

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.

Vol. 34.—No 25.

PUBLISHED
WEEKLY.

New York, June 22, 1907.

SIXTY-TWO VESEY
STREET

\$3.00 Per Year

OUR RECEDING IDEALS.

However Long and Swiftly We Pursue Them, They
Are Never Less Remote.

In the discussion of abstract questions of moral and social philosophy it is desirable, if not essential, that the influences of inherited ideas and feelings and of present environment be, as far as possible, set aside. The ideal attitude is that of an outsider—a visitor to our planet, who, without bias or prejudice, is, for the first time, brought face to face with the problems the key to which is sought. Let us attempt to put ourselves as nearly as we can in this condition. Let us imagine ourselves disembodied spirits from another sphere, bereft of memory of the past, free from evolutionary taint, pure, abstract souls confronting new questions. And in seeking the solution let us follow the guidance of our intellects no matter where we may be led. But that there may be no misunderstanding, let us not forget that it is abstract truth we are seeking, without regard to its present applications or fitness. This standpoint should be clear at the outset lest the ideas here advanced be misunderstood. This paper offers no suggested reform, to be urged upon humanity regardless of present conditions or the present stage of development of mankind, but consists merely of an attempt to penetrate, as far as present light permits, the mists of the future of the human race. Nor can we even regard this future as what must be, but merely as what might be. It is by no means certain what course of development the ages to come will unfold. The upward progress of humanity may be far deflected from any paths that appear to be the logical course to our imperfect vision. The end attained may come by far different, far superior means than we are able to suggest. Nevertheless it is our pleasure, if not our immediate duty, to use our best endeavors to note what seem to us important landmarks in our later way. In this dual state of independence and humility let us approach the subject under consideration.

"Thou shalt not kill."

No moral law is more striking than this; none seems to have greater validity. To lightly take the life of another seems most atrocious; to take it in a just cause seems grave. What possible right has one mortal to destroy another, to transform a sentient being into a lump of lifeless clay? Surely, here is a clear, immutable, eternal law about whose validity or application there can be no dispute. But hold! What life are we talking of? What killing?

The evolution of the living world has for its fundamental law the law of murder. To have violated that law in the past would have been to retard the development of all forms of organic life. In order to secure a progression from lower to higher grades nature has required that every species produce in quantities far in excess of what would be necessary for mere stability. This excess has been essential that in the resultant destruction those individuals best fitted to survive might transmit to posterity a higher grade of organism. The element of chance has thus been, to a great degree, eliminated, and a

BY HENRY OLDYS.

constant development of more highly specialized forms has resulted. This process is still going on, though modified in the case of man by altruistic laws to which he has subjected himself. But how far does man's altruism extend?

In earlier days treatment of the neighbor was governed by a different moral code from that regulating relations with the stranger. An alien was legitimate prey in many cases in which conscience forbade similar dealing with a member of one's own community or nation. Much of this spirit survives. The savage—our brother of another kind or degree of development—is not placed on the same footing as to rights with ourselves. Let the African, Indian, Malay, Mongolian, testify.

And those who refuse to trick or slaughter savages have little or no compunction in their dealings with still lower forms of life. To say nothing of the sportsman who regards the trapping or killing of game or fish as a noble pursuit, the scientist who believes that his "collecting" is a great good, the vivisectionist who holds that the torturing of guinea-pigs and rabbits that man may be benefited is unquestionably proper, the plume and skin-hunter and those who with good conscience sustain his trade with their patronage—to leave out of consideration these classes, all of which have critics, we have to consider the immense number who feel that the killing of domestic animals and birds for food is allowable. And even those who refuse to eat flesh or fish, and subsist on a vegetarian diet, lose their tenderness where insects are concerned.

And what of destruction of the pest? the parasite? What, too, shall we say of war? of the killing of criminals—by lynch or more regular law?

Surely we must make many qualifications of our law "Thou shalt not kill." It seems to be limited in interpretation to the standpoint of the particular age, the particular race, the particular individual; and in its application, to a varying number of objects with a varying degree of force according to the position in the scale of life occupied by the object.

In the present age and among most so-called "civilized" peoples the law seems to be a command only so far as what is today regarded as unnecessary killing is concerned and with direct relation to man, having an incidental sentimental application by some to a few other of the higher forms of life.

But by what rule do we thus limit it? Setting aside consideration of the question of the killing by man of his fellowman in war or under the sanctity of the law, with what consistency can we maintain that while man has no right to destroy the lives of fellows of his own grade he is entirely justified in destroying lives that are a little lower in the scale? Can man be so sure of his

right to slaughter all sentient beings outside of his own genus? Remember I am speaking of right—not expediency. Who gave him this warrant? Who fixed the boundaries of the applicability of the "law?" How comes it to have such limited range; so circumscribed a field? Is not life sweet to every living thing? Is man alone entitled to undisturbed possession of the vital spark?

Do you say the determination of the extent to which the assumed law should be operative must be left to the individual conscience? I answer that so variable a standard can not be accepted as a safe guide. Whose conscience can disclose the real law—the abstract principle that is eternally true? Is it the conscience of a man of the twentieth, the thirtieth, or the tenth century? Or is it yet the conscience of the primitive savage, or perhaps his near relative, the gorilla? Every shade of opinion and feeling leads from the prehistoric night to the still dim light of today. At which infinitesimal point shall we set a mark and say, "This is the basis on which rests the eternal law?" Yesterday the life of a fellowman was of no more consequence than that of a fly; tomorrow the life of a fly may be of as great consequence as that of a man.

"Thou shalt not steal."

This is another law concerning whose eternal validity the average citizen has no doubt. To take by force or trickery that which belongs to another is a palpable wrong—an act which should be avoided by oneself and punished if committed by another. But I fear we shall have as great difficulty in placing the finger on a consistent underlying principle here, as in considering the law of murder.

If a man no matter for what good or humane end take by violence from another man (who perhaps would hardly miss it) his pocketbook, he is a thief and is held in contempt; but if a number of men acting jointly as a nation take by violence from the natives of Africa the land on which they live, even though the object be to secure a rich mine, they are held guiltless. Why?

In each case property is violently wrested from one to enrich another. Is the principle of the action changed by the number of the actors? Does might make right with a nation and not with an individual? If so, by what authority? And if we Americans are disposed to condemn such national greed and stigmatize the forcible possession of another people's land as robbery, let us be careful in uttering such denunciation lest we cloud our own title to the Philippines, to Hawaii, and even to the land in which we live. Much difficulty has been experienced recently by those who would condemn our assumption of Spain's invalid title to the Philippines and yet justify our assumption of France's invalid title to the plains and mountains of the west, but they have at length found refuge in the fact of difference in density of population—that is, they hold that while it is a crime to steal from eight

millions, it is proper to steal from a few thousands! So one charged with killing a fellowman might seek to justify himself on the ground that the victim was such a little man.

The robbery of an orchard by a band of school-boys we call a prank and smile at the owner's wrath; but were the robbery effected by a man to whom the fruit would be of definite value we should brand the act as a crime. Is it then worse to steal to relieve necessity than to steal wantonly? Certainly no such principle is applied to the law first considered; for in the case of killing, necessity is a justification and wantonness an aggravation.

If we pass from the direct to the indirect, inconsistencies multiply. Most men are possessed of "common sense," the ability to perceive direct causes—comparatively few, unfortunately, of uncommon sense—the faculty of perceiving indirect causes. Hence similar acts with similar ends and similar results are placed in very different categories by the masses. Were a body of men to attack a railroad, tear up the rails and ties, reduce cars to the original lumber of which they were composed, and carrying away this property, appropriate it to their own use, common sense would declare the act thievery, to be properly punished as a crime. But when certain men in the railroad company with deliberate design so manipulate the affairs of the company as to destroy entirely or partially the value of its stock in order that they may buy it up for little or nothing, and then, by building up the road, restore the value they have depressed, the same common sense euphoniously characterizes the transaction as "freezing out" the losing stockholders and, at least tacitly, approves it as a legitimate business device. Something of value has been transferred to another without the acquiescence of the rightful holder, in the one case directly, in the other indirectly, yet none the less effectively.

So, too, when a man by superior knowledge or cunning secures the property of another for less than its value, or sells property to him for more than its value, the excess in each case is acquired by superiority, the same quality that is involved when the property of another is secured at the point of a pistol or by physical force. The acquisition by the exertion of force of that which is another's is the crux of the transaction; the character of the force exerted does not alter the principle involved. Yet the penitentiaries are full of those who have depended on physical superiority or the monopoly of a weapon to rob others, and the highest ranks of respected citizenship are full of those who have depended on mental superiority or monopoly of a fact to accomplish the same result. A word more to make this clearer. Highwaymen of the second class are not confined to those who plunder the public through monopolistic combinations, and surreptitious maneuvers, but include in their company all who have used superior mental equipment or concealed knowledge to secure "bargains" as such booty is called. Not until the taking of that which is in rightful possession of another without giving therefor a full equivalent is regarded as dishonest whatever the means used will this inconsistency be removed. Caveat emptor is no more valid than caveat pedestris or caveat anyone who has reason to fear a loss of his property through his fellowman.

The same uncertainty, the same variability, the same imperceptible gradations will be found to govern all moral laws. Not only is there no such thing as absolute law in spiritual matters, but we cannot conceive of such a thing. And even if we assume that our perceptions, though faulty, are as they advance continually approximating to the true law, I fear attempted examination of such an ultimate principle will show us that our assumption is rash—that we are no more approaching a final standard than our journey through space is bringing us nearer to the limit of the universe, or our journey through time is bringing us nearer the end of time. In other words—and I wish to emphasize this—at no point in the future will our ideals seem less remote. The possibilities of infinity allow no approximation to a finality. As we advance our horizon advances with us. Better and better we may grow, clearer and clearer may our ideals become, but infinity precludes any superlative. Absolute Truth,

absolute Right, cannot be grasped by finite man. Nor can finite man determine whether there be such existences as absolute Truth or absolute Right. Nor is it necessary. The sky would yield ample inspiration though it were but the lowest of an infinite series of firmaments. The starry heavens are none the less sublime that our sight but reaches the nearest of innumerable fields of stellar systems. Related to our petty selves our ideals lose nothing through the possibility that they are but the lowest of infinite strata; nor do they gain by the belief that they represent the ultimate reach of aspiration.

But if our ideals of law and truth are invalid guides to action—if they represent merely a minute point in an infinite series—have we any better light to illuminate the upward path that we would tread?

I answer, "Yes."

Behind the law, responsible for its graded advance, is a force whose thrall we cannot escape. This it is that for each one of us mortals and our fellows back as far as we can penetrate into the shadowy beginnings from which our souls emerged, has determined our ideals—has fixed the limits of the laws we have obeyed. This it is that adjusts to a nicety the degree of sensibility of each individual conscience in its relation to its surroundings.

This force is love.

Love guides the finger that writes the law. The first hint of sympathy—the parent of love—for our fellowman—a feeble glimmer of that flame which now glows in many breasts—gave the conscience its first prick and made the accustomed killing murder. The earliest dawn of sympathy first transformed the accustomed theft into a questionable action. It is sympathy that stays the finger on the trigger and spoils the sportsman. It is sympathy that first guides the tongue to truth where a lie would serve the present purpose.

And as the heart expands and embraces more and more of the organisms that people the globe, the laws governing our relations with those organisms grow even wider and more exacting, and the sensibilities of the conscience concomitantly increase. Why is it that the sentiment in favor of the abolition of capital punishment is gaining strength? Solely because of our newer, clearer, more rigid interpretation of the moral law forbidding the taking of life due to an increased reverence for or keener perception of pure abstract truth? or because of a growing repugnance to killing, the result of a greater degree of sympathy for mankind? Sympathy finds excuse where simple loyalty to law is blind. Kindliness shifts the balance of justice. The old boundaries of justice constantly encroach on the territory of mercy and establish new limits. The righteous indignation of the past becomes the bigotry of the present. The old-fashioned man who loves his friends, hates his enemies, and is indifferent to the rest of the world is anachronistic today; his place is taken by the man who, nominally at least, loves the whole human race and has sentiment to spare for some of the associating organic forms. There is no limit to the growth of this love. And the point to be particularly observed is that its changes are the direct cause of the changes in the ideal standards of right and wrong.

(It may be noted in passing that the moral standards have long since been divorced from the legal standards. The moral code by which a man judges himself places judgment in the hands of the wrong-doer; the legal code places it in the hands of the wronged. By the one a man is deterred or punished by himself; by the other he is deterred or punished by his neighbor.)

If what I have urged is true, if the fickle, ever-shifting standards of the moral code are dependent for their forward or backward condition on the degree to which love is developed, then is it not clear that the cultivation of love will ensure more rapid advance than centering our attention on the law? A kindly heart with little thought of duty will assume a higher plane of action than an indifferent heart subjected to a rigid moral code. Were all mankind governed by the most punctilious consciences, friendliness might yet be wanting; but were all mankind animated by invariable friendliness the highest de-

mands of moral duty would be satisfied. Duty has held high sway while progress was being stifled. It was duty—devotion to high ideals, as interpreted by the individual, that governed Torquemada and placed the progressive Moors on the rack; that filled Omar with holy zeal and burned the Alexandrian library; that throttled Bruno, Copernicus, and Galileo; that persecuted Luther; that sent the mild Quakers to the stake; that even in our own day has anathematized and ostracized those that dared to question the current theology. Devotion to duty has made uncompromising foes to the majority of their kind of many whose superior wisdom might have achieved far more for the world had they been sympathetic leaders.

Would love have done these things? Would kindness and friendliness for the erring have prompted these harsh and bitter actions? Is it today the distant and disdainful Northerner who freed him, or the sympathetic Southerner who would have held him enslaved, that has the deepest hold on the negro's affections?

But, it is claimed by some philosophers, altruism is an impossible creed; it defeats its own end. For by yielding to the egoistic the altruistic merely exterminate themselves. Perpetuation of the egoistic must ever result, and the altruistic must gradually die out.

This tenet underestimates the replenishment of the ranks of the altruistic by recruits from those of the egoistic. The sacrifice of a noble life, to take an extreme example, for the perpetuation of the life of an unworthy one, seems a net loss to altruism. But who shall say how many will be led to at least shift toward altruism through the inspiration derived from the heroism displayed? Who can estimate the impulse given to altruism by the self-sacrificial death of the Duchesse D'Uzes in Paris a few years since?

This is no new doctrine.

When the Nazarene philosopher was asked which of the moral laws should be ranked highest, he replied:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind; this is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Love fulfills all the requirements of the law, for the validity of the law—nay, its very existence, depends on love.

The law is a message which is interpreted by love, and the extent of the love determines the character of the interpretation.

Love is the sun, law the moon reflecting its light; on which shall we centre our attention in our efforts to secure more light? To which shall we offer our homage? The moon can reflect no more light than it receives from the sun, but if the sun's light be increased then will the moon become more bright.

Altruism is the sole agent necessary to determine lasting answers to the social and political questions that now press for settlement. Under the influence of its potent beams the chilly mists that now envelop us and obscure our sight will gently and quietly disperse and the bright glad light of the morning will overspread the earth. With the removal of antagonism of all kinds among men, even the antagonism of just arbitration—which presupposes more or less of a controversial spirit—want and privation, and all their dread train of disease, untimely death, stifled aspirations, and blunted morality, would soon pass away, or at least be confined to a handful of helpless incompetents or hopeless perverts; and even these would eventually dwindle to nothing under the strenuous altruistic endeavors to lift them out of the mire.

But what of crime? you may ask.

And I reply unhesitatingly that crime feeds on opposition. Where repression is greatest, be the law never so just, there will the police force be most inadequate. Antagonism begets antagonism. And where social as well as repressive laws are unequal, as is unquestionably true of the most enlightened land of today, though it is necessary that every good citizen should provisionally sustain law and order, yet often the sympathies of the kind hearted must go out to those that can but be regarded as unfortunate victims. Mildness and gentleness on the part of

the strong toward the weak will ultimately do more to extirpate crime than the most rigorously enforced protective laws. Human sympathy for the criminal as for an anachronistic brother or sister will ultimately lead to the extinction of the police force as no longer needed. The man who robs you of your watch on the highway is but one of the English nobility transferred from medieval times to the twentieth century. The painted, bedizened creature who interrupts your midnight stroll might have had your respect and regard had you met her at the court of Elizabeth.

Finally, let me repeat that I do not offer these thoughts as suggesting an immediate reform, but merely a goal toward which we should move with what expedition we may. It is impracticable, at the present early stage of social and individual development, to be governed by rules of unmixed altruism. We and our fellows are not sufficiently advanced to practice such a cult—we are not capable of being animated by such universal friendliness and sympathy as is here urged. But we can progress in that direction, and will progress the faster if we give less thought to what is right and just, and open our hearts more freely to the kindness that naturally arises.

Thirteenth Century Morals.

In an article entitled "A Revivalist of Six Centuries Ago," in the June 7 number of the North American Review, G. G. Coulton tells of the celebrated thirteenth-century divine, Berthold of Ratisbon. To quote:

"Berthold's sermons give a gloomy view of society even during the years between St. Francis's death and Dante's boyhood. The pope could make and unmake emperors; cardinals and bishops were among the greatest princes of the day; the parish priest had inquisitorial and disciplinary rights over almost every act of his parishioners; yet the people were not only far more ignorant, but had even less of true religion than today. 'The laity are evil, the religious are evil,' is a quotation constantly recurring in Berthold's sermons. He finds himself compelled to advise his hearers on delicate points of spiritual relationship arising from the numbers of 'parsons' children' which were to be found everywhere. 'It often happens,' he continues, 'that a bishop has children, few or many'; yet for 200 years clerical celibacy had been the strict rule of the church. He complains that bribery and corruption are as rampant in the spiritual as in the lay courts. In consequence of the depredations of robber-nobles, 'in places where there might well be two or three parish priests, there is scarce one; and even he may well be found unlearned.' The pagan superstition still flourished which held it an evil omen to meet a priest the first thing in the morning. Berthold alludes to the constant tithing quarrels; as an English bishop of the same date complains that parishioners, indignant that priests should exact tithes even of milk, revenge themselves by bringing their pailful to church and pouring it on the floor before the altar. The priest himself, again, was often excommunicate, and the whole parish involved with him in mortal sin. Nor, with all his nominal authority, could the parson put down the constant habit of Sunday work or secure regular attendance at church."

Missionaries Disheartened.

Addressing a missionary meeting in London, May 27, the Right Rev. Edward King, bishop of Lincoln, said that while there was no sort of evidence that Christian missionaries in the Orient had been beaten, it was sadly and disappointingly true that the great religious systems of the East were in an entrenched and unyielding position. Lord Hugh Cecil declared that neither India, China nor Japan would be converted until Christianity was preached by the native voice. It was a disheartening thing, he added, that after so many years of work by the missions in India there was no native bishop there.

The best thing sometimes that a man does is missing what he tries to do.

If there was any way to make men practice what they preach they'd stop preaching.

THE SAVING SENSE.

My suggestions of April 13 for removing the Bible from the public schools are taken seriously by a Canadian reader of The Truth Seeker and his righteous soul is stirred to protest. I can only say that if he finds it easier to have the Bible excluded from the schools in his vicinity by "denouncing it as an overrated bundle of Hebrew literature" and a "book that smells horribly of blood," no Freethinker will object to his applying that method, and we will all await with interest the information that he has succeeded in his efforts.

