

Torch of Reason

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The Second Psalm.

Oh, wherefore should the preachers rage,
And dope their dupes with doctrines
vain?

They pose as prophet, priest and sage
While mental lambs for them are slain.

They teach not that that's good for man,
But filthy myths they know not true;
They council in their priestly clan
To spoil the work that thinkers do.

Oh, let us break their galling bands
And have no cords upon our thought,
And help the good of every land
To laugh to scorn what priests have
taught.

Then let us set our ideals high,
And climb the Hill of Science fair;
Let Nature's sons for Nature cry,
And work while dupes are at their
prayer.

The wrath of gods and sons, is not
The spur that should inspire the free,
And blest we'll be when Christian rot
Is washed from "Lands of Liberty".

The Story of Job.

A long, long time ago, one beautiful, sunshiny day in spring, when all animals feel like sunning themselves, the Devil and a few of God's children met with the old gentleman to talk over their business of controlling the earth. The Devil, being the oldest, reported first; he told his heavenly father that he had been "walking up and down in the earth" a good deal, and he mistrusted that a certain rich man who lived in Uz was a little bit hypocritical in his services. This man was Job, and although Job feared God and chewed evil, this mighty Devil created a doubt in the mind of the Omnipotent One, and he concluded to give Mr. Job a thorough test. Jehovah was so very busy with his harp factory and other things that he put the whole matter into the Devil's hands. This of course pleased the Devil and he went at the work in dead earnest. Poor Job was soon robbed of his sheep, his camels, his

oxen and his donkeys; but the worst of all, the Devil getting control of the wind bags in some way or other, blew down Job's oldest son's house and killed every one of his seven beloved boys, who were at their elder brother's house having a little progressive euchre and wine party. This made Job feel like doing something radical, and so he tore his new night shirt, shaved his head and fell down and worshipped, and, although God deserved a good "cussin'" for allowing the Devil to act so much like himself, Job didn't seem to understand just how the thing stood.

People in those days were more childish than they are now and Job supposed if God gave him anything God had the right to play "baby-trade" and take it back again. When people give presents now-a-days they never think of "taking them back" and some people are so independent that they would not accept a present under any old "take-back" conditions. But Job didn't lay up God's foolishness against him at all, 'cause he feared him, you see. But God's oldest son, the Devil, seems to be a "chip off of the old block" and hadn't had fun enough yet; and so he made his "awful dad" believe that if Job got sick he would be apt to go back on God at any time. God seemed always very anxious to please his first born, and so he told the Devil that Job is "his meat", to go ahead and "do him up" and telegraph him the result (telephones were not in use in those days). Then didn't old Job catch the devil! Poor old Job, how he did boil over! But, as soon as God found out that the Devil had been fooling him and that Job was "true blue," he gave him twice as many donkeys and things as he had had before.

The Devil? Oh, the Devil! We don't know just what did become of him, but we should judge, by the number who believe the story of Job to be inspired, that the Devil has been condemned to do nothing but make donkeys ever since. Selah.

Don't Neglect Us.

It must be evident to every thinking person that there is an extreme in what some call liberty that would be very detrimental to society and at last plunge us into ruin as a people. This extreme is one of the greatest hindrances to the onward march of real liberty and true progress.

Most people will accept truth and when convinced of error will leave the old stranded wreck at once but when in the presentation of one truth people will cling to errors worse perhaps than the one which affects the people we are trying to save, then our work is made very weak and moves very slowly indeed. Those who wish to bring their creeds

of folly into the Freethought ranks will continue to endeavor to destroy our work as fast as we build, but we hope that the people who are really interested in moral, progressive Secularism will not for a moment forget us. We cannot succeed without help, and although your help may not be considered essential by you, yet it certainly is.

Please don't think that we'll get along in some way and neglect to lift your share. Sometimes the burden all falling on a few, crushes them, and then people think it is their fault, when just a little help at the right time would have saved them. Our school is prospering finely, the teachers and students working in dead earnest, but our expenses, although not large, are larger in proportion than they will be when we have a larger number of students. Some time ago we made it plain, we thought, that we needed help, but there were very few who seemed to realize that we meant it. We are satisfied that there are many who would take right hold with us at once if they understood the importance of it to our cause, but we are tied up here with the school work, printing, etc., etc., and can't see the many honest, faithful Secularists who we know are looking with pride and much hope toward our Secular educational endeavors, but do not realize how much we need their help. Many who could write short articles or letters for the TORCH that would do much good, wait for others, thinking perhaps that others can do better. Many who could send us a thousand dollars and hardly miss it, neglect to send us any help at all, not realizing how much a few here are sacrificing for the cause we all love so much.

If we can only succeed in graduating the class of young men and women that we now have in our school, we will have a force that will rescue our noble banner from the filth of the filthy who are trying to sail under its beautiful folds and place it on a lofty height far above the miasmatic swamps of spookish superstitions, and lawless, licentious libertinage. We realize that on account of the world being full of frauds and those who only work while they have an axe to grind, many are suspicious and are slow to help such enterprises as ours. We blame no one for this, and we wish that there were more honest doubters, but should we not be earnest investigators as well? We have no way of assuring our friends that we are working for the good that we may do other than to say so and work. There is not a worker among us who would not stop work immediately were it not for the fact that we believe that we can do the most good by working as we are for progressive, moral Secularism and Freethought. Financially

there is NOTHING—absolutely nothing—in it and never will be, for every dollar that we get for tuition and for the papers goes to help pay expenses, and if we are ever fortunate enough to get a surplus it will all go to build and furnish our school and auxiliaries.

Now, are the friends of progress going to come to our aid, or not? Must we sacrifice everything, drag out our whole lives in the hardest kind of toil, and when we become old be kicked for what we tried to do? This is just what we will have to do unless we have help, for we will never give up until forced to, and even then would try again as soon as we could. But why can't we have a LITTLE help just now when we need it? If you would sell all you have and help get this institution built, you would be doing no more than others have done for what they consider right.

Those who are scarcely able to get enough to eat should keep their money for their families, but some of you fellows who have a surplus that is no good to you, help the cause with it. What if you can't get a fancy price for that property; sell it at any price and come to the rescue. Please don't let a few Freethinkers slowly and laboriously build up this temple of science and morality, but let us all take hold and put it right up. Now come on friends, let's do this thing without waiting for others. One world at a time, and now is the time.

Throw Away the Crutches.

The following seems to be a fair sample of Christian philosophy (bigotry) and Christian fairness in making statements:

"Although not new, the following incident, said by a gentleman who lives in Washington to have occurred when the late Henry Ward Beecher and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll were accidentally thrown together at a mutual friend's house, is good enough to repeat. After the conversation had been general for awhile, somebody introduced religion. Col. Ingersoll proceeded to favor the company with his Atheistic views, which were combatted by several. Mr. Beecher said nothing until he was asked if he had nothing to say on the subject. Then, drawing himself to an erect attitude, he replied, "Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed today." "What was it?" inquired Col. Ingersoll. "Why," Mr. Beecher replied, "as I was walking down town today, I saw a poor man slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big bully, himself all bespattered with mud, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man and left him sprawling and quite helpless in the liquid dirt, which almost en-

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