

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A Freethought and Agnostic Newspaper.

BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT IS TRUE, AND NOTHING MORE. PROVE ALL THINGS.

AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

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OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What They Are Not Doing for the Right Education of Pupils Who Attend Them.

The public schools, combined, are a mill for manufacturing non-thinking citizens for this Republic.

The proof of this is found in the physical, mental, and moral condition of the youth of the land. When children are small their individualities are strong. Every sense is on the alert. If our schools were institutions which developed individuality, when pupils were graduated from them, that quality would be intensified. That is not the case now. Most boys and girls, after they have finished a course, have no personality. They are not observant, not quick to see and feel. The most of them not only show a great lack of sense development, but they have very little knowledge of the branches they have studied.

One reason of this is because schools generally try to do too much work. Pupils are crowded. The work is not only too heavy, but it is also of the wrong kind. It is a dry routine that only calls for a retentive memory in order to excel. The time spent on some studies is out of all proportion to the benefit derived from them. Arithmetic is one of these. It used to be thought that the study of arithmetic developed the reasoning powers, but educators today are beginning to see that it doesn't develop broad independent reasoning. All arithmetic does is to teach accuracy and that could be learned in easier and more profitable ways. Most arithmetic is also a failure from a practical point of view. There are some rules that all children should thoroughly understand, but the majority of pupils cannot do all the examples that come under those rules. They cannot do them in an easy practical way as business men do them. The most of the arithmetics used are a conglomeration of puzzling work. It ought to be the rule that below the high school the pupils should be drilled only in the rules and principles that all persons are obliged to use.

Grammar is another study that should be put in its proper place. It should never be studied except as a means to an end. The way grammar is ordinarily taught, it is about as damaging as the study of arithmetic. Pupils are stuffed and stuffed with grammatical rules and definitions from the time they are eight years old until they are twenty. Life is too short to spend time that way on the husks of education. I think as Elbert Hubbard does, that the English speaking people will never be a race of scholars or writers, until they leave grammar out of their curriculum. It would be much better if the time generally devoted to grammar could be given to music and drawing and history and geography, or the sciences, such as biology, botany, zoology, geology, and ornithology, and grammar brought in only as a supplementary study to explain the structure of the language. These studies that I have mentioned are all of absorbing interest, and all children would like them if properly taught. They would develop genuine thought and artistic feeling. They would sharpen the perceptions, and train the powers of ob-

BY ANNIE LILLIAN SWETT.

ervation and develop the reason, and children would get so interested in them that they would read along those lines of their own accord after they left school.

Enough cannot be said in praise of literature. That branch is woefully neglected. The larger number of students do not study literature at all. They do not go down into literature and delve into the classics and let the masterpieces of the world enter into their mental life, their very being, and cultivate and refine their tastes in reading. They walk around about literature a little and study a little about authors' lives and read a few criticisms on their works. Pupils generally get only a very superficial knowledge of the subject. I know a young man eighteen years of age who has been attending school in a town of 25,000 inhabitants for three years. The first year he was in the eighth grade. For the last two years he has been attending an academy which is the preparatory school of a small college. In the public schools and in the academy he studied literature. In both institutions the subject was taught the same way. They spent their time learning about "similes," etc. In vacations the young man picks out the lightest kind of reading. The most of it is trash. It is not only those in the grammar grades who do this, but the pupils who attend high schools, and the graduates of the high schools everywhere show the same lack of discernment in their reading.

Our colleges and universities are not much better than our public schools. There is very little in their course of study that is of any benefit. If the time spent in so-called "higher institutions" over dead languages could be used teaching people how to live, it would be a good thing, for hygiene is a subject to which almost no attention is paid. Pupils are generally taught how many bones they have and the names of them, and where their stomach, liver, and heart are. It does people no good to know where their heart and stomach are if they don't know how to keep their hearts and stomachs healthy. Boys and girls should be taught that all ill-health is the result of broken laws; and that all disease is the result of filth which lodges in the system. They should be made to understand that microbes and disease germs never cause disease themselves; that they never take possession of a body until it has become so clogged with impurities that it needs scavengers. All schools ought to have a course in domestic science, that would teach young people what kind of food the human system needs to keep it in good condition—how much it needs, and how to prepare that food. And they should teach how important is outdoor exercise; how much oxygen an individual needs in a day, and how to thoroughly ventilate dwellings.

Some people say, "Oh, it is not necessary to

have that in schools. They learn that anyway." But they don't. We see proof of this on every hand. Mothers who are high school, college, and university graduates raise their children on white bread, pie, cake, pickles, and rich meat; never open the windows in their sleeping-rooms, except for a crack at night, and allow their children to learn all about sex questions on the street. The sex question is one that needs to be thoroughly understood. All thinkers today realize that there is no question on which there is such great need of education, but people say, "No, it mustn't be brought into the schools." Why not? There is no reason in the world why it shouldn't be. People say the subject is "obscene." They think so because our system of education has been artificial. The subject is no more obscene when considered from a human point of view than it is when the lower animals are being discussed. The truth is, sex is no more "obscene" than music or anything else. If sexology were taught fearlessly in our schools, and the truth, the whole truth, taught about that subject, a great many of the questions would be solved that are bothering the reformers today. Our neighbors of South America, the Chilians, are ahead of us in this respect. Sex truths are taught in their schools the same as any other subject. There are some mothers who are not so ignorant on this subject. But those who are enlightened, and understand health, have that knowledge not because of the schools, but in spite of them. I know a high school graduate who never opens the windows in her sleeping-room in the winter time. She says enough air comes in around the casing. I know a college graduate who taught for several years in a city before her marriage. There was a ventilator in her room in the school building. She shut that ventilator up tight and didn't open it all winter. Meanwhile the more than forty children in her room were obliged to breathe impure air. That was all that college graduate knew about health. The world is full of disease. It could all be avoided if people lived right. Right living is the most important science and study in the world and it is the least understood of any. The fact that people generally do not realize this is proof of how little attention is given to the subject in schools. A little observation ought to convince people that our schools need a hygienic department as much, if not more, than anything else at the present time.

Political economy is another study that needs reviewing. If that subject were taught and studied as it should be, before very long there would be a decided change in things. If pupils went to the bottom of that subject they would soon see that "supply and demand" usually have very little to do with controlling prices of commodities. They would find out that it is such men as Rockefeller in this country that put the selling tags on commodities. They would realize that over-population leads to over-competition; that over-competition is cruel and that it produces a criminal class. Right teaching in this

direction would be the first step towards a better government, for it would lead people to think on the subject.

The curriculum is not to blame for all the poor work done. Most teachers do not do as well as they might with the materials they have. There are some good, conscientious teachers; but two-thirds of them are not fit to teach in the real sense of the word. They have no general culture, no breadth of mind. They only have a knowledge of their text-books. Often they do not even have that. They are satisfied if they get a second-class certificate. They would never study at all from one year's end to another if they were not afraid they would not "pass" at the next examination. A person needs to know but little to get a low-grade certificate. I know a teacher who has taught a year, who asked a friend what "equinox" and "solstice" were. She had been asked about those in her last examination and she said she had never heard of them.

Teachers' examinations are much harder now than they used to be, and I have noticed that nearly all who are complaining about the stiffness of the examinations are those who never knew enough to get a certificate—who hold a low-grade certificate now and are too lazy to improve themselves by study. No person can teach a branch unless he knows it from A to Z; and if teachers are not progressive and willing to improve themselves they ought not to be allowed to enter the schools. Men and women who have taught two years and cannot get a first-class certificate ought to be put out of the teachers' ranks and made to stay out.

Schools cannot be good when ignorant persons are at the head of them. When men teachers, besides being ignorant of the branches they teach, use tobacco and liquor, and when women teachers feed their minds continually on the Duchess's and E. P. Roe's works, lace themselves, wear French heels, do not think tobacco is any harm, because they "like the smell of a cigar," we cannot expect much of the schools. Great care ought to be exercised in choosing instructors. One-half of the boys and girls do not go to school after they leave the eighth grade and high schools, and these schools ought to be such that young people leaving them will have something to show for their years of work.

Several changes ought to be made in all schools. Manual training has been introduced into some, and it ought to be in all, so as to give the individuality of each pupil a chance. Teachers' wages ought to be raised. If teachers were better paid, men and women of better ability would take up the work. There certainly ought to be a difference in the salaries paid instructors holding high and low grade certificates. Examining boards should be more strict in the granting of high-grade certificates. College graduates should not receive first-class certificates unless they take an examination and make the grades. Many graduated from college slip over the studies. They learn just enough about them to get a passing grade of 70 and they do not go back to those studies during their school career. It is, maybe, right to give college graduates second-class certificates without an examination; but it is certainly not for the good of the school to give them certificates of higher grade unless they earn them.

At the present time the majority of teachers do no original thinking or reasoning, and their pupils, when graduated, are simply the result of extreme conventionality. Parrots are what our educational system produces.

Our schools today are exactly what the church and the "old fogies" want them to be. They give young people the shell of education without the kernel. Youths "educated" in them furnish good material for the army, the civil service, and the different religious denominations.

The mass of Americans today are money-getters and nothing else. Nine-tenths of them are grafters, if they get the chance. If they can't be grafters they are willing to be slaves. Why are these things true? Because the best side, the finest side of the people of the United States, is not developed. Why does the United States produce few great musicians? and little in other lines of art? Simply because the boys and girls of this country do not hear the world-famous compositions during their youth, and have no acquaintance with the arts generally. And it is all because our educational system is wrong.

Schools, of course, can do only so much. The best of them can only give students a bird's-eye view of the field of life and knowledge. But they certainly ought to be such that they will start the youth of the land right. Boys and girls leaving them at the age of sixteen or twenty ought to know how to take care of their bodies. They ought to have a good command of English. They ought not to be conceited. They should realize exactly where they stand in relation to the world of learning. Their individuality should be strong. They should love good reading and have an appreciation of nature. They should have heard much of the best music and be familiar with art in the broad. And they should have an interest in some particular branch of study; and above all, they should realize that it is necessary when considering a subject to put all prejudice aside and consider it impartially.

The world is advancing slowly, but our school system is adding very little to that advancement. But I would not do away with our public schools. I believe in strengthening them. I would introduce live subjects and I would employ teachers able to conduct them in a live manner. If our schools today were what they ought to be, if they were institutions where young people were taught to really reason, where they were taught to consider all questions of economics, life, health, and religion from a reasonable and sympathetic point of view, in fifty years extreme conventionality, which is only another word for orthodoxy, in all lines in this country would die a natural death. The result would be, health, business, peace, individual and national.

IF ONE IS ALLEGORY, SO ARE ALL.

Denying the Creation Denies the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

It would have been interesting, if, while giving us his interpretation of the Adam and Eve story, Mr. Taylor (June 29) had also, "as a Christian," given us his definition of what constitutes a Christian.

Christianity used to imply a belief in the infallibility of the scriptures, and truly their infallibility as allegory cannot be questioned, for the inventive mind can always find an analogy with which to rescue a sacred absurdity, but if you do not stick to the literal meaning of the Bible, when speaking of its impossible statements, how do we know whether to accept its more reasonable statements as the truth or also as allegory?

Assyriology and ancient history tell us of some myths that are identical with those now taught in our Sunday schools. On the walls of the temples of the old Chaldeans have been found pictures portraying the "fall," the first couple, the tree, and the serpent; their sacred writings contained accounts of the flood and Babel's tower; of ten kings who reigned an impossible number of years, coinciding with the patriarchs of fabulous age.

They had their priests who collected these traditions, these attempts of credulous ignorant minds to solve the puzzle of life, and when the tide of civilization swept westward to Egypt, these myths went with it and were incorporated, changed, and fostered by the priests who had charge of the sacred things, and is it not reasonable to suppose that the Jewish writer, long after, took these traditions that had been made venerable by age and foisted them upon his people as the true word of the one and only God, without dreaming of "allegory," but scheming to deceive, and ambitious of authority, as the priesthood have ever been?

But if we call one miracle an absurdity and an allegory, we must, to be consistent, apply it to all impossible things in the Bible, for the same God who created Adam and Eve, drowned his children with a flood, saved Noah, appeared to Moses, gave him the tablets of the law for the children of Israel, led them into slavery, smote the Egyptians with plague, pest, and death of their first born, delivered the Jews from bondage, told them how to worship, and how to cut their clothes, and performed many impossible, allegorical things, and by and by this same "personal God," "this absurdity," according to Mr. Taylor, came down to earth in an impossible manner, did many things that the scriptures, which he had given to man, might be fulfilled, performed

many miracles, spat on the sand, told the world to believe or be damned, was crucified by his enemies and now waits somewhere in the skies for those who endure and are faithful, and has prepared another place for those who like Mr. Taylor and myself deny him when they deny the father, that is, the Jewish God, "the personal absurdity" who sent him.

When you deny the personality of God, you must deny his visit to the earth, the birth, death, resurrection, and personality, of Christ, his son; you must deny the plan of salvation as laid down by Christ; for if the god of Abraham had no personality, he could have no son. If Jehovah is an allegory, so is Christ his son; and the Christian who explains the rib story as "allegory" will find the Bible and his creed barren of real promise if he sticks to his logic all the way through. Atheists are well aware that any prophecy can be fulfilled if a Christian is allowed to manipulate it, and that the literal meaning of the Bible was upheld until it became untenable and that parable is more and more coming into use to embalm the body of a superstition which is fast going to decay.

BENNETT LARSON.

Dancing-Mad Dominies.

A lady, whose sister and friends had been "sat upon" by their parson for enjoying a social dance, asked the writer for something she could send to the dear Baptist divine by way of protest. Hence these lines.

A D—D [espot] Dominie down upon dancing!
What next will they do to get into the papers?
Perhaps they will hop up the pulpit steps prancing,
And preach as they waltz to draw crowds by their capers.

Already we often catch Dominies tripping
[In legic], although with fine graces they're crammed;
O'er their watery texts they go gliding and skipping
As they give us the choice to be dipped or be dammed.

For example, so far from denouncing the dance,
The prophets and saints thought it wholesome and good,
As the sane-minded reader will see at a glance
If the Bible be searched and aright understood.

Good David, in one of his Psalms, hits the mark,
"Praise God in the dance!" (1) and he set the example;
He hornpiped "with all of his might" (2) 'fore the Ark;
His attire somewhat scant, but no doubt it was ample.

The Prophetess Miriam (3) danced, to her profit;
If her pastor was present he gave her no blame,
She waltzed like an angel and thought nothing of it,
And despite Dismal Dominies we'll do the same.