The objecting Mr. Yeevan appears not to notice that the suggestion to withdraw the Bible from the schools because the book there falls into the hands of unbelieving teachers was made by Christian women and that I merely reported it to the readers of The Truth Seeker. I thought they would be amused. The idea of setting the Christians to protecting their sacred book from the polluting contact of unsanctified hands struck me as a brilliant one, especially in the light of recent history, where the Bible has been forced on unwilling readers and listeners in the hope of saving their souls and improving their morals.

Christians can stand any amount of opposition, but ridicule floors them. Tell a believer that his Bible is false and should not be taught to children and he will insist all the harder on its being kept in the public schools; but tell him it is being treated irreverently and his impulse is to rescue the sacred volume.

A friend in Ohio writes me that some hymns were parodied by the thoughtless children in the public schools there, and the teachers discontinued the singing of them. The Freethinker can enjoy the humor in the situation and reap the benefit. If a boy persists in singing "Nero, my dog, has fleas," we easily understand how impossible it is for a roomful of children to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," with religious fervor. So when the children were heard to sing: "Hallelujah 'tis noon, I believe on the moon, I'm saved by the blood of the crucified coon," it was thought best to omit the singing of hymns because they "were not sung in the proper spirit."

There are some men who cannot enter a debate or argument without "getting red in the face," and the same is true of women. Women are so self-conscious that when their arguments are opposed, their vanity is hurt. If women were less that way they would see more of the humorous side of daily events; life would be less serious, and they would not care to suspect that everything said or written about their beliefs was meant to be personal and to their own disadvantage. The average man's broader life, larger acquaintance, and knowledge of the small regard his opinions receive from his associates helps him to overcome this unpleasant characteristic; and when he realizes that the world moves on in the same way, whether he is right or wrong in his opinion, he finds entertainment in the conflict of ideas. He distinguishes between his personality and his opinions, and is not offended if the latter are criticised. But say to some religious man or to almost any religious woman that you believe the churches to be humbugs and the Bible a volume of myths and fairy tales, and that individual will be at first shocked, then argumentative, and finally—if you remain unconvinced—insulted. Support your statement by an appeal to reason and fact, and you have made an enemy for life.

The moral sense of some men is easily shocked also. That was the case with the elocution teacher in this town. When one pupil recited a selection from "Red Saunders" wherein he remarks, "Will somebody please tell me what in the name of God came through that roof?" this sensitive teacher took the opportunity to give the boys a lecture on morality, expressing his disapproval of that particular recitation, especially the part where it says: "My God, what fell through the roof?" This, he said, sounded too much like profanity. Imagine a man teaching elocution and rhetoric in a high school who is so unappreciative of good construction in profanity that he does not recognize it when he sees

it; who instead of admiring is only shocked, and who can so feebly reproduce the author's thought!

The world is dying for men and women who can see the funny side of things, and so save themselves from becoming serious and solemn and ridiculous.

GRACE L. MACDONALD.

What It Means.

Mr. J. R. Coryell's address before the Lyric Congregation (reported in The Truth Seeker, March 30, 1907), is timely and important. It may be considered as an indorsement of President Roosevelt's warnings and rebukes concerning "race suicide," and, like those expressions, may mean much more than the words convey. It is certainly a startling statement that the annual birthrate per thousand among the native white citizens of the United States is only 19½, while even in France it is 22. In connection with this subject is seems appropriate to call attention to certain articles in The Truth Seeker which though not of the latest date, have all appeared since Mr. Roosevelt's championship and were called forth by his remarks. The tone of these communications would seem to afford proof of the charge that there is prevalent in society a thoroughly false and highly dangerous estimate of the duties and responsibilities of women, with regard to their exclusive function of maternity. That motherhood is the exclusive function of woman would seem to place the subject outside the bounds of discussion. It belongs to her alone, and there is no question of "choice" in the matter.

One woman denies that the supreme end of marriage is the child, and declares that the supreme end of life is, or ought to be, the "highest harmonious unfoldment of ourselves," probably meaning that women should be free to develop themselves unhindered, for their own glory and for the general good. So, perhaps, thought the artist Rossetti, when, on hearing that a gifted pupil of his had died in childbed, he cried out: "Good God! aren't there kids enough in the world without sacrificing such a woman as that?" Yet the child born at so great a cost may be worth more to the world than the mother's life would have been. We all know Mrs. Browning's estimate of her own mental value as compared with her exercise of the function of motherhood: "that child is more to me than twenty 'Auroras'" (referring to her most famous poem "Aurora Leigh"). And if a mother can so delight in her motherhood even before her offspring has shown that he is worthy of her devotion, what pride and joy must be the portion of those mothers whose sons or daughters have proved a blessing to the world and whose names will be honored and beloved forever! Suppose that the mother of Washington had abhorred the function of motherhood and had claimed her right to choose that that child should not be born! Suppose that the mother of Benjamin Franklin, tired of domestic cares, should have prevented the formation of that precious fruit, "the one great, round, sound apple on the tree!" Who can estimate the loss to the world if that adventurous spirit had not come to draw the lightning from the sky and make possible all the discoveries and inventions which depend upon electricity, to say nothing of all that he did to ennoble the moral character of the race!

If women would only think of the tremendous possibilities involved in the "choice" they recommend so lightly, it seems as though such a suggestion could never be made again.

Writers on social questions report a gradual decline in the birth rate, not only in France and in America, but the world over, and in so far as the change is due to later marriages and consequently fewer but more vigorous children, it may be a benefit to the race, especially as the average duration of life is growing longer in each generation, and this advantage is likely to increase, through improvement in sanitary conditions, through greater skill in medicine and surgery, through the eventual abolishment of war and the healthful development of the arts of peace. To such natural causes we may well trust the problem of population; but any human interference with the laws of nature in the process of reproduction must be recognized and repudiated as a crime. ELIZABETH E. EVANS. Bavaria, Germany.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

Published by The Truth Seeker Company.

E. M. MACDONALD - - - Editor and Proprietor
L. K. WASHBURN - - - Editorial Contributor
Sixty-two Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.
Post Office Box 1610.

SATURDAYJUNE 22, 1907.

Subscription Rates.

Single subscription in advance - - -	\$3.00
One subscription two years in advance - -	5.00
Two new subscribers - - -	5.00
One subscription and one new subscriber, in one remittance - - -	5.00
To all foreign countries except Mexico, 50 cents per annum extra.	
Subscription received for any length of time under a year at the rate of 25 cents per month. Can be begun at any time. Single copies, 7 cents.	

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second class mail matter.

Money should be sent by EXPRESS CO. MONEY ORDER, POSTAL ORDER, DRAFT ON NEW YORK OR BY REGISTERED LETTER. Since April, 1899, checks and drafts on cities other than New York are subject to a heavy charge for collection, and our patrons are respectfully asked not to subject us to that expense. Address communications and make drafts, checks, postoffice and express money orders payable to THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY or E. M. MACDONALD, 62 Vesey Street, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We shall be obliged to our readers if they will send us the name and address of any Freethinker who is not a regular subscriber.

The Religious Confession of Orchard.

There is said to be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine good men. The angels ought, therefore, to rejoice more over a repentant murderer who has "bumped off" two dozen of his fellow men than over one who is not an habitual homicide and has merely "killed his man." If besides wholesale murder there are added to the penitent's record the crimes of theft, robbery, burglary, bigamy, arson, and so on, heaven might be justified in promulgating a holiday.

The state's star witness in the Haywood trial at Boise, Idaho, Harry Orchard, alias Hogan, Horsley, et al., announces a change of heart. He was religiously brought up, went to Sunday school as a boy, and later attended the Methodist church with regularity. His parents were Quakers, but he preferred Methodism after his marriage and was taken in on probation while a young man. After running away with another man's wife he became less constant in his devotions. When finally brought to jail for the murder of former Governor Stunenberg his religion recurred to him and he felt that he should confess "as a duty which he owed to his God, his country, society, and himself." Asked where he got the language quoted, he replied, "God gave it to me," so that he has already been favored with a revelation.

The sincerity of Orchard's confession of repentance and belief may be doubted by some skeptics, but we are not among the number. There is no reason why his professions should not be as sincere as any other person's. The fact that a man was a criminal never argued a superior gift for distinguishing the false from the true. He is liable to be even more superstitious than the man with no crime on his conscience, and a plan whereby he may procure forgiveness from God for his offenses against mankind would look peculiarly attractive to him.

Orchard stated on the stand that after making his confession, after he had begun thinking of religion as a way out, and had begun to entertain hopes of forgiveness, he requested that his alleged associate in crime, Steve Adams, should be put in his cell, promising to use his influence to induce Steve to confess also. Adams was brought to him as a cell mate, and "I told him,"

says Orchard, "that I was going to confess." Lawyer Richardson, who was cross-examining the witness, asked, "But when you told him you were going to confess you had actually confessed already, hadn't you?" Orchard answered that he had. "But you didn't tell him you had?" said Richardson the lawyer. "No, sir," Orchard rejoined, "I didn't." With religion in his mind and hope of forgiveness in his heart, he was still capable of deceiving and betraying his unsuspecting associate.

And yet Orchard's taking refuge in the promises of religion doubtless results from the sincere conviction that it will be good for him here and hereafter, and that is the motive which moves all who embrace religion. Sincerity of belief has never been irreconcilable with the commission of crime, otherwise the most pious of Christians could not have been the worst criminals known to history. Orchard, the thief, burglar, informer and assassin, is an asset of the church.

An Interesting Decision.

The New York Court of Appeals has lately decided a case which, to a certain extent, defines the lengths to which discordant Christian sects may go in exposing or denouncing one another's immoral practices. The appearance in a Protestant newspaper called the Gospel Worker of a signed article on the confessional box of the Roman Catholic church led to the prosecution of the writer on the charge of circulating indecent literature. Who made the complaint we are not informed. The case is that of the State v. Newton L. A. Eastman, who was indicted under Section 317 of the Penal Code. In the trial court the defendant demurred to the indictment on the ground that it did not state a crime; the demurrer was sustained in that tribunal and also at the Appellate Division, and the People took the case to the Court of Appeals. Here is what Eastman wrote, printed, and circulated:

"THE OPEN DOOR TO HELL"

"Is the confessional box. It is hell's gate. The main-spring to lust. The very embodiment and focus of the virus of hell. It is the very matter and pus that runs from the corpse in hell. It is the pollution and rottenness of the decay of ages. It is the cesspool, the recipient, the reservoir of lust, of vile thought and communication, adultery, the birthplace of sexual criminality with men's wives and young girls, and the convent is earth's terminus and hell; the lake of fire is the dumping ground. It is the criminal college. The mother of prostitution. The author of pauperism. From it emanates poison to society, homes, our schools and government. I speak in love. No time to trifle. The Anaconda is drawing itself over many a threshold and stinging thousands to death. Hark! A voice from the tomb, the blood of the innocent crying out, In what sense is the confessional box needed? The word of God says, in 1 John, 1, 9: If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. You go direct to God Almighty through Jesus Christ to confess your sins. Not in a concealed and secluded place alone. No wife can go with her husband. Here the priest asks the vilest of questions, and of course the husband could not be present. He asks the most delicate and intimate questions. But under what obligation is any one to a priest? What business has he got to go into a box and ask delicate female questions that no minister of Jesus Christ or true gentleman on earth would ask? Right here in the confessional box many have been ruined, and many become mothers as a result; and men, you are paying your money to priests and to a church that is ruining your daughters and stealing the affections of your wife, until he knows more about her than you do. She has many secrets kept from you, husband, but not from that licentious priest. This is all true, dear reader, and can be proven by thousands of witnesses. May it not well be called the open door to hell? Last month a dear brother gave The Gospel Worker to some in the place where he was at work in this city. It was the January number with the article 'Break Open the Doors and Look In,' and it caused much excitement. Bloody threats and curses were made, and two could not sleep all night, they were so stirred over the truth in it. Was any one ever benefited in any way by going to the confessional box? If it is advice you need, why go to that secret place? Dear reader, Jesus Christ never instituted the confessional. Would he call lustful, licentious, drinking men to ask such low, vile questions, which are unbecoming for any one to ask another? I am sure you say no and begin to see the awfulness of it. You might as well confess to a dead dog. The Roman Church teaches you cannot be saved unless you confess to a priest. Read this from their own teaching: 'If any one shall say that priests who are in mortal sin

have not the power of binding or loosing, or that priests are not the only ministers of absolution, let him be accursed.' This does away with Jesus' blood. It makes God second to this fellow in the confessional box. They teach that every sin, the vilest and lowest, the most criminal, by man and woman, must be confessed to the priest. They do not teach it necessary to repent, but to do penance. Notice, this takes the place of repentance. Penance and confession to a wicked priest necessary to salvation? Is there any intelligent person on the earth who believes it? The following is what Margaret L. Shepard, who was for three years an inmate of the Arno's Court Convent, Bristol, England, says: 'In a confessional the depth of corruption and womanly degradation is reached. There the seeds of hell are planted in the soul. The thoughts of a young girl are polluted. Her heart is polluted, her mind becomes familiarized with the most revolting sins of impurity. The lessons engraved in the memory, the heart, the thought, the soul, like the sear of a red hot iron, leaves its scar. In the confessional young unmarried and married women get accustomed to hear and repeat without a scruple things which would cause even a fallen woman to blush.' These are the words of one who has been through the above and escaped from their murderous hands. I will close with the above. It is a clincher and positive evidence and witness of all I have said. All unite with me in prayer that the above will open the eyes of many deceived Romanists and come to the blood of Christ.

"N. L. A. EASTMAN."

On this performance of the Protestant and pious Mr. Eastman (who is no doubt a Reverend) we offer no comment except that no attack on the confessional that we have ever seen emanating from infidel sources has been couched in terms so coarse. We reproduce the article for the same reason that Judge O'Brien incorporated it in his dissenting opinion, to show what is not "indecent" in the meaning of the statute. Following is the opinion "per curiam" (by the court):

"The court is of opinion that the publication set forth in the indictment is improper, intemperate, unjustifiable and highly reprehensible, nevertheless it is not 'indecent,' as that word is employed in section 317 of the Penal Code.

"The definitions given by the standard lexicographers are not controlling in defining its legal signification; many meanings as used in ordinary conversation are also irrelevant.

"Section 317 of the Penal Code is found in chapter VII, headed as follows: 'Indecent Exposures, Obscene Exhibitions, Books and Prints, and Bawdy and Other Disorderly Houses.'

"Section 317 opens as follows: 'Section 317. Obscene prints. 1. A person who sells, lends, gives away, or shows, or offers to sell, lend, give away, or show, or has in his possession, with intent to sell, lend, or give away, or to show, or advertises in any manner, or who otherwise offers for loan, gift, sale or distribution, any obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, or disgusting book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, story paper, writing, paper, picture, drawing, photograph, figure or image, or any written or printed matter of an indecent character.'

"It is clear from the manner in which the Legislature has used the word 'indecent' that it relates to obscene prints or publications; it is not an attempt to regulate morals, but it is a declaration of the penalties to be imposed upon the various phases of the crime of obscenity. The word 'indecent' is used in a limited sense in this connection and falls within the maxim of noscitur a sociis (he is known from his companions).

"The judgment and order appealed from should be affirmed."

In this opinion concurred Judges Bartlett, Vann, Hiscock, and Chase and Chief Judge Cullen; but Judge Haight concurred with Judge Denis O'Brien, who wrote the dissenting opinion referred to. From the name of this judge it might be suspected that religious sympathies had something to do with the formation of his opinion.

This is not the first time that exposures of the confessional have been prosecuted. One Hicklin was charged with misdemeanor for selling a book entitled "The Confessional Unmasked; Showing the Depravity of the Romish Priesthood, the Iniquity of the Confessional, and the Questions Put to Females in Confession." The judge who wrote the opinion sustaining the charge said that if the questions when put to females had a corrupting tendency, they must be equally demoralizing when printed in a book; which may be conceded, but the reverse must also be true, so that to condemn the book was to condemn the church.

A man named Brannan was at another time tried for having dealt in printed matter giving the opinion of Catholic divines (probably the works of Dens and Liguori) on subjects inquired

into at the confessional. The defendant's counsel asked very pertinently: "What effectual remedy is there in the hands of persons wishing to suppress a system which they conceive to be pernicious except to expose the tendency of such a system?" The Court replied that "discussions offensive to public decency and of a depraving tendency are not privileged." Under such decisions the Catholic church, entrenched behind its own indecency, cannot be safely attacked.

We note that Judge O'Brien, to show that the Eastman article comes within the meaning of that statute, cites opinions employed in the case of the United States against D. M. Bennett. Here is one: "A book is indecent which is unbecoming, immodest, unfit to be seen . . . in whole or in part." What would be the fate of the Bible Society, if its chief product were subjected to that test?

How corruptive of youth and ignorance the Roman Catholic sacrament of auricular confession may be, only the priests and the penitents know. It is most certain from works of Catholic theologians on what constitutes sin, venial and mortal, that confessors interrogate the penitents on particulars the normal mind shrinks from and dismisses with loathing and disgust. It were better that Roman Catholics depraved enough to commit these "sins" should be left to their wallow than that the clean-minded should be questioned about them. The testimony against the confessional, from both former priests and penitents, is abundant, and such testimony cannot be disbelieved without ignoring the fact that the priests are men and the penitents women, and that the relation of confessor and penitent gives the required opportunity for the offenses charged. The literature of exposure is voluminous; it leaves no room for doubt that if the writers speak the truth the confessional is a mask for most evil practices as well as an excuse for indecent conversation, and that the man inside and the woman outside should be summoned before the grand jury. Such tales told of any other resort would lead to investigation by the police. The question with which the courts should concern themselves is not whether such publications as the Gospel Worker are indecent—the reader may be left to decide that point—but whether its accusations against the confessional are true; and, if so, what is the duty of the secular authorities in the matter. They cannot evade the proposition that if a recital of the evils of the confessional is indecent and demoralizing, the existence, maintenance, and continued functioning of the institution must be a great deal more so.

The Pictures of Jesus.

Just who sat for the various pictures of Jesus which Christians have imposed upon the world, no one knows. All we do know is that Jesus did not sit for one of them. Just whose faces the mad Christian worshipers have gazed upon in adoration it is impossible to tell. Call one of these faces by any other name and the devout Christian would rise from his knees in anger and shame. And yet, if he has any sense, he should know that it is not the face of Jesus that he has adored. It is pretty hard to tell how a man looked who lived a thousand years ago, when no portrait of him has been preserved. Every painter who has put the face of Jesus upon his canvass has put there features which he saw through hundreds of dead years, that is, he has painted a face that never existed. An artist may paint a glorified Jew and give to the subject of his brush the name of Jesus, but this

is not giving to the world a likeness of the dead preacher of Galilee.

The truth is that mankind does not possess one single human relic of the hero of the New Testament story, not a lock of hair, not an autograph, not a thing that he touched, not a word that he wrote. His identity is as completely obliterated as that of a wave that danced on the bosom of the ocean a million years ago. His remains cannot be dug out of the buried past.

Men and women are not reading the words of Jesus when they read the gospel-stories, are not looking upon the countenance of Jesus when they look upon the pictures of the Nazarene. The Jesus of the New Testament is a forgery; the Jesus of the painter and sculptor is a forgery; the Jesus of the Christian church is a forgery. No model of this Jewish character was ever seen by any person who has presented him in marble, paint or words. What, then, are the words of the New Testament worth, if they were not spoken by Jesus? What, then, are the pictures of Jesus worth if they are not true likenesses?

