

For the Torch of Reason.

Travels in the Holy(?) Land.

BY HARRIET HENDERSON.

No part of an Eastern journey could probably be of more interest to your readers who have never been there than that through a portion of the so-called Holy Land. The wheezy little engine over the poorly-built road from "Jaffa" to Jerusalem tugs the common-looking little coops, called cars, over the plain of Sharon and through the deep, narrow, winding gorges of the blueish Judean Hills steadily up an ascent from the sea of over 2500 feet to the ancient city of Jerusalem, a place of importance in South Palestine 1400 B. C.

The extensive orange groves at Jaffa are beautiful beyond description in the fruit season, and large camels, marching slowly down to the shipping port laden with great burdens of that delicious produce, form an interesting picture. The scenery here and through those ancient hills of rock, enhanced by tradition and history, is a survey worthy of many sacrifices for the opportunity of enjoying. But so much has occurred here to mould and fetter the world's thought and emotion, that even the gorgeous, golden, purple, setting sun seems pathetic as it spreads its mantle of rich coloring over vast areas of poverty, distress and degradation, the common result of ignorance and superstition, which we trust may in a measure be relieved by the approaching end of the 2000-year epoch. Swarms of missionaries greet us at every turn, neither intelligent nor handsome; and as the country is entirely under Moslem control, they are constantly complaining of the Sultan and his government. The inconsistency of this becomes apparent to those who realize that Abdul Hamid, with his many hundred wives and his very corrupt reign, is a decided improvement over the depraved "Old David" and his son, Solomon, with their well-stocked "harems" and wise "sanhedrim" of ancient times; and the missionary, with his Bible close to his small heart, is there to teach the subtle, cunning native what he will never believe. That those degraded old Jews were inspired and holy(?) men of God, in close, daily communion with him, satisfying his jealousy by the shedding of innocent blood, and that senseless Abraham is a marvelous example of faith for them to emulate, is perfectly absurd. These unreasonable efforts will, no doubt, in time terminate in Turkey in the same disgraceful and horrible way that they have in China.

Passing through the great Roman wall at the Jaffa gate, the traveler surveys ancient Zion, that fountain

head of supposed knowledge, once vouchsafed to a susceptible world. Jerusalem is not a town for amusement. Everything in it is tinged with religious fanaticism, and the winding around through the rubbish and decay of narrow, filthy, crooked streets gives one a very unfavorable impression. Places of wild, superstitious worship, with no shadow of foundation for reality, covered with tawdry tinsel and surrounded by a rabble of dirty, ignorant humanity, forces upon us a feeling of extreme disgust. Christians of all sects wage war against each other with foul weapons, and the contempt with which the Moslem looks down upon them is only too well deserved. Both Christ and Mohammed are expected to again appear in this holy(?) place, coming over from the Mount of Olives, and one old lady in the city is prepared to make for Christ his first cup of tea!

It is written that when this wise philosopher "beheld the city from the Mount of Olives, he wept over it." Such is not surprising, if he saw it then in as demoralized and degraded a state as it is at the present time. In spite of the fact that Jews are forbidden to immigrate or to possess landed property, their number about Jerusalem steadily increases, both of those who desire to be buried there and those who intend to subsist on the charitable funds of their European brethren. Sir Moses Montefiore, Baron Rothschild and others have done much to relieve these unfortunates—exiled and ostracized. Their pitiable condition is most strikingly exposed at the place of wailing, of which we will mention more in detail later. No Jews are allowed to enter the sanctuary of the Holy Sepulchre, but permission is extended them to go about the precinct of the temple of their once-adored Solomon. Not one, however, could be induced to enjoy the privilege, fearing his unholy feet might tread upon the sacred site of the Holy of Holies. Poor, degraded, dying race! In this place, where they once reigned with dazzling splendor at the zenith of their vainglory, they are now humiliated to the surroundings of ragged, filthy beggars and hideously-deformed lepers. The former are everywhere untiringly devoted to making the traveler's life miserable with a continual, whining cry of "Bakshish." The latter, sightless, maimed and repulsive, are at all available points, forcing themselves upon one's attention—helpless, pathetic victims of Nature's merciless law, uncontrolled by intelligence. The Russian hospital for lepers is doing much to alleviate their distress, but it is quite inadequate in affording general relief; and as there is no law prohibiting marriage among lepers, the future field of work will be extended, for their posterity is numerous.

