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*Acid Drops, To Correspondents, Sugar Plums,
Letters to the Editor, etc.*

Views and Opinions.

A Philosopher in a Fog.

THAT was a splendid phrase of Charles II, "His nonsense suits their nonsense." I have cited that illuminating sentence before, and I am quite certain I shall do so again. It says so much in so little, and fits so many people. It is also the only explanation of the readiness of some newspapers to admit the nonsense of Mr. C. E. M. Joad, under the name of philosophy. It should be said that his nonsense is generally associated with what he calls religion, and it may be that that the editors think that where religion is concerned nonsense is inevitable. Or it may be that as Mr. Joad has only one kind of nonsense to say, and keeps on saying that time after time, sheer repetition forces its way into publicity. For Mr. Joad is astute enough to uphold a "religion" which keeps him within the pale of respectability, and artful enough to attack certain forms of Christian belief, of which even large numbers of the clergy are ashamed, and so persuades the less thoughtful section of heretics that he is a genuine "Freethinker" attacking the forces of superstition. I am reminded of the immortal Major "J.B. is sly, sir, devilish sly."

Among my batch of Sunday papers for September 21, I noted an article by Mr. Joad in the *Referee*, on the subject of "Science and Religion." Knowing Mr. Joad, I was at once ready to wager that I could summarize his article without reading it, not merely summarize his teaching, which a man is certain to repeat, but the language used, for the peculiarity of Mr. Joad is that not merely has he but one thing to say in relation to a particular subject, but he has only one form of language in which to say it. The first may only indicate a stubborn mind, but the second is the sure sign of an attenuated intelligence.

A Fallacy in Freedom.

I am not going to examine Mr. Joad in detail, he is never coherent enough to make that method either interesting or instructive. He is far more interesting as a study in inconsequence and hopelessly wrong notions. And with him this is not a statement of opinion, but of demonstrable fact. Take the following:—

Free will is an illusion. Pieces of matter do not move freely; their motions are determined by the laws of mechanics.

Now there must be some sort of evening classes that Mr. Joad could attend where he might be taught the scientific implications of "pieces of matter" or anything else moving "freely." Quite evidently Mr. Joad thinks of a free movement as one which results from no cause whatever, but which just happens. But that, of course, is just nonsense, and being nonsense is not what science means when it talks about a "free" movement of anything. A free gas, for example, does not mean a gas the behaviour of which cannot be accurately described by definite "laws," but a gas the fundamental characteristics of which remain unaffected.

There is only one meaning to the word "Free"—that is one intelligible or scientific meaning—whether it is applied to an atom of matter, a gas, or a man or a country. It means the absence of external, contingent coercion. A man is a free man when he is permitted to act in accordance with the dictates of his own nature. A nation is free when it is permitted to act as the nation as a whole wishes to act. A gas is free when it operates in accordance with its own properties. Mr. Joad thinks there is some opposition between "freedom" and determinism, and there is not. An absence of determination is not the equivalent of freedom, it is just nonsense. I am not arguing whether Mr. Joad's thesis of the "freedom of the will" is right or wrong, but just trying to make it quite clear that he really does not understand what the dispute is about. I do not even say that he ought to understand the question before he writes about it, because in that case he would probably never write at all. Or, if he did write about the subject with discernment he would probably be shut out of the papers to which he is at present welcome.

* * *

God and the Atom.

Mr. Joad thinks, or he says he thinks, that modern science has strengthened faith in God, and, of course, he believes the cause of the change is our conception of the atom. Mr. Joad repeats what he has to say about the atom for the 7,495th time, and if one were to reckon a very modest fee for every article he has written in which he has said the same thing in the same words, and count all these occasions as one, he would rank as the man who has received the

greatest amount per word of any journalist the world has ever seen. He says the atom as now conceived is thought of as something that we do not know directly. But the atom never was conceived as something that we knew directly, it was never anything except a pure conception, and as a working conception in science it is as active as ever. It was a unit of calculation, and so inescapable is this as a datum in science that even the Quantum theory has to use it, dealing with atoms of energy instead of atoms of "matter." Let me hasten to add that I am not arguing with Mr. Joad, but merely pointing out certain considerations with which a man ought to be familiar before he ever tries to write on science, or still more, before he attempts to write on philosophy.

Having given us this remarkable illustration of his understanding of modern scientific movements, Mr. Joad approaches his conclusion, which, as is usual with him, has not a very close or logical connexion with his premises. With great daring he ventures the criticism that the old idea of God—that of one who created the world and then sat aloft seeing it go—is no longer satisfactory. There are thousands of parsons who will support Mr. Joad in this, so he is quite safe. But science, while not "necessitating religion," has "cleared the decks for a religious interpretation of the universe." The great enemy of religion has been, he says, Materialism. But, he adds, I will clear that bugbear out of your way, and having done so, I will even indicate a way in which you may still have a religion, for religion is a necessity—if one would maintain a place in the newspapers.

* * *

Matter and Man.

How does Mr. Joad do this? Well, he does it by taking as a product of our changed conception of the atom, a speculation that had grown whiskers long before the changed conception of the atom was heard of, and with which it really has no necessary connexion. He points out that our knowledge of the world we live in is a knowledge of mental states. This is a conclusion that has not been seriously questioned for about a hundred and fifty years, although the further question whether we are justified in affirming the existence of an external world has been hotly debated. But Mr. Joad takes from Professor Eddington, who really is a man of great mental ability, one of those foolish sentences which men of ability occasionally let loose. This is, that we have a knowledge of ourselves which is direct, certain, and immediate, which our knowledge of "matter" is not. But the knowledge we have of a self is no more direct, immediate and certain than is our knowledge of matter. Or to put it the other way about, our knowledge of matter is just as certain, and immediate as in our knowledge of self. As categories of experience they are precisely on the same level. "Matter" is a general term covering one set of experiences, "Self" is another general term covering another set of experiences. But there is no independent self that sees and hears, or tastes, there is only a succession of sights and sounds and tastes, which with their after products become co-ordinated and are generalized under the heading of "self." I have a great respect for Professor Eddington, the scientist, and I deeply regret that gentlemen such as Mr. Joad should find him most admirable when he is least sensible and least scientific. It reminds me of a friend, a well-known musical critic, who once told me that if I would tell him which part of an opera I liked best, he would know which was the poorest thing in it. The adherence of half-baked mentalities is a very back-handed compliment.

Unconscious Humour.

Now in some extraordinary way Mr. Joad concludes that if we have a direct knowledge of self such as we have of "matter," then life is the reality and matter only the appearance, and when matter disappears altogether, in some far-off day, there will only be life left, and a universe in which there is nothing but life, "while not positively requiring a God, is at least a much more likely habitation for a divinely conceived being than is a purely material universe." It would not be fair to make Mr. Joad responsible for this extraordinary theory, because it has been common for many years, and Mr. Joad has just picked it up as being sufficiently unintelligible to satisfy those with a religious craving. But why? or what? or where? or how? It is quite plain that even if life preceded matter (I haven't the slightest notion what such a statement means, but I am following Mr. Joad) it is still plain that "life" only knows itself through the existence of matter, and if matter again disappears, then life will cease to know itself again. But, "Life and mind?" says Mr. Joad "being by their essence free and creative, will be conceived as moulding the forms of matter instead of being determined by them." But if matter is doomed to disappear and nothing but life remains, and life shows its freedom by moulding matter, how can life show itself, or do anything with itself in the absence of anything to pit itself against? Mr. Joad has made a mistake. He thought he was forging an argument for the eternity and supremacy of life. He has come very near forging one for the supremacy of matter, if not for its eternity. Perhaps as life is always there, and as its "Essence" is creative, it will go on creating matter all the time, but in that case it will not outlive matter. Perhaps Mr. Joad does mean something. Let us be charitable and hope he does, but what in the name of Abracadabra and the blessed Mesopotamia is it?

And how do these fantastic incoherencies clear the deck for a religious interpretation of the universe? After all religion is not, fundamentally, lunacy. It may look like that in the hands of modern apologists, but it was not that to begin with. God, whatever his form, always stood for a being who was consciously moulding the world to his ends. And it will not do to offer the religious consciousness something that only becomes conscious in contrast with, and through a conflict with "matter." Anthropology gives us very good grounds for believing that God was originally the solidification of a shade. Mr. Joad thinks that by taking the solid and re-transforming it into a shadow he is "clearing the decks for a reinterpretation of religion." But for his lack of humour and the seriousness with which he takes himself, I could believe that much of what he writes is intended for a joke. At any rate it must give rise to many a smile.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

I live in constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill-health and other evils of life, by mirth. I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life.—*Steele*.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.—*Seneca*.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a Saint.—*Lavater*.

A Master of Melody.

"Master who crowned our immelodious days with flowers of perfect speech."—*Watson*.

"In power and imagination and understanding Swinburne simply sweeps me away before him, as a torrent does a pebble."—*Ruskin*.

WHEN Swinburne died in 1909 there was stilled the voice of the greatest of our lyrical poets; the greatest metrical inventor in the English language. Although men of rare genius had ransacked verse for many centuries before he was born, he enlarged the frontiers of poetry. Compared to Swinburne, Keats and Coleridge are poor of resource, limited in range, timid in execution. This is not to say that Swinburne has excelled them in ideas of melody, only that he was master in the use of a far wider choice of instruments.

With the publication of "Poems and Ballads," Swinburne awoke to find himself famous. No such tumult had taken place in literary circles since the appearance of Byron's "Don Juan." The air resounded with clamour, and Swinburne's vogue became extraordinary. Young University men shouted the poems, sang them, flung them to the skies and winds. Buchanan voiced the respectable view in a pamphlet, entitled, *The Fleishy School of Literature*, and complained that the poems were unfit reading for young women. Swinburne retorted with crushing effect: "I do not write for schoolgirls. I leave that to the Buchanans."