If we have not the real words of Jesus, if we have not a real picture of Jesus, was there ever a real Jesus.

L. K. W.

The Outcome of Atheism.

The one subscriber to The Truth Seeker residing in the town of Biwabik, Minn., has been made the subject of a discourse by the local parson, the Rev. Edmund Larke, Congregationalist, under the head "Is there an Honest Doubter?" The preacher took the ground that the average doubter, meaning our subscriber, is not honest in his unbelief; nor can a man read "such damnable literature," meaning The Truth Seeker publications, without being poisoned. "Men who boast of their doubts," he asserted, "are not worthy of consideration, for they are enemies to all forms of civilization, and they are a detriment to all civil government." We are informed that the Rev. Mr. Larke went on in this way to the length of fifty-five minutes, coming finally to the demonstration as follows:

"This (that doubters are a detriment to all civil government) can be demonstrated from the lives of Paine, Voltaire, and many others, for out of Atheism comes Socialism and out of Socialism comes Anarchism. These men who call themselves doubters go to the enemies of Christianity, for they delight to be among the scornors of religion. Their companionship does not need to be among men of their own type. They can find companionship with an Agnostic paper or magazine, or anything that will stir up within them that animosity against Christ and his church."

The Rev. Mr. Larke will not do his whole duty by his congregation if he fails to continue the subject in some future sermon and show how Paine or Voltaire was either an enemy of civilization or a detriment to such civil government as any American citizen would approve; also what relation their lives had to the outcome of Atheism, since they were both deists. And we would like to admonish the reverend gentleman that the time is past when intelligent people can be frightened by predictions of Socialism and Anarchism as the outcome of any belief. Seekers for the truth are ready and anxious to accept whatever condition may result from the success of their search, for they know that no institution can be worth preserving at the cost of slavery to some domineering falsehood. Nothing of real value to mankind can suffer hurt from the truth; only that which rests on fraud will fall when the facts are known.

Has it never occurred to the Rev. Mr. Larke as a suspicious circumstance that the ministers are always for standing pat; that the church fears discovery and is forever worrying about and denouncing the effect that new ideas are going to have on the institutions with which it seeks to be identified? The church was as seriously

alarmed about republicanism as it is now about "socialism" and "anarchism." And did it never strike the reverend gentleman as significant that Freethinkers encourage investigation and discussion, and evince no terrors at the thought of progress and change? And does he know that the reason why there is fear in one case and confidence in the other is because the church rests on the shaky foundation of unsupported belief while Freethought builds on the verified facts of science?

"We have no falsehoods to defend—

We want the facts;
Our force, our thought, we do not spend
In vain attacks.

And we will never meanly try
To save some fair and pleasing lie.

We will not willingly be fooled,

By fables nursed;
Our hearts by earnest thoughts are schooled
To bear the worst.

And we can stand erect and dare
All things, all facts that really are."

Until the ministers are ready to face the facts that really are they will discourage examination and suspect the future for what it may hold in the way of exposure of the craft they live on.

Important.

The Truth Seeker will shortly send out bills to subscribers who are in arrears. Will subscribers please examine the tabs on their wrappers, and if in arrears save us the labor and expense of a dime by promptly renewing? The dull season is coming on. There was never a Freethought paper which did not need all the money due from its subscribers, and The Truth Seeker is not an exception to the rule. Friends, let us have your renewal at once—a new subscriber, an order for books if possible, but renewals and the payment of arrearages are specially requested. Thanks in advance for the favor.

The Truth Seeker Company has published Haeckel's great work, "The Evolution of Man," in a dollar edition, cloth bound, with 408 illustrations, preface, index, and glossary. It is a photographic reproduction of the two-volume edition published in England. As a cheap and popular reprint it does not include some of the plates found in the library edition of "The Evolution of Man" which sells for \$10. Nevertheless this is a marvelously complete work for the price. Professor Haeckel has endeavored to trace the line of man's ancestry from the primeval microbe right up to the ape-man of Java, which has been called the last link in evolution, with illustrations at every step. There are 364 octavo pages. The size of the book may be estimated from the fact that the postage is 20 cents. We send "The Evolution of Man" by mail for \$1.18 postpaid. It provides a liberal education in evolution for a comparatively insignificant sum.

We print this week a few scenes from clerical life, being newspaper reports of the doings of the Christian clergy—our moral exemplars. The cases mentioned are not more than one-tenth of the number we have on hand in the form of press clippings, some of which may be printed later, the rest remaining over for the next edition of "Crimes of Preachers." It is safe to predict that the immoralities will increase as the church grows more wealthy and luxurious. The principals in the scandals are preachers whose reputations have never been tainted with suspicion of heresy. They are generally of the sort who institute moral crusades and denounce Sunday amusements in intemperate language.

Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature, or the Principles of Secularism, and The Secret of the East, are among the best works we have. One dollar each.

THE GENTLE ROBBER AND THE RASH HERETIC.

The Marvelous Ways by Which Providence Brings
Evil-Doers to Justice.

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD.

(Abridged from McClure's Magazine for May.)

The Gentle Robber, it need hardly be said, was highly successful in his chosen calling, or, as he put it, "the holy saints had given him rich possessions." He had started out moderately in a remote corner of the forest, as became a young and unassuming retail cut-purse, but soon his domain extended from his own retired dell to the adjacent glade, and the merry outlaw who had prospered there gave up the business and became a scrivener's clerk. It was not long before the Robber Chief owned the whole forest: the title-deeds, to be sure, belonged to the Abbey, which lay in a fat green meadow at the edge of the woods, but the monks could not work the forest as the robber could, and whatever harvest of gold and of silver, of jewels, of rich cloths from the packs of merchants of the East, was to be gathered there, this one man reaped in his own apologetic way, which always seemed to beg pardon of those who were despoiled, for doing them so much good at one time. Soon the country round the forest was his, and yokel, franklin, and squire, Sir Bertram from the Castle and the Prior from the Abbey, began to render him accounts, and it came to pass that the Archbishop at the capital city, Mertoun, and the King upon his throne, and the strong nobles about him trembled at the robber's name, for the waves of his power flowed out until they met the waves of the sea.

In the course of time it came to pass that he became the chief support of the kingdom which he had caused to totter as he swept its riches into his bulging pockets. The Archbishop conferred weightily with him in quiet corners; was he not building the great cathedral which was to be the glory of the city throughout coming ages?

"Nay, nay, nay!" said the Archbishop, waving a white, jeweled hand as the Chief began to divulge some of his larger plans. "Tell me not of thy wicked schemes! Thy methods I must condemn utterly, but if thou bringest me the money, well, I can at least see to it that it be not used for bad purposes. And speaking of money, we need for the walls of the apse a hundred bags of gold. Dost think thou couldst manage it?"

"Ay," said the Gentle Robber, and that night he despoiled nine men, killing three that resisted longest, for he was a great lover of Holy Church, and a devout believer, nor could she ask of him any service that he would not perform.

Far on the edge of the kingdom to eastward lived blunt Sir Guy of Lamont, and his son and heir was a young squire, Louis by name, who had grown up much alone, wandering in the greenwood that circled the castle. Strong of arm and lusty he grew, yet cared not for the hunt, for he was friend to fox and hare, and the wild deer knew and loved him. As he dreamed his dreams and thought his thoughts, rumors of the deeds of the Robber Chief floated to his ears, and he was sorely puzzled.

"My hour has come to fight," said young Louis of Lamont to the great stag that licked his hand that evening in the forest as the sun went down in golden haze. "Men do not know this cruel wrong; I must go to tell them, and mayhap lead them forth with banner and with sword."

Early the next morning, when all were making merry at the hunt, he set the face of his snow-white steed to westward and rode down long, green, leafy ways and across a great level plain toward the setting sun. All day he journeyed on, yearning to meet alone the Robber Chief, whom he pictured as a man brawny of arm and of evil countenance, wherein black brows hid the sinister eyes, and a black beard covered a cruel mouth; and the lad longed with the lusty strength of untried youth to measure swords with this terrible foe. That night a woman gave him shelter at a wayside hut and told a tale of the Chief that chilled the young man's blood; the next night, as he lodged at a hall, deeds yet

more cruel were recounted to him; and ever as he came nearer the heart of the kingdom, he found the air more rife with tidings of the Robber Chief's ill doings.

"They do not know," he said, lightly touching spur to his steed. "The King and the Archbishop do not know of these wicked things. Ave Maria, Ave Maria, let me but come in time to lead men forth!"

As the lad rode on through the forest, his head was bent as if a hand had struck it and had laid it low, but coming into the open he saw far off, across the valley, the spires of the capital city, Mertoun, and its many red roofs gleaming by the blue river, and his heart throbbed within him for thankfulness and joy.

"Hasten!" he cried to the beast that bore him. "Yonder in that strong city be strong men to help me right ill deeds, and a minute gained may save some woman's life, or spare the bitter crying of a child."

His eyes were filled with a vision of the knights that would go out with him to war for the right, with the waving of plumes and the flaming of banners, in their hearts the anger of God for cruel wrong; and a yearning for coming combat tugged at the muscles of shoulder and of arm.

The palace of the Archbishop was moated, and there was a drawbridge there, and within, as on a green island, rose walls of fine gray stone, with window arch and doorway delicately carved. There was one at hand who took his steed, and one who led the way for him, and anon he found himself in a sunlit chamber where the Archbishop stood looking out upon the great cathedral which was rising stone by stone, with its blue-clad workmen standing against a bluer sky.

"What is it, my son?" asked the Archbishop, when he saw a young squire standing before him, worn, dust-stained, with anger burning in his eyes.

"Sire," said the guest, bending low, "I have hastened thither to tell thee of great wrongs."

"They shall be redressed," said the Archbishop, laying his hand upon the lad's head.

"There is a man," said Louis of Lamont, kneeling, his lips white with wrath, "who doeth cruel wrong and bringeth folk to death, and it must needs be that none in high places know, for he goeth unpunished."

"He shall be found and placed in my lowest dungeon," said the Archbishop fiercely. "Now tell me what he hath done."

"On my way hither I lodged with a poor woman who told me that he had slain before her eyes her husband and her sons, and all for a cup of silver coin that stood upon the mantel."

"A cup of silver coin!" groaned the Archbishop. "He shall hang."

Then he told of the murder of Baron Divonne, and of the Squire's daughter of Yverton, who was starved with her seven children; and he told all the tales that the wandering merchant had brought with his cloths of cashmere and of silk. As he spoke longer, the face of the Archbishop grew anxious, and when he finished, saying, "Men call him the Gentle Robber," black care sat upon the brow of the host.

"Delay not," pleaded Louis. "Give me armed men, for thou hast said that he shall die for his sins, and I have the blood of fighters in my veins."

"Nay, child," said the Archbishop. "Not so." "Thou hast promised!" he cried in amaze.

"Ay," he made answer, "but I knew not then that the offenses were so many and so great, or that the enterprise was—ahem!—planned upon so large a scale. That makes all different."

"That makes the need to punish him a thousandfold greater," stammered the lad.

"Tut, tut!" said the Archbishop, with the solemn smile he wore at mass. "Thou dost not understand: logic is ever lacking in the young."

"Should not stripes be laid upon him for each cry he hath drawn forth? Should he not lay down his life, if that were possible, for each life he hath taken?"

"I had thought when I heard the first tale, that he should die for the single crime," the Archbishop made answer, "but the case is altered by the later facts. 'A life for a life,' saith the Scripture, but naught of a life for a dozen or threescore, or an hundred, as the case may be."

Then a flame of anger shone out in the lad's face, and he waited.

"My son," said the Archbishop tenderly, "thou

art young and ignorant, yet will I try to teach thee something of right ways of thought. In judging, all depends upon the point of view, and matters that look often black at first statement grow white or gray when thoroughly understood. Let us look upon this question in another aspect. Dost see yonder great cathedral rising?"

Though the youth made no answer, the Archbishop saw that he was looking at the gray stones and at the blue-clad workmen.

"'Tis God's house," said the Archbishop, "nor may it rise save through the gifts of this man. Wrong hath he done, but all is forgiven for that his gold is bent to holy purposes."

"But wrong he doeth still," said Louis of Lamont, in the stern voice of youth.

The Archbishop coughed behind his hand even while he spoke.

"There is much in the ways of Providence that we may not comprehend. God moveth in a mysterious way."

"Had the Robber Chief ceased from his crime and shown true penitence—" began the lad, but the Archbishop interrupted.

"God hath need of the man and of all the gold that he will bring, that institutions of learning and holy places may arise in the land."

"God may be worshiped by wood and stream," said the youth, in the still, small voice of one who knew; "nor hath he need of gold that is the price of suffering and pain and tears"; and so he turned and left the Archbishop and went down the steps, worn and weary, with dust on his crimson garments, and shame on his spirit, and the light of his face grown dim.

The lad groped his way unevenly down the marble steps of the palace as one gropes in a path that is full of pitfalls and has suddenly grown dark, and he wandered, not knowing where, through the dark streets, until he found himself in the square before the great cathedral. Here many were passing with hands full of flowers, red roses and tall, white lilies and blue blossoms that grow pale among the wheat, for it was the feastday of a saint, and they went to deck the altar which stood within unfinished walls, that men might worship there under the blue sky.

"I will tell them," said the lad, so he stood upon the cathedral steps and repeated all the tale, and blossoms red and blossoms white were dropped at his feet, as men and women clustered about to hear.

"Ay!" they cried out, "we go hungry for this man, but who shall deliver us from him? Horses and armor could we find, perchance. Wilt lead us to him?"

Then of a sudden he smiled, and ceased speaking because of the choking in his throat; but after, he took up the tale and told it in the market-place and before the Palace of Justice and wherever he could gather folk together.

As days passed, all this came to the ears of the King and of the Archbishop and of the nobles of the court, and grave head met with grave head, and both were shaken solemnly in conference over this new peril which threatened the kingdom. One morn there went throughout the city a crier, who called aloud and read from a parchment in his hand to let men know that Louis of Lamont, son of Sir Guy, was excommunicate from Holy Church with full ceremony of bell, book, and candle, for slander of one of her greatest sons. Henceforward no man should give him shelter, no woman food or drink, lest they too come under the ban; and should he speak future evil words, his life would be forfeit.

Yet one who loved him, and there were many, hid him, and the next day and the next he wandered in the streets, begging men to rise in vengeance against the Robber Chief. On the third day he was taken by armed men, and the decree went forth that Louis of Lamont should, after three days, be burned at the stake in the square of the Palace of Justice. The youth smiled when he heard his doom; almost he was glad to escape from a world which he had not logic enough to understand.

So the day came when he should die, and it was a Friday of midsummer. In the center of the square stood an iron post to which criminals were wont to be tied, and to this they bound him. Close about him were heaped fagots of wood and dried branches, and within he stood in a motley garment, and the look upon his face was as the coming of the day. All about was a great press

of people, merchants and butchers and cloth spinner, and peasant folk from the country round; and on a dais, built high for better seeing, were knights and ladies and nobles of the court, with the King himself, and the Gentle Robber at his side, trimly clad in sober gray and gently smiling.

Now came a ghostly father, with a torch that flamed backward against the blue day, and in the name of God and Holy Church he bent and kindled the fagots. Then was there quick tumult and rush and stir through the square, for all rushed forward to see and to hear, and little maids were sorely trampled in the press by the great feet of smith and of husbandman, and women's aprons were badly torn. None cared, for all knew that saving grace was to be won for their own souls if their eyes but caught a glimpse of an heretic that was being burned to death, and when the fire leaped high into the air, they crossed themselves and gave God thanks. There was a flame in the young martyr's face that was not as the flame that leaped about him; but smoke and fire were speedy with their work, and his head bent over his breast, his body over the chain that bound him, and as his soul went free, folk breathed deeply in relief, saying that an evil-doer was dead. Upon the dais the King's broad face showed satisfaction; the Archbishop lifted his eyes to heaven, thanking God, then let them rest on the gray stone walls of the cathedral, glad that now naught should prevent the walls of God's house from rising. In all the great crowd, none other was so devout and so thankful as the Gentle Robber, and his mild blue eyes were moist with tears as he whispered to the King:

"Tis marvelous, the ways by which Providence brings evil-doers to justice; ever the right prevails."

Then all went to the cathedral, knight, squire, and lady in velvet and in silk, the Archbishop in holy robes of purple and of white, and common folk in blue jean and plain linen, that special mass might be said in praise for this great deliverance, and the Te Deum sung.

The Soul Had to Move.

Probably the most startling fact in the whole history of the eye is that founded upon the discovery of the nature of the pineal gland of the brain. This last is a stump-like structure placed below the big brain, or cerebrum. Descartes, finding no other solution of the problem of the utility of this stump, placed the soul in the pineal gland. Later investigation showed that the gland was a remnant or vestige of an eye-structure. The fact that certain animals today—certain fishes and lizards—possess a pineal eye affords proof of the contention that man's pineal gland is the last vestige of such an eye, which in his ancestral history—that is, in his far-back forbears—must have figured forth as a definite organ of sight.—Andrew Wilson, in *Illustrated London News*.

The distinguished author and Monistic Free-thinker, Albrecht Rau of Munich, Bavaria, has just published an interesting pamphlet entitled "Friedrich Paulsen über Ernst Haeckel" (W. Breitenbach in Brackwede) containing a critical investigation of natural science and modern cathedral philosophy, or philosophy as expounded by university professors, in reply to Paulsen's severe criticism of Haeckel's celebrated work "The Riddle of the Universe." Paulsen seeks to depreciate Haeckel by declaring that he is not to be taken earnestly as a philosopher, but Rau shows conclusively that this assertion applies to the Berlin professor himself and not at all to the Jena biologist, who has a more complete knowledge and a more correct conception of the philosophic system of Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, and their compeers than his deprecatory critic ever dreamed of. Rau's vindication of Haeckel is exceedingly satisfactory and quite unanswerable and will serve to silence the learned pedants and professional metaphysicians who seek to discredit the researches of Haeckel and to invalidate his solution of difficult biological problems. We may add that Rau has published several points of view, such as "Feeling and Thinking," "The Ethics of Jesus," "Bible and Revelation," "Ludwig Feuerbach's Philosophy," and others.

MAN'S BURDEN OF BELIEF.

Slow Progress of the Pilgrim Who Bears the Load His Masters Impose.

BY JOHN PECK.

To criticize the Bible at this late day may seem to Freethinkers like threshing over old straw; but as priests and ministers are still imposing upon their dupes with sacred straw that has been threshed a hundred times, we are compelled to keep on until it is pounded to powder; and even then supernature-fakirs will make their fool followers believe that the very dust is holy.

In writing as large a book as the Bible, it would be strange if men half civilized did not say some good things. But when ignorant and vicious men attempt to put words into the mouth of an allwise and perfect being they not only show their own ignorance but make a fool of their God. It is like imperfection trying to produce something perfect.

There were deceivers and impostors in old Bible times the same as there are now. The man who imposes upon the people by pretending that he is commissioned by heaven deserves the execration of all honest men, for he is in the bottom stratum of humanity. Calling a man a patriarch or prophet did not make him more honest or lessen his desire to deceive the people.