The Prince of all Preachers, great Solomon, King,
Very wisest of men, said all things have their time,
"There's a time you should dance," (4) give your heels a good fling,
Now, the Unwisest preachers declare this a crime!

'Twas, sure, one of these mighty Joshua saw
When he smiled on the dancers and scowled at "the calf" (5).

A creature like that which gave Balaam its jaw,
Whose Pharisee brayings make healthy saints laugh,

St. Paul had some Puritan cranks in his eye
When he hinted how "foolish" (6) is some weaklings' preaching.

Who, conscious their sermons are dreadfully dry,
Stir up scandal instead of the Golden Rule teaching.

Some dance with vexation when pew-rents fall lower,
Some would dance on their heads to win popularity;
They have all got some virtues, let them dance for one more—

The rarest of all—much missed Christian charity.
ZENO.

(1) Psalm cl, 4. (2) II Samuel vi, 14. (3) Exodus xv, 20. (4) Ecclesiastes iii, 4. (5) Exodus xxxii, 19. (6) I Corinthians i, 21.

Why is not the Christian able to understand that if a man cannot ascend from the earth bodily today he never could; that no one ever talked with God; that the dead were never restored to life; that no one ever had the power of telling what would take place one hour in the future; that the impossible was as much impossible two thousand years ago as it is today? All the supernatural stories recorded in the Bible were accepted because the people were ignorant enough to believe them. Suppose the story should be told today that a man had been restored to life after being dead so long that putrefaction had set in, would anybody believe it? Such things are just as possible today as they ever were. The truth is, they were believed, not because they occurred, but because the people were very ignorant; and these were designing impostors who took advantage of and profited by popular ignorance.—John Peck.

MAX STIRNER AND HIS BOOK.

An Analysis of "The Ego and His Own," "The Anarchists," and the 'Isms.

BY THADDEUS BURR WAKEMAN.

II.—Paine versus Stirner. (Concluded.)

The people who are the backbone of the Republic, who have saved it, hitherto, and must again, are those devoted to agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and the learned professions, including the Reformers. Upon all of these, too, this revival of this egoistic Anarchism falls with blighting effects. If there is anything great in evolutionary and historical sociology, it is the growth, welfare, and progress of mankind—of civilized peoples. And that for the future everywhere depends, in the long run, upon their devotion to the Republic, substantially as Thomas Paine sketched it, and helped to institute it in America. That rests upon the devotion and cooperation of the I and the Thou (society and Man) with the It (nature, the All, the World). Out of this devotion and cooperation for the good of each and all, the egoism of Anarchism, with its said program of passive resistance, assassination, and nihilism, takes the very heart. Instead of Paine's Republic with their threefold (tricolor) of jurisdictions sustaining each for all, what does, what will, what can this Anarchism leave us, but a mass of selfish, discordant, illusory "egos," each "supreme"; and looking upon the rest of mankind and the world as "subjects" of itself, and to be kept so, as far as possible? Instead of frankly recognizing and appreciating the objective—the Infinite correlating All, and applying it to our use by following its laws, we are told that the only reality is the "spiritual world"—essence, not knowable to the senses or "sensual" at all. Instead of a cooperative society of men and women "rich in help and good," and equal in political rights and obligations, and "noble" as they are so, we are to be merely a "collectivity" of "egos," going for No. 1 every time, whether billionaire, "proletaire" or beggar!—without regard to the other factors of existence, the Thou and the It, except as subjects of I! This makes equal, hearty cooperation, to say nothing of devotion and sacrifice, impossible!

The very general extension of this unsocial and uncooperative egoistic sentiment among our people is the principal present danger to our welfare, our Republic, and to free institutions the world over. It begins by proclaiming with frightful stress and emphasis the present wrongs and miseries of the people, caused by robbery, force, and compulsion of "government" and "the state," which are to it only other names for tyrant and thief. The first and most serious result is that large classes of the people who are philanthropic, free-minded, and, therefore, critical reformers in sentiment, are by that very position led to admit that there is "more or less" truth in this Anarchism "as things go"; therefore, they will not be responsible for the government by voting for it, or having anything to do with it, its functions, or the political parties by which it is now run. By this abstention from political action, the better part of the people (including all the "isms") enable the worst part to have control of the government to effect the very wrongs and abuses declaimed against. Thus many "religionists," all Anarchists, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Populists, and others by not voting, or by voting for candidates on other than issues practically before the people, practically elect to have a few egoistic plutocrats to own two political parties to effect their own purposes, and to use the people generally as their dependent subjects and instruments in so doing. The independent voters, the real democratic Republicans, the real body and soul of the Republic, are becoming less and less. "Rome fell because there were no more real Romans." "The Free and Independent States" and "Republic of America" will decline and fall just as the "free and independent citizens of America" become the dependent creatures of a plutocracy denounced, and yet practically sustained and kept in power, by the reformers and citizens who secede and upon Anarchistic "isms" fly out of the Republic, the only real, true and enduring home of us all! Certainly a few more years of

this kind of work will bring us to the end of liberty in America, and make a matter of history of its "individual sovereigns"! Anarchy will have defeated itself. The supreme "I" commits suicide that does not rest and balance itself evenly, lovingly and cooperatively upon the equally supreme—the "Thou" and the "It," out of which the I ever grows as the conscious flower!—only in return to sow the seeds of a better life in both!

For there is a profound truth and need in all the "isms," except anachronism, which is "the unpardonable sin," for time can never forgive—never deny its present and yet live, or let live! It is the discovery of the law of evolution that has transformed our existence into the delight of a triumph—ever concluding, and yet ever reopening the more than "Divine Comedy" of human history upon scenes even higher, and more distinct as prophesies of the "Earthly Paradise" of progress.

Even theology and metaphysics, and the Anarchism, which is their flower gone to seed, are, with all of their vagaries and horrors, tolerable when considered as of the past, to which only under the process of evolution they now belong. In that view their historical value may become very great; for they are the cries of undeveloped children wishing to be better off and happier now and in a future which they begin to forefeel. But to express and realize these feelings they have only childish illusions about the wonderful world or "God" around them; about his Christ-son, or "Son of Man"—the Humanity—the "savior" who shall redeem and save them, and "atone for all human failings"; about the "holy" breath, spirit and "ghost" coming from this God and son, as the "creator" of and "comforter" in the world, and of each and all of the human race; about the endless All ever creating, begetting, and correlating the world and man of the present into their future. That future is "heaven or hell," for it is the correlating sum of the good or bad of the past, ever transforming the inhuman or bad into the good and fair, and that again into the better, largely through its human consciousness and its improving purposes:

For Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean
The art itself is Nature.
(See Winter's Tale, Act 4, s. 4, l. 39.)

Thus all of the "Bibles" of the past are simply the "Marchen" (fairy tales and traditions) of the childhood of man, but prophetic of our scientific and human, and ever better future; and as such they are invaluable, for without a feeling knowledge of its past the future can never be realized nor enjoyed. Thus and then the good in the dreams of the religions and anarchies of the past will be realized in a human future made the real and true, that is, the natural! For the correlating processes and laws of nature are simply growth, progress, and liberty, because along lines of no resistance—ever indicated and sustained by the Infinite All! In that perfect "anarchy" of the natural, the true, and the good, science enables us to hope and believe that the human may share and even now forefeel. But without the synthetic, cooperative Republic, nothing of this forecasting can be more than a dream. The true home of all classes, all reforms and "isms," is the Republic, and it is so because they are necessary to it, to enable it to secure the best for all. The voice of the noble Roman is, therefore, now the voice of science. "Go, get you home, you fragments!"

The poet Mackay, following Wordsworth's thoughtful ode, "Westminster Bridge," finds the sublimity and pathos of the human in gazing over London, or a great city at rest in the early morning—when and where?

The very houses seem asleep
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

So "The Anarchists" opens and closes with its first and last chapters in "The Heart of the World's Metropolis," in this wise:

"You have greatly changed," said Trupp [the Socialist] seriously.

"No, Otto, I have only found myself"—"For the free man can only belong to himself," was the reply of Auban, the Anarchist.

And the book closes, with the morning sun lightening up the mighty city, thus:

"Like the wanderer was Auban.

"And like the early morning walker he also

opened his arms, saluted the future with the cry of joy, and called it by the immortal name: Anarchy!

"Then he took up his work.

"Upon his thin, hardy features lay a calm, magnanimous smile.

"It was the smile of invincibility."

Such is the discovery and cry of Auban, the resurrected Stirner! But is not the fact and science of it all simply this?—Yes, the free man does indeed "belong to himself," but not "only"; for he cannot, for one instant, belong to himself without belonging, at the same time to the world and its mankind that every instant correlates, and thus "creates" him. The conscious ego is not a ghost or entity at all, but the simple, natural process whereby it feels, remembers, foresees, thinks and adjusts, so that its threefold belongings may be cooperative within and without, and so that life, in order to continue, may be useful, happier and more progressive to self, to each, and to all. Human consciousness and life are the constant objective and subjective play and uniting balance of this trinity of belongings. Not to recognize, use, and enjoy them in feeling, thought and deed means isolation, misery, death—the Anarchy of dissolution. In its place must come the personal, social, natural freedom (true Anarchy) possible only when it says: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," in our "home" now, and in time to found "the Republic of Man," boundless as the world.

Death of W. R. Cassels.

A book which had a tremendous influence on the course of religious thought in England during the last quarter of the nineteenth century is "Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation." Published anonymously in 1874, its author was for many years unknown. When J. M. Wheeler brought out a Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers about 1890, the name of Walter Richard Cassels appeared in the appendix as the writer of "Supernatural Religion." In 1892 a revised edition of the work appeared and was advertised as anonymous, but the authorship of Mr. Cassels was no longer a secret. Nothing was known of him personally, however, and notices of his recent death (June 10) add little to the paragraph in "Who's Who," which reads as follows:

"CASSELLS, Walter Richard: b. 4 Sept. 1826; y. s. of Robert Cassels and Jean Scougall, Educ.: chiefly private tuition and abroad. After some years in Italy, went to Bombay, 1856, and joined mercantile firm of Peel, Cassels & Co.; made J. P.; Fellow and member of Syndicate of Bombay University; was appointed member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, 1863; left India and retired from business, 1865, devoting himself to literature. Publications: Eidolon, and other Poems, 1850; Poems, 1856; Cotton in the Bombay Presidency, written at the request of the Bombay Government, 1862; Supernatural Religion, an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation, 2 vols. 1874, vol. iii. 1876; complete edition, 1879; Reply to Dr. Lightfoot's Essays on Supernatural Religion, 1889; The Gospel according to Peter, a Study, 1894; many articles in magazines. Recreations: music, art, photography, cycling; formerly shooting and deerstalking. Address: 43, Harrington Gardens, S. W. Clubs: Athenaeum, Reform."

The Literary Guide (London) says: "Mr. Cassels was endowed by nature with a splendid physique as well as a powerful mentality. He was tall and commanding in appearance, and bore the impress of a welldeveloped and carefully regulated life. He was a lover of athletics, and when more than a septuagenarian he enjoyed a ten-mile walk or a cycle ride, seldom feeling fatigued at the end of his journey. He was almost without a physical ailment, and when we last saw him there appeared every prospect that he had at least a decade in front of him. At it was, he attained his eighty-first year."

Immortality.

Freed from my faults, from all my weakness free,
I would myself reflected in my children see.
Improved, evolved, from good to better brought,
Of all that's noble, good in act and thought,
I would be glad to have my children's children be—
'Twere immortality enough for me.

Omaha, Neb.

E. L. EMERY.

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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.

Religious Disorders in Italy.

The returns of the late municipal elections in Rome, which are a triumph for the popular party as against the Conservatives and Clericals, are sent to the New York Sun by the Rome correspondent of that newspaper. As a rule, the correspondent says, the municipal administration has been representative of several parties. Heretofore the Conservative and Catholic elements prevailed, while the Socialists were excluded. The anti-clericals at every election try to reach the Capitol and have always attributed their non-success to the Vatican intrigues and the conciliatory church policy of the government, which, said the anti-clericals, preferred to have Catholics in the municipality provided they kept away from Parliament. The anti-clericals at this election found a fresh argument. They argued that both the Conservatives and Catholics represented the landed interests of Rome, and hence as long as they remained in charge of the Capitol house, rents in Rome would remain high. If the Liberals were elected their first efforts would be directed to reducing rents. Such a statement impressed the needy portion of the electors, but still the success of the Liberals seemed very doubtful. In this contingency, the correspondent avers, the Liberals "recruited all the loafers of the city, posted them at the polling stations, and whenever a priest or well known Catholic elector went to vote they mobbed and attacked him and prevented him from voting. The police tried to interfere, but, as is generally the case in Rome, they failed to do anything. The result was a victory for the Liberals. The elation of the popular party knows no bounds. The victory has been described as one against the domination of the priests, a sequel to the glorious day when the Italian troops entered Rome in 1870. Rome at last, they boast, is Italian. The anti-clericals have won the capital and all Italy should rejoice."

But Italy ought not to rejoice if this account is true, if the election has been carried by violence and intimidation. Such a victory is no triumph of Freethought nor a defeat of the church as such. It is only a defeat of the political party with which the church chose to ally itself. The prediction may safely be made that if the "Liberal" party establishes itself in Rome, the

church, after a few attempts to restore the Conservatives, will go over to the majority, as it has done in this and other countries.

The report we are quoting states that "the government remained passive while the elections were taking place, though not entirely passive, because every press telegram describing the excesses of the Liberals has been carefully suppressed. Now it is showing a tendency to become anti-clerical." If the government has found out which way the tide sets, the church will not be long in making the same discovery. Anti-clericalism is a poor principle to work upon if it means the mobbing of ecclesiastics, as in Italy on election day, and flocking to the churches for worship on Sunday, and to the saints when Vesuvius is in eruption. The priests are more afraid of education, Freethought, and secular principles than they are of fanatical attacks from the men who have turned against the church without unlearning the lessons of intolerance which it teaches. The church gets fat on "persecution" or the appearance of it, and will only be strengthened by an anti-clericalism disreputable enough to intimidate voters or assault priests. To gain the confidence of the world, the "Liberals" of Rome should show that they are more fit to govern than the men they force out of office, and their behavior at the recent elections is not in the nature of such proof.

After this lesson, it is well to remember that the Sun's intelligence is from clerical sources, and may be exaggerated or false.

Joker, Prevaricator, or What?

It is hard to decide whether W. Lincoln Phillips of Roselle, N. J., is a joker, or a fakir, or a myth. He professes to be a preacher of the gospel, and has joined in the discussion of "A Minister's Salary" going on among the readers of the New York Independent.