Josephus says that "God took up his abode in Italy after the Jews were fallen;" and surely it only requires a sight of these poor, wretched creatures to overwhelmingly convince one that his present quarters are not at Jerusalem.

We may be able in the future to tell you something of those most interesting spots of the world's history, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the "Haram esh Sberif," or Solomon's Temple.

Cobbler, stick to thy last!

A shoemaker found fault with an oil-painted slipper in one of the paintings of a celebrated artist, but showed the greatest ignorance in criticising the other parts of the painting. Hence has arisen the oft-quoted saying, Let the cobbler stick to his last, and let every one attend to his own business.

As a result of sticking to business come and see the rush at Silvertown's Busy Store and inspect the Bargains, at

James Craig's
Silvertown, Oregon.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE. PRODUCE TAKEN

Our Job Department

—ALWAYS GIVES—

... Satisfaction

—BECAUSE IT GIVES—

HONEST STOCK, FINEST INK AND EXCELLENT WORKMANSHIP

LIBERAL UNIVERSITY,
OREGON.

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

Fall term begins Monday, October 1, E. M. 300 (A. D. 1900.)

NEW BUILDING WILL BE READY.

Students given board and rooms at the L. U. O. Dormitory at low rates

COURSES.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| Kindergarten. | Scientific. |
| Primary. | Normal. |
| Preparatory. | Law. |
| Commercial. | Classical. |

Courses in Medicine, etc., will be added as soon as practicable.

THE ONLY INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

STRICTLY NON-THEOLOGICAL.

For Catalogues and further particulars, address:

J. E. HOSMER, President; or PEARL W GEER, Secretary,
SILVERTON, OREGON.

We believe that cards like the following copy, neatly printed and distributed all over the United States, will help us to build the Liberal University. Reader, how many can you distribute to good advantage? This will cost you nothing but a little effort, and may help the cause of Freethought very much.



The Liberal University
AT SILVERTON, OREGON.

- 1 It will help many young men and young women to a higher education who otherwise will grow up without its great advantages.
- 2 It will educate workers for the great forward march of Freethought and Progress.
- 3 It will forever silence the accusation that Secularists have never done anything.
- 4 It will hasten the time when Reason and Love will reign, and when superstition and hate will be forever gone.
- 5 It will give you an opportunity to build yourself and others a monument, while you yet live, that will do a million times more good than the most costly one of cold, senseless marble.

If all help a little, we can accomplish much. Will you help a little?



JUST AS NATURAL as the old hen and a good deal more reliable. Doesn't break its eggs or make its chicks lousy. Doesn't stay off the nest and allow the eggs to chill but hatches every egg that can be hatched.

THE PETALUMA INCUBATOR
is absolutely perfect as to incubator essentials—proper application and distribution of heat and moisture, regulation and ventilation. For 50 to 350 eggs. WE PAY FREIGHT ANYWHERE in the U. S. Handsome catalog free. Petaluma Incubator Co., Box 1, Petaluma, Cal.

Six Tracts to Promote

Scientific Wisdom

In Place of Christianity:

- 1 Can Sins be Forgiven?
- 2 Does Christianity or Science Promote Civilization?
- 3 Is Religion or Science More Reliable?
- 4 Evolution and Comparison of Religions.
- 5 Does Belief in Miracles Benefit?
- 6 Immortality or Annihilation?

JUST THE THING

to hand to your Christian friends. Send 2 cents for 6, or 6 cents for 25 tracts, to ELIZA MOWRY BLIVEN, Brooklyn, Conn., or send 10 cents for 50, either kind or assorted kinds, to

THE LIBERAL UNIVERSITY
Silvertown, Oregon.