.

If a dying father commits his daughters to a minister of the gospel for their moral and spiritual instruction, and if before the oldest one is eighteen, the minister leaves wife and congregation to run away with her, will the fact serve to increase or lessen our confidence in religion as the guardian of morality?

## FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

CONDUCTED BY BERTHA W. HOWE.

Always I have been saying, "I want liberty! Leave me alone!" Sometimes I have been brave and said, "I want liberty! I will take it!" A few times I have said, "You need liberty! I will leave you alone!" and these days I have marked with a red letter.

Maybe we must all suffer, that we may live; certainly we must all love lest we die. When we cease to suffer, we cease to struggle, and the end comes. If we have not pain of our own, we suffer vicariously, and struggle for others, or dry rot sets in, and thus the end comes.

When we suffer only for ourselves, we love only for ourselves. But we all do love, however narrowly, and we each weigh our love against our suffering, and the individual lives. When we have grown, we love more broadly, and because loving is serving, the race lives.

In the morning I scrubbed the floor of a poor sick woman's room for the love of humanity that was in my heart. In the afternoon I wiped the dust from the floor of my own rooms for love of a friend who was to visit me.

That night I dreamed I was poor, and ignorant, and worn with toil, and that I must scrub floors or die. I awoke, moaning and full of rebellion, crying that I had been robbed, that I had not been paid in good coin!

When I was calm again, and very wide awake, I saw that the wages of slavery is death; for where is the scrub-woman who knows, or can be taught, that when she toils for any baser coin than love, she has a master and he robs her?

To the mind of the average man the sentiments of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, and Portia's views of the relative qualities of justice and mercy, are only so much high-flown verbiage, to be rolled from the tongues of eloquent speakers upon sentimental occasions, when there is no prisoner trembling at the bar. They still prefer an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth in law, and in business, to clutch every thing in sight, than to trust to the reality of the poet's dream.

Not to comment upon it, it is a fact, that if any considerable body of the people really desired to understand what makes a man a criminal instead of an honest man, and to apply the mercy and charity which such understanding would be sure to engender, we would not have had the spectacle last week of the newspapers and the district attorney's office of New York "sicking on" a reluctant judge to give a poor thief the limit of punishment for stealing some property which he had afterwards returned!

An editorial in The Sun says that the judge's exhibition of mercy in giving the man only two months when he might have given him twenty years, did credit to his qualities of heart, but that it is a question whether judges ought not to have hard heads instead of soft hearts. Hugh Pentecost used to say that most men's heads have turned to bone, and I think it is true. An honest effort of the average man to see things from the prisoner's point of view, would result in a fracture of his cerebrum!

As religion and business are said not to mix, so it seems sentiment and law do not. I heard with my own ears, a judge of one of our New York courts say, in charging a jury in a murder trial, "You must lay aside all feelings which would do credit to you as men!"

And what kind of a man is wanted on a jury? A man of no scruples. No scruples against circumstantial evidence, no scruples against capital punishment, no scruples nohow. And if a man, after proving his unscrupulousness, can also show that he is a perfect idiot, in that he has read the newspaper reports about the case, but is innocent of the first idea concerning it, he becomes a working model for all jurors!

### Women in the Finnish Diet.

One feature of the recent elections to the Finnish Diet that makes it a memorable one, is the great interest taken by the women who have secured the suffrage. The Finnish Diet is the first of modern parliaments in which women

hold seats, there being no less than nineteen women who were successful candidates.

An interesting fact which the press dispatches also reveals is that the attendance at the University of Helsingfors is given as 2,640 men to 564 women, or about the same ratio as will prevail in the new Diet. The latest news also has it that the Russian government is massing a large number of troops in Finland with the evident intention of dispersing the Diet should it prove dangerous to the ruling regime.—The Worker.

### He Confessed.

There are many unlovely things about men, but the most unlovely is politics; one of those careers in which, from a high point of view, absolute honesty of purpose and absolute sincerity are impossible. (Laughter and cries of "Oh!") Honorable gentlemen seem to be divided about that matter, but one knows that calls of party loyalty and the security of one's seat—(Laughter)—very often compel a member to shirk an issue or only to half state a truth which he ought to state in full. (Cries of "Oh!") Everyone knows that, and it is perfectly idle to pretend to contradict it. (Hear, hear.) (Cheers.)—From a speech of Mr. Julius Bertram, in the House of Commons, against woman suffrage.

In a recent article on the unpopularity of marriage, Mrs. Gilman says: "The women of our time are rapidly developing those human powers and faculties, interests and aspirations so long forbidden them. They need for their soul's health full exercise of these powers. Meanwhile matrimony, as existing, continues to require of the woman not only the love of a wife, the function of the mother, but the trade of domestic service. The modern woman, intelligent, educated, perhaps already experienced in business, resents this demand and refuses it. Or, being married, and perhaps unconscious of what really ails her, she frets about her work or in her idleness, and imagines that her unhappiness is due to her husband. Having been taught so long that "Love is Strength," and finding herself still unsatisfied, she clamors for more love or a different love, and frequently jumps from the frying pan into the fire. Whereas, all the time it was not love at all which she needed. She had enough for all practical purposes. What she lacked was life—Human Life. A human creature must do human work; and all women are no more to be contented as house servants and housekeepers than all men would be. We need rearrangement, not in the vital principles of monogamy, which is good, but in the mechanics of the business in the trade of domestic industry."

### Give Your Best.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;  
'Tis just what we are and do.  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges

Thomas Jefferson said, "Question with boldness even the existence of God," and the people are questioning today as they never did before for the probable reason that there is now no punishment nor ostracism for such questioning. The clergy have awakened to the fact that the reason is the growing intelligence of the people. But let them not be alarmed. The principles of morality, justice and humanity are older than any creed or cult, and the outcome of what they are pleased to term the "Infidel age" will not be as disastrous to the nation as they would have us think.—T. C. W. in the New York Times.

## Minor Editorial Note and Comment.

They doubtless have some very speedy ministers on Long Island. A young woman of Hempstead wrote a schoolgirl friend that the town, which is the residence of persons prominent in sporting circles, was "too slow" for her, and then she ran away with her pastor.

Fame is brief, however hardly earned. The Rev. Cordova of New Jersey has not been pardoned yet, and the Rev. Cooke of Long Island usurps his place in the public eye. From the excitement over Cooke one would suppose that he had no predecessors, whereas he is only an imitator of scores of them, and is likely to give place to another within six weeks.

Last week the announcement was made that Cornell University would establish a Roman Catholic chapel and lectureship in connection with the college. Later the male students of Cornell have started a formal campaign in favor of the segregation of the sexes in the University. The agitation may have been instigated as a further bid for Roman Catholic patronage.

Senator Grady has managed to amend the Cobb marriage license bill before the legislature at Albany by providing that marriages of persons over 21 years of age shall not be valid if a license is not procured. As Senator Grady is a Roman Catholic it is inferred that the church would be glad to have the validity of marriages rest on its own rites unenforced by the sanction of the state.