Mr. Phillips affirms: "I knew that God had called me to serve him in preaching the gospel. I knew I was working for God, and could not 'hire out' for a salary to any congregation for a salary, and have not done so." Nevertheless the writer asserts that he has "never actually needed a thing that was not providentially supplied." We note the use of the words "actually needed," and infer that when he did not get what he thought he wanted he let it go that he didn't need it. He gives instances, and we regret that they are not accompanied with names and dates, and that even the places where they are alleged to have occurred are disguised by the use of initials. At "J" while he was away from home, somebody gave his wife a dollar "In Jesus' name" when she was short. While at "C" he prayed, "O Lord, send me a dollar, and send it quickly." There came "a knock at the door" and a boy handed in the dollar, saying his mother had sent it. The mother, interviewed in the kitchen, explained that "the Lord" told her to send it. He did not inquire how she knew the order came from God.

At "H" Mr. Phillips had no postage with which to mail a letter. He spoke about it to "the Lord," whereupon a man came into the room and laid ten cents on the paper before him, saying it was for stamps. At "C" he wanted \$2, prayed for it, and a woman thrust a bill of that denomination through the railing of the stairs as he went out of his room. She said, "The Lord told me to give this to you." Called to fill the pulpit at "D," he found on the way home that his expenses had been \$6.47 (his memory for cents is good), which was the exact amount of the collection. Evidently the collection was not audited. At "M" (these initials grow monotonous) there was no bread in the house. He prayed, said grace, there was the same old "knock at the door," and

a little girl handed in a basket containing a big loaf.

On another occasion, during the very cold weather, the family had no fuel, and evidently the minister had no credit. Also he had no money, and the thought of earning some by working for it did not occur to him. He prayed, a farmer living eight miles away heard the voice of God at 2 a. m., and came across with a jag of wood, which he unloaded at 5.

In New York (a place safely to be named because too large for the incident to be traced) he conducted a mission. Here persons came to him with just the sum he needed and told him what it was to be spent for. God, as usual, had put them wise to his requirements.

Without knowing Mr. Phillips and the circumstances under which he preached, it would be hasty to set him down as one unmitigated and unqualified. He may have let it be known wherever he went that he was beating his way on the strength of being a preacher depending upon prayer. He may have pondered on the words "My God shall supply all your need" until he became obsessed by the phrase, and persons knowing his delusion and humoring it would give him money, he having seen to it that his needs became known. Suspicion attaches to the honesty of the persons who told him the Lord had spoken to them in his behalf. Would he have believed them had they been asking instead of giving dollars, and had come to him and said "the Lord" had assured them he would let them have it? They knew they were faking if he did not. That he got the money is believable; otherwise he would not have continued preaching. That he got it in the way he describes, as a response to prayer and because "the Lord" spoke to the donors, is a story to be told to the marines, who are reputed to be uncritical.

It is one of the tests of a religious calling that he who follows it shall be able to speak unabashed the thing which is not and never was. In other words, truthfulness in the recital of religious experience is not required or expected. The moral and religious purpose of any narrative absolves it from the necessity of conforming to fact. This is granted, but it seems to us, with all the lee-way accorded to the preachers, Mr. Phillips has gone a little too far. Hence the probability that he is either a joker or a myth.

Books of Biblical Criticism.

An Illinois school teacher submits to The Truth Seeker the following inquiry:

"Kindly tell me in a future number what two or three works to read on the Higher Criticism that are regarded as the leading books in that line of thought. Last week the Free Methodists had their quadrennial conference in Greenville, Ill. The teachers' institute happened to be in session at the same time. Lounging on the veranda of the hotel in company with several preachers, I asked them to recommend a few good works on the Higher Criticism. The proverbial red rag to a bull was not in it with this innocent inquiry. I received no answer to my request. Knowing that you are always courteous to a courteous questioner, I put this request to you. You may also name a work that attempts to refute the teachings of evolution. Would Rev. Cook's be a good one? I saw a copy once in the hands of a teacher, but got no chance to look inside of it."

We are unacquainted with the Cook book, but should suppose that one work against evolution would be about as good as another. Persons competent to write on evolution generally accept it. The Methodist Book Concern, New York, may publish something of the kind. In the way of Higher Criticism, Chadwick's "Bible of Today" remains a favorite. We have found the "Bible for Learners," by the three Dutch authors, Oort, Hooykaas, and Kuenen, full of instruction. Delitzsch's "Babel and Bible" is a leading work. Anything by Professor Cheyne of Oxford is up to date. Bennett's "Primer of the

Bible" is a handy volume. Prof. G. B. Foster's "Finality of the Christian Religion" earned him an accusation of heresy. All that any one can want of the Higher Criticism will be found in the "Encyclopedia Biblica," which, besides giving the latest results, cites all of the standard works by the modern critics. But the best book of Biblical criticism is Remsburg's "The Bible."

The Theosophical Succession.

Mrs. Annie Besant, successor to Col. Henry S. Olcott as president of the Theosophical Society, is lecturing in the British Isles, and using the same arguments against Rationalism which she answered so conclusively when she was a Secularist.

The London Freethinker prints an item about the lady. Talking to a Daily News reporter, Mrs. Besant "spoke of telepathy and said 'there may be free communication between mind and mind.' It had nothing to do with the physical body. She had come across many people who communicated in that way—'and, of course,' she added, 'I myself do so frequently.' The interviewer respectfully asked for the name of any well known person with whom she had thus exchanged thoughts. That was a poser. But the lady is up to this sort of difficulty now. 'No,' she replied, 'I am not fond of making statements of that kind without proof. I do not see that it would do any good, and it might make enemies.' You see the lady did not hesitate in 'making statements' until she was asked for evidence. It was then that she became cautious."

Mrs. Besant, as president of the Parent Society, and hence of the Theosophists of the world, is not acknowledged by Mrs. Kittie Tingley of the new Point Lomas School of Theosophy in California, and there is a Mahatma in New York, one Agamyia Guru Paramahansa, who asserts that these women Theosophists do not know the Truth and therefore cannot impart it. How many of the branch societies in the world will rally to Mrs. Besant's standard remains to be seen. Mrs. Tingley has the thrift of Mother Eddy and will have a large following. The Tiger Mahatma, Paramahansa, is not making much of a show at present. We gather from the Theosophist, official organ of the parent society, that Mrs. Besant is rejected by the American section because of an article which she wrote against the expulsion of C. W. Leadbetter for immoral practices constituting a "heinous offense." The correspondents of the Theosophists are still discussing the question whether the mahatmas can make use of immoral persons as a medium for Truth. Mrs. Tingley appears to have issued a pamphlet, attacking not only the validity of Mrs. Besant's appointment by Olcott as his successor, but her moral character as well. The Indian section, which indorses the view that moral codes are transient and not eternal, hails Mrs. Besant with joy. So if her own receive her not, she can still depend on a good welcome among the Hindus.

One by one the pretensions of the superiority of the Christian-Jewish religion over its contemporaries and predecessors are exposed. We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the Chicago "special to the Press," which announces that "previous ideas of ancient history and the development of religion have been revolutionized by a discovery made by the Egyptian exploration expedition of the University of Chicago and announced by the University of Chicago. Professor James H. Breasted in charge of the party which has explored the region tributary to the Nile, has asserted that his discovery of a relief of Amenhotep IV., the monotheist Egyptian king, in a temple in Nubia proves that his sway

embraced not merely the city and environs of Thebes but all of Egypt. This discovery means that in the fourteenth century, before Christ, there existed a highly developed and highly civilized state with a religion in which there was one single Supreme God, and that the religious conceptions of the Egyptians were about one thousand years in advance of those of the Jews." The claim that the Jews were the first monotheists (and by the way, they never were pure monotheists) is as empty as the one made for Jesus Christ, that he "first brought immortality to light," when that doctrine had been taught for hundreds of years. Plato lived four or five centuries before Christ, and we have Addison paraphrasing him thus:

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man."

The Jews did not introduce monotheism; they only made it a capital crime to worship any God but Jehovah. What Jesus brought to light was not immortality; his distinction was that he laid special emphasis on hell and everlasting punishment.

As an indication of "whither we are drifting" the Census Bureau now has organized an ecclesiastical annex. The head of the census hierarchy is Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, Mo., who has just been appointed from Washington as a special agent to compile statistics of the Catholic population of the United States, "estimated at 15,000,000." As such special agent or commissioner, the mails of the United States are placed at the service of the Catholic hierarchy; he may appoint such assistants as he shall elect, and the government will authorize and remunerate them. The graft offered is incomputable, almost, and Archbishop Glennon may be depended upon to see that none but Catholics enjoy it. When the framers of the Constitution provided that no religious test should be required for any office under the United States they supposed that if a census was to be taken it could be managed without enlisting the Catholic hierarchy. Now that we have a Roman Catholic department of government established, shall we ever see it abolished, or will it exist in perpetuity, with franking privileges for priests and power of appointment of employees? Will the administration explain to wondering citizens why Catholics cannot be counted by secular enumerators as well as the rest of the population?

In Austria-Hungary, parallel with the movement from monarchy toward Socialism, there is a movement from Catholicism to Protestantism. The following table is given, covering the past nine years:

	Roman Catholics turned Protestant	Protestants turned Catholic	Protestant gains
1899	6,047	675	5,372
1900	4,699	705	3,994
1901	6,299	830	5,469
1902	4,624	937	3,687
1903	4,056	937	3,119
1904	3,982	1,008	2,974
1905	4,480	1,055	3,425
1906	3,905	1,138	2,767
	38,092	7,285	30,807

It is stated that from other sources Protestantism has won ten thousand more converts, making a sum total of 40,797; while the Roman Catholic church, in addition to its losses to Protestantism, has also lost 10,918 to the Old Catholic church. The loss of 41,000 in nine years by a church that claims over two hundred million adherents does not seem very startling, as Current Literature observes, but it acquires some significance from its bearing on the "Away from

Rome" movement. The Protestant organs on the continent say that the slump from Catholicism is the outgrowth of the "religious needs of thinking men," and the Catholic journals do not deny the allegation. Yet were any real thinking involved the Austria-Hungarians would become Rationalists instead of Protestants. They will come to that unless their mental operations are checked.

For the salvation of our soul somebody has sent us a tract by John O. Smith of Bronson, Mich., entitled "Christ, or Ingersoll." Mr. Smith deplors the erection of a monument to Ingersoll, for the implied reason that it will serve to call attention to the fact that a man may be "a real gentleman" and live above reproach without being born again. "That monument," he declares, "will be a standing reproach to this wayward nation; an acknowledgment that we know not God." He adds this statement: "I have pleaded with drunken men to reform, whose only reply was, 'I am an Ingersoll man.'" Just as truthfully we might retort: We have pleaded with drunken men to reform, whose only reply was: "I am a St. Paul man. Drink no longer water, but take a little wine for the stomach's sake." Or, "I am a King Solomon man. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Ingersoll in his famous denunciation of alcohol furnished a better argument against intemperance than can be framed from all that the writers of the Bible, or any of its characters, including Christ, ever wrote, or said or did. The scriptures have well been called the toper's text book.

"I send you," writes Preston Day of Iowa, "a clipping from my Sioux City Daily Journal giving the Catholic view of the Bible by the Rev. Richard Cartwright, a Catholic priest. Are not Protestant in general quite ignorant of the historical fact that the New Testament was a product of the Catholic church and 'inspired' by it? Lyman Abbott seems to have found it out, but he is a Maine Yankee." Intelligent and informed Protestants cannot altogether have missed the fact to which Friend Day calls attention. They must be aware that the earliest Christians had no New Testament, and that Jesus and all of his disciples had been dead for a century or more when the gospels were written. Hence the gospel was preached for a long time before it was reduced to writing, being then composed by church "fathers." The gospels are not the source of the dogmas of the church, but they are written to support them. They are church fabrications.

Some Mississippi reader of The Truth Seeker may be interested in looking up the facts, if there are any, in a report from Biloxi, that State. It is affirmed that "John Aggregard, forty years old, was dining with his family, June 25, when his wife expressed the hope that God would wreak justice on the Black Hand gang in New Orleans. 'What has God got to do with it?' exclaimed Aggregard. 'He cannot direct material things.' The man was immediately stricken with paralysis of the tongue. He gasped, motioned to his family, and fell headlong. On being revived he asked for pencil and paper, and wrote that he could not utter a sound. He left, June 26, for New Orleans for treatment." The Truth Seeker has, in the past, investigated, probably, a half-score of stories of which the above is a specimen, and every one of them has turned out to be a lie.

In their own hearts the earnest of the hope
Which made them great, the good will ever find.
—Shelley.

THE SKEPTICAL CHINAMAN.

An Old Man's Letter to a Friend on Mythology,
Heathen and Christian.

BY M. WALSH BARTLETT.

My Dear Old Friend: In a former letter, I gave the following quotation from Shakespeare:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name,

and applied that quotation to show that religion in all its forms is a product of the imagination, as illustrated by reference to the Elysian fields and Pandemonium on the one hand, and the heavenly regions and hell on the other, with the respective inhabitants of each.

This "airy nothing" of the imagination may be further illustrated by reference to the religion of the ancient Egyptians, in the days of Isis and Osiris, several thousand years ago, with that vast population that built the great pyramids, when it was a matter of congratulation among the Jews that they had been to

Memphis in its hour of pride,
And saw the walls of hundred-gated Thebes,
And all the mirrored glories of the Nile,

and returned to the comparatively ignorant and benighted "chosen people of God," proud to claim that they were "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." But it is evident that their wisdom was not illustrated by their religion, which was obviously founded on imagination, recognizing a multiplicity of gods and devils, each of which was represented by a sacred animal; with their belief in the transmigration of souls into higher or lower forms, being admitted into various divisions of Hades upon giving the required passwords; their sacred bark in which the mummies were ferried cross the Nile; their system of embalming bodies in the vain hope of making them immortal. It may be noted as an interesting fact that these bodies have been dragged from their catacombs and exhibited as curiosities, or used as fuel, the very material used for their preservation making their destruction more sure and complete. These imaginative ideas of a multiplicity of gods and devils, of heavens and hells, with their endless rewards and punishments, were transferred through Asia and thence to Europe, with strange modifications of the conditions of the soul after death, into Buddhism, Brahmanism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism.

I have been prompted to make some comparison between the myths enshrined in the literature of Greece and Rome with the miracles, so-called, of a more ignorant and hence more superstitious people, as recorded in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and not much to the advantage of the latter. With regard to the Bible, when divested of the glamor of the solemn style of the learned English pundits in the reign of King James, translated into the plain English of the present day, or the "pigeon English" of the Chinese, the mythological character of the Scripture becomes more apparent. For a few illustrations we will say:

"Adam submitted to a surgical operation at the hands of the Creator, in order that the bone might be obtained, from which he manufactured the first woman."

