

devil and are going to hell? Do you know that this idiotic superstition just makes me sick? I mustn't think of that, I must attend to my own business. Take a seat. That tall youth standing by the table is Mr. Louie Rauch, one of the best natured young men you ever saw. He is President and is about to call the meeting to order. Don't you think the closing verse of the opening song very appropriate for these young workers? That is Miss Jane DePeatt at the Piano. Listen!

When you find a noble cause, help it on!  
When you find a noble cause, help it on!  
Never wait for man's applause,  
Never count the cost, nor pause,  
Help it on, help it on, help it on, on, on!

You see they don't have their regular program this evening. They have election of officers and it is quite an exciting time, for, after the election they are to go over to the University building where a long table is loaded down with good things and where they are to have an evening of pleasure.

But listen to the nominations. One declines; another declines. No one seems to want to take the responsibility of being President. Mr. Rauch is nominated for reelection. Listen to his noble words, "Members of the society, you need not expect me to decline for there is too much to be learned by holding these offices and I want to tell those who have declined, that you don't know how much you are losing. I have have held this office two terms and I think it would be better for some one else to hold it, but I will not decline." Ah, several nominees. Hurrah! Hear the applause! Mr. Frank Morely is elected. Speech! Speech!

Now hear them discuss rules of order. Do you know that some of these chaps will know more when they get through with the Y. P. S. S. C. than most of our senators do? See how excited they are. The President is reading from Robert's Rules of Order. Some are getting anxious for the supper and a motion to adjourn is being made. It is quickly voted down.

Well, the officers are all elected, at last; the captains of the literary contest chosen, and now a motion to adjourn is made and carried. Spirit, let's go over to supper. Ah! doesn't the table look just splendid? No wine? No, sir. We are Freethinkers, and we are free to think that it does no harm to leave stimulants and narcotics out of our diet. Pure, cold water, you will notice, is the only drink we have on the table. They don't look as if they were suffering for wine, do they?

That is Miss Lora Ames at the head of the table. She is the victorious captain in whose honor the supper is given. That rosy-cheeked brunette who escorted Miss Lora to the table is Miss Winnie Whitlock, whose forces were defeated, but who

is now winning a victory as an entertainer.

Supper is over, and what a fine supper it was! Now the real enjoyment begins.

See that tall girl shooting the little air rifle. That is Miss Lillian Johnson, from Eastern Oregon. That little lady in the corner is Miss Gertrude Milliorn, from Junction City. That little boy? Oh, that is Prof. Mason's son Lloyd, from Tillamook. I wish you could stay longer, dear spirit, for it would be a pleasure to tell you all their names, but as you say you are just carried away with music, I suppose now that Master Chas. Page, of Zena, and Mr. Rauch are getting ready to play, we will be robbed of your company. Well, good by. May good bless you. We hope you will come again soon and bring your body with you so as to stay longer. An revoir.

**Must Go with a Rush.**

EDITOR TORCH OF REASON:

Please send me a few copies of the TORCH OF REASON of January 6, if you have them, for I want to see that University movement succeed. I will send them to parties who I think would be pleased to assist by subscribing fifty dollars each. I want to see this thing go with a rush and without delay. Really, I would rather be a promoter of this enterprise than to have been a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In fact, it is a Declaration of Independence, inasmuch as it will be a means of liberating the rising generation from the slavery of superstition and bigotry.

P. C. MOSIER.

**OBITUARY.**

We regret to record the death of one of our promising young Secularists, Raymond O. Wicklund, of Vale, Oregon, who died at his home January 2d.

Raymond was born April 21st, 1878, in Monroe, Sevier county, Utah. In 1884 he came to Vale with his parents, where they have since resided, Raymond working on the farm, attending the district school and the meetings of the Malheur Secular Union and Secular Sunday School. Although an industrious student, he was not satisfied with his store of knowledge, not with the Secular educational advantage of his surroundings, and so he was preparing to enter the Liberal University next fall. Who can tell how much our cause has lost by the death of this young Secular worker? He was an honest, moral, upright young man, and nor only his parents and six brothers, but all friends of progress have cause to mourn his loss. But true Secularists do not mourn as the superstitious do. We know that Raymond is at rest, and that soon our life-work will be done as his is done. We are thus prepared, and we only weep when our loved ones are gone and we can never have another opportunity of making them happy. Oh, how kind and loving we should learn to be to those who are here now, before they leave us or before we leave them, never again to say the kind word nor do the kind deed that brightens the lives of those we love.

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