Spiritualism is rapidly gaining ground in Porto Rico. Evidently it is of the irreligious sort, as we read of a convention in San Juan, April 30, where the Old Testament was discussed by Spiritualists and Protestant ministers, and the latter forced to admit that some of the passages therein are "indelicat." If the question whether the indelicacies are inspired came up, the newspapers do not mention that the point was decided.

When calling upon an Oriental potentate it is customary to open negotiations with a gift, after accepting and estimating the value of which the potentate asks the visitor what is his graft. Bishop Hillis of Leavenworth, Kansas, had an interview with the pope on May 1, which was marked by the transfer of \$12,000 in Peter's pence from the fob of the bishop to that of the pontiff. The nature of Bishop Hillis's business with his holiness does not transpire. It is said that the Vatican has learned to fear Americans even when they bear gifts.

The good ship Kingdom, which last August sailed from Rockland, Maine with three score and ten members of the Holy Ghost and Us Society on board bound for the Holy Land, has returned to Portland without its prophet, the Rev. Frank W. Sandford, founder of Shiloh. The survivors report that Sandford left them to go ashore, while they remained aboard ship, in January, and they have not since heard from him. Sandford carried the bag. As he was an Elijah, his absence may lead his people to believe that he has followed his namesake. If one Elijah can automobile his way to heaven, why not another?

Politicians in Brooklyn who have money invested in Coney Island amusements are using the influence of the clergy to stop Sunday baseball games by the Amateur City League. The purpose of the ministers in cooperating is to get the people to church, and the object of the owners of Coney Island resorts is to get there the crowd which would attend ball games if permitted. The baseball enthusiasts say that if the police interfere with their games any further they will insist that the law be enforced all around. It is charged that the Brooklyn courts are under the ownership of Senator McCarren, who is a heavy investor in

Coney Island shows, and hence an opponent of ball playing.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is becoming a destructive critic. Last Sunday he said: "There are parts of the Bible that are actually antagonistic to the principles of Christianity. There are parts that I would under no circumstances read to a congregation, so full are they of bitterness and cursing. There is a large part of the Bible that must be ruled out, not as Bible, but as forming any part of Christian knowledge, teaching and experience." Dr. Parkhurst also ventured the heresy that "it is not essential what view one may take of such stories as that of Jonah and the whale." Presbyterianism has survived Dr. Parkhurst's sociology, and maybe his theology won't shake the church, but it is a hard blow.

It turns out that Madame Vitous, the Austrian woman who posed as a divine healer and committed suicide a week ago had swindled out of many thousands of dollars those misguided persons who sought from her love potions and the like. Many of them banked with her, and one man is reported to be out \$11,000. The madame was a devout member of St. John's Catholic church in East Seventy-second street, her donations to the church having amounted to \$18,000 in the last two years. She plucked her victims for the benefit of the priests. There are some fools who believe her to have been a saint, that she is not dead, and they tell of having already seen her in heaven in their dreams. As a survival by which to judge the saints of the past Madame Vitous has served a useful purpose.

Since the death of St. George Mivart, who had been ex-communicated, the Catholic church has counted in its membership no man preeminent for his scientific attainments. Joseph McCabe, Haeckel's English translator, says that few scholars of even secondary rank are to be found in that church. "Such a state of things," Mr. McCabe remarks, "should be instructive to those Rationalists who imagine that the Church of Rome is going to outlive the other sects. It is decaying faster than any of them. In France the Church has been reduced to what a recent clerical writer calls 'an almost insignificant minority,' as far as practising Catholics go. In Italy the educated classes have, the latest authorities say, almost entirely abandoned the Church. In Spain rebellion is spreading along the usual lines of popular education. In England and America the Church has lost many million followers in the course of the last thirty years. Rome may be immortal. Romanism is showing unmistakable signs of mortality."

As everything that smacked of innovation has been condemned by the church, surprise is not caused by reading in Notes and Queries that the wearing of trousers (or what the boys call "long pants") has within the past century been regarded as irreligious. In October, 1812, an order was made by Saint John's and Trinity Colleges, England, that every young man who appeared in hall or chapel in pantaloons or trousers should be considered as absent; and eight years later the founders of a Bethel Chapel at Sheffield inserted a clause in the trust deed ordaining that "under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers." It is even more impressive to find that the Rev. Hugh Bourne, one of the two founders of the Primitive Methodist Connection, said of his cofounder, "That trousers wearing, beer drinking Clowes will never get to heaven." And it would need a student of "the Breeches Bible," remarks Notes and Queries, to say precisely when this assumed connec-

## Six Historic Americans

By JOHN E. REMSBURG

A Book that Every American Freethinker will Delight to Own.

tion between theology and trousers began and where the departure from it will end.

Some of the works of Thomas Paine were in the library of ex-Governor Samuel Pennypacker of Pennsylvania just sold at auction in Philadelphia. Pennypacker is recognized outside his state as the author of a press-muzzling bill, and is a cousin of the late Matthew Quay. As a judge of men, he thinks Quay was greater than Daniel Webster, and that Paine and Franklin were not great but simply "smart." At the auction sale the first edition of the "Age of Reason" brought \$13 and the "Crisis" \$21 per volume. "Common Sense" brought \$6.50, and a reply to it by the Rev. Charles Inglis \$4. The first edition of "Dissertation on Government" was deemed worth \$6.50. Among other works sold was Herndon's suppressed "Life of Lincoln," the three volumes of which cost the purchaser \$23.25. The first Roman Catholic book printed in America went for \$6. There was also sold a work by the Rev. Jacob Duche, first chaplain to Congress, who wrote General Washington at Valley Forge that if he would turn traitor to his country posterity would bless him. The Rev. Duche called Washington's soldiers "bankrupt attorneys" and "New England ruffians" unfit to sit at his table or to associate with him. Duche fled to England and died in disgrace, being remembered by this generation as the man who made the first prayer in the Continental Congress. His book brought a dollar and a half.

Bigotry of the genuine Roman Catholic variety is exhibited by Mrs. Sydney Rosenfeld, president of the Century Theatre Club of this city. The club was to make an exhibit for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, and invited Mark Twain to contribute his books and his presence to help make the affair a success. Mrs. Rosenfeld is a Christian Scientist, and when she heard of the invitation she at once wrote to the moving spirit of the affair, Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker, that in view of Mark Twain's having published a book against Christian Science and made derogatory remarks about Mrs. Eddy she could not permit him to appear at a club of which she is president nor allow his books or any extracts therefrom to be sold in any booth bearing the name of the club she represents. Characterizing the humorist as "Bellal," with whom she could have no dealings, Mrs. Rosenfeld declared: "My Christ is more to me than anything else in the world, and if you insist on having Mr. Mark Twain at the Century Theatre Club Booth, I must resign from its presidency on that account." It is interesting to note the further statement of the lady that when she joined the "Mother Church" she subscribed to certain by-laws under which she would be disciplined if she submitted to the presence of Mr. Mark Twain as the guest of the society over which she presides. If Christian Science can take on these arrogant airs at the present stage of its development, what better could we expect it to be than orthodoxy if clothed with the powers usurped by the older form of Christianity?

Were the American people asked to name the five great historic figures of the first century of our national existence, the illustrious men who contributed most to build and glorify the United States of America, the answer would be, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Ulysses S. Grant. To this list of immortals posterity will add another—Thomas Paine.