A Chinese friend and interpreter, with whom I had a pleasant acquaintance for several months, had a Chinese version of the Bible, which had been furnished him by a missionary, and from which he translated back into such English as he had been able to pick up in his intercourse with English-speaking people. He rendered this passage as follows:

"God, he puttee Adam asleepee and makee a hole in his side—er—and takee out a bone and closee up the hole all right—er—then he takee the bone and makee the first woman and callee her name Eve—er—he makee so first Melica woman—but no makee so first Chinee woman."

My friend was of a mathematical turn, and ran his fingers with great celerity over his abacus, based upon the decimal system in vogue in China for thousands of years. His interest in numbers made him inquisitive and critical in regard to some things connected with the Biblical account

of the deluge, in which he was much interested, as was I also in his comments and questions thereon; but I will omit the "pigeon-er" of my interpreter, preceded by that nasal tone with his lips closed, expressing incredulity, as it might seem too monotonous.

When the Creator saw the wickedness of the people, it repented him that he had made man, and he said, I will destroy all mankind from the face of the earth, except one family, and also all animals, except one pair of each species. He therefore ordered Noah to build an ark, a sort of Chinese house-boat, according to certain specifications which he furnished; and, as house-boat architect, specified the length, width, and height, the number of stories that it should consist of, where the window and door should be placed, the kind of timber to be used, and the kind of pitch to be used, and how to apply it, and how he should take all his refugees on board. When all were safely stowed away, somewhere in the three stories, with all the food necessary for a long voyage, then came the rain, to the depth of thirty feet each hour, at least a hundred times as fast as any rain ever known in China, as he made it out by his abacus; and that not for one hour, but for 960 hours. What a gurgle must have gone up when all the inhabitants of the earth, The youth in life's green spring and he who was In the full strength of years, matron and maid, And the sweet babe and the gray-headed man,

were one and all submerged beneath the waves of that rain-water ocean which had no island and no shore—that terrible sacrifice of the Creator, and all this apparently to little purpose; for we learn that poor old Noah, soon after he landed, became so shamefully intoxicated, that his son walked backward and covered him with a mantle; showing that now, as in the Garden of Eden, Satan lost no time in getting in his work, the only difference being that Adam was tempted to his fall by something to eat, and Noah by something to drink.

The great disparity between the power applied and the meagre result, as also illustrated by the contest between the Creator and Pharaoh, with the immense creative power on one side, and the "I will and I won't" on the other, was still further illustrated by the infinite sacrifice of the only-begotten Son of the Sovereign of millions of worlds, for the redemption of mankind from the transgression of Adam on this little planet of ours, which, even to that portion of his dominion revealed by the telescope is as a grain of sand to the desert of Sahara.

When one considers the grand civilization during several centuries before that infinite sacrifice, the grand achievements in art, science, literature, poetry, logic, architecture, republican government, which made a populace that could appreciate Demosthenes, Cicero, Homer, Virgil, Plato, other immortal names, whose works are models down to the present enlightened age, contrasted with the thousand years following that sacrifice, which furnished not a single name to grace the pages of history, the establishment of the church founded by the immediate followers of Christ, followed by that pall of darkness over all Europe, the obliteration of secular literature, dominating rulers and people alike, overrunning Europe with harem nunneries and convents, controlled by a secret society of celibates—priests, monks, Jesuits, with their thumbscrews, racks, dungeons and fagots, their confessionals, with grants and sales of indulgences and absolutions, or their anathemas, that spectacular worship in a dead language, When, through great temples swelled the dismal mourning

Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer,
Pale wizard priests their occult symbols droning
Swung their white censers in the burdened air,*

that religious tyranny that made the Quaker poet write:

Kneeling before his priest, the oppressor there,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer,

and that sink of iniquity that made Shakespeare put into the mouth of the grave-digger that sharp criticism on the social life of Denmark in the days of Hamlet—the Golden Age of the Grecian and Roman republics compared with the period universally called the Dark Ages—the Infinite Father, as he recalled his only-begotten Son nailed to the cross, might well exclaim, in the words more recently used by Whittier, the philanthropist and reformer:

*Whittier.

Let the dark curtain fall,
I better know than all,
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

But a reaction came with the revival of learning, especially in the time of Martin Luther, that arch-heretic, the father of all the Protestant sects—and which has been tending towards the light ever since, but at no place and in no time more rapidly than at the present time in New England—thanks to a higher education and freer thought where "Error, wounded, writhes in pain, and dies amid its worshippers," and which prompts Whittier to "scattering flowers with pious pains on old beliefs," dead and buried, and Holmes to write substantially as follows:

Brother, I see a cloud is on thy brow,
Sister, thy heart is troubled at my words;
But while my thought has life, it needs must speak,
When aged gleamers, groping for their food,
Go blindly feeling through the close-shorn straw,
Long safely garnered in the ancient barns,
While the young reapers flash their glittering steel
Where later suns have ripened nobler grain.

The comment of my Chinese friend on the story of the fiery furnace, seven times heated, was "Burnee too muchee," but I called his attention to the statement that there was not even a smell of fire on their garments. "That is true," interposed the mild voice of the commercial traveler, "I was there when they came out." The story of Samson puzzled him.

The story of Jonah and the whale interested him and that nasal tone and "pigeon-er" came out again. But I assured him that it was all right and that Jonah came out without even the smell of fish on his garments. There was a twinge of conscience at that interpolation, but there was a warrant for it, and the reporter who interviewed Jonah would doubtless have sanctioned it, and so it passed unmodified.

When we came to Gideon's fleece of wool, that was dry on a wet morning, and so wet with dew on a dry morning that he wrung a bowlful of water from it, he was greatly pleased.

"Oh, I see. Mesger gettee up early while Gidea sleepee." From his comments, he seemed to have gotten the impression that the "mesger" was in the fakir business on his own account. The promptness with which the messenger accepted Gideon's challenge, and when Gideon backed out, immediately accepted his second challenge, would naturally give that impression, rather than that the suspension of the laws of Nature for so slight a cause was due to the intervention of the supreme ruler of the universe.

My friend's wits had been sharpened by his experience behind the scenes, in the employ of Barnum. But his credulity was further taxed in the New Testament when he read about that which Shakespeare's Shylock referred to in saying "what your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into" with the familiar word "Go." We feel that he might ask some mooted questions regarding that—as to whether there were enough devils in one man to bedevil all the members of the herd that ran violently down the steep place into the sea. Were the swine all drowned? and if so, were the devils also drowned? and who was responsible for the financial loss to the owner of the swine? But he was silent, only expressing his incredulity by that irrepressible "pigeon-er."

My friend was of an economical turn, and in regard to the twelve baskets of fragments that were taken up after feeding the multitude on the loaves and fishes, his only comment was, "Too muchee waste," and it did seem like overdoing the miracle business.

He also expressed his incredulity as to the quality of the wine produced from water; but I called his attention to the fact that mine host tasted the wine and complimented the wine-maker, by intimating that it was too good to give his guests as then conditioned.

But though my Chinese friend has taught me something by his freedom from hereditary belief in creeds, strengthened by teachings of early childhood, and hence his unprejudiced comments on the so-called Scripture miracles, yet we must for the present part company.

The lines of Robert Burns

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion,

are worthy of a wider than personal application, and is respectfully suggested for consideration by any of the "two-and-seventy jarring sects,"

each of which regards the others as victims of diseased imagination, ignorance, superstition, delusion, or priestcraft.

It is a common saying, borne out by experience, that one extreme follows another. The wet spell, of which we have such a detailed account in the early part of the good book, would naturally be offset by a corresponding dry spell. Accordingly, near the close of the New Testament, in the epistle of St. James, we have the following.

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months."

And grievous was the suffering by reason thereof. The cultivator left his fields in blank despair. Herds and flocks were driven afar for drink, but many perished by the way for want thereof. The women in their houses sadly mourned in sackcloth soiled, the while their tubs in pieces fell for very dryness. The earth grew pale with death and famine walked abroad. But all the while, by day, by night, for days and months and years, the prayers for rain went up o'er all the land from sorely stricken souls; but no rain fell and the earth brought forth no fruits, for he who heeds the sparrow's fall and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb heard not their prayers, his sole concern to answer the one prayer of him who "nursed his wrath to keep it warm" for two and forty months.

"But when three years and six months were ended, Elias prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruits."

Ere long the earth smiled again in all its vast attire of green. With joy the planter saw his plants shoot forth from out the moistened soil; and drank the flocks and herds from gurgling brooks, grew fat and fit for food. The beds wheron the people lay and clothing which they wore were cleansed once more by joyful hands in new-made tubs, well filled with that for want of which the "Fuller's earth" was worse than naught. And the planters in the fields and the shepherds on the plains, and the herdsmen on the hills, and the women in their homes, and the people everywhere, sent up their joyful thanks to him, who, at last, in answer to their prayer, sent down his precious rain. But when Elias saw the holy men who feared God and kept his commandments, gathered in their temples, with faces heavenward turned and hands uplift, and heard their loud hosannas as they joined the people in their songs of praise and thanks to him who sent his rain in answer to their prayers, he cried, "Aha! Aha! It is to me you owe your thanks. Had I but held to my first prayer, your prayers were vain, your thanks a mockery." And he hugged his sides with laughter at the thought thereof. And, as he went his way, he murmured to himself, "Blessed is he that hath a pull! Yea, twice blest he that hath a graft that flourisheth! Now, brethren of Judea and all the region round about, behold the power of prayer, although the prayer be ill and he that prayeth moved thereto by passion like that of other men."

Now, Brother B., is not this amplification fully justified by the Scripture text? If not, where not, and why not?

And yet, in a pleasant conversation with the pastor of our first church, concerning the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, I referred to the prayer of Ceres, the goddess of grain, which was similar in its results to the prayer of Elias, and ventured the suggestion that the latter might also be a myth. The good man looked at me, amazed, saying, "Why, my dear sir, that account of the prayer of Ceres is, of course, a myth; but this account of the prayer of Elias must be literally true. It is in the Bible, the word of God, written by inspiration."

Of a truth is the saying of Thomas, of Gotham, whose surname is Watson, "Credulity is a monarch, on whose empire the sun never sets." Yea, verily, credulity is an impostor, with blind devotees around his throne, in every age, o'er all the earth.

But having had a pleasant acquaintance with the pastor of the church here for the past twenty years, I am pleased to say that they are in no way in harmony, in sentiment or preaching, with the clergyman above referred to, they having more faith in Darwin's "Evolution" than in Adam's "Fall." Concerning that reputed curse, in consequence of Adam's transgression, which

necessitated the infinite sacrifice, and on which hangs the whole scheme of salvation through faith in that sacrifice—regarding mankind, the necessity for labor is a blessing and not a curse, and for the serpent, better prone on his belly than upright on either end.

P. S.—Perhaps you may be interested to know that my acquaintance with my Chinese friend, Chas. Arshowe, the name by which he was christened, dates back to London, 1851, at the time of the first World's Fair; that he afterwards became a tea merchant in Boston, accumulated a fortune, and won the regards of a very estimable American woman, whom he married; and that his children and grandchildren have been graduates of the high school in a neighboring city. Have these latter facts anything to do with the trouble in California in regard to the Japanese attending the public schools? Is there a fear that the lively Japs will prove too attractive to their white schoolmates?

The snow and cold weather interfered somewhat with the work of the men engaged in removing the cocoons of the gypsy and browntail moths from the orchards and shade trees in this neighborhood. Said America's most eloquent preacher, from his pulpit, one beautiful Sunday morning in the month of May, when all the country was redolent with orchard perfume, "The superabundant blossoms on our fruit tree are typical of the large way in which the Creator loves to do pleasant things." Beautiful! Per contra, so these superabundant moths are typical of the large way in which Satan, by Jehovah's permission, loves to do unpleasant things.

Figures of speech are not argument. Nay!
But "logic is logic. That's all I say."

B.

Astrology in the Bible.

Not long ago, says Current Literature, the theological world of Germany was stirred to its base by the so-called "Babel Bible" controversy aroused by Friedrich Delitzsch's lectures. This able Berlin professor took the ground that the theory of divine revelation in the Old Testament must be abandoned in view of the direct descent of the scriptural books from Assyrian inscriptions. He may be said to have left a permanent impress upon religious thought. It is no longer possible to regard the Old Testament as an absolutely isolated phenomenon in ancient literature; we know that it must have had some relation to contemporary religions and to Babylon in particular. To a greater and greater extent this relation is assumed by biblical scholars. And now the work of research is being carried a step further, and controversy has shifted to the question: What was the exact nature of this relation?

Another solution of the problem is being offered by the school of thought headed by Prof. Hugo Winckler, of the University of Berlin, and by Stucken, Jensen and Jeremias. It finds its most characteristic exposition in Winckler's book, "The History of Religion and the History of the Orient," which was published several months ago, but still continues to excite comment.

The fundamental theory of this new school is that the Old Testament books are based on the astro-mythological system of the Babylonians. According to the Babylonian theory, the earth in all its parts and relations is a reflection of the heavens; religion, science, poetry, statesmanship are all a reproduction and imitation of heavenly happenings. The Babylonian gods are astral gods, and in the phenomena of the heavens, in the movements of the stars and of the constellations, the will of the gods is revealed. The heavens are the great book of instruction in which humanity can learn higher wisdom. It is here that man must search for what determines his destiny; and he who understands the language of the stars can interpret the counsel of the gods. Nothing in the fate of the individual from the cradle to the grave, nothing in the most important transactions of the state, is hidden from astrological science. To the seeing eye the fate of nations and the esoteric meaning of historical epochs are wrapped in the cycle of the constellations.

Traces of this "astral" thought, it is argued,

are constantly discernible in the Old Testament—in the Song of Deborah, for instance, in which it is said that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera"; in the imagery of the nineteenth Psalm; in the account of the creation of the universe in the first chapter of Genesis, in which we read that the stars were made to "rule the night."