"Poems and Ballads" was a masterpiece. There are pieces which for distinction of melody even their author has never surpassed such as "Itylus," "Laus Veneris," "Hymn to Proserpine," and "Hesperia." But "Songs Before Sunrise," which followed, had other qualities than melody. Throughout this volume resounded the cry of liberty, the utter abhorrence of tyranny in every kind and in every shape. To compare the two books is to see how far the poet had advanced in his art. In verbal music, it is true, progress was hardly possible, but, melody apart, the change is indubitable.

With two books Swinburne had made his mark in his country's literature. Henceforth, until his seventieth year, he was an acknowledged force, and men came to think of him as one of the singers who made an era. For two generations he upheld that splendid tradition of liberty, and gave us poems, plays, and criticisms, which breathed into our literature new harmonies and the revolutionary spirit. It is the simple truth to say that, had not Swinburne lived, the world would have been largely ignorant of the infinite flexibility and potentialities of the English language.

Swinburne blew all things to melody through the golden trumpet of his genius. He can charm you with a lyric, such as "The Ballad of Dreamland," and he can thrill and inspire you with the great war-song in "Erceheus," where the turmoil of battle is rendered in unforgettable language. In "Ave Atque Vale," he has written an elegy more enduring than the marble of Baudelaire's grave. Above all other English poets he is the singer of the sea. Swinburne could write a lovely Northern song with the perfume of the heather clinging to it; and he could lower his high cadence to the ear of little children without loss of the beauty of his incomparable style. He was also a rare critic, and an accomplished scholar. Observe his masterly essays on Shakespeare and his brother dramatists, and his beautiful renderings of Baudelaire, Victor Hugo, and Villon.

One quality of Swinburne's writing leaps to the eye of the dullest reader. It is his enthusiasm for Liberty. The love of Freedom has been a common possession of our greatest poets, and hardly one of them has failed

to give splendid expression to the feeling. But Swinburne has surpassed them all in the ardour of his devotion, and in the rapture of his praise:—

"The very thought in us how much we love thee
Makes the throat sob with love and blinds the eyes."

No poet since Shelley sings more loftily, or with more passion, than Swinburne when he is arrainging Priestcraft at the bar of Humanity:—

"Because man's soul is man's god still,
What wind soerer waft his will
Save his own soul's light overhead,
None leads him, and none ever led."

Swinburne regarded prayer as foolishness, and he vents his scorn in music:—

"Behold there is no grief like this;
The barren blossom of thy prayer,
Thou shalt find out how sweet it is
O fools and blind, what seek ye there,
High up in the air?"

"Ye must have gods, the friends of men,
Merciful gods, compassionate.
And these shall answer you again,
Will ye beat always at the gate,
Ye fools of fate?"

In the "Hymn to Proserpine," he sings:—

"O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all
knees bend:
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the
end."

There is Voltairian bitterness in his lines apostrophising the figure of Christ hanging on the cross:—

"Thy blood the priests make poison of,
And in gold shekels coin thy love."

In another poem, "Song in Time of Order," he sings:—

"We have done with the kisses that sting,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest."

Swinburne's career was uneventful apart from his contributions to literature. Indeed, literature was the passion of his life. It is not the least wonderful phase of that amazing mind that, amid the drawbacks due to a deafness extending over thirty years, Swinburne could pursue his ambitions and write his books, when most other men would have found existence irksome. During later years he could hear nothing, unless it was said *tete-a-tete*, slowly and deliberately, and a story is told of a journalist who sought out the poet on Putney Common, and to whom Swinburne said: "I see you are speaking to me, but I can hear nothing."

Owing to his secluded life there are few good stories of the poet. One of the best is an altercation with a cabman who asked for an excessive fare in bad language. "Come down from your perch," shouted Swinburne, "and hear how a poet can swear." One evening Swinburne told Richard Burton a story of Sheridan drunk outside the House of Commons, and of a policeman asking his name, which he gave as "William Wilberforce." "I would rather," said Swinburne, "have returned that answer than have written 'Hamlet.' If a man could be so witty when drunk, what must he be when sober."

From his early manhood Swinburne was an avowed Freethinker and an unashamed Republican. Whilst still a student at Oxford University he boldly displayed in his rooms a portrait of Orsini, who attempted to assassinate Napoleon the Third. In his old age he attacked the Russian Czar with such vehemence, that questions were asked in our Parliament concerning the poet's liability to prosecution. But for his outspoken views concerning priestcraft and monarchy, he must inevitably have succeeded Tennyson as Poet Laureate. The official refusal to acknow-

ledge his rare genius made little real difference to his reputation. He was the last of the great poets whose personality dominated the imagination of those of his countrymen who cared for all that is best in the oldest of the arts:—

“Our glorious century gone
Beheld no head that shone
More clear across the storm, above the foam,
More steadfast in the fight
Of warring night and light,
True to the truth whose star leads heroes home.”

MIMNERMUS.

The Present Importance of Physics.

(Concluded from page 603.)

As can be expected from the abolition of partitions, the conservation of this or that special mode of experience must undergo a change of aspect. Principles of conservation which were fundamental at the end of the last century are now gone. We must, for instance, revise our ideas of the conservation of energy now that mass and energy are controvertible terms related by Einstein's Equation $MC^2 = E$ (in ergs). The principle of the conservation of mass is modified because as the speed of electrons approaches that of light their mass increases. The conservation of chemical elements is refuted by radioactivity. And again, the conservation of momentum is denied universal application by the Quantum Theory.

Add to these the violation of Maxwell's equations in atomic mechanics and the admitted shakiness of the principle of entropy, and we have some idea of the magnitude of recent changes in physics. Scarcely a year passes but something unknown and important passes into the known. The meaning of “Spectral Lines,” Relativity, Crystal structures, Isotopes, and “excited” atoms (atoms thrown by impact into an abnormal quantum state of higher energy) may be mentioned without comment, and Eddington, Lodge, Millikan, etc., may be consulted for details.

C.—THE SCOPE OF PHYSICS.

It was remarked earlier that Physics is yearly seeing its results adopted by various branches of science, which thus become, as it were, affiliated. We append illustrations of the widened scope of Physics, and borrow the classification from Andrade's *Mechanism of Nature* (1930).

Physics is, naturally, helped by *Mathematics*, and, in return, physical investigation into subjects like the conduction of heat have led to new methods in applied mathematics. Besides this, the non-Euclidian Geometry is deeply involved in the theory of Relativity.

The determination by Physics of the forces of gravity are of great importance to *Astronomy*; and in *Astro-physics*—the science of determining the chemical constitution and physical behaviour of solar bodies, especially the sun, it is merely a case of the application of earthly physics to heavenly ends.

The study of molecules (atoms held together by electric forces) has led to a sub-division known as *Physical Chemistry*; and, because the forces of chemical combination are electrical in nature, physics is playing a leading part in general *Chemistry*; while in *Organic Chemistry* the application of X-rays by the physicist has produced results bearing on the grouping and arrangement of atoms in the molecules of organic compounds.

The X-ray analysis of crystal structures has been of immense value to *Crystallography*—and therefore to

Minerology. The Physical discovery of radio-activity throws light on the question of the earth's age, a question for *Geology*. Physical methods are becoming more and more necessary in *Botany* and *Medicine*, and even in *Philology* re the production of vowel sounds.

Meteorology depends for her results on Physics, in connexion, for example, with atmospheric electricity, including the electric effect connected with the growth and division of raindrops. “Physics of the Earth”—*Geo-physics*—is interested in earthquake propagation, etc., and the practical application of Physics in *Engineering*, and electrical engineering, is common knowledge, as is that of the telescope, microscope, and galvanometer, which are constantly extending their field of utility.

D.—THE LIMITATIONS OF PHYSICS.

It may be said that the application of Physics is limited in two directions. It is limited, on the one hand, because it confines its attention to the world of phenomena. It traces all phenomena back to noumena, and there it stops short. It has reached something which cannot be described further. It is the gateway to Metaphysics.

At the mention of Metaphysics we ask readers to control their excitement for a while. Another direction in which physics is limited is in the scientific realm. It has concerned itself with processes in which the nature of the matter is unchanged. Hence it will not do for a thing like H₂O.

Let us briefly discuss these two limitations of Physics: (1) Emergence; and (2) Metaphysical considerations.

(1)—Emergence.—

Emergents are accepted, and it is upon their significance that perhaps the biggest philosophical controversy is being waged at the present time. It is not opportune here to enter into an intimate discussion of conflicting theories, and we merely attempt to sketch an attitude of Emergent Materialism.

In emergence Energy (or matter, or ether, or force, or whatever you choose to call your data) takes on novel forms, and in this sense an emergent is a “novelty.” This is what is denoted when we say there is more in the synthesis than in the sum-total of the factors. It does not mean that the emergent has come “out of nothing,” as some anti-Materialists would have us believe; it merely denotes that the already existent has manifested itself afresh in a formal novelty.

In the case of the formation of water the resultant completely assimilates the factors, which therefore cease to be differentiated individually, and the resultant still belongs to the same group as its factors, *i.e.*, the group known as matter.

But in the case of the appearance of life and mind there are differences. In these cases the factors retain their individuality, but by the process of combination or organization—or “re-formation”—they release a latent function which is composed of events so different from those of the material group, that other names are given to them—life and mind—and new sciences are formed to study their behaviour—Biology and Psychology.

There is, moreover, no *a priori* reason why these new events, or rather, this novel arrangement of the pre-existent, should be merely temporary. They could be made permanent if their conditions were perpetuated. Hence the Materialist who says that life is transitory merely means that it cannot obtain in the absence of life-giving conditions; he does not speculate on the possibility of abolishing death. He *does* say that the formal novelty, whether it be life or mind, is interfered with when its conditions are changed,

and that by certain modes of interference may cease to function. Then, on account of the disorganization of the conditions governing it, the emergent is submerged again, and the fund of energy formerly at its disposal is translated to other groups.