The church has claimed the adherence of nearly all great men. And yet the great men of all nations have, for the most part, rejected Christianity. Of these six great historic Americans, not one was a Christian. All were unbelievers—all Freethinkers.

For thirty years Mr. Remsburg has been collecting evidences of the disbelief of these great men. Much of it has been published in books and pamphlets. All of this evidence is now published in one large volume under the title, "Six Historic Americans: Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant, the Fathers and Saviors of Our Republic, Freethinkers." The preparation and publication of the work was urged by Colonel Ingersoll before his death and it contains his written indorsement.

The work consists of two parts, "The Fathers of Our Republic," and "The Saviors of Our Republic." In regard to Paine's religious views, Mr. Remsburg establishes the negative of the following: (1) Was Paine an Atheist? (2) Was he a Christian? (3) Did he recant? Page after page of the most radical Freethought sentiments are culled from the correspondence and other writings of Franklin and Jefferson, which show that these men were as pronounced in their rejection of Christianity as Paine and Ingersoll. That Washington was not a church communicant, nor even a believer in Christianity, is affirmed or admitted by more than a score of witnesses, one-half of them eminent clergymen, including the pastors of the churches which he and his wife attended. In support of Lincoln's infidelity, Mr. Remsburg has collected the testimony of more than 100 witnesses. These witnesses include Mr. Lincoln's wife; his three law partners, Major Stuart, Judge Logan and W. H. Herndon; his private secretaries, Colonel Nicolay and Colonel Hay; his executor after death, Judge David Davis; many of his biographers, including his companion and confidant, Colonel Lamont; his political advisers, Colonel Matheny, Jesse W. Fell, and Dr. Jayne; members of his cabinet, and scores more of his most intimate friends and associates.

The refutation of Grant's alleged Christian belief is complete, and the proofs of his unbelief are full and convincing.

Mr. Remsburg needs no introduction to Freethought readers. His writings are to be found on every continent. Mrs. Gen. A. W. Noble, a graduate of Vassar, and a Christian, says: "Mr. Remsburg has written some of the best English that has been written since Macaulay's time." Eugene V. Debs declares him to be the ablest living controversialist in America. Long ago Colonel Ingersoll said: "Mr. Remsburg has done splendid work all over this country. He is an absolutely fearless man and tells really and truly what his mind produces." A little while before he died, alluding to Mr. Remsburg's labors in opposition to priestcraft, he said: "He is doing the best work of all. He goes at them with facts."

The book contains about 550 pages. It has portraits of Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant. It is printed in large clear type, on heavy paper, and handsomely bound. Price, \$1.25.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER,  
62 Vesey Street, New York

## Adam's Diary. Letters of Friends.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The only fault to be found with Mark Twain's new book, "Extracts from Adam's Diary," is that there is not more of it, both pictures and print. It is Adam's daily record of his life from the time he found the "new creature with the long hair," which was a good deal in the way and which he wished would stay with the other animals, to the time he finally found that he could not be happy without it, and found that it was better to live outside of the garden with her than inside it without her. By that time Abel and Cain are grown to boyhood. Cain, Adam first took to be a new species of bear, and he concludes that if he had stayed a bear it would have improved him. When Cain was young, Adam searched the woods thoroughly to find another animal like it but without success. While he was away on one of these searches the animal with the long hair found another one. "I never saw such luck," says Adam when she showed it to him. "I might have hunted these woods a hundred years; I never should have run across that thing." Adam's diary record on Sunday is very brief. He just "pulled through." To set it apart as a day of rest he thinks superfluous when he already had six rest days every week. But he finally came to know what the week was for: to "give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday," and it seemed a good idea. Eve, too, bothered him by climbing the apple tree, and he had to "clod her out of it." She said there was no harm in climbing it as there was nobody looking.

The story is very briefly told—too briefly—but every line sparkles with wit. The pictures, one to each page of text, are by F. Strothmann.

PRICE, \$1.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

## EVE'S DIARY

BY MARK TWAIN.

With 55 Full-page Illustrations by Lester Ralph. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$1.00.

This is a companion volume to "Extracts from Adam's Diary," which thousands have laughed over. It purports to be a "translation from the original," and tells of Eve's experiences in the Garden of Eden and afterwards. It is a delightful whimsical satire, written in the veteran fun-maker's breeziest style. Mark Twain's half-humorous, half-serious conception of Eve's probable impressions of Adam, of the Garden, and of the many creatures it contained, shows that the genial philosopher has studied and thoroughly understands feminine human nature. After admiring the moon and trying to get some stars to put in her hair, Eve turns her attention to Adam. "I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles," she confides to her diary. "It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture." Eve's pursuit of Adam drives him up a tree for refuge; but after persistently tagging about after him for a week, she succeeds in making friends. There is much to be amused at in Eve's naive observations and in her many experiments in natural science and psychology. Altogether, "Eve's Diary" is one of the cleverest and most amusing of Mark Twain's many absurdities.

Address The Truth Seeker.

## REVELATION AND THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

By Gen. William Birney.

General Birney is one of the ablest and sprightliest writers among Liberals, and his lecture which was delivered before the Washington Secular League, is a good one to hand to friends.

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Readers desirous of communicating with the writers of the letters in this department may address them in care of The Truth Seeker, 62 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., and the letters will be read-dressed and forwarded.

### VIEWS OF RELIGION.

Reviewed by Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Kentucky.

Editor of The Truth Seeker: Through the generosity of that untiring warrior in the cause of Freethought, Mr. Nathan F. Griswold of Meriden, Connecticut, I am in receipt of a copy of "Views of Religion," compiled by Dr. Rufus K. Noyes and published by Lemuel K. Washburn. This work appears at a most opportune time, when the mind of the American people is in a transition state on the subject of religion, and it will take its place as a standard aid to all scholars and thinkers. Mr. Noyes has performed a gigantic task and displays vast and broad research, great wisdom and untiring energy in placing within the covers of this great book the wisdom that has fallen from the pens of the mental giants of the race. Every page throws a radium light on orthodox religion, and reveals it as a struggling paralytic, hopelessly floundering amidst the waves of reason that will submerge it.

This book contains the richest gems from the mine of truth, and no class need its daily companionship as much as the orthodox clergy, as they daily preach from their Bible that the "Truth will make them free;" and so it will, and they can find it in Dr. Noyes' great compilation, which has more reason and common sense in it, and more than the human mind can accept, than can be found in all the holy or so-called inspired books of the ages. If the Christian's holy Bible is the message of the one Almighty God to the human race, it is but natural to think that God would not only write his own book, and make it impossible for mystified and ignorant human beings to tinker with the original copy, and revise, and re-revise it, but he would also have printed it and used his own methods to put it in circulation instead of allowing mere man, Bible societies and book concerns to have full charge of the divine literary production. A celestial printing plant and a circulation department under the direct guidance of the Divine Author would have at once established its divine authenticity and secured its general circulation through the nations of the earth. But the state of the case is, after 4,000 years, more than one-half of them have never heard of it, and those who have, have had it presented to them on the point of the sword, through the persuasive eloquence of the gatling gun, or through mental pictures of eternal punishment depicted by their spiritual guides, and even after accepting it, they cry in Bible language, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief," which in common sense interpretation of the Queen's English means, "Lord, I believe, but I don't believe."

