

Torch of Reason

The Only Paper of Its Kind.

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Notice!

A hand pointing to this notice denotes that your subscription has expired. You are earnestly requested to renew so that you may receive the paper without interruption. We have decided that it is best for all concerned that we do not send papers longer than the time paid for unless so ordered. This will prevent any loss and we will know just where we stand.

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, E. M. 299.

ALL ABOARD!

It began to rain in the afternoon and the Secular pilgrims at Dufur began to feel "blue," thinking that there would be no one at the hall in the evening to hear the "New, New Story of Science and its Love"; but the rain ceased, and although it kept some from coming from the country, there was a good audience for a small place. We find that there is no Freethought organization in this little city nestled in the hills, but the majority of the people are Liberals, and our anxiety about paying expenses was soon dispelled. One friend here, who certainly cares more for the principles of Secularism than for "sounding a trumpet before" himself, dropped \$5 into the hat. We would like to know who this friend is that we might thank him or her. This, with other generous contributions, more than paid our expenses.

In the morning, after paying our bills, mending a punctured tire and securing a number of subscribers for the Torch of Reason and Right Living, we "mount our noble steeds and lead our band some more." Over the hills to Wamic we plod our weary way, and hills they are indeed. One is said to be seven miles long, and we hadn't enough backbone left to dispute it when we reached the top and started down the other side. But there is always some way for "God's people" to get through, and a very pleasant surprise was in store for us. Mr. J. W. Beaty, having heard that we were on the road, determined to catch us. He was with a

team, and by driving fast while we were detained at Dufur he overtook us, and Mrs. Hosmer and our baggage had a chance to ride. So we traveled on till about 1 o'clock, when we stopped at a country inn and refreshed ourselves with the fuel necessary to keep up our muscular contractions. The landlady is a Freethinker, but her husband, who was absent, is a Catholic, and she is not free to think for herself after all. She would like to subscribe for the Torch, but did not for fear of displeasing her religious husband. Being somewhat rested, on we go till we come to the Tygh Valley grade, which is too steep to ride down on what an old Indian whom we met called our "skookum horse." As we walked down this winding dugway, what a beautiful sight met our eyes! The hills looked like great bubbles of melted rock, as, indeed, they are, only they have cooled. Beautiful beyond description is the scene as we looked up on the smooth, brown mountains and saw the grazing cattle, which in the distance look like little toys. Spread out before us is a valley alternating with green and brown and gold of field and prairie, and on the right, only a short distance away, Mount Hood, in its dazzling white splendor, loomed up above the sun-tinted clouds.

At last, weary with studying these beautiful scenes, we moved on and our conversation turned in a different direction. "They say this is a great country for rattlesnakes," remarked Charlie, and we had not long talked about snakes before buzz-zr-zr went a rattler not half a dozen steps ahead. Then the poor little creature had, like everything that comes between the human family and progress, to forfeit its life. A well-directed rock from the hand of our young Freethought champion, Mr. Rauch, soon put a quietus to the danger from this venomous reptile. But oh! if we could as easily dispatch the old serpent of superstition, which still crawls out in the sunshine of our present day civilization and buries its fangs into the tender minds of young travelers. We have great hopes for our young Freethinkers and the good they will do, and Mr. Rauch is in the front rank of our expectations.

Time and space prevent our telling all our experiences on this memorable occasion, but let us relate one more. The wagon road crosses the river at a number of places, and there being no bridges, bicyclists have some trouble in getting across. In one place we were obliged to "coon it" along a narrow board which was placed on top of a mill flume. Carrying our loaded bicycles along this narrow, rotting trail over swiftly-running water was no easy job, but the hardest was yet to come. At the

end of the flume a small log crosses the river, which at this point is deep and very swift. Taking our heavily-loaded and awkward bike in our arms we started, but although the "spirit was willing," the flesh was too tired and weak, and we freely acknowledged that we could not walk it without tumbling in. At this our old pioneer, Mr. Beaty, who has grown gray in the service of Freethought, came across the log, took the bike and, carefully balancing himself, walked easily across. The other "boys" sat down on the log and "hitched" across, and by "cooning," crawling and other divers maneuvers we were all at last safely landed.

