THE TORCH OF REASON, SILVERTON, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1898.

years ago. Since then the holy men have been grinding out priests and beer by the car load. Bishop O'Connor, the first prelate of Pittsburg, raised a big kick at the holy beer and carried the fight against it all the way to Rome. Arch Abbot Wimmer, the then head of the sacred brewery, went to see the pope in defense of the blessed juice. Pius IX. was the pope then, and Pius not only told the holy man to keep on making his beer, but raised the brewery to the dignity of an Arch Abbey so that it would be beyond the jurisdiction of any one-horse bishop to make trouble.

It seems that a man named Phelan is the bishop of Pittsburg now, and Phelan is one of the leading patrons of the brewery, so it is doubly safe from his interference. A staff representative of the Voice visited the holy brewery, incog., and had a high old time with the holy men. The priests thought him to be a good Catholic, so they rushed the growler, gave him fine Havanas to smoke and made merry generally. At the door of the brewery was found a dish of holy water for the use of the holy soaks.

Last Fourth of July the big \$250,-000 church gave a big beer picnic for the benefit of the construction fund. A thousand kegs of holy beer was drunk and \$4000 was netted toward the construction of the big god-house. Three months ago a party of the brethren went on a church toot, drank 75 kegs of holy beer, got into a free fight, in which one man was almost killed and fourteen were arrested, and all for the glory of God. There are over 300 students at this brewery-monastery, many of whom are studying for the priesthood.

Abroad.

My stay in Junction City was a pleasant one, and I met many friends I had not seen before. I received some subscriptions for the TORCH and a fifty-dollar donation for the University.

Tuesday morning we (my bike and I) left Junction City for Harrisburg, where we spent a few hours among the good people, two of whom subscribed for the TORCH, after which we started on a loug trip to Albany, a distance of abont twenty-seven miles. The road extends through a flat, prairie country, and on account of the mud the bicycle would have to ride occasionally while I waded. This did not hinder much, however, and we left the road behind us pretty lively. We tried to find a Secularist along the road, but all our search seemed in vain until, after traveling a distance of fifteen miles, we stopped at a farmhouse to enquire the way. I knew by the friendly smile of the lady who met me at the door that she must be a Secularist, so after enquiring the road I decided to investigate further. Secularists usually "take thought for the morrow" and as a consequence have their larders filled with good things, so I offered to buy a glass of milk, as it was near supper time and the oil and compressed air on which I fed the bicycle is not good food for man, unless it be a politician and an Esquimau. To my

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under command of the pope and drinking 1000 kegs of beer for the glory of God in a single day is very exciting business.

W. E. JOHNSON.

Tenth Annual Convention.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Oregon State Secular Union will be held at Wagner, Oregon, three days, beginning Sunday, July gave him a copy of the Torch and 3, E. M. 298. This is the first time hope he has recovered from the a convention has been called to meet in this part of the state, and a splendid time is anticipated. The first day will be devoted to exercises at the grave of Katie Kehm Smith, and the second day to the celebration of Independence Day. A full program will be announced later. PEARL W. GEER,

President. Silverton, Or., May 5, 1898.

Uncle Tom's Cabin will be played, Thursday night, in the canvas Claine's bank, Silverton.

surprise, the lady refused to sell milk, and, to my greater surprise, she escorted me into the kitchen and set before me a bounteous feast that made my stomach cry for joy. It is needless to say that I did ample justice to the meal, for which the lady would take no pay. I This thing of running a brewery learned that she and her husband are both Secularists, and she accepted a subscription to the TORCH

OF REASON, after which I bade her good by, mounted my bike and sped away down the road. No other Secularists could be found. I was referred to a man who "had a peculiar religious belief", but on investigation I found him to be the most superstitious of men, looking

for his Jesus to come and take him without a moment's warning. I shock it undoubtedly gave him.

We arrived in Albany about dark, just as the rain began to patter down. The next morning it was raining hard and the roads were too slick for the bicycle, so I took the train for Lebanon, fifteen miles distant. Arriving there, I enquired for a Secularist, and was referred to G. E. Hardy, who welcomed me to his jewelry store and subscribed for the TORCH OF REASON. He also made me acquainted with several others, and as a consequence I obpavillion, back of Coolidge & Mc- tained seven subscribers and met

(Continued on 8th page.)

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