Every sentence in Dr. Noyes' compilation lays the whole matter before the bar of reason. If the clergy are half way in earnest in their search for truth, and they want to feel the mental pulse of the world, a copy of Dr. Noyes' Views on Religion will help them. It is of vital importance to the clergy to know if orthodox religion is out of date, superannuated, effete, and verging on collapse, and reason, the lusty young giant that is capturing the race to lead it to nobler living and higher thinking.

Mr. Lemuel K. Washburn has rendered splendid service to the cause of Freethought by the publication of Noyes'

"Views on Religion." The thinking world owes him a debt of gratitude it can never liquidate. If I were restricted to the reading of but six books for the rest of my life I should select: Buckle's "History of Civilization," Draper's "Intellectual Development," Buchner's "Force and Matter," Putnam's "Four Hundred Years of Freethought," the "Philosophy of Ingersoll" and Dr. Rufus K. Noyes' "Views of Religion." These six books contain more truth and more that is of use to the human race than all the theological libraries of the religious world. These six books are powerful levers in the mental evolution of humanity, and Dr. Noyes' "Views of Religion" is one of the strongest of these mental levers. I extend my gratitude to Dr. Noyes and Mr. Lemuel K. Washburn for the compilation and publication of this book, and I hope the thinking world will demand many editions of it in many languages, in appreciation of the valuable services of these two students and tireless workers for the cause of mental liberty.

### JESUS AND THE WOMAN.

From F. D. Cummings, Esq., Maine.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker. In a recent issue of The Truth Seeker L. K. W. criticizes Jesus for his judgment of the woman taken in adultery.

I wonder if he is right? It appears that the Jews were in the habit of killing the women who were found guilty of the offense as charged, but that this law did not apply to the men. Had it applied to the male members of the fraternity Judea would have been depopulated.

It appears to have been customary for the patriarchs to indulge without penalty of the law, and punishment was inflicted only upon the women. It would appear that Jesus did not believe in all of the harsh things, in all the cruel laws, or in all the hypocrisy of those who invoked or enforced them.

What a grand thought it was, in that day, for a man to say with all the biting scorn occasioned by the circumstances: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

What a rebuke to the whited sepulchers who were standing round about!

What a condemnation of the hypocritical and self-righteous sneaks who had been made to confess their own true worth!

I recall nothing attributed to Jesus more creditable to his humanity, to his judgment, or to his sense of justice, than this act.

Picture in your mind the time, the place, the rigid law, the gathering of hypocrites over whom the law had so little restraint, despite the awful penalty, that there was found neither man nor woman to cast the first stone from a guiltless hand. And then, as these human jackals slunk away, this Galilean said to the woman: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more!"

Mr. Washburn's ground for condemning Jesus is not well taken. The woman did not go away "uncondemned." "Go and sin no more," said Jesus. This recognizes the evil of the act, but does not recognize the right of man to inflict punishment as for a crime. It recognized the act not as a crime to be punished, but as a sin to be atoned for and that would bring its own punishment.

It seems that the heterodox as well as the orthodox sometimes get mixed regarding sin, or wrong, and crime.

Crime, I take it, is some act for which one may justly be punished by the civil power. Wrong action may be a crime, and, as such, punishable, or it may be an act which is to be condemned and discouraged and frowned upon and avoided, but of which or for which all further punishment is properly left to natural consequences.

The civil power should only punish incivility: which would include all invasive acts, but would not include many things commonly called sin, the punishment of which should be left to God (or natural law), and the frowns of society. Jesus, therefore, did not "dismiss the criminal with a benediction," nor "give the hero's reward to a coward and character's crown to scoundrelism."

The comparison with the imagined "Go steal no more" is inapt, since stealing is taking the property of another against his will and without his consent, and could only be compared with rape, and not with adultery.

It appears that Mr. Washburn is wrong. In the Bible is much to condemn; but let us not condemn a thing simply because we find it there; and whenever we find an example of justice and good sense let us recognize it, and credit it where it belongs.

### THERE MIGHT BE EXCEPTIONS.

From L. D. C., New York.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker:—The door bell rang. Standing outside was Miss Delle Henry, five years old, her face hidden beneath curls the color of gold. "I have come to return the little plate sent me with some candy on," she explained as she galloped in and began acquainting herself with the surroundings.

Not being ceremonious, she was soon seated upon my lap, and for a full hour she visited and displayed her skill at making the letters of the alphabet, in the meantime offering this information: "Little boys grow up to be men and little girls grow up to be women."

"But I think some little boys grow up to be women, do they not?" she was asked to test the certainty of her knowledge. Being shocked at the suggestion, she drew back with the self-possession of one of superior years, cautiously, however, adding, "But some little boys with curls may grow up to be women." Then it occurred to her to apologize for this seeming lack of knowledge, "I have been to Sunday school, but they have not taught me that yet, and I have never been to any other school."

This is additional proof that Sunday schools are not teaching young ladies what they ought to know.

### METHODISTS WOULD IF THEY COULD.

From Wm. G. Hart, Maine.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker—Dear Sir: Accompanying I send you some clippings from the Portland Press of April 22d.

Principal of these is that of the Methodist fanatics on "Sabbath observance." This subject bobs up at almost every conference session.

The Methodist church is a great antagonist of the Roman Catholic church, but what would be our show for liberty if they held the balance of power?

The people are very docile in this matter, perhaps because they think that they will do about as they please as to Sunday pleasure seeking, but one can see how these overbearing Protestant priests would throttle the masses if they could.

### CHASING THE ECONOMIC PIG.

From Charles F. Barth, Brooklyn.

Editor Truth Seeker: Twice have I read in your columns of Socialists getting the right pig by the ear if they would get after the land question. They are! That's one branch of it. To quote John Spargo's "Socialism," page 221: "LAND OWNERSHIP and all that depends thereon, such as mining, transportation, and the like, must of necessity be collective and universal."

So say Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, and

most other authorities on Socialistic scientific facts.

To repeat: Land, social productions, social distributions and the motto, "From each according to his ability; to each according to his deeds."

As I see Single Tax (and I have got George's "Progress and Poverty" at home), it would really fall on the producer, because only useful and exchangeable commodities can be taxed, which are all produced by workers. If I have a factory employing 500 hands and am taxed with a Single Tax on my ground, I will get the tax out of the productions of my employees. At least, so it looks to me.

So here ends the little journey to Mr. Macdonald to set him right on Socialism.

**DEATH OF WILLIAM HART.**

From H. A. Hart, Los Mochis, Mexico.

Editor Truth Seeker—Dear Sir: My father, William Hart, author of "The Candle from Under the Bushel," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Whitzel, at Los Mochis, Mexico, on the morning of April 2, 1907, after an illness of five weeks' duration.

He was conscious until the last and communicated with his children after articulation was no longer possible. William Hart was born in the State of New York on July 10, 1828, being nearly 79 years of age at the time of his death. He was an inventor of some note, having been allowed some fifteen or sixteen patents during his busy life, several of which came into use and are now upon the market.