The most complete collection of data supporting the new theory is contained in a new work by Jeremias, entitled "The Old Testament in the Light of the Orient." (We have not heard of an English translation of the work which is printed in German.) He attempts to prove that the biblical heroes have the distinguishing characteristics of the astral divinities of the Babylonians; and that not only in the epochs of Israel's history in their entirety, but even the minutest details of the different periods are bound up in a network of references to the astral gods and their mythology. The story of Samson in particular is cited as a vivid illustration of astral influence, and is said to be based on earlier conceptions of a solar god. The hair of Samson is symbolic of the rays of the sun, and his loss of strength recalls the winter sun deprived of its power. He is destroyed by Delilah, just as the lion-slayer Gilgamesh, of Babylonian legend, was undone by Istor. The story of Joseph, it is claimed, can be paralleled in all its details in the story of the Babylonian Thammuz, the god of spring. According to ancient belief, Thammuz died in summer, then descended to the lower world and was mourned on earth, but in spring returned to the upper world in new glory to bless mankind. This story is accepted as a symbol of Joseph's career. He and the eleven brethren of his dream constitute the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and Egypt is held to represent the lower world. The story of Moses is also traced back to Babylonian sources.

Another remarkable interpretation of the Bible along the same lines has been published by the Marburg Assyriologist Jensen, under the title "Das Gilgamesch Epos in der Weltliteratur" (The Gilgamesh Epic in World Literature). Jensen carries the campaign boldly into the New Testament field, and shows a parallel between the Babylonian deity, Gilgamesh, and Jesus. He draws some striking analogies between the two.

The theories of the new school are said to be meeting with approval from even conservative writers.

MARK TWAIN AS A MORALIST.

His High-minded Behavior in a Crisis Threatening a Farmer's Future.

"I remember, I remember it so well. I remember it as if it were yesterday, the first time I ever stole a watermelon. Yes, the first time. At least I think it was the first time, or along about there. It was, it was, or must have been about 1848, when I was thirteen or fourteen years old. I remember that watermelon well. I can almost taste it now.

"Yes, I stole it. Yet why use so harsh a word? It was the biggest of the load on a farmer's wagon standing in the gutter in the old town of Hannibal, Missouri. While the farmer was busy with another—another—customer, I withdrew this melon. Yes, 'I stole' is too strong. I extracted it. I retired it from circulation. And I myself retired with it.

"The place to which the watermelon and I retired was a lumber-yard. I knew a nice, quiet alley between the sweet-smelling planks, and to that sequestered spot I carried the melon. Indulging a few moments' contemplation of its freckled rind, I broke it open with a stone, a rock, a dornick, in boy's language.

"It was green—impossibly, hopelessly green. I do not know why this circumstance should have affected me, but it did. It affected me deeply. It altered for me the moral values of the universe. It wrought in me a moral revolution. I began to reflect. Now, reflection is the beginning of reform. There can be no reform without reflection—

"I asked myself what course of conduct I should pursue. What would conscience dictate? What should a high-minded young man do after retiring a green watermelon? What would George Washington do? Now was the time for

all the lessons inculcated at Sunday School to act.

"And they did act. The word that came to me was 'restitution.' Obviously, there lay the path of duty. I reasoned with myself. I labored. At last I was fully resolved. 'I'll do it,' said I. 'I'll take him back his old melon.' Not many boys would have been so heroic, would so clearly have seen the right, and so sternly have resolved to do it. The moment I reached that resolution, I felt a strange uplift." "One always feels an uplift when he turns from wrong to righteousness. I arose, spiritually strengthened, renewed, and refreshed, and in the strength of that refreshment carried back the watermelon—that is, I carried back what was left of it—and made him give me a ripe one.

"But I had a duty toward that farmer, as well as to myself. I was as severe on him as the circumstances deserved. I did not spare him. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself giving his—his customers green melons. And he was ashamed. He said he was. He said he felt as badly about it as I did. In this he was mistaken. He hadn't eaten any of the melon. I told him that the one instance was bad enough, but asked him to consider what would become of him if this should become a habit with him. I pictured his future. And I saved him. He thanked me and promised to do better.

"We should always labor thus with those who have taken the wrong road. Very likely this was the farmer's first false step. He had not gone far, but he had put his foot on the downward incline. Happily, at this moment a friend appeared—a friend who stretched out a helping hand and held him back. Others might have hesitated, have shrunk from speaking to him of his error. I did not hesitate nor shrink. And it is one of the gratifications of my life that I can look back on what I did for that man in his hour of need.

"The blessing came. He went home with a bright face to his rejoicing wife, and I—I got a ripe melon. I trust it was with him as it was with me. Reform with me was no transient emotion, no passing episode, no Philippines uprising. It was permanent. Since that day I have never stolen a water—never stolen a green watermelon."

Spiritualists Get \$250,000.

The following is a special dispatch from Bloomington, Ill.:

By the action of the Illinois supreme court in sustaining the will of the late J. T. Crumbaugh, the wealthy banker of Leroy, this county, Spiritualists of the world will probably realize on the bequest of \$250,000, which he left to the cult.

Crumbaugh became a convert a few years before his death, and when his will was probated it was found that he had left the bulk of his fortune for the construction of a Spiritualist church in his home city and also for the promulgation and dissemination of the tenets of that belief in the hope of securing converts. He planned to erect a church costing fully \$50,000, while the income from the remainder of the estate was to be used for its maintenance and also for the extension of the work. It was Mr. Crumbaugh's idea to make Leroy the headquarters of Spiritualism the world over and to carry on the work of proselyting from there. The relatives, who were ignored in the will, succeeded in having it set aside in the lower court, following an exciting trial. They asserted that Spiritualists had exerted such a peculiar control over the old man that his mind had become affected, and that he was not capable of writing a sane will.—Progressive Thinker.

A Versatile Devil.

It was my good fortune to be present at the Rosston church and hear Elder Phillips's discourse on "Demonology." He certainly had a full house and an attentive audience. And to me his sermon was full of expectancy and hopes not realized (by me). I expected some information on the subject as to whether the devil was an independent creature or was subject to the will of God. Perhaps others present might have received some information on this subject, but I am frank to admit that I failed to catch his position. From his remarks (if they be facts)

I am led to conclude that the devil is non-combustible, indestructible, first a serpent, finally a wet swine, got drowned when he went to sea, once in heaven, visited the Garden of Eden before Adam and Eve got their clothes on, passed the apples (it being his treat), and got mankind into a peck of trouble, then sneaked off and left a snake in the grass to bite men's heels.—Northfield Correspondence, Lebanon (Ind.) Pioneer.

Religion and Catalepsy.

The strange power manifested by Mrs. Scott M. Ladd, wife of Supreme Court Justice Ladd of Des Moines, Ia., whereby she can cause an audience of Holiness people to go into convulsions, has led to her arrest. Mrs. Ladd has been conducting a mission for several months on Monroe street, Des Moines, and it is on complaint of a neighbor, Harry Gale, that she is prosecuted. The information signed by Gale is backed by Dr. W. A. Guild, a leading Des Moines physician, and Miss Lillian Matthews, probation officer, both of whom attended the mission services. Both declare that they saw actions begging description. Children in their teens became hysterical and went into a trance state from which they did not emerge for several hours. Others with eyes bulging almost from their sockets, stamped the floor in frenzy until they fell exhausted. When mission visitors mildly protested and asked that the unconscious ones be taken from the stifling, low-ceiled room into the open air, Mrs. Ladd reprimanded the disturbers and charged them with being emissaries of the devil.

Residents in the vicinity of the mission declare that meetings are conducted all day and nearly all night, and that the groans and cries of the worshipers have become intolerable.

A newspaper account says that at her religious services "Mrs. Ladd preaches the pentecostal power, and has thrown converts in states of hysteria from which they have not recovered for days at a time. Persons receiving the 'power' shout and scream. One man became totally unconscious and lay two days and two nights on the floor of the mission. Mrs. Ladd claims that those who have been prostrated are able to speak in a strange tongue when they regain consciousness."

Except for the relief of the neighbors, there is little merit in the prosecution of these Holiness and Holy Roller people. They are simply crazy, though not crazy enough to need confining. The form of spiritual intoxication they indulge in—which President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, once said is no more respectable than the intoxication of the gutter—is not known to have fatal effects; mental deterioration is its usual course. The cure for such folly is rational instruction, which is next to impossible under Christianity. The victims get their ideas of the "power" from the scriptures, in which the "gift of tongues" is quoted as proof of the operation of the spirit. Jumping and rolling are common features of revivals and missions. Dr. Andrew D. White asserts that there is an element of scoundrelism in these religious orgies, and we believe him.

There has just come to hand a copy of the Rocky Mountain Pillar of Fire, which appears to be a Holiness paper, devoted to the interests of "the sanctified life." An article in it covering more than two pages recounts the offense and attempted justification of the Rev. R. W. Huckabee, president of the Texas Holiness Association and the editor of the Pentecostal Advocate, who is associated also with the Purity Journal. The Rev. Huckabee came to Denver, home of the Pillar of Fire, where the Colorado Holiness Association has a "home," and there committed an act of immorality with a young woman similar to that which took place at the door of the tabernacle when the sons of Eli came

to worship. See 1 Sam. ii, 22. The editor of the Pillar of Fire is quick to denounce the erring "brother," but Sister DaFoe, secretary of the Colorado Holiness Association and matron of the "home," would let him off with the admonition to sin no more. The brother, she writes to the editor, "has repented in sackcloth and ashes, and the sorrow of his heart and the remorse are almost unendurable." No doubt. Remorse is the fear of punishment, and repentance the manifestation of willingness to forget it. "He has," she writes further, "made proper confessions, renounced the teachings and devices of the enemy which led him into it, and has been, I believe, fully restored to the favor of God." Meanwhile being full of remorse and looking for more remorse, the Rev. Huckabee takes up a collection and sends the girl her fare to meet him in Texas, although he has in that state a wife and a daughter of the age of the victim.

Emotional religions generally are accompanied with morbid developments of primary instincts. Some of them run to celibacy and some to eroticism. Holiness and Sanctification and Sinlessness are especially cataleptic. The followers of these cults hold that they may yield to temptation without sin, though they must suffer temporal consequences. In the New Jerusalem they expect to go on yielding, but believe they will be out of reach of the earthly penalty. Sister DaFoe intimates that she expects to roam the parks of the Celestial City with the brethren in the enjoyment of that exemption. A doctor would probably locate the seat of the disorder that has caused Mrs. Ladd's aberration. In a work by a Kentucky physician we find this passage: "That there exists a relationship between the cultivated and ethical emotion, religious feeling, and the essentially natural physio-psychical function, sexual desire or libido, is a fact noticed and commented on by many thinkers and writers." This relation may explain the conduct of the reverend and sanctified; or if we knew the persons concerned we might not need to look for further explanation than their natural bent that way.

His Specialty Is the Confessional.

The Truth Seeker of June 22 gave an account of "An Interesting Decision" in the case of Newton L. A. Eastman of Rochester, N. Y., who was prosecuted for attacking the Catholic confessional in an alleged indecent manner, and acquitted. The following letter from Mr. Eastman has since been received:

"E. M. Macdonald—Dear Kind Sir: A copy of the article you published, the per curiam and the Open Door to Hell, etc., was sent to me by one of your readers, but I have to return it. I am the author of the Open Door to Hell. Will you kindly send me three copies of the issue containing the above? I want one for my lawyer, one for myself, and one for another lawyer. I am very glad you printed it. You have the credit of being the first paper that ever published it outside the Gospel Worker. I am the editor of the Gospel Worker. I am also an ordained minister and Bishop of the Gospel Workers of America, an incorporated Christian body. Our work is succeeding and doing much good. The Open Door to Hell is only a tame description of the awfulness of the confessional. It is the cesspool of iniquity. I inclose letters from a Romanist threatening my life. I send you one of our papers, June issue, the Gospel Worker, giving report of our victory. Every American citizen should help to put Romanism where it belongs. It is the bitterest foe to all that is good and pure and holy. Yours in Christian love,

"N. L. A. EASTMAN."

We have not yet seen Mr. Eastman's paper, the Gospel Worker, to recognize it, but we hope that wherever it has gone it is full of the same hot stuff that he dished up in his Open Door to Hell. We congratulate him on his escape from the clutches of the law, and wish him well as long as he keeps going after the abominations of the confessional. A man who can tell the truth about the Catholic church and get away with it is to be encouraged.

Minor Editorial Note and Comment.

Norman Murray of Montreal announces a Freethought lecture tour for the winter of 1907-8, and has printed a circular intimating the attitude he will take toward Christianity. His address is 210 St. James street, Montreal, Canada.

On his way to Seattle, where he delivered an address before the Christian Endeavor convention, Vice-President Fairbanks is accredited with rescuing a hotel waitress at Yellowstone Lake from "a watery grave," and is therefore in line for a Carnegie hero medal. There is some question whether Fairbanks wet his feet in "rescuing" the girl or not.

The bolt of lightning that struck Peddie Memorial Baptist church, Newark, N. J., scattered the granite stones in the tower of the sacred building more than three hundred feet abroad, and several persons had narrow escapes from being hit. One stone, weighing 500 pounds, dropped through the roof and two ceilings of the church, and wrecked the pastor's study. No building was damaged whose destruction would have been a rebuke to iniquity.

Freethinkers who are Socialists have considerable space accorded to them by the Freethought press in which to present their economic ideas. Are they getting or claiming the same amount of room in the Socialist papers in which to present the idea that Socialism without Freethought, or without first separating the state from the church, will make a bad condition worse to the extent that it enlarges the function of the government? This is a proposition which proves itself, and it is useless for Free-thinking Socialists to ignore or evade it.

In the Catholic Educational Association at Milwaukee last week there was a discussion over the use of non-sectarian text-books in Catholic schools. Some wanted to use the same books that are used in the public schools, but the proposition met with no favor. Dr. Thomas Shields of the Catholic University at Washington declared that a Catholic should use no text-book that was not distinctly religious. The proponent of the adoption of public school text-books seriously misunderstands the purpose of the church, which does not aim to adapt its schools to the public ones, but aspires to furnish the text-books for the use of the latter. "We should both be using the same books," said a speaker, "but they should be written by Catholics."

A man named Talbott, who described himself as a traveling salesman from Boston, pleaded guilty to robbing the poor box in a Catholic church in Dayton, O. Talbott told the court that he went into the church to pray and that he prayed for half an hour, but that he was "broke," needed the money, and so pilaged the box. On this Mr. Cyrus Sears of Harpster comments: "Talbott would seem to be a good mate to Ingersoll's saint who murdered a man for fifteen cents and his dinner, consisting of bread and meat; and who, being hungry, ate the bread but threw away the meat because it was Friday. And the woods—and plains and hills and valleys—seem to be full of that grade of saints." And of such, also, is the kingdom of heaven.