In *Philosophy by Way of the Sciences* (U.S.A., 1930), the author, R. H. Dotterer, who gives Materialism quite a fair show, acknowledges that Emergent Materialism stands unrefuted by the facts of experience.

(2)—*Metaphysics.*

Everything depends on what is understood by Metaphysics. If there is denoted something entirely divorced from experience, to which access can be gained only by pure thought or mystic experience, then we have no use for it. Hence we consider Eddington's statement, "That which is, is a shell-floating in the infinitude of that which is not" (*Nature of the Physical World*) to be, if not entirely meaningless, certainly of no consequence.

Metaphysics, as we use it, means the appreciation of the datum, or given. It inquires, what is the primitive stuff to which everything is traced? Comte, the great sceptic in Metaphysics, never denied the existence of some fundamental; he merely ignored it as inaccessible to human thought. When Mr. Joseph McCabe says, ether is fundamental, those words stamp him as a metaphysician, in our sense of the term.

The approach to Metaphysics, which aims at answering the question, What? must be via Science, which answers How? And when we have discovered *how* the Noumenon behaves, we are in a position to say something about *what* it is. We can ask, Is it intelligent or unintelligent? Is it purposive? Is it active? Is it simple or diverse? And so on.

And then we can try to give it a suitable name by which to think of it. We may say it is Ether, like McCabe; or Energy, like Ostwald; or Events, like Russell; or Matter, like Santayana (an avowed Materialist); or Spirito, like Benedetto Croce; or Monads, like Wildon Carr; or Mind, like the Neo-Idealists; or Space-Time, like Alexander; or élan vital, like Bergson; or Will like Schopenhauer or Organisms, like Whitehead, or even give it plurality, like C. E. M. Joad. And all the time we shall have one eye fixed on Nature, and Science, to see if our hypothesis is working.

Of the tree of existence Metaphysics deals with the substance, Physics with the roots; Biology, Psychology, etc., are of the branches, and the fruits will sometime issue—let us hope—in beauty, art and culture.

G. H. TAYLOR.

P.S.—Correction: In Section "A," "physics is descriptive" should read, "physics explains how."

Blasphemy ?

WHEN Keats wrote poetry on a Grecian Urn
He made remarks on Truth that truth must spurn;
He said that Truth is Beauty, but we know
How ugly truth can be, and oh, how slow!
How rarely truth can overtake a lie,
Or truth prevail before the speaker die.

Is is not truth that men behave like beasts?
And what of all the truths we hear from priests?
These Men of God speak much of the Great Verities
And suchlike phrases full of insincerities:
And well it is that Justice should be blind
To much of truth that lawyers leave behind.

The fact is Truth is like all human things,
And we must judge it by the good it brings;
And Beauty, which I grant you, Keats well knew,
Is rarely found, and only by the few:
While verbal beauty was the gift of Keats,
The truth is that this poet sometimes—bleats!

BAYARD SIMMONS.

On the Library Table.

It is extraordinary how the subject of war has fascinated writers of all kinds—military men, critics, historians, philosophers and novelists. Take any famous war in history, and it will be found that hundreds and even thousands of books have been written about it. We are still interested in the campaigns of Cæsar and Hannibal, of Napoleon and Marlborough. The Wars of the Roses, the Thirty Years' War, the Russo-Japanese War and the Boer War, all enthral us. The literature produced by the American Civil War almost defies enumeration, and a film depicting any side of it can be assured of enormous success, not merely in America but in every civilized country. As for the Great War, which we personally had to go through, it can be truthfully said that it has hardly yet been touched upon in literature.

Now, why are we so moved by the mere recital of a past war? Why do we regard such figures as Nelson and Wellington, as Drake and Clive, and numbers of other soldiers and sailors as "heroes," as "great" men? Why are our history books full of their exploits? The answer is, of course, that war is surrounded by a glamour and romance utterly false to the reality. We can appreciate and applaud individual acts of gallantry, but the truth is that war is foul and beastly in spite of them. A war of defence against barbarians or savages is one thing; a war between civilized nations for no apparent reason whatever, is the most horrible and degrading thing that man can do. It seems incredible that men of intelligence, brought up in our modern civilization, can deliberately fan the atavistic passions of mankind and incite a war between brothers.

Glamour! Romance! Has any field of battle ever had a spark of it? Have they not all been fields of dead and dying and wounded men, husbands and fathers and brothers suffering, while still alive, pain and anguish and terror impossible to describe.

War! "War has broken out between . . ." It is simply "news" in our morning papers, but in reality it means death and torture and misery for thousands of our kith and kin.

As I turn over the pages of Mr. Chapman Cohen's latest book* I feel unutterably sad. Millions of men killed and wounded, the unhappiness of millions of homes for ever blighted; and the world still reeling from the effects of the most terrible and devastating and debasing piece of infamy ever forced on to mankind. That is the net result of the War, and Mr. Cohen foresaw it. Almost alone among his fellow journalists he kept his head and vision clear. He refused to see in this war—or in any war—glamour and romance. He refused to see that war could induce any moral uplift or that a people would be strengthened by it, or that it could produce any happiness whatever. *War, Civilization and the Churches* consists of a number of his essays reprinted from the *Freethinker*, 1914-1920, and they show how remarkably he could forecast the future. But in addition, they prove how he loathes war and his bitter contempt for the war-mongers and war-makers.

It would be interesting to see how many of the daily or weekly articles written, for example, by such highly paid and popular "specialists" as Belloc, Blatchford or Bottomley would bear reprinting. The historian of any period, or of any war, should, wherever possible, go to contemporary sources for his material; but this War in which most of the writers in

* *War, Civilization and the Churches*, by Chapman Cohen. Paper 2s., Cloth 3s. Postage 2d. paper, 3d. cloth, extra. The Pioneer Press.

our daily press completely lost their heads—and this is true, for all the countries engaged in the War—makes most of their writing of use only as a study in mass psychology. The value thus, of such a work as Mr. Cohen's must be apparent at once. While almost everybody around him condemned the whole of the German race as "beastly Huns," he insisted that a nation of nearly seventy million souls could not all be "beastly Huns." While nearly everybody in this country was ready to bomb German civilian men, women and children as "reprisals" for Zeppelin raids, he insisted that "it is a common observation that brutality brutalizes he that gives as much, or even more, than he who receives." And he singled out a thoroughly Christian representative of the times; the Vicar of Brompton, who "faced the suggestion of treating German women and children as German airships have treated us, without a quiver," as an example of how such dreadful "reprisals" could be supported "from a Christian standpoint." While thousands of preachers in all the war countries talked about "God's purpose" about "moral regeneration," and other cant phrases of a similar sort, Mr. Cohen said (in 1917) "The consequence of war, we said three years ago, is a progressive brutalization; and every month since has enforced the truth of that statement. Jets of flame, boiling oil, gas clouds, poisonous shells, air-raids on women and children, stories on the German side that the English kill all prisoners, stories on the English side that the Germans boil down their dead and use the product for making margarine . . ."

We can look back on statements like these and wonder how many other contemporary writers could—in hot moral indignation at the folly, the stupidity, the horror of war—still write like Mr. Cohen, coolly, with a steady eye on the future, and with an iron determination to fight for the truth whether it shames the Devil or the equally ridiculous Censor.

But Mr. Cohen had another object in view, and that was to expose the dreadful cant of a "Christian" war and a "Christian" peace. Nothing can exceed his scorn for the Christian clerics who made the war an excuse for writing and preaching the most appalling balderdash that saw publicity during the years 1914-1918. Jesus, the Prince of Peace, Jesus, the God of War, the Angels of Mons, the Bible-reading and thoroughly Christian Kaiser, the nations that were carrying out "God's wishes," the pious schoolmasters ready to militarize school children, "God's justice," "Divine retribution"—all the farago of Christian bunkum was criticized by Mr. Cohen in the pages of the *Freethinker*, with a keenness and penetration that seem all the more remarkable, reading them again in collective form fifteen odd years later.

The greatest tract ever written against drunkenness is Zola's *L'Assomoir*. I have not read enough of anti-war literature to say if it contains anything equal to that masterpiece. But if I wished to make any body hate war and everything war stands for, including the "romance" and "glamour" of war, I should recommend *War, Civilization and the Churches*. The author did not republish his essays to give anybody an hour's pleasant reading. His wish is to plant in the hearts of mankind his own hatred of the beastliness and foulness and folly of war, by exposing the cant and hypocrisy and lies surrounding it; and I can hardly imagine anyone reading his burning words who will not respond in full measure to the pacifist message of the book.

It contains, besides the Introduction, twenty-five essays. What wonderful work it can do if only it could sell in thousands!

Messrs. Watts & Co., have added three more titles to their *Thinkers* library. This series seems to me quite the cheapest books of their kind now being published. World masterpieces, beautifully printed and bound for 1s. each. That hackneyed phrase, "A Marvel of Cheapness," does really describe them. No. 13 is a reprint of Vol 1 of Buckle's great work, *History of Civilization in England*, except for the omission of the notes, authors quoted and one chapter. The standard edition of Buckle is, of course, John M. Robertson's. For those who (like myself) must have the notes of both the author and editor to enjoy and appreciate Buckle that edition is indispensable. But Buckle is such a marvellous writer that this reprint can be read with pleasure almost equally as well, and there are thousands of readers who hate notes. It can be said without injustice that no man is really educated in history until he has read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Grote's *History of Greece*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and Buckle's *Civilization in England*. It is to be hoped few readers of this journal are unfamiliar with these masterpieces—and it should be noted that Gibbon and Grote were both Freethinkers and Carlyle and Buckle very, if not altogether, unorthodox. 250 pages of Buckle for one shilling . . .!