He became a subscriber to The Truth Seeker at the time of its first appearance, in Paris, Ill., and was on the list continuously until the time of his death.

**DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.**

The Biblical Poem That Shocked the Young Women of Stanford.

The following poem, entitled "Bathsheba," which appeared in "Sequoia," the college paper of Stanford University, caused the boycotting of that publication by the young woman students. It was written by Editor William F. Heron, who defends it as pure and proper, declaring that the boycott indicates prudery on the part of his critics:

At the time when kings go forth to the fight,  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)  
All Israel strove with the Ammonite,  
("Whoso goeth to battle must fall by the sword.")

But David tarried within his abode,  
The palace he built is the city of God.

No longer was he the youth who drove  
The Amalekite from Gibeon's grove.

Nor he who faced unarmed the wrath  
Of the giant who led the hosts of Gath;

And he cared far more for a woman's sighs  
Than the groan of the warrior before he dies.

And more for the warmth of her embrace  
Than the light that gleams in the foe-man's face.

It came to pass that one eve he went  
To walk on his palace battlement.

Beneath his feet the city lay  
Bathed in the light of sinking day.

Near at hand to the king's abode  
Bordered with palms, a river flowed.

He saw a woman that eventide  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

Who came to bathe by the riverside.  
("Whoso goeth to battle must die by the sword.")

The king beheld her where she stood,  
Laving her limbs in the glowing flood.

Then the hills and city and fields grew dim  
As light of her beauty dawned on him.

And he said to one who was standing there,  
"Who is yon woman that looks so fair?"

"O King, she is Uriah's wife  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

"But her husband leads a warrior's life."  
("Whoso goeth to battle shall die by the sword.")

"Oh the night is dark, but beauty bright,  
So send and bring her to me this night,

"Like the stars of Hermon she is fair,  
And my desire is pure as prayer."

That night they sought Uriah's house,  
Bearing the king's word to his spouse.

Bathsheba sighed, for she loved her lord,  
But she dared not cross the monarch's word.

She found the king in his bower in the dusk,  
And the air was perfumed with myrrh and musk.

Her falling hair in the dark was dim,  
But her eyes and bosom gleamed on him.

And David the King felt all the fire  
Of his youth return with his great desire.

And he said to her, "My love for thee  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

Is stronger than fire, or wind, or sea."  
(Put not thy trust in a prince's word.)

But lo, ere long doth her servant bring  
A message from Bathsheba to the king.

"Thou art mighty, so pity me,  
For I am undone, O king, by thee."

Then he called a warrior true and bold  
Who had followed him in the days of old.

"Saddle thy charger without delay,  
And speed to Joab's camp to-day.

"And say to Joab, whom thou shalt see  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

To send Uriah hither to me."  
("Whoso goeth to battle must die by the sword.")

Uriah came at the king's command;  
The blood of the foeman was on his hand.

But his soul was white as the snows upon  
The cedar ridges of Lebanon.

The king arose with a gracious smile,  
But with lies on his lips and a prince's guile.

He was white as the foam of waves that roll,  
But spots of blood were upon his soul.

"Go to thy house and tarry there  
For I have letters for thee to bear.

"To valiant Joab who leads the fight,  
And wastes the fields of Ammonite."

So he took the letters which David gave,  
And bore then straight to Joab brave.

Thus read the letters, "Place this man  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

When the fight begins in the battle's van;  
("Whoso goeth to battle must die by the sword.")

"And then from him let all men fly  
That he may be smitten with steel and die."

So they sent Uriah to guard the place  
Of the valiant man in the foe-man's face.

From Rabbah the children of Ammon came forth,  
Like storms that spring in the darkening north.

They shot from the wall with arrow and stone,  
And Uriah stood at his post alone,

And the men of Israel fled away  
From the face of the Ammonite that day;

Uriah poured forth his soul with his blood  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

In the place of the valiant where he stood,

("Whoso goeth to battle must die by the sword.")

A messenger came to the king and said,  
"Thy servant, Uriah the Hittite, is dead."

And the king replied, "Unto Joab say,  
Grieve not for that thing that was done this day.

"When armies clash in the battle's hour  
One as another the sword doth devour."

Thus fair Bathsheba came to dwell  
In the house of the king of Israel.

Before the gates of Ammonite  
("My ways are righteous," saith the Lord.)

Uriah lay where he fell in the fight  
("Whoso goeth to battle must die by the sword.")

**GONE WITH THE GIRL.**

A Long Island Minister and His Ward  
Make a May Day Move.

Hempstead, L. I., May 1.—The vestrymen of St. George's Episcopal church, of which August Belmont is senior warden, are investigating the meaning of two letters received here to-day which concern the Rev. Jere Knobe Cooke, rector of the church, and Miss Floretta Whaley, an orphan of means, whose father just before death gave her into the special charge of Mr. Cooke. The letters received are from Miss Whaley.

Mr. Cooke is 36 years old and has been married for five years. Miss Whaley is not yet 18. One of the letters was written to Miss Whaley's grandmother. The other letter was written to a girl school friend. In the letter to her grandmother she said that she loved her grandmother and sister, and that she also loved her home, but that she loved Mr. Cooke better, and that when that letter was received they would be out of the country.

Miss Whaley left Hempstead on Monday, as she told her grandmother and sister, to visit friends in New York. Her grandmother gave her money to buy a spring outfit and expected her home last night. She did not go where she said she was going nor did she return. When she did not come back Mrs. Whaley became alarmed and began an investigation which ended when the letter was received from her. It was postmarked Jersey City.

Mr. Cooke went to Manhattan yesterday to marry Miss Rachel Kennedy and Birdsall Porter, Jr. He did not return. When Samuel Greene, the verger of St. George's Church, entered the robing room this morning he saw that the safe was open and that all the rector's personal effects were gone. The rector drew his month's salary ahead of time, and this and the fee which he received for the Porter-Kennedy wedding is all the money he is supposed to have. If he has any more, his friends here do not know where he got it, though he has raised large sums for church purposes.

Mr. Cooke was married five years ago to Miss Matilda Clark of Hartford, who is now with her father in that city. For some time there has been talk among the residents of the village over the attention which the rector was paying to Miss Whaley and several letters, it is said, had been sent to Mrs. Cooke anonymously regarding her husband's actions.

Mr. Cooke was curate at Grace church, Baltimore, before he received the call to Hempstead, and has had success at St. George's. He has a pleasing presence and is a good talker.

Miss Whaley's father died a year ago leaving her and her elder sister an ample fortune. It is said that each will be worth \$125,000. Not long before he died Mr. Whaley, at one of Mr. Cooke's pastoral calls, asked the clergyman to care for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the girls, who would soon be without a father's guidance, as they were already without a mother's. Mr. Cooke promised to undertake the trust sacredly. Floretta is comely and has been popular in the village younger social set.

The wardens of St. George's Church are August Belmont and Adam Seabury. The vestrymen are B. V. Clowes, Birdsall Post, C. F. Norton, B. R. Carman, J. W. B. Vandewater and George W. Earle.

The clergyman was promptly unfrocked by Bishop Burgess, who last Sunday preached in Cooke's pulpit and denounced him as a traitor to the church.