A reverend evangelist named Oliver doing the Lord's work in Falls City, Nebraska, got away with something over \$2,000. The Observer, of Lincoln, takes exception to Oliver's methods, and says: "For some reason or other the people of Falls City did not rally as he thought they should and he waxed abusive, bandying coarse language with the proficiency of a fishwife. Think of a savior of souls, getting up in a frenzied religious meeting and denouncing all who did not choose to come to hear him as

'cowardly bastards' and declaring that 'all the girls want is a pair of pants and the boys a bunch of long hair.' " The editor of the Observer is not orthodox, or he would see that his strictures are uncalled for. The preachers are refined, no matter what they say, and only infidelity is "blatant."

This note from President James Buchanan, refusing a railroad pass, has lately come to light:

"Washington, 24 March, 1859.

"Dear Sir: I return the free ticket which Mr. Gittings has directed to be forwarded to me for the Northern Central Railroad, with as many thanks for his kindness as though I had accepted it. It has been the practice of my life not to travel free on any Railroad, being opposed to the whole system of granting such privileges to individuals not connected with these roads. Yours very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN."

The note is declared on the best authority to be genuine. It would tax our credulity to accept it as such (though the favor declined were a warship instead of a seat in a railroad car) were the signature attached that of some of Buchanan's successors.

Mexico has no prejudice against the domestic arrangements peculiar to Mormonism, and the Latter Day saints are doing well in that country. The Mexican Herald, quoted in a New York daily paper, says: "The Mormon colonies in the north-part of Chihuahua are in a remarkably prosperous condition and extensive developments are in progress. In the village of Casas Grandes a dozen two-story brick buildings with stone foundations are under way and others will soon be started. A telephone system, which is under construction, will place all the colonies in communication with El Paso on the north and Medera, Guaynopa, Conchino and Dolores on the south. The farmers are turning their attention to the breeding of fine stock and are improving pedigreed Percheron and French coach stallions and registered Herefords." To an agriculturist a plurality of husky wives and half-grown children are a distinct economic advantage, preferable even to bondservants.

Vice-President Fairbanks surely queer-ed himself with the Methodist Prohibitionists of Indiana what time he served forty cocktails to his guests. At the meeting of the Indiana state executive committee of the Prohibition party, Indianapolis, July 10, a motion condemning his action was presented by the Rev. C. M. Kroft, pastor of the Whiteland Methodist church and a well known member of the Indiana conference before which Mr. Fairbanks is a candidate for election as delegate to the quadrennial conference of the Methodist church to be held at Baltimore next spring. The motion was unanimously adopted. According to reports from various parts of Indiana, several Methodist churches are arranging to send delegates to the Indiana conference at Columbus next September with instructions to oppose the selection of Mr. Fairbanks as one of the lay delegates to the quadrennial conference. And this after all that Mr. Fairbanks has done to endanger his chances with the "wets" by recommending butter-milk as a substitute for beer.

The Rev. J. Benjamin Lawrence, Baptist, of New Orleans, has viewed hell "from a scientific standpoint" and found it "highly probable." Reasoning from the nature of the ether, he finds room in the universe for "great masses of ponderable matter which could emit no light" and which therefore would not be discovered by the astronomers. This being admitted (by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence) he asks: "What are these dark globes? Might not God, by his infinite power

through the operation of the divine laws of nature, have fenced these globes off so that no luminiferous ether could reach them? Under such conditions, dark suns would burn, combustion be carried on without emitting heat, fuel consumed unseen and metals fused in invisible fires." So, then, these dark globes, the existence of which nobody can disprove, are the centre of outer darkness and eternal fire; whence it is demonstrated that "from the standpoint of science a material hell is not only possible but highly probable." An ingenious theory, but it comes too late. Has not the Rev. Zed Copp of Washington, D. C., just announced, after having devoted eight years to the subject and "studied the entire universe time and again," that "hell is in the sun"? Is hell a bird, that it can be in two places at once?

Accepting as conclusive proof of its existence the alleged weighing of a soul by Dr. Macdougall of Haverhill, Mass., Prof. Henry Price, a retired music teacher of Mount Vernon, this state, wants the doctors at Bellevue Hospital to give him a chance to photograph a soul as it leaves the body of a dying patient. Asked by a newspaper reporter if he had formed any idea as to what the soul looks like, Mr. Price said that he had not. "Necessarily," he argued, "the organism must be very small. It may be like an oyster or a mollusk. We cannot see its organism, yet we know that it has life." Being questioned as to what in his opinion became of the soul after it has taken its flight, the professor said:

"According to my belief the soul does not really take its flight. It passes into another body, but it has to be removed by some one whom we will call an angel or an agent of the Deity. The angel has to remove it from the body while the body is yet warm and put it into another being. If the person don't deserve another life, then the Deity don't send for his soul, and he is dead like a common animal."

Attempts to determine the existence, form, weight, and destiny of the soul scientifically will not be encouraged by the doctors of the same. If it were to be determined beyond doubt that the human being has a soul the church would take as little interest in that "organism" as it now does in the vermiform appendix.

The modern Christian Endeavor convention takes the place of the old-time camp-meeting as a provider of opportunity for clandestine meetings. Such a convention without its scandal would be an exception, and in many cases the scandal becomes public through divorce, breach of promise, or similar proceedings. The late Christian Endeavor convention in Blair County, Pa., was marked by the downfall of the Rev. William N. Dellar, who occupied the pulpit of one of the most prominent United Brethren congregations in Altoona. The convention was held at Martinsburg, the Rev. Dellar attending as the principal speaker. A nineteen-year-old church worker, Miss Margaret Guilliford, attended also, and the two were ejected from the same room in a hotel. They took a livery team and went elsewhere. Before a committee the minister confessed himself "down and out," and left Altoona without stating his destination, but the girl was at the regular Sunday-school service on the following Sunday, showing that she did not attach so much guilt to her conduct as did the other members, who had her put out. What is the church going to do about the increasing immoralities of its clergy? We do not exaggerate in saying that we could fill an entire issue of The Truth Seeker with accounts of the same nature as the foregoing from newspaper clippings received in the past few months. More likely the matter would fill two numbers, and exclude the advertisements of books. Will the church adopt the Catholic policy of expediency and permit what it cannot restrain?

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.

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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.

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EVE'S DIARY

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

STATE MAINTENANCE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

From M. Florence Johnson, Massachusetts.

The Editor, Truth Seeker: In The Truth Seeker of July 6, R. B. Kerr tells us that Socialists in other countries make State maintenance of children one of the principal planks in their platform, and says: "On this question the Socialists of America are in utter antagonism to those of Europe, and they will live bitterly to regret their folly. The stand which American Socialists take on this point makes it impossible for them to get women into the movement, for most women are not wage earners, and the great attraction of Socialism to a woman is that it promises State maintenance of mothers and children, and thus makes every woman absolutely independent of any individual man. The result is that although no country has so many intellectual women as the United Kingdom, no country has so few women Socialists."

It seems to me that Mr. Kerr is just a little confused in his ideas. I should state it this way: The reason that no country has so few women Socialists as the United States is because no other country has so many intellectual women. I was told only a few years ago by an Englishman that the American women were a surprise to him. He asserted that it would "take generations to bring Englishwomen to the independence in thought that he saw on every side in America;" that "Englishwomen did not seem so free in the home nor in business as in this country." This may be an exaggerated view, but if women in other countries flock to a party because it promises them support for their children, it must be true. I cannot think that such a promise would bring recruits from the most intellectual women of America. Intellectual women, as a rule, would not desire more children than they could support without the aid of the state. This flocking to a party that agrees to support them and their children leads one to think that the poor women have not yet grasped the idea that they have a right to choose any other vocation than child-bearing. Indeed, he says: "For most women are not wage earners, and the great attraction of Socialism to a woman is its promise of state maintenance, etc." In may be that in other countries there is such an utter impossibility of women earning a livelihood that they are willing to "breed food for cannon and love the cannoner," if they can only be supported. A sad fate truly! Talking of "thus making every woman absolutely independent of any individual man" is amusing. Does not an individual woman depend upon an individual man for parentage? It is a logical conclusion that as the state gives more and more to the child and the mother, it will by the same gradual means assume control of them and eventually will say who shall be the fathers and the mothers; but the state as actual father is as great a joke as the Holy Ghost in that relation. Of course I know that Mr. Kerr meant only the financial father.

An intellectual woman would hardly choose as the father of her child one who did not enjoy with her the idea of parentage, nor one who would not assume the responsibility of the care and education of their progeny. Some intelligent women think the state already has too much ownership of the children. Amer-

ican Socialism does well not to interfere too much in individual matters, especially with intellectual women and their babies.

(Why not make King Theodore the father of the whole business?)

IT IS THERE.

From George M. Marckres, Connecticut.

Editor of The Truth Seeker: Please extend my subscription for a year and send me Remsburg's "Six Historic Americans." I have taken The Truth Seeker for many years, and think I have done much good here in opening the eyes of the blind. The churches all over the United States are now active in placing the tablet "Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech" in every available public place. I wonder would their activity be as great were those two words, "under God," omitted. I hope there is something in regard to that in Remsburg's book. I have got the idea from somewhere that those two words were not in the original draft said to have been written on a piece of wrapping paper on the train en route.

[The Gettysburg speech is mentioned by Mr. Remsburg, with authority for the statement that the original draft did not contain any theological allusion.—Ed. T. S.]

THE UNREWARDED SOLDIER.

From an Undesirable Citizen.

Mr. Editor: There was once a soldier who was called upon to go to war. It was a dangerous campaign, in which he engaged at peril of his life, and it was waged for the annexation of a foreign territory. The soldier did not know whether or not this territory would turn out to be a desirable acquisition, or whether the natives would be treated with justice or with inhumanity once they were annexed. Finally, however, he took service with the government.

It did not issue him any rations, although in order that he might enroll he had laid aside an honorable position wherein he had a prospect of achieving considerable success. In the very worst of weather not even the poorest barracks were furnished to him by the state. When he was seen upon the streets, instead of a universal uncovering of the head, some smiled and others blushed to look at him. When his turn of service was at an end, the country did not pension him; it gave him no preference on its civil service list, but instead practically denied him government employment, claiming that his peculiar make of uniform debarred him, no matter how well he had passed his examination for his work: and worst of all, it turned out that the new territory was decidedly not worth the having, being a breeding-place for little else than revolutions, and an especially strong, hardy variety of mosquito. When the veteran sought to regain his former place of office, he found it held down by another man who had never been a soldier. On election day he found himself without a vote in the country of which he was supposed to be a citizen.

Some time after this, the Emperor of the Republic (sic) was delivering a harangue to the inhabitants. "My friends," said he, "I observe with the greatest pain and distress that many of you show no anxiety to enlist and do your duty by your Government. What is to become of all of us if you thus shirk the task which devolves upon you as good citizens?"

But a denizen of that country, who was engaged in pleasant private enterprise, was seen to shake his head quite doubtfully as he pointed to the discharged soldier, who had meantime secured a position in a department store at the luxurious stipend of \$4.50 per week. "Now, what I want to know," said he, "is what the government has done for that poor soldier over yonder, to encourage any others of us to enlist."

BOB BURDETTE.

From John Hammes, Iowa.

Friend Macdonald: Among many good articles in The Truth Seeker, June 29, is one on Bob Burdette. It reminded me of his lecture on the dog years ago, before he went to the dogs himself. I have more pity for him than contempt. Poor Bob! he must have got to a place where the road forks, took the wrong fork, and lost his way. A revivalist is a cross between a dog biscuit and a porous plaster. He has the objectionable features of both and the virtues of neither; a religious fanatic, he thinks he can reform the world by singing psalms and preaching a doctrine of license to crime. To make his poor dupes shell out their dimes, he makes them doubt their own reason and judgment that teaches them that man shall suffer the consequences of his own acts.

Poor Bob lost his own mind. A great mind he had. He was a naturally gifted orator, brilliant speaker, and humorist.

"DIRT CHEAP."

From W. H. Steen, Missouri.

Editor Truth Seeker.—Dear Sir: Please find order for my renewal to the dear old paper. I sometimes think the price too high, but when I take into consideration the amount of useful information and solid matter found in The Truth Seeker and think of the great number of fools that spend so much in the interest of superstition, I make up my mind that the paper is dirt cheap, so let her come along for another year, for it is like wine; it improves with age. I don't remember just how long I have been a patron of the paper, but I do know that a great many of the "old guard" have passed over to the other side since I have been a reader.

I send a small order for books, and hope that you may be able to fight superstition for many years to come.

THEY ARE AFRAID.

From Dr. Amos York, Illinois.

Editor Truth Seeker—My Dear Sir: Yours at hand. Please find renewal inclosed for the best paper in America. Its influence is felt in every home in the country. Its influence has caused many changes in the free-school system, for their elevation. It has caused the Christian to acknowledge that he has no confidence in the dogmas he professes to believe. They are afraid to read it. They are afraid of the "Age of Reason," they are afraid to trust their own reason. My Christian friends, why not be as honest with your neighbor as you are in your "closet"? Why don't you say to him that to read Liberal literature will destroy faith in Christianity, for I am afraid there is nothing to it that will stand criticism?

Mr. Editor, my health is very poor. I have been confined to my home for nearly three years. This is the third time I have renewed that I thought would be the last.

THE POPULAR STYLE PREFERRED.

From Chas. A. Egle, Missouri.

I made it a point a few years ago to secure at least one new subscriber every year. I have succeeded so far. This year the prospects looked very dismal, but, thanks to the stern fates, I got one just in the nick of time.

Your paper is all right. I would not alter it materially. I would suggest, however, that I would print a little more of the kind of writings like that of John Peck, L. K. Washburn and Dr. Roberts. They write and speak in a plain, straightforward way; not too scientific or abstruse. Not all the readers of The Truth Seeker are able to understand or relish abstract articles. The majority, I think, prefer something in the "popular" style, and it will be somewhat easier, I think, to secure subscribers among the unscientific.

However, I would not exclude the purely scientific articles either, for many of the subscribers do understand and relish such articles, only I would have a little more of the popular, John Peck style.

THE "SUBJECT UNSOLVABLE."

From "Bob White," New York.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker—Sir: I feel inclined to criticise Mr. J. R. Perry for his "Subject Unsolvables" in a back number of your paper.

To me the tenor of his remarks is not in keeping with the true spirit of a "liberal mind."

Any subject is unsolvable to one who persists in thinking there can be no change, no improvement, no righting of established wrong, and who continue to argue on the same line of thought as do some theologians, that "whatever is, is right," which is correct when applied to nature in the physical world, but not true, as history proves, as applied to man-made laws in the social world.

However, let us thank our stars for the "growlers" of the past and bless them for growling against existing conditions. What of the fiery Martin Luther, when all the world stood aghast at his impudence? What of Patrick Henry, Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln?