The people were very ignorant and these so-called holy men were base enough to take advantage of their ignorance and pretend that they were in communication with and receiving instruction from God for the guidance of mankind. Mohammed did the same. All men who have pretended to hold a commission from God have done the same. And the probability is that all have been impostors and liars. Has God changed? If he ever talked with and commissioned men he is doing it now. These scourges of humanity would command the people to do the most diabolical acts, and then pretend that the command was given by God, and that they would incur his everlasting disfavor if they did not obey. If these designing knaves could make the people believe that their orders were from God it would give them a hundred times more force, and then the people would regard them as men occupying a position midway between earth and heaven.

If a man should turn up now and pretend that he was commissioned by heaven he would not command the respect of the thoughtful; the people are too intelligent; they would know that he was an impostor. But in the olden times they could be imposed upon, and these sky-pirates used their advantage for all there was in it.

Priests and ministers are working the racket today. They tell their pudding-headed dupes what will be acceptable to the Lord and what will grieve the holy spirit, and the "holy spirit" always grieves if there is not a grist coming to the minister's mill. They tell their easy marks that God loves the cheerful giver, and those who lend to the Lord shall be repaid many fold. But the claim will be liquidated by the promise of crowns and harps and halos, about as real as a hole punched in the air with a rake handle. Can you think of any meaner way of gambling than that practiced by priests and ministers—that of swapping off things visionary, imaginary and worthless for things necessary and substantial? The fuddle-brained Christians still believe that there is an umbilical cord strangely connecting priests and ministers with the heavenly mansion and are willing to pay to have them intercede with the great celestial mikado for his favor.

Ministers know that they receive no special favors from heaven; that they are deceiving the people and getting something for nothing, and that when they pretend anything else they are acting the part of the vilest hypocrites. Language fails to describe the meanness, the duplicity of those ancient marauders who, guilty of the most inhuman crimes—some of them too loathsome to mention—then claimed that they were sanctioned by heavenly authority.

We can hardly understand at the present day how strongly the people were impressed, in old times, with the belief that God was speaking to them through certain unscrupulous and design-

ing scalawags known as patriarchs, prophets, and priests. Whatever they wanted the people to do, no matter how inhuman or outrageous, God was made to sanction it, even to the "sawing of human beings asunder" and the "ripping up of women alive."

"And God spake unto Moses," and "God said to Joshua"; the Bible is so full of "God spokes" and "God said" that one would think that God spent most of his time talking with these half-civilized reprobates. But was not Joshua a saintly old felon for God to be familiar with? Ordinary crimes were not suited to his disposition. He delighted in brutal wars and the swash of human blood. He found his enjoyment in carnage and slaughter. He had no respect for age, sex, or condition. Even innocent girlhood was sacrificed to the lust of his brutal followers. He a chum of God! He was the giant criminal of the ages.

Some of the old Bluebeards who, Christians believe, lived so near to God that they could hear his faintest whisper, would run down a woman, no matter whose wife or daughter she might be, capture her, and add her to their harems. David, the sweet singer of Israel, stole Uriah's spouse and murdered the husband, and still held a warm place in the heart of his craven deity.

The hallelujah jaybirds, even in this intelligent age, adore and hold in high veneration the acts and memory of these sanctimonious holdups, who were never equaled in acts of atrocity by the worst marauders ever let loose on the footstool. Think of it, you who have a spark of decency in you, that of this old book containing accounts of every bestial act, told in language so obscene as to be elsewhere unprintable, women are the chief champions!

And "God said to Moses" and "God said to Noah" and "God said to Joshua." Thousands believe that God was on such familiar terms with these men that he talked with them as one talks with another. Just as soon as a Christian seriously thinks of these "God said" he will cease to be a Christian. One "God said" makes the deity a fool, another a liar; another makes him do impossible things, another makes him change his purpose; another makes him unchangeable; another makes him visit terrible penalties upon the people of Egypt because Pharaoh did not do what God would not let him do; another makes him merciful and impartial; another partial, vindictive, and cruel—world without end. Such a God would disgrace the lowest of savage tribes.

He loved Jacob and hated Esau. Would any but a blundering God create a being whom he knew he would hate? "I will corrupt your seed." Then who is to blame for the corruption? "I make peace and create evil." Can a being be pure and good who is the author of evil? "He hath married the daughter of a strange God." It appears that gods have daughters as well as sons. "I change not," yet he repented that he had made man. "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools"; "God is angry with the wicked every day." "No man hath seen God." "I have seen God face to face." Which?

Thousands believe in the Bible God, and that the Bible is the word of God. God is just such a being as semi-barbarians who lived in tents, went barefoot and subsisted by their flocks and herds, would be expected to create, and the Bible is just such a book as they would be expected to write.

Much of the scriptures are silly repetitions of things said over and over in very much the same way, and conveying no rational or useful ideas. If God is the author of it all, he is entitled to about as much veneration as a swearing parrot.

The trouble is, the Bible is too big a book, there is too much of it. It could be greatly improved by reducing it. Like a destructive shower, half of it is better than the whole of it.

God has created a place of eternal punishment where the "fire is not quenched and the worm dieth not." He has also created millions of human souls to be broiled on the devil's grid-iron. Would not one think that God was full of hatred of mankind when he made that arrangement? Yet he commands us to love our neighbors as ourselves—that is, love them whom God hates. Isn't the Calvinistic doctrine of foreordination a perfect dream? Get down on

your marrow bones, pray, entreat, beg, implore—it's no use! God has decreed that you must roast, and roast you must.

"Tempests of angry fires shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon the naked soul
In one eternal storm."

Where—

Designed for hell, you may depend on't,
Hell it is, and that's the end on't.

If it was decreed that you shall wear a crown, you will get one, though you should be guilty of the bloodiest crimes. If you are a candidate for hell, there's no "reward of merit" for you; to hell you must go though your record stands without a blemish.

The Christian scheme of salvation is the most stupendous joke that ever escaped the comic supplement. A hell had to be created, a devil commissioned, and a god nailed to a cross because a woman ate a plum. Is it not wonderful that men should be swayed by such a childish delusion? Mother Goose's melodies are Shaksperian compared to it. Then think of the consequences which have followed. Millions have been slain in so-called holy wars; from the North of Europe to the holy land the whole route has been paved with human bones and drenched in blood. In consequence of this hallucination children have been deserted, mothers hanged, fathers banished, and every cruelty inflicted that human ingenuity could invent. For all that is devilish, there is no system that equals it.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that it goeth upward, or the spirit of the beast that it goeth downward. As one dieth, so dieth the other. All have one breath, all go to one place. Man hath no preeminence over the brute. There is no knowledge or device beyond the grave. The dead know not anything."

Now, according to these passages, what does the great plan of salvation amount to? Would a god possessed of all knowledge provide means to save the souls of men, and then declare that they do not possess any souls? Does it not show what a blundering jumble the whole Bible is? Does it not show that different parts of the Bible were written by different men, each ignorant of what the others had written? Does it not show that it was not dictated by a comprehensive mind capable of making all the parts harmonize? Besides, there are glaring contradictions which invalidate the entire record as a revelation of truth; statements of things impossible to be true.

What would become of our liberties if we were subjected to just such laws and practices as priests and ministers were pleased to pass and sanction? We should all have to attend and support the church because it is God's will that we should do so. Besides, it would promote the good order of society. What would be the condition of the people if society should be shaped as priests and ministers would direct? Would we not soon be in the condition of the middle ages? That was a very heaven for the priesthood, but how did the people fare?

What right has a priest or minister to say what I shall do or how I shall spend my time on Sunday so long as I do not interfere with the rights of others? What right have they to make me pay taxes on property in which I have no interest?

They know that intelligent people cannot be imposed upon—that the denser the ignorance the more readily the people can be fleeced, and the greater will be their influence and the more sumptuous their lives. They are the most astute rogues that ever robbed a widow or prayed a sinner out of perdition. The church has never been the friend of freedom, and I never have found an ardent Christian who was in favor of giving to others the same rights claimed for himself.

Does it not behoove all fair-minded men to set their faces against this overshadowing evil which has always enslaved the minds of men and blocked the wheels of progress?

These pious shepherds will make their flocks believe that everything would start ruinward if it were not for the influence of the church. The opposite is the exact truth. A good state of society can never come from ignorance and superstition. As a rule, the greatest pretenders to devotion are the greatest hypocrites. There

is a strange relation between hypocrisy and crime. The most devotional have proved to be the most criminal.

In every age and country where the priesthood has ruled and controlled the people they have proved to be the most bigoted, sordid, treacherous, tyrannical, and brutal of any class of men recorded in history. During the dark ages the hand of the priest was on the throat of the people, and they lost all interest in human welfare and worked only for the glory of God. The more God has been glorified the worse the people have fared. It has been so through all times. Has it ever done God any good? Would it not be better to spend our energies in bettering human conditions and let the gods take care of themselves?

Anticlerical Italy.

Italy is growing decidedly anticlerical, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, and even the traditional love and respect of all Italians toward the house of Savoy is diminishing as the effect of the present anticlerical feeling. A recent incident, trifling in itself, is sufficiently significant of the altered times.

Adjoining the barracks of a regiment of Bersaglieri (sharpshooters) there existed a barren plot of ground which the War Office in an outburst of generosity handed over to the soldiers and ordered that it should be converted into a kitchen garden. This was done and the vegetables raised were sold and yielded the yearly sum of \$400, which the soldiers expended on improving their rations.

The barracks were originally a convent, and the monks who were made to vacate them in 1870 were allowed to retain their church. Lately they petitioned for the plot of ground which the bersaglieri had changed into a garden, and the War Office consented to the restitution. Evidently the soldiers complained to some members of Parliament belonging to the Extreme Left party, that is to say, Socialists, Radicals, and Republicans, who were only too glad to bring the matter before the house.

They say they have discovered that Queen Margherita, the queen mother, had acted as intermediary between the monks and the War Office and had brought pressure to bear for the restitution, so her name was dragged into Parliament, she was alluded to as "the pious woman," her action was strongly condemned, and her clerical sympathies were blamed. The monks still have the land, but Queen Margherita has lost much of her popularity. Lately she sent a telegram of condolence to the widow of an engineer captain who was killed in a balloon ascension, and the local press broadly hinted that her action was an insult to the whole army, as her affections were centered on monks, and suggested that she should travel outside of Italy for a long time.

The incident is by no means closed, and it seems likely that it will be used as a pretext for further anticlerical and antimonarchical agitation.

Pastor Calls Church a Failure.

The Rev. Dr. Columbus Polk Goodson surprised his fashionable congregation in Kings Highway Presbyterian church, St. Louis, Mo., last Sunday, when he declared religion a failure, and denounced society and commercial practices. Dr. Goodson referred to many of the upper strata as "savages in silks and satins," took occasion to bitterly attack the spirit of commercial gambling prevalent, criticised ministers for what he termed their "old and ineffectual methods," and in his analysis of church work attempted to prove that in real, substantial results for the world's betterment the conclusion was discouraging. Dr. Goodson is one of the most widely known Presbyterian ministers in the country.

"The church is a failure," he said "Whatever may be said in regard to the great work of the church, which has been mighty in the making of our splendid civilization, and without which there would be no social foundation and life cheap, it must be admitted that the church of today and in the past is a failure."

Dr. Goodson pointed out that the church had not been able to force its principles upon the masses, and that it was experiencing a grave ex-

odus in membership; that it had failed to preserve the Sabbath and other holy obligations, and that it had materially failed to meet opposing forces with any degree of victory.

"There was a king named Jeroboam, who forfeited the love of the Almighty and lost his kingdom when he made Israel to sin, and in this hour we regard you, Mr. Mayor, as our king. The blessings of Almighty God will descend upon you if you veto this iniquitous bill."

Thus did the Rev. Dr. J. O. Wilson warn Mayor McClellan of New York that the recount might unseat him if he let the amateur Sunday baseball bill become a law. The ministers turned out in great force on June 12 to urge the mayor to veto the bill which allows amateurs—that is, boys who work during the week—to charge admission to their Sunday games so that they may have funds with which to buy uniforms and bats and balls and pay for their grounds. The clerical opponents of the bill made much of the pecuniary feature of the case, and Lawyer Thomas H. Evers who appeared in behalf of the bill, was justified in the retort he made. "I want to ask," he exclaimed, "if there is any one of those ministers here who would preach the Gospel on Sundays if it was not for the stipend he gets." The unanswerable argument in favor of Sunday ball is that it gathers boys and young men in the open air and keeps them away from questionable resorts. Lawyer Evers said: "I talked with my son about the matter a few days ago. 'It's a good bill and ought to be a law,' he said. I told him I thought the bill would be vetoed because the churches and the saloons would be against it. He said: 'Well, if we can't play ball we can shoot craps.' That's exactly the situation, and it is due entirely to the narrow views of churchmen." The mayor may veto the bill, but another like it will be passed, if not this year then the next or the next. Even churchmen are recognizing that "Sunday rowdism" is not due to license but to repression. Instead of prohibiting amusements the authorities ought to encourage them. Complaint of the noise comes from those who forget that crimes are perpetrated in silence.

Harper's Weekly needs a Concordance whereby to verify its scriptural quotations. It tells that "at the death of a much-loved pastor some years ago, the vestry of a prominent New York church resolved to place a tablet to his memory in the vestibule of the church. In due time the tablet appeared in its place, where it still remains. It has caused not a few smiles; for, after reciting a list of the former pastor's virtues and labors, it closes with the quotation: 'Now the people of God have rest.'" As to the story, the "much-loved" pastor was the Rev. Dr. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church. He was the father of the well-known Bolton Hall, whom for his heresies he regarded as a prodigal and partially disinherited. At the time of his death he had his congregation so rent and torn over a converted Jew named Warziawak, that his taking off went far to restore harmony. The congregation, however, erected a tablet to his memory in the vestibule, and whether significantly or otherwise, the inscription, after giving the date of his death, closed with the verse from Heb. iv, 9, which Harper's feebly misquotes. It reads, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." This is the truth of history as found in the chronicles of the period.

After being out of print for some months "Prose Poems," by Robert G. Ingersoll, is again in stock. The price is \$1.50. Printed in large type, with good margins, and bound in attractive form, the book is one for the possessor to take to his heart. There are no gems in any language that surpass these poems in prose.

Minor Editorial Note and Comment.

In recognition of his success at turning superstition to financial profit, Oxford College will confer the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws on "General" Booth of the Salvation Army. Is Oxford looking for some of the millions Booth has amassed by organizing his army of shouting collectors cast-off clothing to be sold to the poor?

A Christian vegetarian asks: "Could you possibly imagine a piece of roast beef on the table at the Lord's Supper?" An able imagination might be equal to such a picture, though the strongest one would be balked at the idea of a person who had just eaten fish and honey (see Luke twenty-fourth) parting from the company and being carried up into heaven.

Asserting that "all previous renderings of Genesis are wrong," S. E. Gladding announces: "I have finished my interpretation of Genesis, the Garden of Eden, the serpent, the forbidden fruit, the flaming sword, the tower of Babel, etc. I value this interpretation at \$20,000 net." How can an interpretation of a work be worth twenty thousand dollars, or twenty dollars, when the original value of the thing interpreted is not twenty cents?

Mississippi justice is something like the divine article. A Mrs. Birdsong shot Dr. Thomas Butler, alleging that he had invented light tales about her. Having been duly convicted, a respite was granted her by Governor Vardaman during the thirty days required by law for the publication of a petition for pardon, and when the time is expired the governor will pardon her. And the dead man remains imprisoned in the narrow box where the woman put him.

Chicago priests will establish a theatre in connection with St. Vincent's Catholic College of that town and will present plays in competition with other playhouses of the neighborhood. The church thus resumes a business only temporarily discarded, for it had its theatres in early times, though they may have been outdoor affairs, and there is reason to believe that the story of Jesus Christ was put on the boards as drama before it was ever written as gospel.

The late James Morris of this city willed forty-three thousand dollars to St. Luke's Hospital, the income of eighteen thousand of which is to be spent in giving sick children rides in Central Park, and that of twenty-five thousand for the service of a voice to sing hymns in the children's ward. It is evident that the testator did not consult the children as to their preference how the bulk of the money should be devoted, nor could he even have taken counsel of common sense.

The love of the Rev. George H. Easterday of Stewartsville, N. J., for Miss Annette Thompson was like that of the Rev. Jere Knode Cooke for Florence Whaley, but when it was discovered he did not elope with her. He took the count from the deacons, who allowed him forty-eight hours to get out of town, and he got; but he left the girl. The Rev. Easterday has a wife to whom he has been married but two years, and is pastor of the Congregational church at Stewartsville. Miss Thompson is his "spiritual ward."

In default of eyeglasses and better light, one hundred thousand school children in New York city will have to be sent to asylums for the blind, according to the report of the medical examiner of the Board of Education. Meanwhile, the remedy suggesting itself to the unprofessional educator is that the hours of study should be shortened, and fewer tasks imposed on children with weak or defective vision. It were better to go through the world with no knowledge of Greek, gram-

mar, or geometry than, having these, to feel one's way with a stick.

Passing through Ottawa, Canada, on his way home to England, "General" Booth of the Salvation Army, who came from Japan, spread the tidings that his visit to the Mikado's realm had "resulted in making 3,000 converts to Christianity in five weeks." If all of the conversions boasted of by the converters were genuine, there would not be a heathen left in the world.

Governor Hughes of New York has signed the bill of Assemblyman Duell of Westchester, providing that after July 1 every newspaper, magazine, or other periodical published in this State shall publish in every copy of every issue, upon the outer cover or head of the editorial page, the full name and address of the owners or proprietors of such publication or the name of the corporation publishing it, and the address of the principal place of business, with the names and addresses of the president, secretary and treasurer. The bill is a return to obsolete forms of censorship, congenial to despotism but hostile to modern ideas of the freedom of the press.

Speaking at the opening of an isolation hospital the other day, Sir Frederick Treves, the favorite physician of King Edward of England, observed that "the time was not far distant when the bottles on doctors' shelves would be reduced to a very small number. Resort would be had to simple living, suitable diet and plenty of sun and fresh air. He looked forward to the time when people would leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they were sick." The distinguished physician did not think that miracle cures and absent treatment would be substituted for drugs, or at least he did not say so. The tendency, however, of those who discard medicine is to substitute something with less efficacy.

In permitting amusements on Sunday, H. Hallenbeck, president of the Kings County Sunday Observance Society, asserts that the people set aside the law of God. "The Lord God Almighty made the Sabbath law," is the way he puts it; "and we ought to obey his law." But Mr. Hallenbeck's Lord God Almighty never made any Sunday law, and the Saturday law he is held responsible for prohibited work and not play. Laws prohibiting Sunday recreations are without a biblical leg to stand upon. And it may be held that even the law against Sabbath work which was founded on God's seventh-day rest has been abrogated by the example of God and his son. Jesus was accused of Sabbath-breaking, and justified himself by saying, "My Father worketh hitherto," plainly indicating that the "Lord God Almighty" had either repealed his Sabbath law or was habitually breaking it.

The unfortunate termination of a trial marriage is reported from Columbus, Ind. In 1902, George Layman and Bessie Holmes were married to each other in Minneapolis with the understanding, recorded in the contract, that either should be entitled to divorce whenever the other absented himself or herself for thirty days. The separation occurred on the fifth anniversary of the wedding. Layman found his wife and sister-in-law out driving with two young men of Columbus, whom he compelled to leave their rigs and walk to his home in front of a revolver. At his home he compelled them to sit quietly on the porch chairs while he gave them a long and severe lecture. He later applied for a divorce. The case would be decisively against trial marriage if it were believable that any marriage could be permanent where the hus-

band was capable of holding a revolver on his wife's friends, and then lecturing them.