**A LIST OF FREETHOUGHT BOOKS**

Arranged Under Subjects.

**Historical Works**

(Continued.)

**THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.** Comments on the assertion by an evangelist that Ingersoll had become a Christian, had admitted that Thomas Paine recanted, and that his own children had joined the church. Paper, 3 cents.

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**WAS CHRIST CRUCIFIED?** By Austin Bierblower. Paper, 10 cents.

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##### CHAPTER XIII.—LIFE AND HOPE.

Read the words of the master on this subject. In *The Origin of Species*, page 265, Charles Darwin says:—

"In the first place, it should always be borne in mind what sort of intermediate forms must, on the theory, have formerly existed. I have found it difficult, when looking at any two species, to avoid picturing to myself forms directly intermediate between them. But this is a wholly false view; we should always look for forms intermediate between each species and a common but unknown progenitor; and the progenitor will generally have differed in some respects from all its modified descendants. To give a simple illustration, the fantail and pouter pigeons are both descended from the rock-pigeon; if we possessed all the intermediate varieties which have ever existed, we should have an extremely close series between both and the rock-pigeon; but we should have no varieties directly intermediate between the fantail and the pouter; none, for instance, combining a tail somewhat expanded with a crop somewhat enlarged, the characteristic features of these two breeds. These two breeds, moreover, have become so modified that, if we had no historical or direct evidence regarding their origin, it would not have been possible to have determined, from a mere comparison of their structure with that of the rock-pigeon, *Columba livia*, whether they had descended from this species or from some other allied form, such as *Columba oenas*.

"So with natural species, if we look to forms very distinct—for instance, to the horse and tapir—we have no reason to suppose that links directly intermediate between them ever existed, but between them and an unknown common parent. The common parent will have had in its whole organization much general resemblance to the tapir and to the horse; but in some points of structure may have differed considerably from both, even perhaps more than they differ from each other. Hence, in all such cases we should be unable to recognize the parent form of any two or more species, even if we closely compared the structure of the parent with that of its modified descendants, unless at the same time we had a nearly perfect chain of the intermediate links."

Finally, with another set of men these difficulties have not much weight. They have a different difficulty—the origin of life. This difficulty is one of a large group of difficulties which have been created by stating the problem wrongly. If we begin by saying that Time, Space, Motion, Consciousness, and Life are things in themselves apart from matter, then we have created a difficulty which the brain of man cannot solve. But note, this kind of difficulty is caused by a pure assumption.

Time and Space are not things; they cannot be caught or measured; they have no separate existence independent of phenomena.

Motion is not a thing in itself; it has

\*From a book entitled "An Easy Outline of Evolution," by Dennis Hird, M. A., Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, England. Price one dollar.

nowhere ever been known except as a property of matter; to have motion there must be matter capable of changing its form or position.

Consciousness is not a thing in itself; it is a state of brain action; it has never been found apart from matter.

The whole of this class of difficulties has been created by man, and Life, like the rest, is not a thing in itself. Is it likely that, in the long history of tens of thousands of years, man would never have discovered life, if such a thing existed? There is no thing which we can call life, if we think accurately. We ought to say there are living bodies, living things, for what people mean by life is a state or condition found in certain arrangements of matter. Life, apart from matter, is as inconceivable as motion apart from matter.

Recently much evidence has been given that life and thought (including consciousness) are, as Spencer defined them, but processes of change.

(To be continued.)

#### A Beautiful Will.

The will of Charles Lounsbury, who died in Illinois lately, was read by Supreme Court Justice Walter Lloyd Smith at a meeting a few weeks ago of the New York University Law School alumni. Those who heard it agreed that it was the most beautiful will that ever had been written. Here it is:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheepbound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will.

"My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath—

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.

"Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky; the red roses by the wall; the bloom of the hawthorn; the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

#### Show Your Manners.

We had some offish neighbors once that moved in down the road.

We reckoned they was 'bout the proudest folks we'd ever knowed.

An' when we passed 'em now an' then we held our heads up high

To make dead sure they couldn't snub us if they was to try.

It really made me nervous, so I jes' braced up one day

An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my manners, anyway.

On Sunday 'stid o' turning 'round an' gazin' at the view,

I looked at them and says: "Hello!"

An' they says: "Howdy do!"

It wan't the cold an' formal greetin' that you've sometimes heard;

They smiled an' said it hearty, like they meant it, every word.

It's solemn to reflect on what we miss along life's way

By not jes' being natural an' good humored day by day.

There's lots of folks who fling the simple joys of life aside

Because they dread the shadows of their own unconscious pride.

An' nine times out o' ten you'll find the rule works right an' true—

Jes' tell the world "Hello!" and it'll answer "Howdy do!"

—Washington Star.

#### It Broke.

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."—Harper's Weekly.

#### Fact, Not Fancy.

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant from Finland, "the cat's had chickens."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?"

"Chickens, of course."

"Well, ma'am, that's what the cat has had."—Youth's Companion.

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An enterprising superintendent was engaged one Sunday in catechizing the Sunday-school pupils, varying the usual method by beginning at the end of the catechism.

After asking what were the prerequisites for the Holy Communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked:

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A lively urchin shouted out: "A baby, sir!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

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(Continued on next page.)

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At a meeting held in Washington, D. C., Oct. 22, 1883, to give expression to condemnatory views of the decision of the Supreme Court that the Civil Rights Act was unconstitutional.

In view of the prominence of the "Negro Question" to-day these speeches are of special interest.

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## Gems of Thought.

People often confess little faults for the purpose of hiding big ones.

When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about, his work is half done.—Mirabeau.

Enthusiasm may enable a man to reach a high altitude, but it doesn't provide a satisfactory method of letting him down again.—Exchange.

Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer the question.—Thomas Jefferson.

Many scientists have deferred to the theologians. They have admitted that some questions could not, at present, be solved. These admissions have been thankfully received by the clergy, who have always begged for some curtain to be left, behind which their God could still exist. Men calling themselves "scientific" have tried to harmonize the "apparent" discrepancies between the Bible, and the other works of Jehovah. In this way they have made reputations. They were at once quoted by the ministers as wonderful examples of piety and learning. These men discounted the future that they might enjoy the ignorant praise of the present. Agassiz preferred the applause of Boston, while he lived, to the reverence of a world after he was dead. Small men appear great only when they agree with the multitude.—R. G. Ingersoll.

The other day in New York City, a janitor's wife was in tears. Her little girl, delicate of health, had been sent home from school because she had no doctor's certificate of vaccination. Until she had such, she would not be permitted to the freeman-right of education in our public schools. Once before she had been vaccinated, and came near dying of the poison. From again torturing her child, injecting poison into it, this mother shrank. The thought of it was a haunting horror in which lurked sickness and death. But the great state of New York, for her not submitting to the horror, punishes her with the deprivation of school rights,—strikes at the mother through her child; punishes an innocent child, dooming it to ignorance because doctors have entrenched their doctrines in the laws. And we have been inveighing against religious superstition and its tyrannies! We have resented the cruelties of churches, the rack and thumbscrew, the fagot and the stake,—resented it so that we embody it in constitutions that there shall be no laws abridging a man's right too his own religious convictions and the full right of their practice as his conscience dictates. And now another pope is on the throne, uttering infallible doctrines of medicine which the state must enforce with its cruel right arm, torturing a child with poison, or shadowing its years with ignorance.—The Mail.