Of course men are not all equally endowed—any child could tell that. What the Socialists are driving at is to do away with the cruel doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" (or meanest) in the social world by teaching that all men should have equal opportunities; that is, the opportunity to enjoy all the wealth the workers create.

Because a few men have been endowed by nature with a peculiar kind of brain which enables them to so construct or control the laws of the land, that they are given the legal right to monopolize all those things which are necessary to sustain the life of the human family, does not prove to any fair-minded person that such men have the moral right to "gobble" up the good things.

It is idle to discuss that phase of life of those who live simply to gratify the animal that is in them. We think and talk of the teeming millions who labor and groan in order to bring to the feet of the brainy men—the idlers—all the good things that rightfully belong to the workers.

"Men are better fed, housed, and clothed, educated, work less hours, have more comforts," etc. Yes! some of them. But in spite of the wonderful improvements which a favored few enjoy we are increasing in poverty: more beggars, more paupers, more criminals, more ignorance—the ratio is appalling. When there was no machinery to put labor on the streets, there were no paupers except among the "animals." Now, we have the bread line, soup houses, free milk, free ice. All men are not willing loafers nor willing sensual animals; but millions sink to that level because the race for gold is only for the swiftest and strongest, the vast army of mediocres are left in the rear to die.

Machinery has placed labor on the streets with empty stomachs, while the owners of machinery pocket the savings.

Advertise for a man to-night, and thousands are at your door in the morning, willing, anxious to work. Yes! machinery has created more wealth, true; but who has the wealth?

It is grievous to hear Mr. Perry say "the talk is all bosh, worse than baby talk." No! No! it is a serious calamity, a tragedy, that the human family should be divided into two distinct classes—a handful to have all the wealth they never toiled for, and the great mass of humanity forever struggling to keep life in their bodies.

Is it not a fact that those who build houses do not own them? they who make

clothing go in rags, baker's children never see cake, miners who dig coal for the millionaire send their children out to pick cinders, shoe-makers able to build ten-dollar boots are satisfied to get ninety-eight cent brogans, patched at that? Yet brother Perry says the poor have been equally benefited.

"So far as land is concerned there are hundreds of millions of acres that can be had for taking of it." Ye gods! Where? Sure, there are, there are the Bad Lands and the alkali deserts of Nevada; beautiful crops of cactuses; there are the Rocky mountains, huge crops of stone; even the dismal swamps of the Hackensack Meadows, within a stone's throw of the greatest city of America, acres upon acres, that no one can use, are owned, and a price set upon them. And there are the dismal swamps of Florida and Virginia, the jungles of Africa, the Desert of Sahara, millions of acres. I ask in all sincerity of Mr. Perry, how far would an able-bodied man get, with a wife and family, no money, next month's rent due and the grocer unpaid? How far would he get if he should want to take up some coal lands in Pennsylvania or some timber lands in Oregon or Michigan or wheat and corn fields in the rich and fertile country of Dakota or Montana? How "far down in the primitive life must he get in order to settle on a barren strip of land, ten miles from the nearest railroad, three miles from the nearest postoffice, a mile from the nearest river, and dig a well to China for drinking water. Splendid opportunities indeed, so far as land is concerned.

Brother Perry says, land is not a free thing like air and water. Of course it isn't. Just now. It was one time, but somehow men of Mr. Perry's cast of mind seemed to feel, that some portion of the earth's crust was created especially for them to the exclusion of all others; a special providence ordained that certain types of brainy men had the divine right to own, control, parcel out and divide to "their heirs or assigns" forever certain portions of lands, etc.

It seems really too bad that brainy men could not parcel out the air, the water, and the sunshine—box it up and boom for future generations at so much per cubic foot.

I would advise Mr. Perry to study the social problem a little longer. I am sure he will find there is a solution in spite of the many conflicting remedies advocated by the different schools of Socialists. Study those points well and thoroughly, and ask himself these questions: "What is wealth? Who creates wealth? Who has wealth?"

Is there not enough food and to spare, raised by the farmer to feed every man, woman, and child even to the loafer (the loafer in the bar-room is no worse than the loafer who dawdles his life away in fashionable clubs drinking champagne).

Who gave the millionaire the right to glut and loaf? What would become of him if the half-starved millions of workers stopped toiling?

Is there not enough coal mined and to spare to give every widow and orphan a fire to sit by? Is there not enough lumber to build a home for everybody to own and be sheltered without being taxed to death to support the monopolist?

Does Mr. Perry know that while the wealth created by labor amounts to ten dollars per day per capita, the wage received by labor is less than one dollar per day? Will Mr. Perry tell us where the nine dollars go to?

Does Mr. Perry honestly believe that Mr. Rockefeller has the moral right (just because he has brains,) to accumulate a billion dollars of the wealth created by labor and a product of the earth, which product should be as free as water for everybody?

I could go on ad infinitum, but will

close by saying, there is a solution to the problem: If men, even Liberals, would free their befogged minds of old time and worn-out ideas, and think honestly and long on the many remedies offered, some at least could be tried. For instance, do away with the monopoly of unused land, by placing the "single tax" on land values; then see how quickly land would be utilized by those who are now landless.

Do away with taxes on everything we eat, drink and wear; let us have our food and clothing at its natural value.

Do away with that form of government which can be "bought and sold like fish in the market." Let the people vote what laws shall or shall not be. See then how quickly that vermin, the professional politician, will disappear, that class of vampires who grow fat by selling the vote of the masses to the corporations for a "mess of pottage." When that has been established as a form of government in place of the present cruel system, we shall see the beginning of the solution of the social problem.

IT IS HIS FAVORITE.

From W. W. Yarnall, Pennsylvania.

Mr. E. M. Macdonald—Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$3 for another year's subscription to the Truth Seeker, which is one of the best papers published in this or any other country, being wholly devoted to the best interests of humanity. It speaks God's truth right out, unbiassed by fear or favor. I take six papers, and I would rather part with all the rest than with The Truth Seeker.

HEARTY RESPONSE.

From James Hamilton, New Jersey.

Editor of The Truth Seeker: Inclosed find \$10. Renew my subscription and send the paper for a year to a new subscriber. The remainder you may use in the cause of Freethought as you see fit. I hope you will have no trouble in arousing Freethinkers to send in the needful.

Death's Deathless Enemy.

There dwells one bright immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
Sons of oblivion.
To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. "And who art thou," he cried,
"That lookest on me and art not appalled:
That seem'st so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?"
But she no answer made; silent she stood;
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on thro' the enamored air,
Silent with luminous uplifted brows—
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.—Young Innocence: "Mama, the man who drives the wagon here every morning must be a mighty good Christian."

Mother: "What makes you think so, my child?"

Young Innocence: "Because, just now he took a barrel of ashes and when he lifted it over his head to put it into the wagon, the barrel turned upside down and the ashes spilled all over the man's face and down his clothes, and stuffed his mouth and eyes; and the man didn't do anything but sit right down and just talk to God about it."—The Bohemian.

Two Queries.

Him.—Why is it that a woman never means half what she says?

Her.—Why is it that a man never says half he means?

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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."

Indians at School.

In the extreme northeastern part of Indian Territory is what is known as the Quapaw Indian Agency. At this place on a hill overlooking Lost Creek Valley is the United States School for Indians.

In this school are the children of the remnants of the tribes of Wyandotte, Seneca, Shawnee, Ottawa, Modoc, Quapaws, Peorias and Miamis, to the number of 130. The school was established many years ago by the Friends Church. It has always been, says the Kansas City Star, a place where the hands as well as the mind were trained, even after it passed from the control of the Friends to the United States Government.

At the commencement exercises this year instead of a brilliantly lighted auditorium a platform built under the trees was the scene of graduation. Hattie Wright and Yvette Spencer gave a demonstration of the art of table setting. This was followed by Ruth Stevens and Rella Baldwin, who showed how to make waffles. The stove and waffle irons were on the platform, and the waffles were eaten after they were made. When they had finished Eva Jamison and Esther Crozter washed the dishes, giving verbal instruction in the manner it should be done.

Mabel Spencer and Effie Walker gave an exhibition of that most abused of all arts, bread making, and they had excellent success, even though they were under the eyes of 200 critics, many of them housewives who had been making bread for many years. This was followed by a demonstration of the way to do a family washing by Daisy Hinman and Ida Spicer. "From the mattress up" was an exhibition of how to make a bed correctly. The bed, the pillows, pillow slips and the bed clothes were at hand and put in place with swift, sure touches by Myrtle Walker and Ida Schrimpsier, Indian girls trained as housekeepers as well as in literature.

When it came to the boys the most interesting exhibition was the hitching contest. There were three pairs of contestants. Each pair of boys had a wagon and team. Upon a signal the boys unhitched the horses from their wagons, took the harness off, tied both horses with halters to the wagon wheels, then harnessed up and hitched the horses to the wagon again and started off. The contest was exciting and close.

The pair of boys winning made the remarkable time of two minutes for the entire performance, and the next pair was only a half minute behind. The boys had been trained to the work and their speed and deftness were a revelation to their fathers, who had been taking thirty minutes for the same work all their lives. This was followed by Charles Clark, who gave a practical example of how to transplant cabbage and tomato plants. He had the plants and the soil on the platform with him.

There are no more pupils in the school now than there were ten years ago. The Indian children attend well. The industrial work particularly attracts them. The Indian must have something for his hands to do or you cannot keep him in school. The school owns and

conducts its farm and garden, gives attention to stock breeding and gardening and has its own carpenter shop, built by the students. The school management attempts to divide literary and industrial work about equally in the school curriculum.

From Brown to Green.

When all the brown is turning green
The baby buds and leaves are seen;
They push their heads out, one by one,
And nod and smile to greet the sun.

When all the brown is turning green
The little birds their feathers preen;
They love the coming of the spring,
And so they build and nest and sing.

When all the brown is turning green
Over the brook the bushes lean,
And dip their fingers in the tide,
And scatter drops on every side.

A little child may love them all—
The buds, the brook, the birds that call,
And watch the spring come softly down
To change to green the earth so brown.

And so I like to romp and play
On such a warm and sunny day.
I feel as happy as a queen
When all the brown is turning green!
—Annie Willis McCullough.

Look Up.

It is actually true, believe it who can, that there are middle aged people alive, with two perfectly sound, clear-sighted eyes, who do not know the ways or the motions or the aspects of the stars over their heads; and this despite the fact of their harmonious, orderly behavior, their punctual appearance in the sky at the proper season and at the regular hours, and their splendid, majestic whirl in circles about the Polar Star.

Such folks miss all the serenity and liberation of spirit that come from looking up in June to the fair, bright Spica and realizing that she (it is impossible to explain why some stars are feminine and some are not, but it is indubitably true) is speeding at a white heat, at an immeasurable distance, one of the most rarefied and tenuous bodies in the sky, while just above her lies a wonderful double star, Gamma Virgo, one part glowing red and the other green.

Spica herself used to be called by the Arabs "the solitary one," because her position in the sky was apart from the other bright stars. The nearest very brilliant neighbor is Regulus, the handle star in the summer sickle. This is one of the most neighborly of stars, being visible for eight months in the year; it disappears about the end of August, but early in the November mornings it may be seen again.

The summer stars are not quite so brilliant and so dazzling as the winter ones, but they are more easily observed; and who fails to lie on his back on a hillside one or two clear nights in summer to track their courses fails also to establish one of the pleasantest and friendliest of universal relationships.—North American Review.

Mark Twain's First Money.

While traveling recently, according to the New York Times, Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of \$5 or public chastisement. Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the \$5. At that period of my existence \$5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little

consequence, and so—" here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"Well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first \$5."

Sir Frederick's Prescription.

The king of England's famous surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, has this to say to the rising generation. It comes from one who knows:

"Boys, don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance, and determination. The best motto for a long march is: 'Don't grumble. Plug on.' You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap-jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open down. Keep clean body and mind."

Obeying the Law.

A number of small North Delaware street girls opened a lemonade stand at the edge of the curb. The drink was in a large glass pitcher with sliced lemons floating appetizingly at the top. One small girl, with a red crayon, had lettered the word "artificial" and leaned it against the pitcher.

"What's that for?" inquired a passer-by.

"Pure food law," said the girls in chorus.

"But why should you label it? Are not the water, the lemons and the sugar pure?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's artificial about it?"

"The ice."—Indianapolis News.

Well, Never Mind.

Father—You are very backward in your arithmetic. When I was your age I was doing cubic root.

Boy—What's that?

Father—What! You don't even know what it is? Dear me, that's terrible. Here, give me your pencil. Now, we'll take, say, 1, 2, 3, 4, and find the cubic root. First you divide—no; you—let me see—um—yes—no—well, never mind—after all, perhaps you're too young to understand it.

The Candlefish.

The Indians of the Pacific Coast of British Columbia use a curious candle. It is a little fish called the "eulachan," or "candlefish." It is not more than an inch in length, and looks like a smelt. It is richer in fatty material than any other fish, and so makes a good substitute for a candle. The Indians dry it, when it will burn with a bright flame. Sometimes they simply light it at the tail, and sometimes they run a wick through the body.

Divided.

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you."

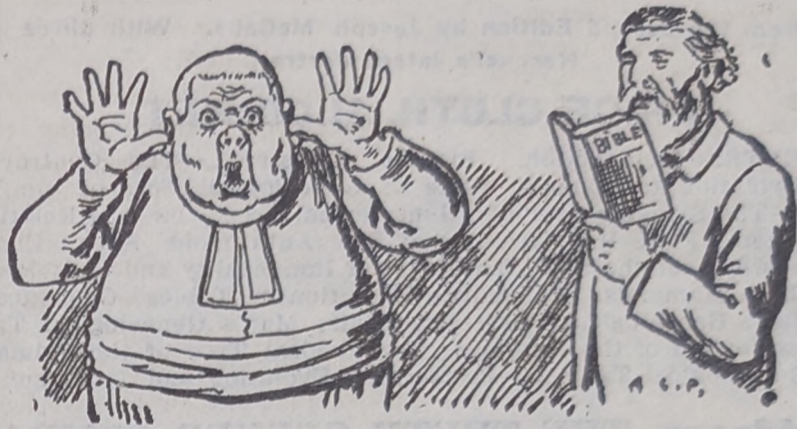
"It a'n't, all," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."

June.

Gentle maidens graduate in this month from college, Maidens who are scarce beyond the interesting doll age. Soon they'll take this tough old world by its horns and shake it—Can they mix a pan of dough, and when it's riz then bake it?

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

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"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."

Indians at School.

In the extreme northeastern part of Indian Territory is what is known as the Quapaw Indian Agency. At this place on a hill overlooking Lost Creek Valley is the United States School for Indians.

