

Torch of Reason

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We request you to send us the names of Secularists who might become subscribers and we will mail sample copies.

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Let the Heathen Rage.

A minister once asked a little boy whose pants were out at the seat, why he didn't go home and have his mother mend them. The little fellow said, with a woe-be-gone look: "Oh, ma, she ain't at home; she's gone to soci'ty to sew for the heathen." How true an illustration this is of many mothers and grandmother-men of our home of the saint and land of the priest. While our heathen tax-collectors, the preachers, are gathering the pennies, the dollars and eagles in order to force the poor Hottentots into the unnatural, galling, destroying clothing of Christianity, many of our own children are forced by neglect into a condition worse than heathen.

The wild people of the world if let alone do not suffer when in a normal condition. It is only during famine or pestilence, the same as it is with Christians during very hard times, that they suffer. When in a state of nature they are as happy as the birds and the squirrels, and it is absolutely wicked, unjust, cruel to force them all at once into the artificial ways of the more advanced races. It is as wrong to compel a Bushman of Australia to live in a fine house, eat at a first-class hotel, or try to understand the meaning of a Methodist hymn as it would be to make a wild goat wear pants, eat sawdust and sing like a nightingale. The heathen are in a state of nature, and are happier thus, for it takes ages and ages of slow growth to bring any animal from a lower to a higher state of being.

In order to develop the horse to a nobler, more useful animal, we do not catch him wild and all at once put him into the harness of the modern draft horse. The small, agile limbs of the wild deer could not be made to do the service of the camel unless little by little it be trained and cultivated for the purpose, and this would require a slow process, under right conditions, for ages. Missionaries worked hard with the American Indians for years, but we fail to know of one full-blooded Indian who occupies anything but a very common position in the scale of civilization, and the forced civilization of a few has been at the expense of nearly the whole race. Leave the heathen to live and die in his own native shade, only treating him kindly, trading with him justly, keeping from his body and brain the liquid hell of rum, and he will grow as fast as it will be good for him. Contact with honest (not Christian) traders and truthseekers (philosophers) will leave its mark on his feeble mind and this will be transmitted to his offspring, and in nature's own good time he will come up to a higher standard of life.

If by some act of divine Nature the Martians should come to earth and try to teach us a new way of navigating space, they would certainly be unwise to take us up to a great height and, giving us good advice in regard to the use of wings, give us a good send-off toward terra firma; and yet this is what the poor heathen are suffering at the hands of the orthodox missionaries, and the poor boys with ragged pants and degenerating morals are paying the bills.

In a sermon a short time since the agent of one of the gods (we think it was the one that once ordered one of his servants to murder all the men, women and children taken in battle) told a story about a Christian man who failed of doing his duty in giving for the support of the missionaries. The man was a good man. He loved his family and seemed never so happy as when taking them to some instructive entertainment or buying something for their comfort and happiness, but when asked to help in the missionary work he always offered "hard times" as an excuse. Finally fever entered his home and his two little girls, the pride and joy of the poor man's home, were taken away. "And do you know," said the preacher, "that I sometimes think that God in his mercy sent this affliction on this man to teach him that 'hard times' is not a good excuse for not carrying the gospel of Jesus to a lost world." What doctrine to try to stuff down the mental throats of thinking people! If a god has no better way of teaching people good lessons than to foully murder their little children,

he had better trade places with a devil and hereafter take off his murderer's mask.

It is not true. There is no such god. It was the devil known to science by the name of "Disease Germs" that killed the little girls, and instead of building missionary-confidence-god houses, we must establish Liberal Universities, in order to draw the attention of our people away from the imaginary gods, which do us no good, long enough to kill the real devils which do us much hurt.

"Let the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing," but let us who are redeemed by Science and honest thought, love and serve Humanity.

Twenty Forerunners.

It is quite a question with us how best to get our scattered forces together so as to do the best work possible for the cause of Secularism. We are determined that nothing will keep us from our purpose, and if one plan doesn't work we will not be discouraged but try again. Our plan at present is to find twenty Secularists who will get the thing started by each buying an acre of land lying next to the Liberal University tract, each building a neat little house. These twenty will be the pioneers who are willing to sacrifice for the cause—make or break, sink or swim, live or die.

What will it cost? It will cost each of the twenty just five hundred dollars to buy the acre of land and build a fine little home, all complete, painted, striped and varnished. We can get lumber, windows, doors, nails, paint, etc., very cheap on account of buying in large quantities. Thus we can make beautiful little homes for this small amount. Now the twenty pioneers will have many advantages, for the land will be cut up into lots, and as soon as they get things started they can sell part of their lots for as much or perhaps more than their house and land both cost. In this way it will not be a poor investment from a financial standpoint, and as far as helping our cause along is concerned it will do more than can be done in years and years of scattered cross-firing. Several of these little homes could be rented right now to parties who wish to attend or send their young folks to the University.

As soon as the twenty forerunners get nicely located we will start industries that we know will pay good dividends, and then others will buy lots, build homes and help to build up our University, Secular Church and a happy community of workers for the greatest cause on earth.

Who will be the twenty to put their names on this roll of honor to be handed down to a Freethinking posterity?

Another Shot from the Enemy.

Our readers will remember that a few weeks ago we mentioned in the News and Notes that certain parties had visited us and would send their children to school the coming year. Of course it pleased our friends that people from distant cities would patronize our institution, thus helping us with their money and influence, but of course there are people whose selfishness and liver-complaint together causes them to have overflow of the gall, so they immediately look about for some means of striking us in the back, and this is what they did: they crept around in a manner best known to those who are afraid to stand erect and got word to our new found friends that the members of our faculty are very profane, and if the little boys are sent here they will be taught to swear.

Now this, like all the useless spitework against our school, is utterly false. Of course some of us were brought up in orthodox families and orthodox Sunday schools, and old habits are hard to break, but by the grace of good common sense we will help the young people to avoid the use of such foolish orthodox slang as can be heard all over this great Christian land. How we wish we could have been sent to a Liberal University when we were young! We might have been taught the true motive for using good language, instead of being lied to about "an awful hell for bad boys". When orthodox boys are old enough to know that this hell story is false, they begin to swear, not having been taught true motives for using good English. Well, we wish to inform our friends that the "lyre bird" has been "headed off"; our new found friends are our friends still, and the boys will be on the deck of the great Liberal University steamer October 3rd, sailing toward the fair harbor of a liberal education.

Abroad.

Baker City is the great mining center of Eastern Oregon, as well as an important shipping point to the interior. These advantages have caused Baker City to become a town by no means small. I staid over night and a part of next day, visiting friends and making new acquaintances. The Spiritualists are quite numerous, and most of the Liberal work has been done under their auspices, and the Materialists hold back and do not identify themselves with the work. There is some chance and a great need for Secular work.

As I was strolling along the streets in the evening I saw a crowd gathered on the corner, and supposed it must be a religious gathering, but upon nearing I discovered a young man standing upon a dry goods box addressing