Ministers should take to heart that passage of scripture which warns them to "abstain from all appearance of evil." Two crusading parsons, the Rev. J. W. Primrose and the Rev. A. F. Berkstreser, came from Pittsburg, Kansas, to Frontenac, in the same State, to get evidence against liquor sellers. They visited twenty-two saloons, at each of which they procured a sample of whiskey, and with the goods in a satchel, were leaving the last saloon when a constable approached, and asked them what they had in the bag. They told him it was evidence, but he refused to believe them, and placed both under arrest on suspicion that they intended to sell the whiskey elsewhere. The parsons were behind the bars (of the county jail) eight hours before a magistrate released them on their own recognizances, thus falling into the pit they were digging for others. It is not easy to inflict on a crusading parson a severer blow than to interrupt his schemes for getting somebody else into jail.

We read in the newspapers that when the Rev. Charles E. McClellan, D. D., pastor of the Fair Hill Baptist church in Philadelphia, suggested to his congregation one night recently that the church should be surmounted by a roof garden where a vaudeville show could be held in warm weather in order to attract men, women, and children to gospel services those present manifested their approval by subscribing \$12,000 for the project. "What I want this church to provide," Dr. McClellan said, "is an entertainment similar to that afforded by playhouses so that we may furnish a substitute for the theatre. Too many of our people find the church unattractive. We must offer something to draw our people from the playhouse, the poolroom and the saloon. We must afford them healthful recreation. If necessary we must supply free lunch, which attracts so many men to the saloon." Perhaps a roof garden was what Bishop Potter lacked to make a success of the church saloon which he consecrated in this city a few years ago. The Rev. Mr. McClellan is likely to succeed to the extent that he cuts out the gospel services and strengthens the vaudeville show, the which, and not preaching, is what people go to roof gardens to enjoy.

The decision of Supreme Court Justice Artus S. Tompkins, handed down at White Plains, N. Y., on June 12, declaring baseball on "the Sabbath" to be illegal has at least the merit of candor. Justice Tompkins does not draw any fine and non-existent distinctions between free games and those which charge an admission fee. The purpose of the law, he says, "is to preserve the quiet and repose of the community and the sanctity of the Sabbath, and it matters not whether an admission fee is charged or not so long as the game is open to the public to attract a considerable number of people. In fact a game to which no admission is charged is likely to draw a larger and more noisy crowd than a game that is limited to those who pay for the privilege of witnessing it. It is the right and duty of the Sheriff as a peace officer to arrest any and all persons who may be engaged in his presence in playing such a game. Courts of equity will not interfere to prevent the enforcement of the criminal law." We have never doubted the illegality of Sunday baseball as the law stands; that is the ground for calling for the repeal of the Sunday law. To hold that taking a fee is the illegal feature is to bring lecture halls and churches in conflict with the law, for many of the churches of the larger cities charge for admission to their "sacred" precincts. Sunday baseball should be permitted undisturbed, and to that end the Sunday law should be wiped from the statute book.

SIX HISTORIC AMERICANS

WITH PORTRAITS

BY

JOHN E. REMSBURG

**George Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Thomas Paine
Benjamin Franklin
Abraham Lincoln
Ulysses S. Grant**

The Six Greatest Figures in American History, and Not One of Them Was a Christian. All Were Unbelievers—All Freethinkers

WASHINGTON

Propositions proved:

1. That Washington was not a Christian communicant.
2. That he was not a believer in the Christian religion.

JEFFERSON

Says Benjamin Lossing in his "Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence:"

"In religion he was a Freethinker; in morals pure and unspotted."

PAINE

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?

FRANKLIN

"It is much to be lamented that a man of Franklin's general good character and great influence should have been an unbeliever in Christianity, and also have done as much as he did to make others unbelievers."—Dr. Priestley.

LINCOLN

A cloud of witnesses testify to Lincoln's rejection of Christianity.

GRANT

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

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

A Book that Every American Freethinker will Delight to Own

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER
62 Vesey Street, New York

Adam's Diary.

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.

PRICE, \$1.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

CHRISTIANITY:

Its Foundation and Its Final Destiny.

BY HENRY GOLDBERG.

An examination of the prophetic book of Isaiah, with a list of the Jewish Messiahs, and an historical account of their careers. It is an interesting and valuable little pamphlet. Price 10 cents. Address The Truth Seeker.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS

TEN CENTS.

Cast Thou the First Stone, a realistic novel of 495 pages... 50c
The Sale of an Appetite, story of gay Paris, cloth-bound, illus... 50c
Entire lot mailed for \$1.00. Not sold at bookstores. Address S. A. BLOCH, 264-G Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill 4t22

The Right to be Lazy... 10c
Imprudent Marriages... 5c
Was it Gracia's Fault?... 5c
The Polly of Being Good... 5c
The Scab (Jack London)... 5c

More Scenes from Clerical Life.

Here and There Among the Men Who Look After the Moral and Spiritual Welfare of the Community.

CALLED BACK.

Charged with attempted criminal assault on a female, the Rev. E. L. James, pastor of a Baptist church in Decatur, Ill., fled the city and was not heard from for months. Recently he was heard from in Missouri and a sheriff with a requisition went there and brought him back to Decatur, where he was lodged in jail.

THOUGHT THE EARTH BELONGED TO THE SAINTS.

The arrogance of preachers and the slavish submission of most people to that arrogance, the permission given them to rule our customs and to own our lands free of taxes, sometimes leads one of them into a swelled-head condition, in which he imagines he owns the earth, owns things he doesn't own. Rev. W. T. Browning, of Cleveland, Miss., thus imagined he owned a piece of land belonging to another man, and imagined it so strongly that he gave a mortgage on it and obtained \$4,000. He was arrested on a charge of obtaining this amount fraudulently from the Delta Cotton Company.

THOU SHALT TAKE THY NEIGHBOR'S SON AND HE SHALL BE THY BOND-SLAVE.

Who should commit perjury with more right than a minister? The being by whom he swears is his intimate friend, and will let him off, no doubt, when he would let off no one else. The Rev. Ralph Jones, of Selma, Ind., is charged by the father of a boy with having sworn falsely in order to get possession of that boy and steal him from his father. The father is Charles O. Weed, of Norton, Va., and he says that the preacher by fraudulent methods secured the legal custody of Weed's seven-year-old son in Delaware County courts, swearing falsely that he knew nothing of his father's whereabouts. The courts have the matter in hand.

A COME-ALL-YE.

Come all ye bold true-hearted Irishmen, wherever ye may be, and explain how it is that Father J. H. Colin is held on the charge of betraying a seventeen-year-old girl. The girl is Charlotte Norris. She says that the priest, who is in charge of the Catholic church at Wenatchee, Wash., and missions at Cashmere, Chelan, Leavenworth, and Waterville, accomplished her ruin on two certain dates, which she names. On her giving birth to a child, her father sent for the priestly representative of chastity. When Colin arrived, the dog was set on him, and two shots were fired at him but missed their mark. He has been held by the court under \$1,500 bail. "There can be no morality without religion."—Cardinal Gibbons.

THE BEST THAT CLERGYMEN CAN DO AS TO MARRIAGE.

The church has so impeded the progress of moral science that we have no clear and satisfying code of rules as to the marriage relations. All that can be obtained from the Bible on these matters is a chaotic and dangerous mingling of unreasoned dogma, oppression, fanaticism, cruelty, and jealousy. The unfortunate negro of Wichita, Kan., Rev. Andrew Burbridge, had had no better source of counsel upon his difficulties with his wife than this contradictory, paltry, and perious scripture. After the wife had been divorced, he broke into her house and shot her six times in the breast and abdomen, inflicting wounds that caused death. He then shot himself, but recovered, to pay the penalty for the ignorance, perhaps not so much of himself as of the race, and especially of the Christian Church.

A MORAL OCTOPUS.

The tendency of the belief that "Jesus will pay it all" to produce reckless immorality was illustrated in the case of Rev. H. G. Amhurst. This clergyman of Lafayette, Ind., reached out for moral law after moral law and slammed them down and broke them, then reached for more and mopped the floor up with them, and so on, at such a wholesale rate that a committee had to bring twenty-four counts against him. The general charge was based upon the ground of immoral conduct, and this was divided into three specifications. First, dishonesty in contracting debts without a probability of paying them; second, embezzlement by the mismanagement of church funds; third, falsifying. Under the latter head there were twenty-two specifications, cov-

ering secret order misrepresentations, business relations, alleged college degrees which were never conferred, etc. He was suspended.

RELIGION, WOMEN AND SONG.

Perhaps the sentimental intimacy with the fair sex into which the occupation of a clergyman brings him is a leading inducement with many lustful young men to enter the ministry. This sentimental intimacy was taken advantage of by Rev. S. D. Bartle, pastor of the Methodist Church, at Mechanicsville, Ia., in the case of a telephone girl, whose name is being shielded from the public. His immoral conduct was, as is customary in such cases, winked at and denied by the religious clique as long as possible, but finally his church had to tell him he could "take an extended leave of absence."

CHRISTIAN CONTEMPT CURED.

The ecclesiastical power everywhere rebels against the civil power in exact proportion to its ability to do so. Rev. W. T. Amis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hot Springs, Ark., thought he had the ability to rebel a great deal. Accordingly he so conducted himself that Judge Orlando H. Sumpter had to impose on him a fine of \$25 for contempt of court. It is unfortunate that the same course cannot be taken against the entire Catholic Church, with its contempt of our courts shown in maintaining the secrecy of the confessional against any judicial need of evidence, and in its denial of the legality of our civil marriage, and the like.

SUNDAY THE MONOPOLIZED DAY.

That trade which has obtained from government the extraordinary privilege of having one day set apart when it alone shall be allowed to do business—namely, the preaching trade—is exceeding bitter against everyone who wants to do anything else on that day. Because he unmercifully whipped his 12-year-old son for playing baseball on Sunday, the Rev. J. H. Arnold, a noted revivalist in the Athens section of Georgia, has been sentenced to serve six months in the county chain gang. At trial physicians testified that the boy's flesh had been lashed raw. The preacher said he had prayed with his son before whipping, and that he obeyed divine commands in applying the rod as he did.

A LYING PREACHER.

The loose tongue which preachers get into the habit of using respecting what they call "infidels," often gets to wagging itself against one another among themselves. In Knox County, Tenn., Rev. Dean L. Bond had to sue Rev. Ashley S. Johnson, president of the Kimberlin Heights School for Evangelists, for libel of his character by publishing a statement to the effect that Rev. Mr. Bond was no longer connected with the Kimberlin Heights school as a solicitor of funds and that all recommendations of Rev. Mr. Bond were withdrawn. Rev. Mr. Bond claims that the publication has caused him great damage and has prevented his getting connection with any other institution, this being his line of work.

CHRISTIANS ON THEIR KNEES.

It has long been noticed that the countries where Christianity is most believed, such as Mexico and Spain, are those in which gambling is most practiced. This tendency of the religious mind to gamble is mostly held down by the public sentiment of our land, though finding vent somewhat at church fairs. At Indianapolis, Ind., however, it broke forth in full force at the home of Rev. Wm. Alexander, of 618 East Court street. When the police descended upon the house the Rev. Mr. Alexander and a number of friends were found on their knees in an upstairs room, not engaged in religious service, but shooting craps, and were sent to the Police Station on gambling charges. Despite the fact that he is a minister the Rev. Mr. Alexander has long been suspected by the police of conducting a crap game as a "side line" to his preaching. But when Capt. Adolph Asch, Sergt. Belch and a number of officers visited the place they found five men and a woman in a downstairs room, evidently engaged in nothing more than conversation. An instant later a door leading to an upstairs room was found and the officers stole quietly upward. Al-

though the police had been told that the Rev. Mr. Alexander had gone out to make a call, they found the minister and six friends on their knees on the floor, in a circle. As the officers entered they heard the familiar cry, "I'll shoot you the thirty-five," and the crowd was informed that it was under arrest.

COLORED CHRISTIANITY.

Truly, man, black man, dressed in a little church authority, like an angry ape plays such fantastic tricks in the name of high heaven as would make a dog laugh. Rev. S. T. Jackson, pastor of the Missionary Colored Baptist Church of North Yakima, Wash., had been accused of appropriating to himself \$30, half of the \$60 receipts of a church dinner. At a meeting Jackson grabbed the financial report left on the pulpit by one of the congregation, and refused to return it when demanded. The aggregation began to crowd about him, when suddenly he drew a long bladed knife from his pocket and ordered all to stand back as he would disembowel them. His wife then leaped to his side, at the same time drawing a knife from her bosom, threatening to "cut up the first damn one" who touched her husband. All became frightened and left the church, no one offering to rescue the papers from the angry preacher.

BRAIN PRESSURE—IMPOSSIBLE.

Charged with bigamy and credited with having thirteen wives, Albert Holden, a minister of Toledo, O., pleaded guilty, and was sentenced by Judge Barber to serve six years in the penitentiary. Holden was love-mad, and cloaked his madness under the forms of religion, and married every time the divine spirit moved him. His courtships always took place during one of his revivals, and his victim was always one of those who he had taken into the fold. Just before sentence was passed Holden said to the judge that years ago he had been a victim of spinal trouble, which had created a pressure on the brain and because of this affliction he was simply driven into the willing arms of the women. The judge probably had been previously experienced as to the cerebral capacity of preachers, for he declared himself unable to entertain the plea of brain pressure. A court on-looker suggested that it must be meningitis, or womengitis. Holden entered prison with a Bible under his arm.

AN ESPECIALLY SAD CASE.

From Detroit, Mich., comes the melancholy news that for the second time within a year Mrs. Card Lehner has left her home, and gone to New York to join Rev. Paul Bard, with whom she eloped several months ago. When they disappeared the first time Mrs. Lehner took \$1,000 from her husband's safe, and Bard left his wife penniless. They were traced to New York, where Bard was playing in a theatre orchestra, and where they were known as Paul Keller and wife. But the wife longed for her home and returned as abruptly as she had left and was forgiven. Now she has fled again. This is a peculiarly sad case. Mrs. Lehner was the contented wife of a restaurant-keeper. She is a beautiful woman, of amiable disposition, accomplished in musical and other fields. As to the clerical rascal who has broken up her home and happy life, it may be said that the repetition of his base act shows him to be one of the extremest of those that religion divests of conscience and renders utterly diabolical.

TRIES TO SCARE HIS JAILER WITH GOD'S WRATH.

The instinct of churchmen is always to call in the arm of the authorities to impose on others whatever notions may chance to float into their heads. When Rev. Nat. Kessinger, an itinerant preacher, got so drunk in Evansville, Ind., that he couldn't find his own money, he phoned police headquarters that he had been robbed. An officer hurried to the scene and showed him that he was mistaken. Then he said it was his grip that was stolen, but to his amazement found it at his side. When he could not discover what had been stolen he thanked the officer for his trouble and bade him good-by. But the officer was not to be separated from his new found friend so soon, because a little bird whispered in his ear that unless the erstwhile minister were locked up he would cause trouble. So, much to his amazement, the sky pilot was taken to headquarters. After being assigned to a room in the city hotel, he commenced preaching. His sermons were a mingled threat to the authorities that "the God Almighty would

damn them forever, and they would perish in the flames of hell if he were not freed at once," and a prayer that the Lord would break down his prison doors and allow him to speak his gospel on Main street Sunday evening. The police sergeant, perhaps, had read in a Free-thought work somewhere that all predictions of God's wrath toward mortals meant simply that said mortals stood in the way of some selfish want of a priest or preacher, and he refused to open his prison doors.

OFFERED HER FIFTY CENTS.

"Barnwell, there's been some things going on in my home while I have been away that I want you and my wife to explain face to face." This sentence has a familiar sound. Thickly, all over the land, preachers are being called in by husbands whom some one has made aware of what has been secretly occurring, and told: "There have been things going on in my home that I want you to explain." As to this particular utterance, it was directed by Mr. C. A. London to Rev. G. L. Barnwell, pastor of the Edgewood Baptist Church of Atlanta, Ga. In his statement to the public Mr. London goes on: "So he came with me and sat facing my wife. I then had them go over the occurrence of that afternoon. I want it distinctly understood that the pastor never called at my home at night. Then I heard the whole story. I heard the pastor admit he had attempted to kiss my wife, and I heard from him how my wife had repulsed him and begged him to desist in his efforts. I heard how he offered my wife fifty cents for a kiss." Mr. London grew indignant. "I heard my wife testify to it. Her words were: 'He told me there was no harm in it and said he had fifty cents in his pocket for me if I would just give him one kiss.'"

A conference was held to consider the offense. At that conference, Mr. London says, Mr. Barnwell said David had done worse than he did and yet David was loved by God. "I didn't like the idea of his trying to excuse his conduct," said Mr. London, "by comparing himself to David. It is true that David did wrong, but that was no excuse for Rev. Barnwell coming into my home and attempting to take that which is dearer to me than all the world."

A ROGUE PREACHER GETS THE WATER-TROUGH.

A few years ago B. H. Irwin came to the county which contains Abilene, Kan., and preached what he called Firebrand religion. He held meetings in the country districts which were so sensational that the farmers refused to stand them. One night the tent-ropes were cut and Irwin and his elders had to skip over the prairies. Some of them were caught and ducked in a water-trough. Then they left. Now Irwin publishes a "confession" that he was a base hypocrite. While in the county he made many converts and several of them gave him large sums of money. He says: "An appetite for strong drink was either inherited or early acquired; and pride and anger and self-will. My fall was both gradual and instantaneous. It was in November, 1892, while engaged in a meeting at La Platte, Missouri, that I first began to go down. I did not fall into gross sin at that time, though a pleasing snare of the devil was laid at my feet. Not until April, 1893, while at a meeting at Colby, Kansas, did I actually give way and fall into gross sin. There a well ordered temptation of the devil was laid for my destruction and I went down. In both these cases it was a woman, professing entire sanctification, that Satan used to lead me into sin. The devil prevailed. I continued to preach and profess entire sanctification. I soon became hardened and went from bad to worse. Much of my life subsequently has been confessed and is well known."

On this confession, made as a last resort to escape punishment for his misdeeds, a local paper says: "It is evident that Irwin needs a good deal of salvation yet—any man who will blame a woman for his back-sliding is a pretty cheap proposition. Maybe he needs another bath to complete the job."

GIRLS SCARCELY MORE THAN BABIES.

At Maurice, Ind., Rev. John W. Robbins, pastor of the Eighth Street Christian Church, was accused of immoral actions by Mary Snyder, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snyder, residing at No. 2009 South Mulberry street, and Edna Meyers, eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Meyers, living at No. 2013 South Mulberry

street. Both of the children have told their stories of the conduct they maintain the minister was guilty of without the least variance in their accusations. According to the complaint lodged against the preacher, the licentious actions on his part occurred during the carnival at the corner of Walnut and Willard streets, last fall. Being a favorite among children, the Rev. Robbins was liked by the two little girls, and, it is said, he took them for rides on his bicycle, placing them on the handle-bars of the conveyance and then propelling them and himself about the streets. During the carnival the minister took the Snyder girl to the carnival grounds for amusement. At another time the Rev. Robbins took the Snyder child to his room, located at the rear of Justice Isaac H. Gray's office, in West Main street, where, it is charged, he overstepped all bounds of chastity, and, it is further alleged, during the same interview was guilty of acts which, if proven in the Circuit Court, would make him liable to conviction on the charge of attempted criminal assault. With the Meyers girl, it is alleged, Rev. Mr. Robbins on different occasions made himself criminally familiar. One offense is said to have been committed in the Meyers home, when the little girl was on the pastor's lap. Mrs. Meyers was preparing the evening meal and was unaware of the alleged wrong. Another time the defendant is said to have become familiar with the girl in her parents' yard.