In this school are the children of the remnants of the tribes of Wyandotte, Seneca, Shawnee, Ottawa, Modoc, Quapaws, Peorias and Miamis, to the number of 130. The school was established many years ago by the Friends Church. It has always been, says the Kansas City Star, a place where the hands as well as the mind were trained, even after it passed from the control of the Friends to the United States Government.

At the commencement exercises this year instead of a brilliantly lighted auditorium a platform built under the trees was the scene of graduation. Hattie Wright and Yvette Spencer gave a demonstration of the art of table setting. This was followed by Ruth Stevens and Rella Baldwin, who showed how to make waffles. The stove and waffle irons were on the platform, and the waffles were eaten after they were made. When they had finished Eva Jamison and Esther Crotzer washed the dishes, giving verbal instruction in the manner it should be done.

Mabel Spencer and Effie Walker gave an exhibition of that most abused of all arts, bread making, and they had excellent success, even though they were under the eyes of 200 critics, many of them housewives who had been making bread for many years. This was followed by a demonstration of the way to do a family washing by Daisy Hinman and Ida Spicer. "From the mattress up" was an exhibition of how to make a bed correctly. The bed, the pillows, pillow slips and the bed clothes were at hand and put in place with swift, sure touches by Myrtle Walker and Ida Schrimper, Indian girls trained as housekeepers as well as in literature.

When it came to the boys the most interesting exhibition was the hitching contest. There were three pairs of contestants. Each pair of boys had a wagon and team. Upon a signal the boys unhitched the horses from their wagons, took the harness off, tied both horses with halters to the wagon wheels, then harnessed up and hitched the horses to the wagon again and started off. The contest was exciting and close.

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Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is last year's nest from which the bird has flown.—H. W. Beecher.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I Shall Make A Brave Death.

I shall make a brave death,

Spite of hell and all

I shall with my parting breath

Hold pale fate in thrall.

I shall make a brave death,

Stand thou by and see,

How old comrade life and I

Can part company.

—Robert Loveman.

Carlyle had a sort of contempt for art. He pursued inartistic reality for three score of his years, and found it a skeleton. Then, when too aged and weak to pursue it further, a fair lady, a pure artist, came to see him, sat with him, and one day brought her easel. She covered her palette with a chaos of colors; then made her canvas a similar pretty chaos. Then the old man beheld his features growing out of that chaos. He looked into his own eye. It was mystical. He smiled as if once more a child.—M. D. Conway.

O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests

high!

And O ye Clouds that far above me

soared!

Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing

sky!

Yea everything that is and will be

free!

Bear witness for me, whereso'er ye

be,

With what deep worship I have still

adored

The spirit of divinest Liberty.

—Coleridge.

"He (Huxley) said he had not been bothered in early life about Bible-reading as a duty, and consequently used to enjoy the Bible stories. This may account for Huxley's concession that the Bible might be read in the public schools. His Freethinking friends were distressed by this, but when I spoke of it to Leslie Stephen, he said, "What made us Freethinkers? Why, reading the Bible." Nevertheless, I consider that the great mistake of Huxley's life, and I have heard that he himself so considered it in later years.—M. D. Conway.

Says Fra Albertus:

Give us this day our daily work.

We best redeem the past by forgetting it.

Everything done in haste has to be done over again.

Churches so far have not put in suggestion boxes—only poor boxes.

The disadvantage of regarding religion as a good police system is that it makes that kind of a religion perpetual.

Any man who looks to doctors and medicine to make him well, and keep him well, is headed for the monkey house.—The Philistine.

I dropped my pen; and listened to the

Wind

That sang of trees upturn and vessels

lost—

A midnight harmony; and wholly lost

To the general sense of men by chains

confined

Of business, care, or pleasure; or re-

signed

To timely sleep. Thought I, the im-

passioned strain,

Which, without aid of numbers, I sus-

tain,

Like acceptance from the World will

find.

Yet some with apprehensive ear shall

drink

A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows

past;

And to the attendant promise will give

heed—

The prophecy,—like that of this wild

blast,

Which, while it makes heart with sad-

ness shrink,

Tells also of bright calms that shall

succeed.

—Wordsworth.

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May: "Why, I wasn't aware that he could make a speech."
Edyth: "Well, I can't repeat the speech but I can show you the ring."—London Tit-Bits.

Lay or Lie?—"Which is correct," asked a summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"
"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know; when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

The Missionary From Michigan. There was a missionary Who went from Mich. With tracts to make more tractable The savage heathen man. Alas, the missionary— The tale's too sad to pen! He'll go, that missionary, From nary Mich. —Woman's Home Companion.

His Own Business.—Cittiman: "Look here, sir, didn't you warrant the horse you sold me yesterday to be without fault?"
David Harum: "Yes; ain't he?"
Cittiman: "No, sir, he is not; he interferes."
David Harum: "Wal, I don't see as you hev any reason fur complainin' about that. He don't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?"—Lippincott's.

Sure Way to Cure Fits.—"Moike!"
"What is it, Pat?"
"Shposin' Oi was to have a fit?"
"Yis."
"And yez had a pint of whisky?"
"Yis."
"Would yez kneel down and put the bottle to me lips?"
"Oi would not."
"Yez wouldn't?"
"No. Oi could bring yez to yer fate quicker by standin' up in front of yez and dhrinkin' it meself."—London Tit-bits.

She Couldn't Miss It.—A young married couple were returning from their honeymoon trip on a sleeping-car. During the night when the train was running slowly over some still, mountainous country, a soft feminine voice told John that she wanted a drink of water.
"All right, dear," replied John. "The cooler is only a step down the aisle."
"But how shall I know which berth is ours when I come back?" she asked timidly.
"I will stick my foot out in the aisle," said John, "then you can't miss it."
When she came back there was a large-sized foot sticking out of every berth in the aisle.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Legal Advice.—"It's this way," explained the client. "The fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now, what would you do, if you were in my place?"
"If I were in your place," replied the lawyer, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him, and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But, as things stand, I advise you to sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. I need the money."—London Tit-bits.

A Clear Claim.—An official of the Pension Office at Washington offers the following excerpt from an especially amusing letter received from a claimant for pension:
"The way I got my war injury was a-ketchin of a hog. The hog were a sow hog and our capten wanted her for forage. We was chasin' the sow, and she crawled threw a hoal in a rale fence—it were a big hoal, and I thot I were above the size of the hog and tried to crawl threw, but I stuck, and trying to wigle out I throde the rales off and one hit me on my hed and noked my senseless. I do not think the sow had nothing to do with my line for duty for I did not ketch the hog. Wich she never were caught."

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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
Triumphantly 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!

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News of the Week.

Manufacturers in Havana will raise the pay of the striking cigar makers and add the increase of cost to the price of cigars.

Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, of San Francisco, convicted of extortion, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, July 8.

Mrs. Victoria Morton of Bellport, Long Island, brought suit for divorce on the ground of her husband's "cruel and inhuman snoring." The Supreme Court denied the sufficiency of the complaint.

The defense has put in all of its testimony in the Haywood case, now on trial at Boise, Idaho. The witnesses denied the particulars of Orchard's testimony. The state is now adducing evidence in rebuttal.

The Council of Ministers at St. Petersburg has empowered the Ministry of Marine to include yearly in the estimates \$15,500,000, from 1908 to 1911 inclusive, for the construction of warships and their armament and for torpedoes and guns.

The native newspapers of Manila in the Philippines are attacking the Administration and Commissioner Trinidad de Tavera for permitting the use of Government vessels in the Progressist political campaign in the southern islands.

On July 10 the deposits in the Bowery Savings Bank, this city, reached a total of \$1,000,000, which is unprecedented in the history of savings institutions. The increase is attributed to a subsidence of the "suburban real estate speculative fever."

A new Texas statute, effective July 13, doubles the price of "shooting irons" because it gives the state half of the total amount for which a dealer sells a revolver. The result is the dealers have to double the price. The law is intended to hamper "pistol toting."

The newspapers report "Misery in the Home of a Woman M. P." The woman involved is a member of the Finnish Diet, and the complainant is her husband, who says she does not give him money enough to live on, although her official salary is \$75 a month.

At the celebration of the achievement of French liberty in Paris last Sunday a man fired two shots at President Fallieres, but his aim was bad and nobody was hit. It is not known whether the man is an "anarchist," a Catholic, or an alcoholic victim with a disordered mind.

A Japanese army officer was arrested in San Diego, Cal., July 11, for making drawings of the fortifications of Fort Rosecrans, and locked up pending the arrival of instructions from Washington. As the Japanese had committed no crime, Washington had no instructions to give.

Mrs. William Thaw, the mother of Harry K. Thaw, now awaiting his second trial for killing Stanford White, has sold for about \$2,000,000 some coal lands in Westmoreland County, Pa., which by the will of her deceased husband were not to be disposed of except in case of absolute necessity.

The Wisconsin Senate has passed the two-cent fare bill as amended by the House. The Pennsylvania Railroad has begun suit to prevent the city of Philadelphia from collecting fines or otherwise enforcing the provisions of the Pennsylvania two-cent law when it becomes operative on October 1.

The Democratic joint legislature caucus of Alabama on July 10 unanimously nominated former Congressman John H. Bankhead for United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Morgan. This is better for Bankhead than filling the vacancy caused by the election of Hobson to Congress.

By order of the Board of Health a large gospel tent in Jersey City was taken down last week and the evangelists dispossessed of the premises. They had been keeping up a shouting until a late hour of the night, so that nobody in the neighborhood could sleep, and would not reduce the volume of noise when requested to do so.

Admiral Baron Yamamoto, who was Japan's minister of the navy during the Russian war, is now in America. He says concerning a possible war between Japan and this country that the Japanese are not thinking as some jingo Americans are talking and writing, and that the sending of a fleet to the Pacific is an affair of this country's and not of his.

An autopsy in London shows that the death of Mrs. Grace Hancock, wife of a former Chicago clergyman, who was arrested on suspicion of poisoning her, was due to other causes. The husband, the Rev. Walter Swinburne Hancock, was assistant pastor of St. James' Episcopal church, Chicago, 1895-1896, but lost the place by spending too much time with disreputable women.

A pension of \$750 a year has been granted Ouida, the novelist, by the British government. Ouida's real name is Louisa de la Ramee, and she is of English birth. From her writings she realized vast sums of money, but did not know how to take care of it, and latterly has been living in poverty in a small Italian village. She is 78 years old and in broken health. Her pen name, Ouida, is her childish pronunciation of Louisa.

The American flag which floated over Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, in 1814, during the bombardment of that city by the British, and which prompted Francis Scott Key to compose "The Star Spangled Banner," was received at the National Museum in Washington, July 9, and placed in a glass case for exhibition. It has been lent to the government by its owner, Eben Appleton of New York. The flag is so old and torn that it had to be reinforced with a canvas backing. It is 28 by 30 feet.

King Edward of England has granted a free pardon to Col. Arthur Lynch, who was convicted of treason in 1903 for fighting against the British in South Africa. He was sentenced to death, but this was commuted to imprisonment for life. In January, 1904, he was released on license. This did not remove his disqualification to sit in Parliament, nor his other disabilities. The pardon wipes out all of these, and the Colonel may take the seat in Parliament to which he was returned by the electors of County Galway, Ireland, while he was fighting England in the Boer war.

Mark Twain has said good-bye to England and taken his departure. "Almost royal" honors have been paid him. The Britishers have had a good deal of fun over the coincidence that the Ascot gold cup was stolen while he was at the races and that the Irish crown jewels disappeared during his visit. Professor Boyce of the Liverpool University, invited to meet Mark at a banquet, regretfully wrote: "The sudden disappearance of my country's jewelry following so rapidly upon the lifting of the Ascot cup compels me reluctantly to forego a good dinner and the company of an incomparable expert. I will have my watch."

The Munich Post repeated some time ago statements made in the Reichstag regarding alleged murders and cruelties to natives committed when Dr. Peters was governor of German East Africa. Peters sued the newspaper for libel and the editor of the paper was condemned a few days ago to pay a fine of \$125 or go to jail for fifty days and to pay the cost of the proceedings. The editor ap-

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

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pears to have proved his case, but the court held that Peters had acted in accordance with what he believed to be his rights as imperial commissioner. The affair has become a burning question of part politics and promises to absorb for a long time the attention of Germany and to awaken considerable interest elsewhere in a similar way, if in a less degree, to the Dreyfus case in France.

A number of influential women of London have been for some time organizing a movement to improve the social, legal, and industrial status of women in the United Kingdom. They propose to establish a women's congress, to which a qualified woman from each parliamentary constituency will be appointed. The congress will meet periodically to discuss and frame recommendations regarding all laws affecting women's welfare and submit them to the government of the day. One of the objects will be "to make it possible for women's views to be represented authoritatively instead of leaving their representation in the hands of a small but noisy minority, who call attention to themselves by unseemly conduct." It is proposed to steer a middle course between the woman suffragists and the anti-woman suffragists, and in the words of the secretary "voice the views of the enormous majority of Englishwomen, who do not desire Parliament to try to enfranchise them, but who recognize the crying need of reform." Every trade and profession in which women are employed will be represented in the congress, the motto of which will be "dignity, sympathy, and truth." The gradual fading of these "respectables" from public view will be watched without much interest.

Wanted.—Respectable lady's correspondence. Address O. Johnson, Box 35, Missoula, Mont.

WAR!

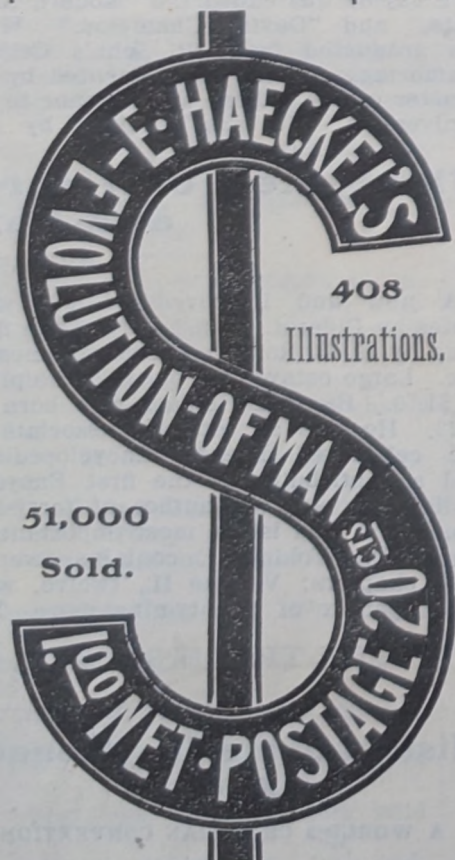
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