* * *

Nos. 14 and 15 form Tylor's great work on *Anthropology*. Here we get one of the most famous introductions "to the study of man and civilization" ever written. Although first published in 1881, it has proved so popular that six editions have been called for, and as Dr. Haddon says in his introduction, "there is no one competent to write a new work on similar lines." A finer tribute to Tylor could not be imagined, and once again I hope few readers of the *Freethinker* are unfamiliar with the work. If there are any such, then here is a profusely illustrated edition, splendidly printed and bound in two volumes at one shilling each. What Tylor thought about religion in general the following extract may be worth noting—it is the last paragraph of the exceptionally fine chapter on the "Spirit World":—

Unless religion can hold its place in the front of science and morals, it may only gradually, in the course of ages, lose its place in the nation, but all the power of Statecraft and all the wealth of the temples will not save it from eventually leading to a belief that takes in higher knowledge and teaches better life.

H. CUTNER.

A Statesman's Religion.

It can be said of the Churchills as of the Mirabeaus, every generation throws up one outstanding figure, whose achievements make him notorious during life and preserve his memory after death. Mr. Winston Churchill is the chosen one of destiny for our time. Author, journalist, statesman, amateur artist, sometime bricklayer, he is famous the world over. He is now writing his life, which is to be published later. Meanwhile the *News-Chronicle*, with journalistic enterprise by arrangement, is publishing what it considers the more interesting selected chapters. These are for the consumption of their young readers who are invited to write an essay on them. Whichever is adjudged best is to be rewarded with a free course in journalism. Mr. Churchill's style here is frank and confidential. He never got beyond a public school, and was later very dissatisfied with what he learnt there. He found there were so many subjects, even so very many words he did not know the meaning of. He felt very much humiliated once, when his father asked him what the "great remonstrance was "in our history," and he could not tell

him. The casually dropped word "ethics" set him thinking and anxious to find out all about theories of conduct. He made the acquaintance of Gibbon, with whom he was enthralled and read right through twice right off. This to his father's delight, who told him that he could repeat whole pages from memory. And that it had helped him very much to write and say what he wanted to in a clear dignified way. He was quite out of sympathy with Milman's disparaging footnotes and Gibbon's weakness for salacious anecdotes did not displease him. This was followed by Lecky's histories of Rationalism and Morals. Mr. Churchill at this time was in the army, which he left later because there was no financial future in it for him. He often discussed religious subjects here with his fellow officers. And held with them the same generally vague slack opinions on religious subjects. There was a God, everything would come out all right in the end if one led a decent life, was faithful to one's friends and was kind to the poor. Some of them held and expressed more sophisticated views on Christianity, insisted on the great value of it to women, its usefulness in keeping the people quiet and contented with their lot here, by assuring them of a very good time in another world to come. Gibbon and Lecky made a great impression on Mr. Churchill's mind, and he was very indignant with his past masters at Harrow and elsewhere for not telling him the truth. And this resulted in his thinking out and forming conclusions for himself on these important subjects. There were thought so very important that the *News-Chronicle* gave up one day's placard to them, as being of the highest practical interest and importance to the adolescent mind. Mr. Churchill's enlarged reading resulted in a brief period of scepticism. But he came back to certitude again by way of his emotions. He remembered that before going into battle or facing any great crisis, he had always asked for help from God, which had always been granted. By a parity of reasoning Mr. Churchill concluded that if God granted him the most important things he asked for, he would not refuse lesser requests. He tried the experiment with the most fruitful results and has made that a practice throughout life. While he found that all his reasonings took him nowhere this practice did bring him something. Generalizing from his personal experience he asserts for the guidance of his young students, that the head and the heart are quite distinct. However much reasoned verifiable knowledge contradicts this information from the heart it does not matter in the least. The idea that contradictory ideas are mutually destructive is illicit. Mr. Churchill arrived at this complacency of mind with great relief. His "violent and anti-religious aggressive phase had it persisted, might have made him a nuisance." Mr. Churchill seems never to have questioned the existence of God. Mr. Churchill somewhat naively offers to the clergy his philosophy of life, and cannot understand why they make so much pother about reconciling the Bible and religion with science and modern thought. It has a message of superlative value for the heart which is quite distinct from and not intended for the head. What singular obtuseness in the clergy not to have seen this before. Proofs more amusing than convincing are offered to refute the metaphysicians and his critics. That the most precious and imperative knowledge is not derived ultimately through sense data. The master mind of a mathematician can by the instrument of pure reason predict to a nicety the moment of an eclipse. You can, the most humble of layman, prove this for yourself by seeing the obscuring shadow at the predicted time. A proof as valid and pertinent as proving the existence of railways apart from any reference to the senses by an A.B.C. He deals equally heroically with all these pestiferous fellows who attempt to convince one that the world is only a phantasmagoria of the mind. The sun is hot you can see it and feel it. And if you doubt it is like Hell there, "go and see for yourself." Magnificent but useless. Dr. Johnson kicked a post to confound the Berkeleyans. These then are the confused superficial ideas and habits of thought that manifest themselves in half thought-out legislation like the derating act, and are offered as models for the youth of the nation to mould their plastic minds on.

M. BARNARD.

Acid Drops.

Lady Doyle has explained that the reason why the world is hearing so little of Sir Arthur is that now he has reached Summerland he is taking a holiday. "He is resting." Or alternatively, as the lawyers say, he is learning to get into touch with those on earth, and big things will be heard from him presently. But considering the easy way in which Sir Arthur strolled on to the platform of the Albert Hall meeting, dressed in evening clothes, too, he appears to know the ropes pretty well. But it must be a very peculiar situation for which Spiritualists have not a very ready explanation. On earth Sir Arthur was a "psychic expert." Now he is over there, he has to learn all about it.

In the country of fancy religions—there is hardly need to name America, Dr. George Sykes, a "weather mixer" failed to make rain as promised. The Westchester Racing Association had given him £2,000, according to the *Daily Telegraph's* own correspondent and Dr. Sykes left New York hurriedly for Western parts. The Racing Association officials are beginning to suspect that they have parted with money for nothing. God's own country—there is hardly need to name America—appears to be a pitiful concern. It was only the other day that it was seriously suggested that forty business Americans should come over to England to put our own house in order. In the same issue of paper, there was mentioned a £40,000,000 deficit in America's budget. At this point we must invoke Mr. H. G. Well's famous expression "Gaw."

A glut of fruit, with Covent Garden in a perplexing problem of its disposal is, a fitting commentary to a severe sentence of a month in gaol for stealing apples value at 1s. 6d. The usual assurances by our numberless divines that England is a Christian country, are taken as read. The whole of their trade is founded on an apple.

There is actually something in Leningrad, according to Sir William Lane-Mitchell, that this country might copy. Not to keep you in suspense, it is, that a woman has to get a permit from the authorities before she can have a new gown. Sir William does not state if the question of length is to be submitted for the Pope's approval. The Dress Department of the World seems to exercise a great fascination for Shepherds of souls; we suppose this is one of those freakish subtleties in religion that needs the eye of faith for its discernment.

A score or more reasons, says a pious editor, have been put forward to account for the decline in Sunday-school membership, but all can be summed up in the one word "inefficiency." This inefficiency, we learn, applies not only to technique or methods, but also to the worship and general spiritual life of the Sunday-schools. Any excuse is better than none! But unfortunately this one doesn't cover the chief reason for the decline, which is—widespread unbelief in or indifference to religion.

A society is trying to make all the old windmills of England workable. On the other hand, thousands of parsons—the God's Own Society—are busily engaged tilting at the windmills of modern thought to make them unworkable. But they seem no more successful than our old friend Don Quixote.

In a Sunday-school journal the Rev. Albert E. Belden tells the children that they all must know the jolly game of "I spy!" After this preliminary canter he says:—

Do you know, boys and girls, that God plays "I spy!" . . . None of us can hide where he cannot find us.

Inculcating fear of the Christian Big Bogey is done very gently nowadays! But it is still done very thoroughly; else the dear children will never appreciate the Christian message of Salvation.

Ingenuity at the Radio Exhibition has produced loud-speakers that look like anything but loud-speakers. But we gather that all attempts at making a wireless sermon sound like sense have been unsuccessful.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in a decent body, declares Mr. Lansbury, but a diseased mind is something to be thoroughly ashamed of. After that, it is surely advisable for those good people with piously diseased minds—our Puritans—to explain why one ought to be ashamed of a decent body. That it is made in the image of the christian God would be as convincing an explanation as anything. If this should fail, the rusty thoughts of the Early Christian Fathers could be brought into service.

The world, we learn, will some day starve if, to supply the phosphate which agricultural soils must have for fertility, she uses up the natural sources of supply without calling on the chemist to supplement them. But it is believed that the scientific intelligence of man will find some way of eking out the supplies. To point the moral we may add that men may pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," but, owing to God's carelessness, they will have to rely on the ingenuity of the scientist to see that the bread is actually forthcoming.

In the intervals between "keeping racing clean," and supplying the latest betting news and tips, the *Daily Express* tries hard to get "our neglected family Bibles" read. In the stock-pot of Christianized journalism nothing is rejected that helps to make a useful circulation stew. Also, the Kingdom of God on earth has to make a start somewhere or other, and it may as well begin in a newspaper office as anywhere else.