THE INSIDE LIFE OF MISSIONS AND RELIGIOUS PUBLISHING HOUSES.

Much commotion was caused in Chicago when Rev. Harry L. Baynes, pastor of the Grace Gospel Mission, 6642 Halsted street, and Miss Margaret Martin, of 6619 Union avenue, a pretty 17-year-old stenographer, disappeared suddenly. The whole course of their previous connection throws light on the inside life of churches, missions, and religious publishing houses. When Rev. Harry Baynes established a mission on South Halsted street and drew around him about seventy mission helpers, Margaret Martin was among them. No one suspected that there had already developed between the two a relation other than the public one. Then, as afterward, if anything was remarked concerning the young minister's especial interest in the girl it was excused on the grounds of his concern over her spiritual welfare. Next she worked in the office of the James Baynes & Son Publishing Company, 325 Dearborn street, a firm which prints religious works, and her labors brought her into daily contact with the minister. He dictated letters to her and spent long hours in her company in the office. Sometimes he took her out to luncheon. This was a bad place for a girl. Religious publishing houses are ever to be viewed with suspicion. They are bad in every possible aspect. They are, so printers charge, the most grinding and most unfair of all classes of publishing houses in their treatment of their employees.

One Mr. Wright testifies: "As my wife worked with the publishing house, I have been there a good deal and have seen a number of things of which I can say nothing at the present time."

Finally the pastor disappeared. On the same day the girl left the publishing house and went to the residence of a certain friend. While she sat there a letter came addressed to her. She seemed agitated. The letter was addressed in a man's handwriting, and was from the Moody Bible Institute. Baynes had been a member of the institute during his student days. Ten minutes after reading the letter the girl left, saying she would go home. She has not been seen or heard from since.

WHAT IMPULSES FROM GOD ARE.

Miss Florence Dunsworth, aged sixteen, testifies that after Rev. George Keniston had assaulted her he told her he had acted on an impulse sent him by God and that therefore it was all right. The entire Christian system consists of similar impulses from God, and these impulses are of a moral character just equal with the above one, being now of butchery, again of plunder, now of lust, again of persecution, and yet it has got the state so deluded as to grant it special privileges and rule over all of us—exemption from taxes, days set apart for its exclusive use, etc. This Rev. George Keniston was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Danville, Ill. He is charged with assaulting six other young girls also. Two of these, as well as Miss Dunsworth, have become mothers. Miss Dunsworth testified that when Dr

Keniston's family was away from home, the preacher asked her mother to allow her to go to the church to rehearse a part in a farewell entertainment he was arranging to give before her family left for Trinidad, Colo., where her father was going to benefit his health. She was mistreated while in the minister's study. The girl's testimony was unshaken by the rigid cross-examination of attorneys for the defense. Rhea Gregor, 16 years old, testified that the minister made advances to her. Isabelle Hodge, 13 years old, said Dr. Keniston tried to caress her in an improper manner. Miss Olive Orlea testified that the minister took her on his lap in her own home, and attempted to caress her improperly. The next time, she said, she placed a "Bible near him, so it would recall him to his duty." These are her words. But she little knew the real character of the book she thus employed. She had, fortunately for herself, never read it. But he knew it thoroughly, and on seeing the volume his wavering doubts of conscience were instantly dispelled by reminders of the wholesale deeds of illegitimate licentiousness perpetrated by the patriarchs and saints whom God loved none the less because of them. Next, his amorous imagination was fired afresh by the imagery of Solomon's song, where a girl's form is likened to a heap of wheat, her limbs to marble pillars, and all that. This converted his already heated passion into a raging furnace, and he plunged forward irrestrainably into his criminal indulgences.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO AFTER CHURCH.

Here is a letter from a pastor to a married female member of his congregation: "Dearest—I saw you in the church this morning, and as soon as my gaze fell upon you I felt a thrill permeate my whole being. Before I saw you I had felt your presence, but when at last my eyes encountered yours, I felt that I was inspired, and then I knew that I must tell you how I felt." Following are extracts from a second letter: "I know what I would like to do this evening after church, but— . . . Get up about 11. I give you the key in case I am not back by that time—will make a desperate effort to be there. Will bring with me a pint of oysters and a quart of milk." And further we will give an extract from a third letter, on a spiritual topic, for the sake of the figure of speech wherein the writer grows real kittenish: "Heaven leads us on very much as we lead the pet kitten with the ever-receding saucer of cream. We follow blindly, seeing nothing but the sweet tidbit. On, on, out of doors—ah, it is ours; we lap it up. The sweetness is ours; sated, we turn again to the light and warmth." The pastor who thus lapped it up was the Rev. John John, of the Summerdale Congregational Church, Chicago. His pet kitten was Mrs. Charles Stanley Campbell, of 743 Foster avenue. The exposure of their relations is said to have grown out of the action of Mrs. Campbell in tearing up one of the letters and throwing the scraps away during choir practice. Another member remained after the session, gathered the fragments, patched them together, and showed the epistle to her companions. Subsequently some member of the choir who knew of the existence of the letters abstracted them from Mrs. Campbell's coat pocket during the Sunday service and forwarded them to the trustees of the church. Pastor John endeavors to exculpate himself by declaring the letters to be matter for a book that he and the lady were to write together. Mrs. Campbell says: "A bundle of literary notes, now termed love letters, stolen from my jacket by a CHURCH THIEF—I use the term advisedly—has been used to turn gossip toward me." We thank Mrs. Campbell for helping to get into general circulation the term "church thief." It has ever been a favorite one of ours. It is a useful one. Church thieves—those who steal our money by evading taxes, who make us support them though there is supposed to be no union of church and state—are so numerous that we are as indignant against them as is the thrill-causing lady against the kind that she has in mind.

Rainy Day Piety.—Bishop Sanford Olmsted, of Colorado, at a dinner in Denver, said, apropos of Sabbath breaking.

"I was talking to an Eastern clergyman the other day about his church attendance.

"I suppose," I said, "that in your district, rain affects the attendance considerably."

"He smiled, faintly. 'Indeed, yes,' he said. 'I hardly have a vacant seat when it is too wet for golf or motoring.'"

THE HOLY CROSS SERIES

Priest in Absolution. A Criticism and Denunciation, with a review of the system of Confession, including copious extracts from a late infamous publication, from the Confessional Unmasked. Paper, 15 cents.

The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk, as exhibited in a narrative of her sufferings during her residence of five years as a novice, and two years as a black nun, in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal. Perhaps not any anti-Catholic book published has created more excitement, and had such a circulation as this work. To counteract its effects the Catholics circulated a story that Maria Monk was "no better than she should be," but investigation disclosed that her "child of shame" was none other than the child of her priest seducer. Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, 75 cents.

Priestly Cellbacy Exposed. A lecture by the Rev. George Townsend Fox, of Durham, Eng. Revised American edition, showing the result in parishes of the Roman decree that priests shall not marry. Paper, 15 cents.

Sister Lucy and Her Awful Disclosures Respecting New Hall Convent, Boreham, Essex, England. Showing that convents are inimical to chastity, virtue, and freedom. Paper, 10 cents.

The Confessional. By W. Stewart Ross. Being an exposure of that infamous religious rite. Price, 25 cents.

The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits. Our reprint is from an edition of 1723, of which the Society of Jesuits on the Continent purchased and suppressed all the copies obtainable. The work is redolent of Jesuit craft and is a plain index to the chicanery, dishonesty, and underhand working of that order against the welfare of individuals and society. Price, 15 cents.

Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. By Father Chiniquy. With portrait of the author, and other illustrations. 43d edition. 8vo, cloth, \$2.25.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO.
62 Vesey St., New York.

S. Laing's Great Work HUMAN ORIGINS

By Samuel Laing.

This is a work that goes back as near to the beginning of things as study can arrive, and traces man and his institutions from their origins. It is in two parts, "Evidence From History" and "Evidence From Science." Heretofore the book has been obtainable only at a high price. It has been republished in pamphlet form.

Price, 30 cents.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER,
62 Vesey St., New York.

Right Living

By Susan H. Wixon.

Ethics as Understood by a Student of Science.

Sixty chapters considering from a rational view point those fair humanities that make life worthy to be lived. It will help everybody.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER,

NEW EDITION FROM NEW PLATES!

HALF HOURS WITH SOME

CELEBRATED

FREETHINKERS

BY "ICONCLAST"—COLLINS AND WATTS.

PRICE, CLOTH, .75 NET. POSTAGE, 14C.

ADDRESS THE TRUTH SEEKER CO

A Few Reasons for Doubting the Inspiration of the Bible.

Paper, 10 cents.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.
Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Christian Science

By MARK TWAIN

In this great work Mark Twain devotes himself seriously and logically to a serious theme; the result is an earnest, painstaking, and impartial study of Christian Science in all the details of its growth and church organization.

This book is the result of years of careful investigation of Mrs. Eddy's cult and writings, and of the church which she has founded. It is an honest effort to answer seriously those questions which the public generally has been asking about Christian Science.

The reader will like the way Mark Twain goes vigorously into details, writes plain English, and gets to the bottom of things. He is equally frank with praise or censure, as the case demands. And while his book must be ranked as the most serious and extended criticism of the subject that has yet been made, it is not without repeated tinges of humor which make it, while instructive, also deeply entertaining. Illustrated, Crown 8vo, Price \$1.75. Uniform with Bookstore Edition of Mark Twain's Works.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER,
62 Vesey Street, New York.

France and the Pope

BY GENERAL WILLIAM BIRNEY.

A true statement of the causes which have led to the separation law in France, showing the falsity of the Catholic charge of confiscation against the French Government.

M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, and others, have commended, "FRANCE AND THE POPE," as the best and most satisfactory presentation of the matter that has been written. You need it to understand the situation.

10 cents per copy. Per dozen, \$1.00.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO.,
62 Vesey Street, New York.

FRANCE AND THE POPE.---2.

BY GEN. WILLIAM BIRNEY.

Published uniform with No. 1

This is a reply to the legal arguments coming under the author's notice after No. 1 was written, and deals with the utterances of the Roman Catholic gentlemen, the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Edgar J. Gans, Esq., Paul Bakewell, Esq., Professor Dwight, and Paul Fuller, Esq., also the speeches made by Judges O'Brien, Daly, and Fitzgerald, and by the Hon. J. Delany and John C. Agar, Esq., at the Roman Catholic mass meeting in New York City, January 27, 1907; also the Pope's Encyclical letter of January 6, 1907.

A complete and convincing answer.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

12 COPIES FOR \$1.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH

A clear and plain line of reasoning, giving some advanced ideas on religion. Deeply interesting to all, from the preacher to the Atheist.

For sale by the author, W. H. Richards, 1020 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Price 10 cents. One dozen copies by mail, 70 cents.

8t22.

30 JEWELS for 15 CENTS

Send for a package of Little Jewel Menders, only 15c. Mend agate, granite, tin. No heat or outfit needed. Agents wanted. A. P. Washburn, 948 E. 160th street, New York city.

CHILDREN'S CORNER FOR Boys and Girls, YOUNG AND OLD.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON,
Fall River, Mass.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

An Easy Outline of Evolution.

BY DENNIS HIRD.*

CHAPTER XIII.—LIFE AND HOPE.

Again, I can call a remarkable witness. Professor A. E. Dolbear has written a book on Matter, Ether, and Motion (1899). The English edition is edited by Professor Alfred Lodge. Further, the book is published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, so it has the unique authority of the highest science and the most respectable orthodoxy. The following extracts speak with no uncertain sound:

Professor Dolbear shows the difficulty of defining life, and that an analogous difficulty is met in the attempt to define other of the so-called physical forces. "Light was supposed to be a created something"; "heat was supposed to be a kind of imponderable matter," and "therefore was supposed to be an entity." "Electricity and magnetism were supposed to be fluids." "The regular movements of the planets were thought to require intelligent directive power to keep them in their orbits; but now the gravitative property of matter itself is held to be quite sufficient to account for all the observed facts, and the extra material directive force is held to be an entirely unnecessary assumption" (p. 278).

"The discovery of the conservation of energy, covering every field that has been investigated, led to the growing conviction that there are no special forces of any kind needed to explain any phenomena." Vital force used to be supposed to be an entity, but "vital force as an entity has no existence." So with the entities above named, one after another they have disappeared (p. 278).

"Let it be granted that atoms are in the neighbourhood of the fifty-millionth of an inch in diameter; then, if a thousand of them are organized into a molecule, its diameter would be about the five-millionth of an inch. A speck of protoplasm, one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter, would require not less than five hundred such molecules in a row to span it, and there would be no less than 125 millions of such molecules in the small mass" (p. 281).

"There is no longer any question that the qualities of protoplasm are chemical and physical, and belong to it simply as a chemical substance. Chemists have synthetically formed out of the various elements a vast number of substances that were not long ago believed to be formed only by living things; and there is but little reason to doubt that, when they shall be able to form the substance protoplasm, it will possess all the properties it is now known to have, including what is called life; and one ought not to be surprised at its announcement any day" (p. 282).

"The energy available for all the purposes of an animal, including man, exists in the material of the body" (p. 290).

"Life is a process rather than a condition" (p. 292).

"If there are any that would still hold that life is a something sui generis, that may be considered apart from some material structure and not as a transformation process, it will be well for such to

inquire what can become of such life as a grain of corn or an egg has, when it is cooked, or when either of them is left for months or years, and they rot. At first it is in the grain of corn or egg. If it be an entity of any sort, it must be somewhere else after leaving either the one or the other—The properties of a mass of matter are, by general agreement, the result of the arrangement of the matter" (p. 294).

"It may be said, and often has been, that every living thing has an ancestry of living things; and in human experience it is true. It is sometimes said that one cannot get out of a mass of matter what is not in it, which in this case might imply that matter itself is alive, though I have never heard anyone so conclude. If anyone would apply this dictum, let him settle with himself before turning a new electrical machine whether the electricity he is to get from it is or is not in the machine, and how, if it be in the machine, he can get an infinite amount from it by simply turning the crank. He may reach the conclusion that what can be got out of a mass of matter depends upon its composition and structure" (p. 296).

(To be continued.)

William and Isabel.

When the children of Room 6 took their seats after recess that afternoon it was evident that something unusual had happened. However, the teacher, Miss Morris, was so absorbed in arranging the models for a drawing lesson that she failed to notice the suppressed excitement upon the faces in front of her. She also failed to notice the absence of two of her pupils from their accustomed places until the lesson was half over.

"Why, where are Isabel and William?" she asked in surprise.

"The principal's got 'em in his office!" shouted an excited chorus from the seats. Miss Morris frowned. "In the office!" she exclaimed. "What on earth was the matter?"

The room cheerfully and instantly volunteered to enlighten their benighted teacher. Out of the confused uproar which followed one caught such significant phrases as "a-scrapin'," "jawin' on the stairs," "callin' each other names!"

"Children, you know I do not allow talking without permission," she said with severity. "I am almost as much ashamed of you as I am of Isabel and William." Just then the door opened and the principal jerkily propelled two dejected looking children into the room, where they stood, pictures of despair. Isabel's flaming face was buried in the crook of her elbow, from which a thin, sibilant sniffle issued at regular intervals. William, dry-eyed, glared savagely at a crack in the floor.

"These children, Miss Morris," began the principal in an awful tone, "have been very disorderly on the stairs. I wish them to remain after school until you can settle their dispute."

Isabel groped her uncertain way to her seat and promptly hid her watery face in her geography. William slunk gloomily into his corner and lapsed into his usual state of coma behind his grammar.

It was not until after the other children had been dismissed and Miss Morris had arranged her lessons for the next day that she turned her attention to the two in the back seats.

"Now," she began, "I want to know what this is all about? Isabel," she commanded, "tell your story."

"He—he called me na-a-ames!" blubbered Isabel, from the heart of Africa, whose arid plains were in a state of deluge once more.

"Why, William Morgan!" exclaimed Miss Morris. "I feel so disappointed in you. I thought if there was a perfect gentleman in the room you were one."

At these words of condemnation William hung his head and swallowed hard once or twice, then glanced uneasily at Isabel as he blurted out:

"Well, she's all the time a-callin' me names an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand fer it! An' I ain't never called her anything worse'n an old yeller!"

"Stop!" rang out the teacher's voice. "I do not want to hear another word. And I want you to apologize to Isabel for what you have done! Are you ready to make your apology now?"

There was a sullen silence on the part of William and an awkward shuffling of the feet which betokened anything but contrition. So after a few minutes' wait, Miss Morris returned to her work, saying:

"When you are ready to apologize, William, you may let me know!"

As Miss Morris began to look over the papers in front of her she could not help thinking of the two children. There was William, who was simply serving out his sentence, as it were, until he should be old enough to get a working certificate. William, without the least spark of sentiment, to whom the beauty of the world was nothing. William, who desired nothing above the dull commonplace. What good had eight years in the public schools done him? And Isabel! Poor Isabel, who was the eldest of nine olive branches which owned the patronymic Beeson—Isabel, the victim of arrested development, who was promoted from one room to another only when her physical well-being demanded a larger seat—what was there of joy and happiness in her life—What could the future—

An unmistakable snicker from the back of the room interrupted the teacher's reverie at this point. She looked up quickly and saw Isabel's face lit up with a rainbow smile as she sat blissfully perusing a scrap of paper before her, utterly oblivious to her surroundings. In vain William tried to signal a wireless message of warning to his partner in sorrow.

"Isabel!" called Miss Morris, sharply.

Isabel jumped guiltily and stuffed the paper into her desk.

"Bring me that note immediately."

Isabel gave a scared, questioning look at William, who had slid down in his seat until only his coarse mop of red hair bristled warningly over the top of his sheltering book, then she slowly took the note to the teacher.

One glance at it and Miss Morris began to smile. The note was headed: "My apology to You." It was as follows:

"Dear Isabull.—I love you dearly. I love you more than I can tell I love you even when you call me bugs, from your loving feller,
William."

Here was the boy whose lack of sentiment she had deplored! Here was a girl before whom there seemed not a ray of happiness!

"You may both go now," said Miss Morris as soon as she could speak with a reasonable amount of dignity. "And, William, no other apology is necessary."

William's face, which had run the gamut of reds, finally settled into a rich magenta hue as he blurted out:

"I jist hate her! I don't love her at all! I jist—jist wrote that to!"

"Well, Isabel accepts your apology anyway," interrupted the teacher.—Chicago Daily News.

A Pleasant Belief.

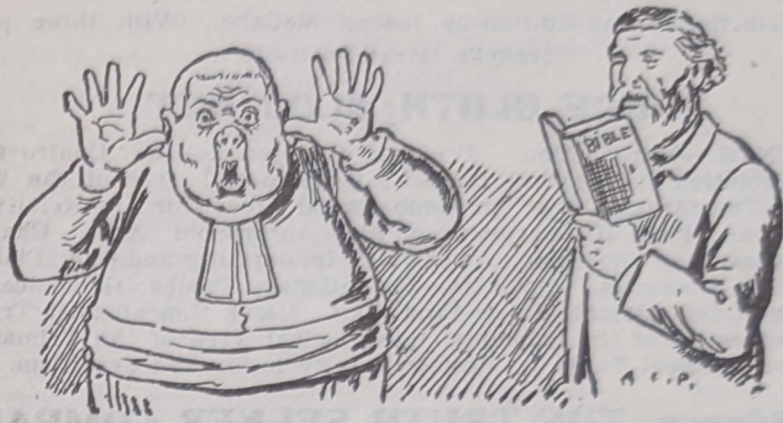
John Burroughs was talking about the increased interest that the world now takes in nature and her works and ways.