We reached Wamic before dark and soon found that this is indeed a Liberal community. The friends of Freethought made us welcome, entertained us, secured the church, which, by the way, does not belong exclusively to orthodox people, and circulated the news far and wide that the next evening there would be an entertainment and lecture. After a very pleasant visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Driver, who are known far and wide as radical Freethinkers, and after being introduced to many others who are very much interested in the greatest cause which ever engaged human thought, we hurried to the church, where a large and intelligent audience greeted us. Whether our efforts pleased our friends or not, we can only judge by the fact that they stayed some time after the lecture, giving us an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the most prominent people in this part of the country, and enthusiastically congratulating us on our lecture and entertainment. These people are nearly all enthusiastic Secularists.

We met Mr. End and his son, John, who talks of coming to the Liberal University next year, Mr. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock and son, Mrs. Zumwalt, Mr. and Mrs. Swift, Mr. Campbell and many others, who encouraged and assisted the Freethought bicycle travelers in their campaign against humanity's great enemy. Our expense at Wamic was almost nothing, and we received enough financial aid to put us all in good spirits, and bright and early the next morning we wheeled away south toward Bake Oven and Antelope. Mr. J. W. Beaty, to whom much of our success at Wamic is due, went as far as Bake Oven with a team and carried our baggage.

Reaching Bake Oven, a little hamlet and stage station, too late to attempt to go on to Antelope, we stopped for the night. Cold, hungry, sore from hard up-hill riding and utterly disgusted at the grumpy old landlord and his high prices, we felt pretty "blue," and getting up at 3:30 a. m., we strapped our big packs on our wheels and

started up-hill in the rain for Antelope. But "one step and then another and the highest hill is climbed." The sun came out at last. We talked of Secularism, Liberal University and Torch of Reason to every one we met, took four subscribers and sailed down grade into Antelope at 9:30 a. m. We at once secured the large school house for our entertainment and lecture, and as we write the people of this lively little burg can see in every direction neatly printed handbills, which read as follows: "Tonight! Tonight! Entertainment, consisting of a short address, songs, farces, etc., by Prof. J. E. Hosmer and wife, assisted by Louis Rauch and Chas. L. Page. Everybody cordially invited."

And now we fix up the school house, practice, hurriedly write this account and wonder "what will the harvest be."

Denounced the "Higher Criticism."

The following is from a New York press dispatch:

"Higher criticism" was bitterly attacked by the Rev. Doctor L. W. Munhall, an evangelist from Philadelphia, at the Methodist ministers' meeting at No. 150 Fifth avenue today. He declared that the church's enemy was now in her pulpits. He asserted that in two of the theological schools Old Testament professors were giving the students all the objections to the Bible's authenticity, without attempting to answer the objections, and he related instances of young men who had become Infidels after attending Methodist educational institutions.

Although a vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Munhall for his address, it was not until after sharp criticism had been made. Doctor John R. Thompson, of Brooklyn, characterized the address as "the most dangerous paper heard here in a long time," and thanked God that the prevailing type of Methodism was not that of Doctor Munhall.

Doctor Buckley declared that some of the bishops were getting too intimate with wealthy men who endow the colleges.

Doctor W. F. Anderson declared that Doctor Munhall was guilty of heresy in putting the text of the Bible higher than the living Christ, and Doctor George P. Mains said:

"No such vague charges as have been made here against an institution near New York ought to be made. They should either be withdrawn or else made specific, and they should be followed by an official investigation."

Darwin, Proctor and Spencer have something to say to the world more important than what Paul, Peter and John said.—[The Boston Investigator.