People who speak of the good old days have never lived in them, says a centenarian lady. Quite so. It seems a pity that a large island cannot be fitted up with all the features of the "good old days," so that our romantics could be dumped there. This would provide a cure for their romanticism. The only persons likely to really enjoy that sample of ancient perfection would be priests and parsons. For there they would receive the respect which is now missing in these bad new days, and enjoy their ancient power and prestige. But, of course, the experiment would fail if none of the "lower orders" could be induced to take part in it. This might be got over by importing some peasants from the more benighted Roman Catholic countries. To make them feel "at home" it would, of course, be necessary to erect a huge cathedral and surround it with slums. Then all the romantics would ooze rapture by the gallon.

From *John Bull* :—

Rev. T. L. Jennings : "It is religion to put your head over the garden wall and say : 'How are you getting on?'"

And mere paganism, probably to reply : "Mind your own business."

To grasp the significance of this sapient comment, you have to understand that before the Christian religion came into the world there were no kindly human beings among the pagans. If one so far forgot himself as to make an ordinary human enquiry of his neighbour, the reply was always either a grunt or a curse. But this, of course, is not true of the pagans and paganism, and it is only the more ignorant type of Christian who seeks to give that impression nowadays.

During a recent discussion among Wesleyan local preachers, one complained that :—

My difficulty is how to get my message over, because I cannot find language which the people can understand. Though it is my faith and I was nursed in it and cling to it, it is no use my telling some men to be washed in the Blood of the Lamb. They simply smile. It means nothing or it produces a feeling of repulsion.

We commend this to the psychologists as evidence that the standard of intelligence really has risen of late years.

Brother Noddings is a Wesleyan local preacher who

has made the alarming discovery that all is not well in the Methodist fold. Something has been lost in the transition between the old and the new Methodism. Is it, he asks, the sense of God, which the former saints of Methodism possessed? To help Brother Noddings with his perplexity, we may remind him that nowadays many Methodists have lost their fear of Hell. Quite naturally they fail to appreciate the loving mercy of God. If there is no Hell or eternal punishment, they are wondering what the deuce they have been "saved" from.

The *Methodist Recorder* exclaims :—

It seems passing strange and not a little humiliating that the Lord's Table, which was surely intended to be the rallying-centre for the Christian family, should from earliest times have proved the cause of dissension and the sign of division.

If this fact is obvious to all species of Christians, what about a universal day of prayer requesting the Lord to wash out the Lord's table ceremony from the Christian religion? After that request had been granted, Christians could then proceed to get other little troubles of a similar kind removed in the same way, until no Christians would have anything to squabble over. We submit that this is the only way to ensure a universal brotherhood of Christian believers.

There are only 20,000 acres within ten miles of Charing Cross suitable for new playing fields. If that is the case, the maximum use should be made of the playing fields by making them all available to the children on Sundays. There is nothing gained but much lost by robbing the children of fifty-two days in the year for wholesome recreation. It is up to ratepayers who are parents to see that the parsons are not allowed to do this.

An American spent forty-nine days and nights sitting on the top of a flag-pole. Every man to his fancy, of course. But this method of getting "Nearer my God to thee" wouldn't appeal to everyone.

Speaking of "home missions" or revivalist campaigns, a local preacher affirms that "many converts fall away because they are badly shepherded." One gathers that the temporary insanity which converts suffer from after a revival tends to pass off, unless it is properly nursed into a permanent disability. One bath in the Blood of the Lamb isn't sufficient. The convert's brains have to be submerged until they are the same bloody colour throughout.

A million and a half Bibles, all in foreign languages, we shipped abroad last year. The Bible Society still cherishes its pathetic belief that people of other nations are anxious to exchange their home-grown superstition for a foreign one.

A preacher affirms that he can see evidence of a loving God everywhere. So might we, if only we could overlook the fact that the Lord created stoats as well as rabbits, tigers as well as sheep, earthquakes as well as gentle rain from heaven, and tornados as well as soft zephyrs. There are also famines and pestilences, which suggest that "loving" will serve to describe the Christian God, provided one's definition of the term "loving" be wide enough to embrace the dictionary.

A statue of Professor Einstein has been placed in the Riverside Baptist Church, New York. It stands by those of Christ, Mathew, Luke and John. These four characters are highly honoured by the association. But the proximity of the Freethinking Jew to the titular figureheads of the world's greatest superstition is very "intriguing."

During last week's gale a huge tent, erected for evangelistic services in Liverpool, was blown down. Perhaps we may conclude from this that the Lord is getting a little tired of these travelling religious menageries.

National Secular Society.

THE FUNDS of the National Secular Society are now legally controlled by Trust Deed, and those who wish to benefit the Society by gift or bequest may do so with complete confidence that any money so received will be properly administered and expended.

The following form of bequest is sufficient for anyone who desires to benefit the Society by will:—

I hereby give and bequeath (*Here insert particulars of legacy*), free of all death duties to the Trustees of the National Secular Society for all or any of the purposes of the Trust Deed of the said Society, and I direct that a receipt signed by two of the trustees of the said Society shall be a good discharge to my executors for the said legacy.

Any information concerning the Trust Deed and its administration may be had on application.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. W. FREER.—It is not a Society matter, but we have done, and are doing, what we can to help in an unofficial manner.
- R. DODD.—Pleased to know that you are coming to London for the Queen's Hall debate. We should very much like to have a word or two with you. If you are in London over the Monday let me know and we could see you then.
- H. B. WOODALL.—No charge of blasphemy lies against the *Liverpool Echo*, but if the tent was insured the Company could serve a writ on the Bishop of Liverpool as being the chief agent of God in that city.
- A. ASPINALL.—We will consider the question of reprinting in these columns the speech of G. W. Foote before Lord Coleridge. It was certainly the ablest speech ever delivered in any trial for blasphemy.
- S. AMEY AND C. HOLLOWAY.—We note your praise of Mr. Cohen's new book, but you must spare our blushes. It was not a case of "prophecy," but only one of not getting stampeded. We tried to do the same over the religious scare about the persecution of religion in Russia, and we are glad to note that events have quite borne out our analysis of the situation.

The "Freethinker" is supplied to the trade on sale or return. Any difficulty in securing copies should be at once reported to this office.

The Secular Society, Limited, office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London E.C.4.

The National Secular Society's Office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London E.C.4.

When the services of the National Secular Society in connexion with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Rosetti, giving as long notice as possible.

Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Friends who send us newspapers would enhance the favour by marking the passages to which they wish us to call attention.

Orders for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and not to the Editor.

The "Freethinker" will be forwarded direct from the publishing office at the following rates (Home and Abroad):—
One year, 15/-; half year, 7/6; three months, 3/9.

Lecture notices must reach 61 Farringdon Street, London E.C.4, by the first post on Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

All Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "The Pioneer Press," and crossed "Midland Bank Ltd., Clerkenwell Branch."

Sugar Plums.

To-day (September 28) Mr. Cohen will deliver the first of four lectures in Liverpool. The first of the series will be delivered in the Picton Hall, and we expect to see a good audience, as is usual in that building. The chair will be taken at 7.0 p.m. Admission will be free, but there will be reserved seats at 1s. Reserved seat tickets for the course will be 3s. 6d.

Mr. Cohen's debate with the Rev. David Richards, at Neath, passed off in a very satisfactory manner. Mr. Richards proved himself to be a good speaker, belonging to the advanced school of Christians, which really means that he had very little Christianity about him. But his speeches were able, and he put his points well. The large Gwyn Hall was filled, and the behaviour of the audience admirable. Both speakers were listened to with the closest attention, and without a single interruption, save when certain points were greeted with applause. There was a good sprinkling of clergymen in the audience. The debate should do good to the movement in Neath.

The tickets for the debate between Mr. Cohen and Mr. Maurice Barbanel, at the Queen's Hall, on Sunday, October 12, are now ready. The prices are—Reserved seats, Stalls and Grand Circle, 5s. and 3s. Unreserved, Balcony, Area, and Orchestra, 1s. No more tickets will be sold than the seats will accommodate, so early application is advisable. Tickets may be obtained from either the R.P.A., the *Freethinker*, or the N.S.S. Offices. The debate will commence at 7 o'clock.

The following from the *Two Worlds* is quite interesting:—

War, Civilization and the Churches. London: The Pioneer Press. 158 pp. 2s. net, paper. Freethinkers will be glad to have these collected essays of their famous exponent. They are typical of the body under whose flag they are written. Conveniently ignoring all facts that seem to offer opposition to his preconceived theories, the author makes a case which, on the face of it, seems sound. But the essays will bear criticism, though they deal merely with outer appearances. They are blind to everything else, despite the fact that truth is not always discovered at first sight, but is usually hidden. Mr. Cohen, who seems very tired of life, makes no effort to find it, relying merely on his wit and sophistry to carry him through.

The West Ham Branch has arranged a Blackberry Ramble from Upminster for Sunday, October 5. Train 9.45 a.m. from Fenchurch Street, calling at Plaistow at 10.5 thence all stations to Upminster. Lunch to be carried. Tea will be arranged at the Headley Arms at Little Warley. All Freethinkers and friends will be welcomed.

Mr. G. Whitehead will close his summer tour with a return visit to Bradford, from September 27 until October 3. Commencing in May, Mr. Whitehead has worked from Plymouth to Glasgow, and will no doubt welcome a little rest from outdoor speaking. The expenses of the whole tour are borne by the Executive of the N.S.S.

In another part of this issue will be found an advertisement of pencils, on which there may be inscribed anything the purchaser desires. The idea strikes us as a good one, and by the kindness of the advertiser we have a supply of pencils lettered with an advertisement of the *Freethinker*. These are good H.B. leads, and six of them will be sent for one shilling, with one penny extra for postage. We suggest that a few hundred readers should send for a supply.

The Failure of Christianity.

(Concluded from page 583.)