Wigwam Philosophy.

Repetition puts the council to sleep.  
Petty-Man is good company for Lilly-Squaw.

Nice Man may be somebody else in disguise.

What brute strength wins cunning enjoys.

Before you start be sure that you can stop.

If the powder is bad the hunter is bound to be.

Fat-Man generally looks better than he feels.

Your own pack of skins is much the easiest to carry.

Almost anything beyond reach seems worth straining for.

Love will make a squaw man braver than can ambition a chief.

My son, when you make sorrow glad 'tis your turn to laugh.

Don't keep wondering what to do until the other fellow does it.

In smoothing your brother's trail you make easier walking for yourself.

After you have skinned your game it's the trader's turn to skin you.

We are always most anxious to see the land beyond the mountains.

Most of us are too busy trying to live to worry much about how we shall die.

When your father's son becomes your enemy his bitterness makes the oak's gall taste sweet.

Do not flatter yourself that most men are not as honest as you would be if forced to follow Temptation's trail.

We may not be half so good as we imagine, and at that much better than the tribe takes us to be.—Charles Stow.

## BIBLE MYTHS, AND THEIR PARALLELS IN OTHER RELIGIONS;

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Paganism, and appropriated most of the property to its own use. Christianity furnished new steam for an old engine. Fables, like most other things, wear out and have to be patched, gilded, or replaced.

"The author of 'Bible Myths' has succeeded in showing that our Bible is not the great central fire giving light to the world, but a collection of candles and tapers and sparks borrowed by the 'chosen people' from those whom Jehovah, according to the scriptures, had left in the darkness of nature."

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This work was first published in Antwerp, Belgium, in 1877. The author states, in a letter to the translator, that it had to appear in that country for the excellent reason that in those days there was no publisher in France who dared to undertake such a work.

Since then there has been a wonderful change. The French government no longer cringes to the church. Monteil, who was imprisoned in his younger days for his book, "The History of an Ignorant Brother," to-day occupies an honored position under that very government, being prefect of the Haute-Vienne at Limoges.

The Catechism created a sensation at the time of its appearance; the clergy were particularly infuriated at the bold opening declaration that "God is an expression," and we can imagine their pious horror on meeting in another place the statement that Christ's mother was

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reputed to be a woman of easy virtue. Attempts were made to introduce the work into some lay schools, and it is needless to say that this caused intense excitement among the Catholics.

The present translation covers the entire text of the original, but not all of the footnotes. As originally published in The Truth Seeker it was thought impracticable to give the footnotes in their entirety, which is to be regretted, as they are uniformly interesting and back up the text. The author expressly states in the preface, using the editorial "we:" "Our own merit really lies in our work of editing. The knowledge that our catechism contains is simply the fruit of hard work—it is a compilation. The form alone is ours, and we venture to say that it would have certainly cost us far less time and far less work to write out ten volumes than to put it into these two hundred pages of compact questions and answers.

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whales, which were very like clouds, off the coast of Maine, hunted swordfish, loafed among the Bluenoses, went down to the "vexed Bermoothes," saw pink pigs in the blue sea around Cuba, made himself familiar with the people and their religion, found out how the Mexicans live, and why, found out about their habits, and tried to find their morals, rakes up Spanish misdeeds for God's sake; describes the peons, and a trip over the Andes; wandered up among the Toltec ruins, investigated the land system of Mexico, and discovered that Eden was once at the North Pole. There is, besides, a great deal of information concerning Mexico. The whole book is the witty, wise and cynical journal of one who is not deceived by outward show, but accepts it all as a part of the entertainment, with inanimate good nature and a desire to see more.

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The Public First.—"When do you expect to begin working the mine?"  
"As soon as we get through with the public."—Judge.

The Idle Doctor.—"Hello, Doctor! Writing verses?"  
"Yes, in order to kill time."  
"Haven't you any patients, then?"—Noe Loisir.

Not Even Still.

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still;  
A maid convinced against her will  
Is not convinced, nor even still.—Judge.

A Good Guess.—Daughter—Papa, in time of trial, what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?  
Papa—An acquittal, I should think.—Bismarck Tribune.

A Sure Turn.—"I see be the sarmon this mornin' that Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt."  
"It may be, but wid me own eyes I see Dennis McGovern's wife look back and turn into a saloon."—Karl von Kraft, in Lippincott's.

Strictly Speaking.—"When you read, my son," advised the prudent sire, "you should always select the meat of good literature."

"Meat?" echoed the studious son.  
"That's just what I am doing, pa."  
"Indeed! What have you been reading to-day?"  
"Bacon and Lamb."

Playing Safety.—Police Magistrate—Thirty days at the works for you.

Prisoner—Faith, an' thot do be purty tough. Pfwat would yez say if Oi wuz t' call yez an old fool?

Police Magistrate—'I'd add ten days to your sentence.

Prisoner—Begorry, thin Oi'll not say it; Oi'll only think it.

Coals of Fire?—Police Officer Keegan: "Mister Rafferty, Oi love your daughter, an' would most respectfully ask you for her hand in marriage."

Mr. Rafferty: "Arrah, ye shnake. One year ago to-day ye arrested me for droonkenness, an' clubbed me all th' way to th' station house. Now Oi' hev my opportunity to git aven. Ye can hev her."—Exchange.

A Human Fiend.—"The meanest fiend I ever knew," said a member of the Century Club yesterday, "was a fellow who used to belong to this club. He used to bore us for hours telling of the smart sayings of his children. It was something fierce. Finally he left town, and we discovered that he had no children—he was an o'd bachelor. He'd been springing that line of stuff for years, just to watch us writhe!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Way to Wear 'Em.—Some young women in England have begun to dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut like a hunting coat, a cap, riding breeches and top boots. It is a handsome costume and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been tel'ing in London lately a story about a girl who adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon she said to an artisan who was passing: "Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?" The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied: "Yes, miss, yes—you seem to 'ave got 'em on all right."—Argonaut.

"Dey've all Done to Damnation."—In the early half of the last century the Presbyterian church at Onondaga Valley was called the "meeting house," and the examination exercises of the Onondaga Academy were held there. On one memorable occasion, in our family, all had gone to attend the exercises but one of the youngest children, about three years old. She was out in the front yard by the gate when a gentleman rode up on horseback and seeing the only child, inquired: "Little girl, where is your father?" "He's done to damnation," she replied to his amazement. "Where is your mother?" he then asked and she answered eagerly, "Dere aint no one home but me, dey've all done to damnation, down to de meeting house." When he recovered from his surprise he rode on down to the meeting house where he met my grandfather and told him what his little daughter had said.—S. R. C.

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## News of the Week

Violent assaults have attended the strike of the teamsters in Boston.

General Kuroki, the eminent Japanese soldier, has come to attend the Jamestown exposition.

The gulf coast of the state of Campeche, Mexico, has been devastated by a hurricane. More than thirty deaths are reported and a loss of millions in property.

