

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, MAY 10, E. M. 300.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

How we do wish that all our friends could have been at Silverton last Friday and witnessed the closing scenes of our year's work. It was, as one of our surprised friends said, a grand victory. No mortal ever beheld a more lovely sunrise, and, as Mount Hood (the mother of the Willamette Valley) was beautifully lighted up by the bright, golden beams of the Emblem of Truth, our cannon awoke the echoes. Boom! Boom! Boom! went the cannon; and it is said that every Christian in the city and some at Mt. Angel flopped over at every discharge. It is certain that they heard it, and the "good book" says, "They that have ears to hear, let them hear."

The night before, Freedom (Hoffmann) had been appointed to attend to the guns, but "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and freedom will sleep unless we are willing to do and dare. We were therefore on the alert, and as the morning began to dawn and Freedom seemed to slumber, we aroused ourself, and urged on by an impulse to do something to awaken the slumbering masses, we sallied forth to the field of action. We were soon joined by an enthusiastic youth and a hard-working mechanic. Here we were, the president of the L. U. O., an enthusiastic student and a skillful, hard-working mechanic. The powder (knowledge) is applied, the gun (skill and labor) is manned, and the redhot iron (enthusiasm) placed in contact

with the explosive, and the sleepers are awakened; the Sons of Liberty are aroused to mightier efforts to save our race from the most galling chains of the worst slavery the world has ever seen. See them come! Who? The people (boys of the University) come as if mad with delight. Some are only half clothed. Some are lame, but they get there, and what a jubilee they have. And what is the lesson? Why, this: We as individuals and as a people must unite knowledge, skill and labor with enthusiasm in order to free ourselves from the awful errors of the past and their most fearful results. If freedom seems to sleep we must not hesitate, but do our part in arousing our brothers and sisters. We are not worthy of the smiles of the fair Goddess of Liberty unless we are willing to sacrifice our own selfish desires on the altar of Progress, Truth and Right.

The day was a lovely one, and at 9:30 a. m., as the Silverton Marine Band played "America", the Stars and Stripes we raised over the only

about it; suffice it to say that we all had a glorious time and that Charles Lester Page was crowned hero of the day by Miss Ollie Geer, a heroine of the graduating class. The crown was a wreath of our own state flower, the Oregon grape. Each winner of a prize received a card like the one in the center of this page, properly filled out.

Then came the closing entertainment in the evening; and what a crowd! Every one seemed happy. The literary program was a grand success. The Cooley orchestra were in their best musical spirits. The farce, the solos, etc., were superb, and Prof. Wakeman as Prospero and Miss Delle Davenport as Miranda received great applause. The evening's entertainment ended with a beautiful, sociable, nicely-conducted dance, which was, as Prof. Wakeman would call it, a poem in itself.

Nor must we forget to mention our museum and art gallery. The museum was a surprise to all, for no one supposed it possible that in so short a time we could collect so

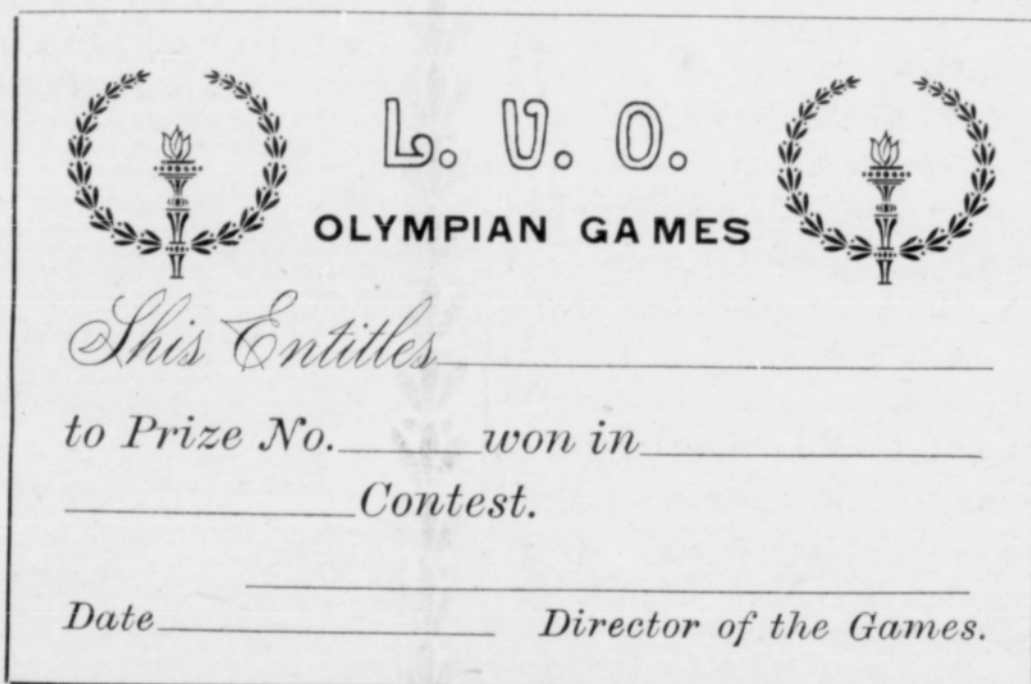
and we must not be afraid to talk with others and urge them to help. We are in the midst of a great battle, and this is no place for cowardice, indifference nor selfishness. Think! Act!