It would not be right to charge all the 307 bishops, and all others who agree with them, with being deliberately dishonest in matters of belief. Most of them have every desire to be honest although, doubtless, a few are quite conscious of the dishonesty of their position. The majority have been made incapable of full fledged intellectual honesty in relation to religion, by the very religious training of which they boast so much; and this is the tragedy of the case. Men who desire to be straightforward are rendered incapable of being such. Hence we have, from time to time, thousands of people, like many of the 307 bishops, professing to believe in a god-revealed religion of Christianity, while they themselves are trying to alter it to fit in with beliefs which they have imbibed from their environment in the outside world. They acquire certain ideas from modern science and philosophy, or maybe from their own everyday observations, and then proceed to square them with their Christianity. They set out on what they believe to be the quest for truth, which in reality is the search for new beliefs within the religious sphere. Their conception of the possibility of finding truth is circumscribed by the idea of the religious. If a certain doctrine is found to be at variance to modern science it is given up only when another religious doctrine, which appears to square with science, can be substituted. Hence, the mental tragedy. The details of Christianity are given up and substitutes accepted, under a process of squaring with the fundamentals of Christianity as a whole. How what is different can be the same thing, is a question which does not seem to present itself to the religionist concerned. The result is that we have the spectacle of numerous sects holding different beliefs, and all claiming to be Christians, and in the main believing themselves to be equally honest.

It is this aspect of the influence of religious teaching that helps to make religion so important a factor from a sociological standpoint. It keeps alive the habit of "squaring" beliefs that in reality cannot be "squared," and of making things that are different appear to be the same.

This is done in the name of truth, and men who consciously try to be honest, are incapable of being straightforward in matters concerning religion.

Unfortunately, the habit of mind that has been thus fostered has permeated other spheres of life until intellectual straightforwardness is very much at a discount.

With a detailed criticism of the Lambeth Conference and its findings I am not very much concerned. Christianity has evidently been found to be a failure in modern life, if it is necessary to correct it on numerous points. There is one curious but serious aspect that will, no doubt, escape the notice of many Christians. If the Christianity of those who agree with the new proposals is the true religion, what becomes of the Christianity of those who keep to the older teachings?

On the subject of birth control and limitation of the family, it has been decided that other methods than that of complete abstinence from sexual intercourse may now be adopted, without the persons concerned ceasing to be Christians.

This was decided by 193 to 67, which means in theology, translated into plain English, that God in his wisdom told 193 bishops that one way of doing things is right, while he told another 67 bishops that the opposite way is correct. What he told the remaining 47 bishops has not yet been revealed. Probably that is a secret which he has left with the editor of the *News-Chronicle*.

If I am not mistaken, it has previously been the teaching of the Anglican Church, as of other churches, that every child brought into the world is created by God. Yet here we have a Lambeth Conference of God's holy representatives giving Christian people the right to prevent God's children from coming into the world. Anyone with a few grains of common sense should be able to see the inconsistency of the matter, and to realize that religions are man-made and very imperfect as guides to the way one should go.

This birth control decision is a good example of the sheer inability of many bishops, and the laymen who agree with them, to see that their position is not intellectually honest. On top of this there is a good deal of talk about "moral obligation," "a life of discipline," and "self-control." Sex is to be lifted into a "pure and clear" atmosphere, and marriage made beautiful, and all this is to be done on Christian principles, by Christians, so-called, who are incapable of honestly admitting that they have thrown overboard every part of Christianity that fails to fit in with their own thoughts and desires.

Surely, if there is any discipline needed it is in the Anglican Church, and in the direction of intellectual integrity.

That the Anglican Church has no intention of taking up too much moral responsibility upon its own shoulders is indicated in the attitude that complete abstinence should be adopted whenever possible, but other methods may be indulged in "where there is such a clearly-felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood, and where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence." (*News-Chronicle*, August 15, 1930).

This reduces the guidance of the Church to a farce, puts the onus of responsibility upon the individual, and leaves us wondering what God Almighty did say to the bishops.

E. EGERTON STAFFORD.

The Apotheosis of Mrs. Fredegond Shove.

God, in effect, is simply a disease of the priest's imagination, and when we kneel down, therefore, in any so-called Christian Church, like trained dogs with our paws around our noses, we are merely worshipping a condition of disease. God, again—this purely pragmatic and supposititious yardstick of the universe—is but a psycho-pathological projection of the priests will to power; or, as James Joyce very truly remarks in his *Ulysses*, God is nothing but "a shout in the street."

Now, a State Penitentiary is a great place in which to think about God, the Holy Boast, Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and many other diseases of the human will. I have just been locked up, officially, in my own monastic apartment, for the night, with complete mental and moral freedom to investigate the celebrated complaint of Celsius; namely, that "the root of Christianity is its excessive value of the human soul, and the absurd idea that God takes interest in man." This is just as quaint, in its way, as the notion that any real man, when in his sober senses, and not volitionally sponged upon by any scabrous reptile of a Pope or priest, takes interest in a God. To quote Herbert Trench:—

"The man upraised on the Judean crag
Captains for us the war with death no more,
His kingdom hangs as hangs the tattered flag
On the tomb of a great knight of yore."

Reducing Jesus, thus, in space and time, to the

level of those mythological characters who wore tin hats around King Arthur's table, it is quite possible to imagine that the so-called blessed Virgin Mary, in her equally hazy day, must have been a female very much after the manner of that precious, pulchritudinous poetess, Mrs. Fredegond Shove. It is Mr. R. H. Strachan, I think, who, on page 248 of his book, *The Soul of Modern Poetry*, so piously says of her: "she has succeeded in giving almost perfect poetic expression to an imperishable longing of the human soul, which apart even from Revelation, is, we believe, not without an answer in the silent symbols or myriad voices of Nature."

Nature with a big N, of course, is always in great danger of being converted into a sort of inarticulate super-Joss by a silly fool like that. But, unfortunately for those beautiful asses of religious poets, poetesses and Strachan-cabbages which grow upon it, the land, which is nature itself in being, does not even know who owns it, and most certainly does not care whether it be crawled upon by sucking female Swinburnes, red-hot saints, or cold and dismal rattle-snakes. This is a fly, indeed, in the poetical ointment which, when Mr. Strachan prefixes the word "almost" to his opinion that Mrs. Fredegond Shove has given "perfect poetic expression" to something or other, reminds us of the sage Emerson's remark that "there is a crack in everything that God has made": and where is the Pope or priest or holy Anglican parson who will dare, even in a whisper, to insinuate that the Almighty has made any exception in the case of the seraphic Mrs. Fredegond Shove?

Philosophy—the L. P. Jacksian "will to be free from the pressure of an opposite"—is compelled to admit that Plato, Aristotle, Hermes Trismegistus, etc., were, every single one of them, before death, more or less eaten by the "worms of desire." That very "pressure of the opposite" sex, in brief, gives special edge to Euripedes' saying, namely that "somehow the God, if God he must be called, grows weary of consorting always with the same people." Ergo, whilst divorce is the first law of nature, there is still, nevertheless, a comical trick in the biological scheme of things, whereby all women instinctively know when they have reached saturation-point in, and with, the company of women, and are filled with a wild desire for the healing touch of men.

If women in Judea, accordingly, ever ran after a living Jesus and fairly ached to touch the hem of his garment, it must have been because Palestine at that epoch was full of frantic Hebrew editions of Mrs. Fredegond Shove, and because the small talk of the Virgin Mary, whenever she entertained her friends at an "at home," must have been damnably small. In fact, the studied contempt of Jesus, in life, for his own mother, convinces me that she had less intelligence than a tame suburban cat. Dickens, I am quite certain, had the idea but occurred to him, could have drawn her portrait better than fifty Bellocs or five hundred G. K. Chestertons—the portrait, that is to say, of an utterly mindless female, a bad cook, but a great gossip and chatterer over idiotic village trifles; with a profound dislike for her nasty, thoughtful, walking enigma of an eldest son, Jesus Christ.

Ambiguity, to paraphrase the words of a certain Howard V. Knot, "provides the dark and noisome atmosphere in which all sorts of principles, as well as those of Determinism, can flourish." If Determinism, therefore, as he asserts, "has unmistakably the air of a great intellectual conspiracy," then surely it is and must be equally true to say that Christianity has unmistakably the air of a great, non-intellectual, pragmatic plot,—a plot, in brief, to reduce the mentality of the entire universe to a cross between that of

the real Mrs. Joseph of Nazareth and that of the equally real Mrs. Fredegond Shove?

Everywhere, in eclectic Christian poetry and out of it; from the epoch of the late Cardinal Newman, down to the present chatter-stricken Chestertonian moment, the utter absence of pugnacious brain-power, and of the will to make an effective use of it, when even its very rudiments exist—this, I say, is the first infallible pathological sign of the Jesus-complex. What else is *Lead, kindly light*, I ask, but the exceeding bitter cry of yet another, and this time a trousered, Mrs. Fredegond Shove? Mr. James Anthony Froude, who was so much concerned about the alleged sexual impotence of Thomas Carlyle, would have done far better for posterity, I think, had he investigated the condition of "Father" Newman. It was a sad, screamingly masochistic sort of age, that; the German Goethe, across the narrow seas, possessing more of the real, eudaemonic God-mocker's power than all the rest of them put together; and when this self-same woman-loving Goethe himself asserts that "whoso would be free must win his freedom afresh every day," what does he mean?

Well, look at the almost parallel figure of Jew Suss in his heyday, similarly eaten alive by Christian worms. I mean, of course, the repressed "worms of Germanic desire." Between Goethe, in his prime at Weimar, and Jew Suss in his hour of triumph upon an almost identical stage, what is the difference? Just a few poems, *Faust*, and a couple of other books. And yet these two characters are, to me, like the twin nipples of the bosom of a living Germany—a Germania who wears the softly stupid, cow-like features of a Virgin Mary, crossed with the so-called "spiritual" yearnings of a Mrs. Fredegond Shove. No wonder that the breast-milk of this modern Germany is sour! There is still far too much God in it. No wonder that the Virgin Mary element, in contemporary fraudulent civilization, turns hostile Bethlehem-eyes upon such books as *All Quiet on the Western Front!* For:—

"Where the dew was—

He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,
And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath—"
and yet these very pragmatic poetesses, who turn up their beautiful grave-sniffing noses at the God-blasting battlefields of contemporary Europe, are also the very same individuals who burn with the truly comic, worm-desire to embrace the "unsheathed ghost" of Jesus—the strangely celibate Newman-Christ.