"A modern girl from New York," he said, "would not be apt to say as I heard a girl say thirty years ago as she looked at a multitude of tadpoles in a pond:

"'Oh, look at the tadpoles! And to think that some day every one of these horrid wriggling things will be a beautiful butterfly.'"—Southwestern Book.

BY RETURN MAIL.

Old Testament Stories Comically Illustrated.



By WATSON HESTON.

CONTENTS:

Sustaining a Theory—Some Giants—Adventures and Work of Noah—A Hunting Anecdote—Abraham, Christ's Great Ancestor—A Queer Family—Isaac and His "Sister"—One of Twins—Jacob and Esau—Joseph, the Man of Dreams—Holy Moses—Balaam, the Diviner—Bloody Joshua—The Campaign of Deborah and Barak Against Jabin and Sisera—General Gideon—Jephthah and His Human Sacrifice—Samson, the Strong—Ruth and Boaz—Unstable as Water, God Shall Not Excel—David, God's Favorite—Some Stories From the Book of Kings—Adventures of the Prophets—Jonah, the Truthful Sailor.

Four hundred pages—Two hundred Full-Page Pictures—The Stories Humorously Told and Hard Facts Given concerning the Origin and Authenticity of the Old Testament.

A Page of Text to Each Picture.

IN BOARDS, ILLUMINATED COVERS, \$1;

IN CLOTH, GILT SIDE STAMP, \$1.50.

BY RETURN MAIL.

New Testament Stories Comically Illustrated.

NEARLY 400 PAGES.

A PAGE OF TEXT TO EACH PICTURE.

ABOUT 200 PICTURES.

These Pictures are the illustrations which appeared in The Truth Seeker and were highly commended for their wit and point. The Text is in chief part by George E. Macdonald, most favorably known to readers of The Truth Seeker. The Cover is from an original design by Ryan Walker, one of the best cartoonists in the whole country.

Cloth covers, design in white and tint, \$1.50. Board covers, illuminated, \$1.

The Book covers the New Testament from Matthew to Revelation, and the principal incidents in the careers of the "Son of Man" and his "army" are illustrated in a humorous manner, accompanied with a page of text still more effective. Mr. George E. Macdonald possesses the delicate touch of Mark Twain and the quaint conceptions of Bill Nye, with a style all his own. A perusal of this book cannot fail to destroy the superstitious regard for the New Testament now held by deceived Christians. The absurdity of the events narrated in the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles is made apparent; and while there is nothing in the work to offend by its "blasphemy," there is a great deal which will convince its readers that the religion of the New Testament is equally mythological with the history of the Old Testament. The book combines amusement with instruction, like the "moral pocket handkerchiefs" Mrs. Weller's church sent to the heathen.

CLOTH COVERS, \$1.50; BOARD COVERS, \$1.00.

BY RETURN MAIL.

The Bible Comically Illustrated

THE FOREGOING TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

About 800 pages and 400 pictures.

The Old Testament Stories is one of the most popular books ever issued, and is well calculated for serious argument and for ridiculing superstition. The quaint conceits of Mr. Heston concerning the familiar Bible stories are productive of great mirth, and the facts given in the texts easily convince the reader that the Old Testament is not of divine origin. To see this book is to want to own it. Ten thousand sold.

The New Testament Stories Comically Illustrated is a companion work, of the same size, and what is said of the other volume applies equally to the New Testament Stories.

For convenience of readers we have combined the two and offer it at the price of the others separately.

IN BOARD COVERS, \$2. IN CLOTH COVERS, \$2.50.

EMPLOYMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

From Paul Kennaday, New York (Secretary of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis).

Editor Truth Seeker: Country employment for consumptives is the subject of a report made by a special committee of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis of the New York Charity Organization Society. The committee, bearing in mind that for many years the dispensary physician and the private doctor has been ordering consumptive patients to leave the city and to get light work in the country decided to make a systematic investigation of this method of dealing with tuberculosis. A special agent was engaged who investigated a number of the different districts and who tried to find places into which would fit the particular individuals and families whom the committee wished to provide for. All these people were investigated in regard to their character, habits, employers' references, family responsibility, etc., and generally as to their fitness for country work.

It took but a few days to discover that, badly as farm help was needed, the farmers were not taking kindly to the sort of labor commodity offered to them, even at a very low wage. If the men were well, but ignorant of farming, they could be taught; if they were acquainted with farming, but sick, they could be given the light end of the work while strength was returning. But with men both weak and untrained, and driven to the soil only by disease, there was, naturally, no demand whatever.

Finding that success with single men, or men whose families could be left behind, was very doubtful, attention was next directed by the committee to the tenant houses standing vacant on a number of farms. They could be had in good condition, for two or three dollars a month, including spring or well water, and a large garden plot; while usually as much firewood and fruit could be had for the gathering as would suffice for the needs of a family.

Sixty applications for the positions were received, but of these, 43 were rejected because of drunkenness, shiftlessness, or because physically unfit. Out of the seventeen who were able to pass the double examination required, but ten were placed in employment. In this experiment finally, but two cases were entirely successful, two were partially so, and the remaining six were failures. The Committee publishes its conclusions from this experience as follows:

- (1) Occasionally indigent consumptives can be placed in suitable country employment with exceedingly good results.
- (2) Comparatively few of such patients desire such work sufficiently to apply for it, and the great majority of those applying are absolutely unsuitable, either from medical or social reasons, or from both.
- (3) Patients with only incipient tuberculosis, and consequently in good physical condition, can with difficulty be persuaded to give up their city employment for the uncertainties of work in the country. Moreover, if willing to give up their work, they should be sent directly to a sanitarium.
- (4) Although labor is scarce there is very little demand among farmers for men who cannot do a hard day's work, and the physical and mental make-up of the ordinary tenement house dweller is very ill-suited to farm life. In small towns and villages there are somewhat better opportunities for tradesmen and artisans. Phthisiophobia, or the unreasoning dread of tuberculosis, was found to be present among the country people, but

this was perhaps not so marked as had been anticipated.

(5) Even with the strictest preliminary medical examination, many cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, apparently able to work, will do badly under the strain of work in the country when away from medical supervision.

(6) As a result of our study, we would strongly advise physicians and others not to send consumptives to the country to shift for themselves, for the reason that any scheme for the country employment of consumptives should offer facilities for the careful adjustment of work to the physical ability of each patient. This should be under medical supervision and should include instruction in the rudiments of farm work. A farm school in connection with a sanitarium would, perhaps, be an ideal arrangement.

Prose Poems and Selections

BY ROBT. G. INGERSOLL.

A Handsome Quarto, Containing Over 400 pages. The book is designed for, and will be accepted by, admiring friends as a rare personal souvenir.

CONTENTS:

At a Child's Grave. Benefits for Injuries. We Build. Tribute to the Rev. Alexander Clark. The Grant Banquet. Apostrophe to Liberty. A Tribute to John G. Mills. The Warp and Woof. The Cemetery. Originality. Then and Now. Voltaire. Lazarus. What is Worship? Humboldt. God Silent. Alcohol. Auguste Comte. The Infidel. Napoleon. The Republic. Dawn of the New Day. Reformers. The Garden of Eden. Thomas Paine. The Age of Faith. Origin of Religion. The Unpardonable Sin. The Olive Branch. Free Will. The King of Death. The Wise Man. Bruno. The Real Bible. Benedict Spinoza. The First Doubt. The Infinite Horror. Nature. Night and Morning. The Conflict. Death of the Aged. The Charity of Extravagance. Woman. The Sacred Myths. Inspiration. Religious Liberty of the Bible. The Laugh of a Child. The Christian Night. My Choice. Why? Imagination. Science. If Death Ends All. Here and There. How Long? Liberty. Jehovah and Brahma. The Free Soil. Life. Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher. Tribute to Courtlandt Palmer. The Brain. The Sacred Leaves. Origin and Destiny. What is Poetry? My Position. Good and Bad. The Miraculous Book. Orthodox Dotage. The Abolitionists. Providence. The Man Christ. The Divine Salutation. At the Grave of Benjamin W. Parker. Fashion and Beauty. Apostrophe to Science. Elizer Wright. The Imagination. No Respector of Persons. Abraham Lincoln. The Meaning of Law. What is Blasphemy? Some Reasons. Selections. Love. The Birthplace of Burns. Ida Whiting Knowles. Art and Morality. Tribute to Richard H. Whiting. Mary H. Fiske. Horace Seaver. The Music of Wagner. Leaves of Grass. Vivisection. The Republic of Mediocrity.

Boards, gilt top, \$1.50.

Address The Truth Seeker Company, 62 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Speeches of

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Address The Truth Seeker.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COLLECTION

OF

FORMS AND CEREMONIES FOR THE USE OF LIBERALS

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED CONTENTS:

- Forms for Organization, Articles of Association, Demands of Liberalism, Thirteen Principles, Invocations, Marriage Services, The Naming of Infants, Funeral Services,
- Funeral Services, Spiritualistic, Obituary Notices, Thoughts on Life and Death, Epitaphs, Sentiments and Toasts, How to Get up a Lecture, Freethought Readings.

While this is the title of a book formerly issued, the present edition is practically a new work. We have prepared it to meet the demand for something which shall aid Liberals, on all occasions, to do the proper thing, and particularly to provide funeral forms, so that Liberals and Spiritualists may conduct these sad ceremonies without the assistance of specially trained speakers and writers. We have omitted from this volume the bulky collection of hymns, since better ones, set to music, can be had in the "Cosmian Hymn Book," and have added a great deal from the best literature of Freethought on the subject of death, with several forms and addresses which have been used with much satisfaction.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO., 62 Vesey Street, New York City.

The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional.

The Confessions of Mothers, Sisters and Brothers

Over Forty Thousand Already sold.

BY FATHER CHINIQUY.

Author of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome."

The work is conceded by the pulpit and press of the country to be the best authority upon the confessional. Its author has done good service in the cause of Protestantism, and he speaks from a personal experience in the workings of the Roman Catholic Church, where he held high position.

CONTENTS.

- I. The Struggle Before the Surrender of Womanly Self-respect in the Confessional.
- II. Auricular Confession is a deep pit of perdition for the priest.
- III. The Confession is the Modern Sodom.
- IV. How the vow of celibacy is made easy by Auricular Confession.
- V. The Highly-educated and refined woman in the Confessional—What becomes of her after her unconditional surrender—Her irreparable ruin.
- VI. Auricular Confession destroys all the sacred ties of marriage and human society.
- VII. Should Auricular Confession be tolerated among civilized nations?
- VIII. Does Auricular Confession bring peace to the soul?
- IX. The Dogma of Auricular Confession a sacrilegious imposture.
- X. Some of the matters on which the priest of Rome must question his penitents.

Sent to any address \$1.00 on receipt of price.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER

Self-Contradictions of the Bible.

144 Propositions embodying the most palpable and striking self-contradictions of the Bible. With a Summary.

COMPILED BY W. H. BURR.

Paper, 15 cents.

ADDRESS THE TRUTH SEEKER.

CONFUCIUS

HIS LIFE and MORAL AXIOMS,

with likeness of the great Chinese philosopher

By Marcenus R. K. Wright.

ONLY COPY IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Price, 25 Cents.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO

Gems of Thought.

There is always room at the top if you can push the other fellow off.—Life.

An ideal Legislature would be one that would repeal more laws than it passes.—Atchison Globe.

Let us try to make patience and hopefulness contagious, so that everybody will "catch" them.—Fitzgerald.

"The way to mend the bad world is to create the right world. To make our word or act sublime, we must make it real."—Emerson.

"People like their religion to be what they call comforting. I want my religion to give me self respect and courage. * * * This sort of faith really overcomes the power of death."—Bernard Shaw.

Life is too short for any vain regretting; Let dead delight bury its dead, I say, And let us go upon our way forgetting The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.

Between the swift sun's rising and its setting We have no time for useless tears or fretting;

Life is too short. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Holy Nation.

Let Liberty run onward with the years, And circle with the seasons; let her break The tyrant's harshness, the oppressor's spears; Bring ripened recompenses that shall make Supreme amends for sorrow's long arrears; Drop holy benison on hearts that ache; Put clearer radiance into human eyes, And set the glad earth singing to the skies.

Clean natures coin pure statutes. Let us cleanse The hearts that beat within us; let us mow Clear to the roots our falseness and pretense, Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow Our braggart moods of puffed self-consequence, Plow up our hideous thistles which do grow Faster than maize in Maytime, and strike dead The base infections our low greeds have bred.

—Richard Realf.

Wait a Little Longer.

There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming; There's a good time coming, boys— Wait a little longer. We may not live to see the day, But earth shall glisten in the ray Of the good time coming; Cannon-balls may aid the truth, But thought's a weapon stronger. We'll win our battle by its aid, Wait a little longer.

Chorus:

Oh, there's a good time coming, boys, There's a good time coming; There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming; The pen shall supersede the sword, And right, not might shall be the lord, In the good time coming. Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind, And be acknowledged stronger. The proper impulse has been given— Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming; Hateful rivalries of creed Shall not make their martyrs bleed, In the good time coming. Religion shall be shorn of pride, And flourish all the stronger; And Charity shall trim her lamp— Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming; War in all men's eyes shall be A monster of iniquity, In the good time coming. Nations shall not quarrel then To prove which is the stronger, Nor slaughter men for glory's sake— Wait a little longer.

—Charles Mackay.

HAECKEL'S LAST WORDS on EVOLUTION

A POPULAR RETROSPECT AND SUMMARY.

BY ERNST HAECKEL.

Translated from the Second Edition by Joseph McCabe. With three plates and Haeckel's latest Portrait.

PRICE CLOTH, \$1.00 NET

CONTENTS:—Introduction. Preface. Chapter I.—The Controversy about Creation; Evolution and Dogma; Plate I.; Genealogical Tree of the Vertebrates. Chapter II.—The Struggle over our Genealogical Tree; Our Ape Relatives and the Vertebrate-Stem; Plate II.; Skeletons of Five Anthropoid Apes. Chapter III.—The Controversy over the Soul; The Ideas of Immortality and God; Plate III.; Embryos of Three Mammals. Appendix.—Evolutionary Tables: Geological Ages and Periods; Man's Genealogical Tree—First Half; Man's Genealogical Tree—Second Half; Classification of the Primates; Genealogical Tree of the Primates; Explanation of Genealogical Table I. Postscript.—Evolution and Jesuitism.

Address, THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

62 Vesey Street

New York City

Riddle of the Universe

At the Close of the Nineteenth Century

By PROF. ERNST HAECKEL,

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

This is an English translation of Professor Haeckel's magnificent work "Die Weltrathsel." The main strength of the book lies in a terse and telling summary of scientific achievements of the nineteenth century in their relation "to the riddle of the universe." Dr. Haeckel has a world-wide reputation, and it will be generally conceded that this, probably his last great work, is a supreme and masterly effort.

Price, \$1.50.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO.

The Wonders of Life

A Popular Study of Biological Philosophy

A supplementary volume to "The Riddle of the Universe"

By ERNST HAECKEL

The enormous success attained by Professor Haeckel's earlier volume, "The Riddle of the Universe," has led him to put forth another volume, which takes up in detail many biological questions only cursorily touched upon in the other

work. The present volume is confined to the realm of organic science, and treats of "The Knowledge, Nature, Functions, and History of Life." Professor Haeckel's interesting and illuminating writings need no comment.

Post 8vo, Ornamented Cloth, Gift Top, \$1.50, Postage 11 cents.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

THE BIBLE

By John E. Remsburg

Eleven Chapters on the Authenticity of the Bible
Thirteen on the Credibility of the Bible—Ten on the Morality of the Bible, with an Appendix of unanswerable Arguments Against the Divine Origin and in Favor of the Human Origin of the Bible: : :
Twenty-six pages of Index, enabling the reader to refer in an instant to any authority quoted or Argument used by the author.

The book makes some five hundred pages, and is printed handsomely on heavy paper, with wide margins.

Price, \$1.25 net. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Men, Women and Gods

and Other Lectures

BY HELEN H. GARDENER

Introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll

The first lecture gives the title to the book, the second is on "Vicarious Atonement," and the third on "Historical Facts and Theological Fictions." All are keen, vigorous attacks on the Christian church forms of theology. Her leading purpose is to show that women, of all persons, should least support the Bible and the churches which hold it in reverence. The first lecture is a scathing denunciation of the Old Testament as the sum of all cruelty and brutality toward woman, and she makes up a startling strong case from the pages of the book itself. The second lecture arraigns vicarious atonement as an inexcusable injustice in itself, weakening and corrupting in its influence, like indiscriminate alms-giving, and points out that it is not peculiar to Christianity, but is found in some form in every religious system known in history. But the lecturer's strongest work is done in the third lecture, where her purpose is to show that our civilization is in no sense based upon Christianity, and that the Christian religion has especially not contributed to the elevation of woman in any respect. In support of her view she quotes largely from Sir Henry Maine, showing among other things that the position of woman in Roman law and usage, before the introduction of Christianity, was in advance of what it is even now in some respects, and that the tendency of the canon (church) law was invariably to force her back into the degradation from which she had been rescued by a long and painful evolution. In this lecture, too, she answers the question as to what she would substitute for the sanctions of Christianity, and shows that morals are not at all based in or dependent upon religion, certainly not on Christianity, since the so-called "golden rule," the highest principle of morality, antedates Christianity a thousand years.

Cloth, \$1. Paper, 50 cents

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO., 62 Vesey St., New York.

Dr. Foote's New Book.

THE HOME CYCLOPEDIA

Popular Medical, Social and Sexual Science.

Contains a full, plain, and easy reading treatise on "Health and Diseases, with Recipes," all the average reader can profitably learn of personal hygiene and common diseases (including special, separate chapters for men and women); all right up to date, and fully illustrated with hundreds of photo-engravings and chromo lithographs. Contains also the already popular "Plain Home Talk" about the relation of the sexes and social customs in all ages and all countries, with "original and startling" suggestions for social reforms; newly revised, enlarged, and well illustrated. All is "heart to heart" plain home talk from a clear-thinking, plain-speaking, liberal minded medical author of over forty years' experience. Nearly a million and a half former books sold. A curious book for curious people, and a sensible book for every one. Answers 1,001 delicate questions one would like to ask his regular physician and yet doesn't want to.

1,248 pages, 400 illustrations (80 in colors), 250 recipes. Price, cloth bound, \$2 mailed.

Address The Truth Seeker Company.

Reed Smoot's Bible

The United States Senate has refused to bow before the tempest in a communion-cup, raised by the clergy and the orthodox women, and Reed Smoot retains his seat as Senator from Utah. Perhaps, just now, you would like to read Mr. Smoot's holy bible, the "Book of Mormon," which we are offering in a well-printed, neatly cloth-bound edition.

Price 60 cents.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO., 62 Vesey Street, New York.

Not for Parsons.