Mrs. Lillie Deveraux Blake announces the discovery that the eagle as represented in our pictures and images of the bird of freedom is the female of its species, and a nobler bird than the male.

Emigrants from Europe are arriving at this port in almost unprecedented numbers. There were twenty thousand on one day last week. The emigration from Italy is depopulating the rural districts of that country.

The electric railway company of Cleveland, O., whose franchise expired, and which was permitted to operate cars on a three-cent basis, has suspended. The company says it lost money on every passenger at a three-cent fare.

Municipal ownership has met with a reverse in Michigan. At Lansing on May 1, five justices of the state Supreme Court, constituting a majority, decided that the city of Detroit cannot build street railway tracks to be leased to an operating corporation.

The body of the Marvin boy, supposed to have been kidnapped from Dover, Del., in March, was found last week in a swamp near his home. Those who do not accept the theory of foul play, of which the body shows no trace, believe that the boy fell through an airhole in the ice.

The property of the "Socialist" colony called Equality, in the state of Washington, was sold by order of the court last month to pay the colony's debts. There were six hundred acres of land, a sawmill, a printing-plant, and twenty dwellings. The colony had endured for ten years.

As aftermath of the Roosevelt-Harriman controversy, Frank N. Hill, formerly stenographer for Harriman, and who is accused of selling to the New York World the letter that his employer wrote to Webster about Roosevelt, is held in \$1,000 bail for trial in the Court of Special Sessions, this city.

Walter S. Barrett, a Sunday school teacher in Bethany Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, met his fate in Miss Irene Harris, a worker in the same congregation, and having gained her consent, he stole clothing from the store where he worked as a clerk to pay the expense of the wedding. He was arrested and confessed.

The Moyer-Haywood trial starts at Boise, Idaho, on Thursday of this week. Governor Gooding, who has been vigorous in the prosecution of the case, is said to believe that he is marked for assassination, and on that ground has removed from his home to a hotel. There is less excitement over the trial in Boise than in places remote.

John Kells Ingram, the Irish political economist and author, and follower of Auguste Comte, died in Dublin on May 1 in his eighty-fourth year. Professor Ingram in his early days wrote revolutionary poetry, such as "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" and "The Memory of the Dead," which he regretted after he had become eminent and conservative.

The widow of millionaire Charles T. Yerkes, who a month after her husband's death married Wilson Mizner, a young soldier of fortune from the West, has sued for a divorce. It is said that Mrs. Mizner gave her new husband \$20,000, but he is reported now to be on the rocks and somewhat the worse for the buffeting of the waves of adversity.

Arthur McEwen, chief editorial writer of the New York American, died at Hamilton, Bermuda, May 1, from an attack of heart failure. He was fifty-six years old, a native of Scotland, and had a long experience as a journalist in the West. He was the author of the American's satires, under the heading "A Gentleman"; also the Colonel Edgarton papers.

Since they cannot be admitted themselves, the English woman suffragists of England will run a parliamentary candidate of the other sex. Their choice has fallen on the Hon. Bertrand Russell, who will contest the Wimbledon division. Hundreds of suffragettes will stump Wimbledon for him. Mr. Russell is the husband of Alys Smith of Philadelphia, who leads the movement to send him to Parliament.

Meetings of Socialists to vindicate Haywood against the aspersions of President Roosevelt, who terms the Idaho labor leader an undesirable citizen, are almost continuous. In cities of the first class two meetings per day are held. Haywood awaits trial at Boise City, May 9, for complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, and his friends maintain that until convicted he should have a square deal.

The Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs, in session at Joplin, resented the lectures of President Roosevelt on the duty of all wives to populate their households profusely. "We women," they say, "are at the heads of our homes. It is our intention to manage them as we please. There are certain things which each of us must decide for herself. The matters of our homes are our business, subject to interference from no one."

After May 7 all periodicals passing by mail between Canada and the United States must pay at the rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, prepaid by stamps affixed. Canada has abrogated the convention heretofore in force providing for one cent a pound rates on second-class matter. Publishers this side of the line protest, but Postmaster General Meyer at Washington says that Canada has full control of her own postal affairs.

A bronze equestrian statue of Major-General George B. McClellan was unveiled in Washington, D. C., on May 2, under the auspices of the Army of the Potomac. The place, in the northwestern part of the city, where the monument stands is on the ground occupied by the Army of the Potomac when it was en-

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camped under McClellan in the early days of the civil war. President Roosevelt delivered an address at the unveiling, in which he said that the only person in the country to be put ahead of the soldier is the wife and mother who fulfills her functions as such.

The Lord Chamberlain having forbidden the production of a play called the "Mikado" by London amateurs on the ground that it might displease Japan, the humorous Mr. V. P. Kennedy, M. P., in the House of Commons, asks the prime minister whether he is aware that in a certain popular play called "Hamlet" the king of Denmark is portrayed as a murderer, and whether in view of the fact that Denmark is a friendly power and this representation is likely to offend a friendly nation he will direct the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit its further production. On behalf of the government Sir Edward Gray replied in the negative.

William MacQueen, who was sent to the New Jersey state prison at Trenton on conviction of inciting the Paterson silk riots five years ago, has been paroled after serving three years of his sentence. His liberation is the result of work done in his behalf by Judge G. D. W. Vroom of the Court of Appeals, who is also a member of the Court of Pardons; the Rev. A. W. Wishart, formerly pastor of one of the largest churches in Trenton; Professor Wyckoff of Princeton, Mr. Fells, the Philadelphia soap manufacturer, and other influential persons. The Court of Pardons defines the paroling of MacQueen as an act of mercy rather than of justice. It is stipulated that he shall leave the country and not come back.

## Graduation Gifts

What can be nicer for such gifts than a genuine diamond, mounted in ring, pin, stud or otherwise? These can be had for \$10, \$20, up. They are indestructible, a joy forever, and will last as long as life, neither do they ever depreciate in value. Or a Gold Watch, which is useful as well as ornamental.

### Ladies' Gold Watches.

Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, 20-year gold filled, hunting case, latest style, 7 jls., \$9; 15 jls., \$11; 16 jls., adj., \$15. Small (0) size 7jls., \$11; 15 jls., \$13; 16 jls., adj., \$18. In 25-year case, \$1 more. In 14k solid gold case, \$10 to \$50 more. All in velvet box, prepaid, with guarantee. Every Watch Fresh from Factory.

### Chains.

Latest style, soldered links, opals or other sets in slides, rolled plated, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Best Filled Gold, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Extra heavy, \$5. Solid gold, \$8, \$10, \$15 and \$25. Gents' Chains, same variety.

### The Ideal Gentleman's Watch.

Small (12) size Hampden, elegant, artistic, gold filled hunting case, guaranteed 25-years "General Stark," 15 jls., \$15; "Deuber Grand," 17 jls., adjusted, \$17.50; "John Hancock," 21 jls., extra fine, \$29.50. In open face screw case, \$1.00 less. Also in solid gold.

Send for prices of watches not here enumerated, jewelry, rings, silverware Ingersoll spoons, Freethought badges, optical goods, ring gauge and my tract "Theism in the Crucible," free.

OTTO WETTSTEIN,  
LaGrange, Cook County, Ill.