JOHN MCCRASHAN.

State Penitentiary,
Long Bay, Sydney, Australia.

The Dialogues of Dimple and Dad

(I)—THE SOUL.

Scene: *The Rev. Veriwyse (Dad) is seated in an arm-chair, reading what looks like a Bible. He has a simple, kindly face which is cleanshaven, and his blunt nose is bridged, somewhat precariously, by a pair of pince-nez. His age is about forty-five years. On the floor, playing with a Noah's Ark, is his Benjamin (Dimple). To judge from the child's questions and answers, his age is anything between five and 500 years.*

Dimple: What's a soul, Dad?

Rev. V.: A soul, Dimple, is a spirit.

D.: That's the same as spookies, isn't it, Dad?

V.: Well—er—no, not exactly. You see, I don't believe in spooks and spectres and things like that, Dimple. They are merely relics of a superstitious age.

D.: Aren't you a relic of a sus—suspicious age, Dad?

V.: Ha-ha! Ha-ha! (*To himself*: Very witty. I must jot that down in my note-book.) Oh dear me, no, Dimple. I have no—er—superstitions.

D.: What about Santa Claus, Dad?

V.: Well, ah—ahem—you know, Dimple, that's just make-believe. It's an old custom, that's what Santa Claus is.

D.: Aren't souls old customs, Dad?

V.: Why, of course not! The soul is the part of us that goes on living when our bodies die, Dimple. There's no doubt about that. None whatever.

D.: Have you got one of 'em, Dad?

V.: Certainly. All human beings have one. You have one too, Dimple.

D.: Ooh! Do let me see it, Dad.

V.: You can't do that, Dimple. It's inside you.

D.: What a sell! And does it stay inside me when I'm dead?

V.: No, Dimple. When the body dies, the soul flies away from it to God.

D.: Gee! Will you take me to see Granpa's soul fly away from him when he dies, Dad?

V. (*firmly*): Certainly not.

D. (*on the verge of tears*): Wh—why not?

V.: Because you couldn't see Granpa's soul even if you were there. Souls are invisible.

D.: Can you smell 'em, Dad?

V.: Of course not. They are immaterial entities, Dimple. They are invisible and intangible. Souls are spirits, as I told you before.

D.: And spirits are souls, and souls are spirits, and spi . . . But, Dad—if you can't see or touch or smell 'em, how do you know they're there?

V.: Because when a person is alive, he moves about and speaks and thinks. And when he's dead, he can't do any of these things. So something must have gone out of him, mustn't it?

D.: Yes, Dad.

V.: Well, that's his soul.

D.: Dad—d'you know—a lickle spider died under my shoe this morning. Did his soul go out of him?

V.: Animals—er—that is to say—er—what I mean is that noxious or useless insects haven't got souls, Dimple. At least—er—that is, as far as we can judge.

D.: Oh! But he died, all the same, Dad. What went out of him?

V.: (*To himself*: Dear, dear; why doesn't the Bible say something about this sort of thing). Er—well, you see, Dimple, it wasn't his soul. It was his—er—his—er—(*to himself*: Hurrah! I've got it!) it was his *life*, of course.

D.: Then spirits are souls, and souls are life.

V.: Yes, yes; that's it—er—no, no, no! Of course not, Dimple. You've got it all wrong. Life is quite different to souls. Life is what all living things have; I mean grass and potatoes and all that sort of thing. But it is only human beings that have souls—er—for certain.

D.: Then when Granpa dies, two things will go out of him. Isn't that right, Dad?

V.: Quite right, Dimple.

D.: Well, which is it that makes him walk about and speak and think?

V.: Oh—er—life; no, no, his soul—er, er, well, probably both, Dimple. Yes, a little of both, I think. That is to say, now I come to think about it a little more, I would say it is his soul that thinks, and the rest is—well—the rest is life.

D.: Isn't it all *frightfully* con—confiscated, Dad?

V.: Ha-ha! Ha-ha! (*To himself*: Very comic. I must take a note of that too.) Yes indeed, Dimple, I agree. It's all very complicated.

D.: Where does my soul go when I'm asleep, Dad?

V.: It doesn't go anywhere, Dimple. It stays inside you. You see, it's a part of you—like your thoughts.

D.: But my soul doesn't think when I'm asleep, so what does it do?

V.: It sleeps too.

D.: I see. But that's funny, Dad; because if my soul sleeps when I'm asleep and wakes when I'm awake, why doesn't it die when I die?

V.: Because souls can't die. It's the body that dies. The soul goes on living for ever.

D.: Golly! Then I s'pose life goes on living for ever, Dad?

V.: Of course it doesn't. Life dies with the body.

D.: But you said that it went out of the body.

V.: Yes—er—that is to say—metaphorically.

D.: 'Then how does souls go out?

V.: They go out really.

D.: Like a candle?

V.: No, no. They leave the body. They go to Heaven, or to—well—they go to Heaven.

D.: Souls go out really, and life goes out meta—metafrolickingly. Is that right?

V.: Ha-ha! Ha-ha! (*To himself*: Really very comic. Where's my note-book). Yes, that's about it. But I shouldn't worry my little head too much with long words, if I were you, Dimple. You'll understand everything all in good time.

Dimple looks at Dad out of the corners of his eyes, and a slow smile spreads over his face. Whatever else the smile may imply, it certainly suggests he has heard that remark before and doesn't intend to swallow it.

D.: Dad?

V.: Yes, Dimple.

D.: Have you ever had a good time?

V.: I've had plenty of good times, Dimple.

D.: 'Then if I'll understand everything in a good time, you must understand everything about everything already.

V.: Ha-ha, ha-ha! What a child! When I said "all in good time," Dimple, I meant all in due course.

D.: Have you had a Jew course, Dad?

V.: Well—er—not exactly. My due course will be when my life is completed.

D.: When you're dead, you mean?

V.: Eh, yes—I suppose so—more or less.

D.: Can you be less dead than more dead, Dad?

V.: No, no—of course not. When you're dead, you're dead. But why talk of such things, Dimple.

D.: Well, Dad, it's this way. If you don't understand everything when you're alive, and if you only understand everything when you're dead, how do you know that you understand everything about souls when you've never even seen or touched or smelt one?

V.: But I never said I did understand *everything* about souls, Dimple.

D.: 'Then tell me *one* thing you do understand.

At this critical juncture the dinner-bell rings. The Rev. Veriwyse jumps up with alacrity. He holds a hand out to his son.

V.: Now then, Dimple, there's the dinner-bell. Come along and wash your hands like a good boy.

D.: All right, Dad.

For a moment he looks quizzingly at his wooden Noah. Then turning the patriarch upside down, he stands him on his head inside the Ark. He rises from the floor and takes his father's hand.

D.: D'you know what we's going to have for dinner, Dad?

V.: I'm afraid I don't, Dimple.

D.: Well, I do!

V.: Do you? Tell me what it is, then.

D. : It's something you don't know *anything* about, Dad—not the *weniest* little thing.

V. : Really! That's very interesting. And may I ask what that is?

D. : Oh, yes—you may ask, Dad. But I'd rather you guessed.

V. : Well, if I don't know the *weniest* thing about it, how can I guess?

D. : But you're always guessing about things you don't know about, Dad. Try this one.

V. : I really don't know; it might be anything.

D. : It might be—but it isn't. D'you give it up?

V. : Yes, I give it up. What's the answer?

D. : (*triumphantly*): A lemon's soul, Dad!

C. S. FRASER.

Re-action at a Gallop.

Quite incidentally a few days ago I put my hand on a copy of that immortal book, *The Martyrdom of Man*, issued a little while ago by Watts & Co., and I decided to read it anew, as the interval since I read it first was alas! so long that the memory of its contents had faded into what was not much more definite than a vague impression. I began at Chapter ii., entitled "Religion," and so faded had it become that it was virtually all new to me. For one thing, I never realized that its sublimity was so unique and incomparable. Was ever such a book written? I do not say that for its mellifluous style and sanity of thought—two characteristics that are conspicuous enough to make it quite unique; but for its comprehensive grasp, historically, analytically, and causally, as he unfolds the sequence of events. No wonder that H. G. Wells pronounced it a work that "dates." I know nothing comparable to it save *The Science of Life*, by Huxley, Wells & Wells.

While perusing it I happened to see Sir Oliver Lodge's recent deliverance about survival and religion. What a descent from the sublime to the bathos. I know of no term in language that would laconically sum up this effusion as pertinently as the term *Blether*, which the dictionary defines "to talk nonsense volubly." The martyrdom of man known to Winwood Reade was trivial in comparison to the martyrdom which the race will experience when the quidnuncs of Spiritualism will have established a vogue of credulity so egregious that even when compared with that notorious display of it during gnostic times, will be mere moonshine. *No blether, however infinitely grotesque, is even now incredible.*

The credulity displayed by the pilgrims, who visited Palestine, Sinai, or Egypt, during the Crusades, used to be considered the most appalling instances on record of this human frailty; because they naively believed that the objects and scenes shown them by the monks to be actually what the monks declared them to be. For example: the bush that had burnt before Moses and was not consumed; the cleft out of which Moses peeped at the "back parts" of Jehovah; the pillar of salt that was once Lot's wife; the pieces of wood that were parts of the true Cross; the Manger in which Jesus was born; the tree upon which Judas hanged himself; the cracks in the ground that were rent by the earthquake during the Crucifixion; the well in which Jesus used to wash his clothes, etc.