HURRAH FOR THE WHEEL.

Freethinkers, read the following from one of the noted divines(?) of our time, who preaches in a large church in a very large city, and then ask yourself if our opportunity has not come.

"The Sunday bicycle rides over the church. My position is this, that there is no one thing that is so sapping and undermining and overthrowing the Christian church today as the Sunday wheel. Some three years ago in Chicago there was a bicycle meet, and it was held on Sunday. In that line wheeling out from the city were 20,000 riders. When the head of the column had reached Evanston, 10 miles away, the foot of the column had just left Union Park in the city. Six abreast, 10 miles long, 20,000 astride the saddles and holding the handle bars. I suppose there is not a pleasant Sabbath in Chicago but over 200,000 persons are astride their wheels in Washington and Jackson and Lincoln parks. And the same is true in all our large cities. Central Park in New York, and Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, and Belle Isle Park in Detroit are thronged with riders all Sunday long. Like a great army these riders go wheeling past the churches, caring nothing for sermons and prayers and sacraments. And the saddest thing is that they are nearly all young men and women. If they were old, it would not be so serious, but you cut off the young people from our churches and they are doomed for all the future. Why, what is the cry from our churches the land over? It is the cry of small audiences. The morning service poorly attended, the evening service even more poorly attended, and in both of them but a meager handful of young people. You wonder where they are. I will tell you where they are. They are off in the parks astride their wheels. Instead of riding toward the church they ride right away from the church, and seemingly no power on earth is able to turn them back. Believe me, God's day and God's house are worthy of better treatment."

The churches are gone sure enough. They can't give the young, active people anything worth half as much as a good bicycle ride. We Secularists can. Here at Silverton we want to build a bicycle track and have an amphitheater and help the young people to have a happy time every Sunday, and when we do ask them to study it will be to study something better than the old dry bones of orthodoxy. Then they will know who their real friends are. THEN THEY WILL STUDY!



really and truly Liberal University in the world. At the signal, all gathered in the study room of the University to hear the literary program, which should have been heard to be understood and appreciated. Prof. Wakeman, Prof. Hoffmann, the students, the band, the L. U. O. choir, all together made a work of art—a jewel in the crown of History that is unique, significant and prophetic. Not one, from the silver-haired sage of Freethought to the little kindergarten actor, but felt the thrill of pleasure, pride and enthusiasm that comes from the unity of kindred minds in a great and noble cause. The exercises closed with the college yell:

"'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
Zip! 'Rah! Boom!
Liberal University—
Give us room! Luo!"

Then came the L. U. O. Olympian Games, and it is astonishing what a success people can make, even under what many would consider serious disadvantages, when they unite to do so. Our track and play-grounds were not completed, and so we were obliged to use the road in front of the University for our sports. Well, we can't tell all

many interesting and instructive specimens. Much credit is due Miss Katie Matteson for her work in getting these ready and labeling them, and to her father, Mr. June Drake and Mrs. H. C. Page for sending us so many fine specimens from their private collections.

The art gallery showed that if "artists are born and not made", we did not know what some of our students were born until we furnished them an opportunity to demonstrate it. Miss Wakeman, the instructor, is justly proud of this, the first year's work in the Art Department of the L. U. O.

The year's labor, so far as class work is concerned, is at an end, but we hope that every one who sees the far-reaching influence that our ultimate success will have for the cause of Humanity, will consider himself appointed as a committee of one to do SOMETHING at once to help us in completing the work that we have outlined for this summer. We want to raise—we ought to raise, One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and that at once. This can be done if we all do our best. We must not be afraid to sacrifice