The Voice Identified.—"I feel," he said, as he closed the family service, "that the Lord has called me." "Make no mistake, dear," said the wife. "That's only old Jones's blind mule braying for oats. He'll feed it directly."

His One Weakness.—"So poor Bill's gone, has he? How did he die?" "Three tons of cement fell on his chest."

"Poor feller! He always was weak there."—Harper's Weekly.

The Probabilities.—He (resolutely)—Now, Maria, we must talk seriously to your father about our engagement and make him toe the mark.

She (nervously)—Yes, dear, but I'm afraid you'll be the mark.—Baltimore American.

"Only Once."—"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and, finally, meeting a weakened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'"

"Only once," the man replied, as he proceeded on his way.—Saturday Evening Post.

Would Attend to the Old Man.—A schoolma'am wrote a note to the mother of an unruly pupil and received the following answer:

"Dear Miss: You rite me about whipping my son. I hereby give you full permishun to beet him anytime it is necessary to lern him lessons. He is just like his father; you have to learn him with a club. Pound nollge into him—I want him to get it, and don't pay any attenshun to what his father says. I'll handle him."

Past Complaining.—"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, at the end of his telling oration, "I have visited this place regularly for the past ten years; I have sold thousands of bottles of this miraculous specific, and I have never received a complaint from a purchaser. Now, what does this prove?"

He paused for dramatic effect, and there was no doubt that his words had impressed his audience, till a man at the back spoke.

"Don't prove nothing," he said. "Every-one knows dead men tell no tales!"

Didn't Use Her Gift.—The mind reader with the Sells-Floto circus had the lion-tamer arrested the other day because he embraced her against her will. We do not know how the case turned out, but if we had been the Judge we should have discharged the accused. Being a mind-reader, the complainant must have been aware of the lion-tamer's amorous intention and could have saved herself by flight. As she did not do so, it must be presumed that she wilfully and maliciously permitted the lion-tamer to make an ass of himself. She was par-ticeps criminis.—Fresno Mirror.

Her Status.

When Nature was an infant, in the early long ago, She had no devoted parents to restrain her acts, and so She monkeyed with the buzz-saw, or, in other words, picked up The knack of making playthings of the chaos she'd kicked up.

At first she made a membrane, with a breath of air inside, And watched it go a-bobbing on the ocean's salty tide; Then by coddling it a little in her primal incubator, She turned out the gentle bivalve and the naughty alligator.

Her play was so amusing almost any one could see Progression humped its progress with a great celerity; And between the primal primate and the Man she called a human, There seemed to be a yawning, so kind Nature made a Woman.

Now there are those who doubtless have the impudence to think, Because of her position, Woman forms the Missing Link, But whatever were Eve's parents, and it seems she must have had 'em, She was capable of making quite a Mon-key out of Adam.

—Lurana W. Sheldon.

Standard Freethought Books

The Truth Seeker has acquired the last lot of books remaining of the Investigator stock. They are standard works, and should be in every Freethinker's Library. The list is as follows:

HUME'S ESSAYS.

A large octavo volume, 282 pages, bound in cloth. The contents are:

Sketch of Hume's Life, by Himself; a Letter from Adam Smith, describing the author's last illness. The Essays are:

An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding.

Of the Different Species of Philosophy. Of the Origin of Ideas. Of the Association of Ideas. Skeptical Doubts. Skeptical Solution of These Doubts. Of Probability. Of the Idea of Necessary Con-
nection. Of Liberty and Necessity. Of the Reason of Animals. Of Miracles. Of a Providence and Future State. Of the Academical or Skeptical Philosophy.

DISSERTATION ON THE PASSIONS.

Four sections.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS.

Of the General Principles of Morals Of Benevolence. Of Justice. Of Political Society. Why Utility Pleases. Of Qualities Useful to Ourselves. Of Qualities Immediately Agreeable to Ourselves.

Of Qualities Immediately Agreeable to Others. Concerning Moral Sentiments. Of Self-Love. With Regard to Justice. Of Some Verbal Disputes.

A DIALOGUE. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

That Polytheism Was the Primary Religion of Men. Origin of Polytheism. Various Forms of Polytheism. Allegory, Hero Worship. Origin of Theism from Polytheism. Flux and Reflux of Polytheism and Theism. Comparison of these Religions, with Regard to Persecution and Toleration. With Regard to Courage or Abasement. With Regard to Reason or Absurdity. With Regard to Doubt or Conviction. Impious Conceptions of the Divine Nature in Popular Religion of Both Kinds. Bad Influence of Popular Religions on Morality.

ESSAYS ON SUICIDE, AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

DIALOGUES CONCERNING NATURAL RELIGION.

Pamphlius to Hermippus. The price of this Book, postpaid, is \$1.50.

QUEEN MAB.

Percy Bysshe Shelley's Most Famous Poem. With Notes. 12mo., 120 Pages. Cloth bound. Price, 50 cents.

Extract from the Book:

The name of God Has fenced about all crimes with holiness, Himself the creature of his worshipers, Whose names and attributes and passions change: Siva, Buddha, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord, Even with the human dupes who build his shrines, Still serving o'er the war-polluted world, For desolation's watch-word; whether hosts Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on Triumphant they roll, whilst Brahmins raise A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;

Or countless partners of his power divide His tyranny to weakness; or the smoke Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness, Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy, Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven In honor of his name; or, last and worst, Earth groans beneath Religion's iron age, And priests dare babble of a God of Peace, Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood, Murdering the while, uprooting every germ Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all, Making the earth a slaughter-house!

The volume contains a notice of Shelley by the American publishers, and the Notes to the Poem fill fifty-five pages. Queen Mab is a rare poem, and every Freethinker will find it repays reading and re-reading.

The Diegesis.

Being a Discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and Early History of Christianity. Never Yet Before or Elsewhere so Fully and Faithfully Set Forth. By the Rev. Robert Taylor, A. B., M. R. C. S. Written in Oakham Jail, England, in 1828-29. Large octavo, 440 pages, cloth bound; price, \$1.50. There is an immense amount of information in this work, and there is no other like it. The Rev. Robert Taylor was called the "Modern Apostate," and "Devil's Champion." When he graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, he was complimented by the Master of the College as an honor to the University. He was ordained by the

Bishop of Chichester, and until 1818 officiated as curate at Midhurst. Becoming convinced that Christianity is untrue, he preached heretical sermons, and was several times prosecuted for blasphemy, his last sentence being a year in Oakham jail. He was also forced to give security for good behavior for five years. The contents of this book occupy three pages of fine print. Mr. Taylor covered an enormous amount of historical ground, and though his opponents scoffed at him they never could impeach the effectiveness and thoroughness of his work. He takes in all that was known to the scholars of his time, and sets it forth in the plainest and most vigorous English.

The System of Nature, or the Laws of the Moral and Physical World.

BY BARON D'HOLBACH.

A new and improved edition, with Notes by Diderot. Translated for the first time by H. D. Robinson. Two volumes in one. Large octavo, 449 pages. The price is \$1.50. Baron D'Holbach was born in 1723. He was an intimate associate of the celebrated French Encyclopedists, and a contributor to the first Encyclopaedia. He was the author of forty-five works, but this is the most important of them all. Volume I. contains twenty-nine chapters; Volume II. twelve, with an Appendix of twenty-nine more. The

subjects treated cover a vast range, and comprise the most important of all questions to man's intellectual development. The book is one for all time for those who think upon the great problems of the universe. He covers much the same ground that Hume does, and it is interesting to compare these two philosophers. Though reasoning differently in some minor points, they agree in the most important one—that no system of supernatural religion is beneficial to man.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, 62 Vesey Street, New York City.

History of the First Council of Nice.

A WORLD'S CHRISTIAN CONVENTION

A. D., 325.

With a Life of Constantine.

BY DEAN DUDLEY.

Price, paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 cents

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS

Not Adapted to Modern Civilization.

With the true character of Mary Magdalene.

By G. W. Brown, M. D.

Third Edition Revised and Enlarged

PRICE 15 CENTS.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO.

News of the Week.

The President is at his home in Oyster Bay, Long Island, where he expects to stay for the summer.

With the opening of the summer amusement season the ministers are getting active in behalf of a closed and dead and dismal Sunday.

A strike of cigarmakers in Havana is paralyzing the industry. The value of exports during the past four months has decreased about two millions as compared with the corresponding period last year.

A special session of the Circuit Court has been called for July 29 at Georgetown, Ky., to try Caleb Powers. This will be the fourth trial of Powers, who is accused of complicity in the murder of William E. Goebel.

Nebraska has filed an injunction against the railroads of the state to compel them to maintain the two-cent fare and anti-pass enactment now operative, and to put into effect the commodity freight rate of July 9.

The second international peace conference assembled on June 15 in Bittendorf Palace, The Hague, Holland. M. Neildoff, who heads the Russian delegation, was elected president. The previous congress was held in 1899.

Archbishop Vilatte, formerly of Chicago and lately of Paris, in France, where he attempted to organize an independent Catholic Church, is returning to this country. He does not leave a very large number of followers in France.

Senator John Tyler Morgan of Alabama died at his Washington home on June 21, aged 83 years. Except his colleague, Senator Pettus, who is 86, he was the oldest man in the Senate. He was called by some the "father of the Isthmian canal," by reason of his constant advocacy of that project.

Serious disturbances in Russia are predicted as a consequence of the action of the government in breaking up the Duma. A new electoral law, virtually disfranchising the people, is contemplated. Troops are being massed with instructions not to spare the lead in case of popular disturbance.

Prof. John A. Brashear of Allegheny, Pa., made a number of observations last Sunday of the sun spots, or solar storms, just discovered by Prof. George H. Peters of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, and later said that there is practically no possibility of earthly disturbances resulting from them.

Charles G. D. Roberts, a writer about wild animals and birds who is placed among the nature-fakirs by President Roosevelt, arrived in this city from abroad last week, and said that he should reply to his exalted critic's remarks. Mr. Roberts says that Mr. Roosevelt is courteous, but that he speaks without knowledge.

Last week was devoted to the cross-examination of Harry Orchard, chief witness for the prosecution in the trial of Haywood at Boise, Idaho. The examination established that Orchard is an all-round criminal—burglar, bigamist, sheep thief, firebug, and assassin—but did not cause him to contradict himself materially.

Five seamen and six midshipmen who left the Exposition pier at Jamestown on the night of June 10 in a launch to rejoin the battleship Minnesota, were drowned by the sinking of the boat, which went down in eight fathoms of water two miles from the pier. The bodies of the men have been recovered, and the cause of the disaster is being investigated.

Of the men tried in Madrid for complicity in the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain on their wedding day, Jose Nakena, editor of El Matin, and two others were sentenced to nine years' imprisonment. Professor Ferrer, who conducted the Modern School at Barcelona, was acquitted. It is believed that the convicted will be pardoned.

Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco was found guilty by a jury in his trial for extortion in the French restaurant case. He will appeal, but if the appeal is not granted his office will become vacant and the board of supervisors will elect another man mayor. Schmitz is liable to a sentence of five years, and there are enough other counts against him to send him up for life.

Edwin J. Park, a Boston newspaper man, had a forty-minute talk with Mrs. Eddy at her home in Concord last Sunday. Mr. Park says that Mrs. Eddy talked not only entertainingly but with animation and keen intelligence on a number of subjects in which she is concerned. Evidently the old lady can talk better than she can write.

The Lord does not give ball for his servants, as motorists do for their chauffeurs when the latter are arrested. When Carrie Nation was taken to a police station in Washington, the other day, for disorderly conduct, she answered, when interrogated as to her occupation, "I am a servant of the Lord," and "Servant" was entered under "Occupation" in the station ledger, and the Lord's "help" went to a cell.

Pulajanism in the islands of Samar and Leyte is ended. The head chief, Faustino Ablen, and his principal lieutenants were captured on June 6 in Leyte by Lieutenant Jones. Ablen was wounded. It is reported that Ottoy, chief of the Pulajanes in Samar, was killed in a skirmish with the constabulary on April 26, thus clearing up the entire Pulajane situation in the two islands. The Pulajanes have been called the Apaches of the Philippines.

The Norwegian parliament, the Storting, by a vote of 63 to 48 has rejected a proposal for universal woman suffrage, but has passed a bill by a vote of 96 to 25 enfranchising women over 25 years of age and paying taxes on an income of at least \$110 or married to a man paying taxes on such an income. Thus the many years' fight of the political women of Norway for the suffrage ends in victory, and incidentally increases the Norwegian electorate by 300,000.

The investigation of the shooting up of Brownsville, for which three companies of the Twenty-fifth (colored) Infantry were dishonorably discharged, was practically finished by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs June 14, and the committee adjourned until November 18. It may take further evidence at its meeting in November if anything of importance should come up, but the main object of the meeting will be the preparation of the committee's report for presentation to the Senate in December. There will probably be a majority report upholding the President and a minority report declaring the discharge of the companies unwarranted.

Something new in colonies is the "home of spontaneous love" at Wellesley, Mass., founded by Frederick Reed, a Harvard graduate. The home is at Overlook, as Reed's estate is named, and lies almost in the shadow of Wellesley College, whose students have been forbidden to visit the place. Reed says that the men and women at Overlook live as the spirit prompts. He told a reporter: "God moves us according to some purpose. If I wake up at 4 o'clock in the morning and the Spirit tells me to climb a tree I climb a tree. If it tells me to dig in a brook, I dig in a brook." The founder of the home of spontaneous love is a disciple of one Jacob Beilhart, who has established a "cult" with headquarters at Ingleside, Ill.

What may be the final crisis in the short history of Russia's second national Duma began June 14 with a demand from Premier Stolypin for the arrest of sixteen Socialist Deputies and the exclusion of the remainder on a charge of conspiracy to overthrow the present government and establish a republic. The only charge against the accused Deputies which is not of the most flimsy character is that against Deputy Gerous, who, it is stated, exhorted the soldiers to take the people's side. The remainder of the indictment consists of a digest of the principles of the party, which are identical with those of the Socialists the world over. The Russian Socialists, like the others, do not approve of kings, good or bad, and prefer a republic. The penalty for the offense with which the sixteen Socialists are charged is death. Several of the accused deputies have left St. Petersburg to escape arrest.

Inertia the Only Force

Gravitation Not a Pull, but a Push

BY CLARENCE C. GATES

Price, 15 cents

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

A FOUR-DOLLAR BOOK FOR TWO DOLLARS Supernatural Religion

An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation

We have in stock a limited edition of this great work to dispose of, which we have cut the price as above stated. This book is published in London at \$15, but our American edition has always sold for \$4. The work was published anonymously, but the author is now known to be Walter Richard Cassels, a nephew of the great Dr. Pusey. Probably no work ever printed in England excited greater interest than this. It is most damaging to the claims of Christianity, and its positions and statements have never been refuted by the clergy. It is very scholarly, and enters into the examination of the original Greek in detail and with great exactness. It exhausts the subject of Miracles, the Synoptic Gospels, the Fourth Gospel, the Acts of the Apostles, the Resurrection and the Ascension,

and contains full replies to the author's critics.

The London Times in speaking of this great work used this language: "No book published in the world, at any time or in any age, has had the influence and effect on the thinking part of the community as this work. It has done more to open the eyes of the ignorant and credulous, and sweep away the dogmas and cobwebs of superstition, than any other book."

The three volumes of the London edition (which sells for \$15) are accurately reproduced in this single volume of 1,000 pages, and the index is full and complete. While our edition lasts we shall sell it for \$2 to the readers of The Truth Seeker.

Send in your orders early.

TAKE NOTICE: WHEN THE SMALL REMNANT NOW OFFERED IS GONE "SUPERNATURAL RELIGION" WILL BE OUT OF PRINT IN AMERICA AND WILL TAKE ITS PLACE AMONG RARE BOOKS OF VALUE.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, 62 Vesey Street, New York City.

The daughter of her rich husband is making trouble in the courts for Mrs. Pepper Vanderbilt, the Brooklyn medium. Mr. Vanderbilt is his wife's senior by about thirty years, being in the neighborhood of seventy. He has already given her two houses, and his daughter fears that he will will her the rest of his property. In making these provisions for the comfort of the medium, Mr. Vanderbilt followed the instructions of his deceased wife, given through the spirit called "Little Bright Eyes," who was under Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt's control. The daughter's lawyer says he can prove by identity of handwriting that Mrs. Pepper is herself "Little Bright Eyes," and wrote the letters signed by the spirit.

The Japanese want justice, but they do not want war. The Tokio correspondent of the London Times writes: "Evidently nothing surprises the Japanese nation more than the persistent attempts of American and European purveyors of sensation to represent that a belligerent sentiment against the United States is rising in this country. Such a contingency as the outbreak of war is regarded by all educated Japanese as almost inconceivable. It is fully and generally recognized that the abnormal conditions existing in San Francisco are wholly unreflected by America at large, and the Japanese journals, with insignificant exceptions, scout the idea of a falling out with their best friends on account of the lawlessness of a few roughs, whose outrages Washington regrets equally with Tokio. Meanwhile the Japanese nation goes about its business without showing a ripple of excitement." Tokio editors have been officially warned to abstain from the publication of inflammatory matter upon the American question.

Secret of the East

By Prof. Felix L. Oswald.

Against Christianity Dr. Oswald finds seven objections to lie with a force unshaken by all the efforts of all the theologians who have "expounded" its mysteries or "reconciled" with science its plain and irreconcilable inconsistencies and contradictions. No one, he says, can overlook the facts that: 1. The rise of the Christian faith corresponds with the sunset of the great south-European civilization; 2. That the zenith of its power coincides with the midnight of medieval barbarism; 3. That the decline of its influence coincides with the sunrise of a north-European civilization; 4. That all the principal victories of Freedom and Science have been achieved in spite of the church, and in the face of her open hostility; 5. That the exponents of the Christian dogmas persist in their hostility to the progress of all reform; 6. That the worst enemies of political and intellectual liberty were firm believers in the dogmas of the New Testament; 7. That among the contemporary nations of the Christian world the most skeptical are the most civilized, while the most orthodox are the most backward in freedom, industry, and general intelligence.

Cloth \$1.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Orthodoxy.

A Consideration of the Congregational Creed.

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Some of the points touched upon in this examination of orthodoxy are: God as a Governor, the Love of God, the Fall of Man, the Atonement, the Second Birth, Inspiration, Christ's "reign of truth and love," the Wars it brought, the Resurrection, the Judgment Day, Miracles of the New Testament, the Ascension, Casting out Devils, Eternal Punishment, Some who are Damned, Immortality.

ONE OF THE BEST OF INGERSOLL'S LECTURES.

Price 10 Cents. Address the Truth Seeker.

The Earth's Beginnings

By Sir Robert Stawell Ball

This book is an explanation of the Nebular Theory, and is comprehensive and thorough. In the words of the author "It is a popular exposition of that splendid branch of astronomy which treats of the evolution of the earth, the planets, and the sun from the fire-mist."

It contains nearly four hundred pages, with four colored plates, and sixty-three other illustrations.

Price \$1.80 net Postage 14 cents
Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

DID YOU READ

Platon Brounoff's

HUMOROUS STORY

Moses, Jesus and George Washington Visit United States

OR

Darwin's Theory Proven

A HUMOROUS NOVELTY

Send 10 cents for each (coin or stamps) to

LIBERAL ART SOCIETY

251 EAST BROADWAY

NEW YORK

Postpaid \$6.00 Per Hundred Copies
4t22.