Now, I do not consider those imbecilities to be as contemptible as those daily exhibited by Spiritualists; for the culture of modern times makes the vogue infinitely more despicable.

The learned resort to the blinding hypnotism of speech obscure to some degree the "Chasm of the bathos" to which they are headlong plunging.

I had come to think that the herculean efforts displayed by Gladstone in defending the cosmology of Genesis was the last exhibition made by ability and genius to try and transmute the mythical ideas and legends of barbarism into eternal verities.

Alas! how mistaken I was, we are returning to a state of Society far more tragic than the Dark Ages, and that at a gallop.

KERIDON.

The Professor Tilts at the Parson.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote in the *Freethinker* about my "discovery" of Stephen Leacock.

By a strange coincidence almost immediately afterwards, Messrs. John Lane published *The Leacock Book*, an anthology by Ben Travers of some of the best passages in the works of the American humorist.

For five shillings you can now get more than eighty selections, and some of them are, to use a slang expression, "priceless."

Here is one from Nonsense Novels:—

I don't know whether any of you have ever seen an Anglican Bishop. Probably not. Outside the bush they are now rarely seen. But at the time of which I speak there were still a few here and there in the purlieus of the city. The man before us was tall and ferocious, and his native ferocity was further enhanced by the heavy black beard. His black shovelshaped hat and his black clothes lent him a singularly sinister appearance while his legs were bound in tight gaiters as if ready for an instant spring.

Could a better portrait be given of the average bishop? Leacock apparently has little respect for bishops. In *The Hohenzollerns in America*, he satirizes the clerical method of conversation, and depicts the Episcopal Bishop of Boof introducing a Canon of the Church to a lady, who is expected to come down handsomely on behalf of the Diocesan Home from Episcopal Cripples:—

Oh Mrs. Putitover may I introduce my very dear friend, Canon Cutitout. The Canon, Mrs Putitover, is one of my Dearest friends. Mrs. Putitover, my dear Canon, is quite one of our most enthusiastic workers.

How it all brings back to me those days when I myself was "quite one of the most enthusiastic workers" in our local Methodist Church.

In his lament on the decay of the old style professor, Leacock pretends to envy the curate with his creature comforts. "Soft slippers deck his little feet, flowers lie upon his study table and round his lungs the warmth of an embroidered chest protector proclaims the favour of the fair."

Elsewhere we get the statement of a truth obvious to all but the religious dullards. "Charles Dicken's creation of Mr. Pickwick did more for the elevation of the human race—I say it in all seriousness—than Cardinal Newman's 'Lead Kindly Light Amid the Encircling Gloom.' Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world. Dickens gave it."

The extract from *Essays and Literary Studies*, entitled *The Devil and the Deep Sea*, is worth giving in full:—

The Devil is passing out of fashion. After a long and honourable career, he has fallen into an ungrateful oblivion. His existence has become shadowy, his outline attenuated, and his personality displeasing to a complacent generation. So he stands now leaning on the handle of his three-pronged oyster fork and looking into the ashes of his smothered fire. Theology will have none of him. Genial clergy of ample girth stuffed with the buttered toast of a rectory tea, are preaching him out of existence. The fires of his material hell are replaced by the steam heat of moral torture. This even the most sensitive of sinners faces with equanimity. So the Devil's old dwelling is dismantled and stands by the roadside with a signboard bearing the legend "Museum of Moral Torment, these premises to let." In front, in place of the dancing imp of earlier ages is a poor make lieve thing, a jack 'o lantern on a stick, with a turnip head and candle eyes labelled "Demon of Moral Repentance guaranteed worse than actual fire." The poor thing grins in its very harmlessness.

Comment would spoil it.

NECHELLS.

Society News.

WEST LONDON BRANCH.

ON October 5, at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C., there will be an opportunity for London Freethinkers and Rationalists to hear Mr. Joseph McCabe lecture on "The Twilight of the Gods." This will be

the first of twenty-four lectures that will be given at the above Hall by various speakers.

These lectures offer an opening for all believers and non-believers to investigate the subject of religion.

B.A.L.C.M.

OUR meetings at Great Harwood are always lively, and last week's was no exception to the rule. A good hearing was given, and question time brought a good shower of questions, whilst later there was some opposition of a rather half-hearted type, even though rather noisy. Hapton, Worsthorpe and the afternoon meeting at Blackburn were good, but the biggest crowd of the week was the evening meeting at the same place. A most attentive hearing was given, and there was opposition from Spiritualists later.—J.C.

MR. GEORGE WHITEHEAD opened out a week's mission at West Regent Street, Glasgow. Considering the unsatisfactory weather a good meeting resulted, with only the attention of a couple of drunks to introduce any friskiness to the proceedings. The Sunday evening meeting held at Alexandra Park Gates also passed off quietly. The other five meetings provoked many questions, and there was a well marked tendency for which Glasgow is famous to give a political bias to the discussion, Secularism not offering sufficient economic inducements to be popular among certain people where zeal for free thought is not extended to that of other persons. Our speaker therefore received epithets more ill-natured than polite from these rival emancipators. Several other meetings being in progress every evening on the same pitch imposed a heavy strain upon Mr. Whitehead's voice, and the wet weather did not decrease the difficulties. A good quantity of specimen *Freethinkers* and leaflets were distributed.—G.W.

Obituary.

MR. SAM REEVES, J.P.

ON September 9, the death occurred of Sam Reeves, J.P., one of the best known figures in the public life of Bootle. Mr. Reeves, who was in his sixty-ninth year, has been throughout his life, an ardent worker in the cause of human emancipation. Although not a member of the Secular Society, he was in complete sympathy with the aims of that organization, but he felt that he could best serve the interests of the people in the political sphere, and was one of the pioneers of the Socialist movement on Merseyside.

Our sympathy is extended to his relatives and friends: they have lost a splendid companion, but theirs is the consolation that he spent his life in the best of all possible causes, the fight for human happiness and liberty.

His remains were cremated at Anfield Crematorium, on Friday, September 12.

No religious ceremony was held. Councillor Morrissey and Councillor J. Kinley, M.P., in short addresses to the large gathering at the Crematorium, spoke feelingly of Sam Reeve's fine personality and bade him farewell.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

£80 LOAN desired by journalist (owing to long illness)—Voluntary unpaid worker for Freethought for over 21 years. References: Repay in eleven months periodically with substantial interest. State terms to Box 110, FREETHINKER, 61 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE.

PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY will deliver the Twenty-first Lecture, entitled "Science, Religion, and Human Nature," at CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQUARE, W.C.1, on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1st, at 7 p.m. Admission Free. Reserved Seats 1/-, from Conway Hall.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

Lecture notices must reach 61 Farringdon Street, London E.C.4, by the first post on Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

LONDON.

OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15, Mr. B. A. Le Maine—"Charles Bradlaugh and Progress of Freethought."

PINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S.—11.15, Mr. L. Ebury—A Lecture.

FULHAM AND CHELSEA BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of Shorrolds Road, North End Road, opposite Walham Green Church): Every Saturday at 7.30.—Various speakers.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Regent's Park, near the Fountain): 6.0, Mrs. Grout—A Lecture.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Arlington Road, Park Street, Camden Town): Every Thursday evening, at 8.0, Mr. L. Ebury.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.—Sun., 7.30, Stonehouse St., Clapham Road, Mr. L. Ebury; Wednesday at 8.0, at Rushcroft Road, Brixton, Mr. L. Ebury; Friday, at 8.0, at Liverpool Street, Camberwell Gate, Mr. F. P. Corrigan.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park): 12.0, Mr. B. A. Le Maine; 3.30, Messrs. A. D. McLaren and B. A. Le Maine; 6.30, Messrs. C. Tuson, E. C. Saphin, H. J. Savory and A. H. Hyatt. Every Wednesday, at 7.30, Messrs. C. Tuson and J. J. Darby; every Thursday, at 7.30, Messrs. W. C. Aley and E. C. Saphin; every Friday, at 7.30, Messrs. A. D. McLaren and B. A. Le Maine. The *Freethinker* can be obtained outside the Park Gates, Bayswater Road, during and after the meetings.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (outside Municipal College, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7.0, Mr. H. S. Wishart—"Bradlaugh Commemoration."

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith, W.): 3.15, Messrs. C. Tuson, and A. Hearne.

INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1): 11.0, C. Delisle Burns, M.A., D.Lit.—"Contemporary Social Movements."

COUNTRY.

OUTDOOR.

CRAWSHAWBOOTH.—Monday, September 29—Mr. J. Clayton.

PRESTON.—Sunday, September 28, at 3.0 and 7.0—Mr. J. Clayton.

TRAWDEN.—Friday, September 2, at 7.30—Mr. J. Clayton.

INDOOR.

DANESHOUSE LABOUR CLUB, BURNLEY—Tuesday, September 30, Women's Section at 7.30—Mr. J. Clayton.

EAST LANCASHIRE RATIONALIST ASSOCIATION (28 Bridge Street, Burnley): 2.30, Lecture, Speaker, Mr. C. Atherton, of Blackburn. A Special Meeting will follow. Will all members kindly attend.

LIVERPOOL (Merseyside) BRANCH N.S.S. (Picton Hall, Liverpool): Sunday, September 28, Mr. Chapman Cohen—"The Coming of the Gods." Doors open 6.30, commence 7.0 prompt. This is the first lecture of Mr. Cohen's course on "Man and God." Members, friends and sympathizers are requested to do their utmost to advertise this widely. Reserved seats for the course: three shillings and sixpence. Current *Freethinkers* will be on sale.

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