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## Views and Opinions.

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### Intellectual Vagrancy.

Dean Inge rebukes his brother clergymen because they are shuffling with regard to a belief in the actual physical ascension of Christ, and one may assume that his arguments on this head are equally strong against the belief in a physical resurrection. It will also be recalled that his strictures all rest upon the fact that the belief in the ascension, with other things, is dependent for its validity upon a pre-Copernican view of the universe. And he quite correctly points out that the struggle began, not with Darwinism (it is indicative of the quality of the public knowledge that this should ever have been thought to be the case), but with Copernicus. And when the Church was beaten in this fight, when it was forced to admit that the earth went round the sun, as one of its attendant planets, and not the sun—created for the special purpose of lighting this planet—went round the earth, the basis of Christianity crumbled. When to this was added the growth of the various sciences, culminating in the all-embracing theory of evolution, the whole set of beliefs that had stood for Christianity were without foundation in fact or in scientific speculation. Had there existed an intellectual Vagrancy Act, these doctrines might well have been locked up and charged with being without visible means of support. By Freethinkers they were so charged, and as all readers of this journal know, all that Dean Inge has to say in this twelve and sixpenny volume, has been said week by week in these columns, which could have been bought for a copper or two. But the *Freethinker* is a "blasphemous" journal, and Dean Inge is a Church of England dignitary receiving a substantial salary—for preaching things which he disowns—and that makes a great difference.

### Creeds and Cosmogonies.

But the principle on which Dean Inge so sharply rebukes his brother clergymen is of much wider application than he states. To say that certain Christian teachings rest upon an exploded view of the universe is quite true, but it is also true that *all* religious beliefs rest upon an exploded view of the universe.

The belief in a number of intelligent and personal forces at work in nature, the daily occurrence of miracles, the constant presence of the supernatural, from which fundamental conceptions we can trace without a break existing conceptions of God and a soul and a future life, all arose from a view of nature that is not entertained by a single sane mind throughout the whole of the civilized world. The savage view of the world, the world of totems and taboos, of ghosts and supernatural happenings, is the world on which all religious ideas are based—the premises from which the religious conclusions are drawn. No one to-day accepts the premises, but many—Dean Inge included—appear to accept conclusions that are drawn from admittedly false premises. If Dean Inge sees this in the case of such grossly absurd instances as the Ascension, what is it that hinders him in seeing it in the case of more fundamental beliefs? For we are not dealing here with a man of the mentality of the Bishop of London. Dean Inge is a man of culture and intelligence, and while to a fool much may be forgiven, the very keenness of a man's intelligence is apt to make him suspect, when he is found rejecting one belief as being absurd, and remaining silent about another that is equally ridiculous. Can it be that while he speaks out regarding the Ascension, because he believes the religion of Christ will weather that storm, he is not so certain about it surviving the other one, and so remains silent? And in that case one can only ask him, as he asks his brother parsons concerning the beliefs he rejects, to have the courage and the "common honesty," to speak the whole truth.

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### Missing the Point.

Dean Inge is quite frank about many aspects of Christianity concerning which other Christians are either silent or misleading. On the other hand, in talking about these things he does usually manage to convey a misleading impression even in the act of enlightening his fellow believers. He tells them that "Religion is a powerful antiseptic, which preserves and mummifies customs that have long outlived their usefulness, and otiose dogmas that have long lost their vitality," but does not perceive that this unreasoning and obstructive conservatism is of the very essence of religion. Springing as they do from past frames of mind, and outworn conceptions of the world, religious beliefs are compelled to sanctify the past and to fight against new ideas in the spirit of self-preservation. In a passage that reads almost like a quotation from one of our old articles on the "Savage in our Midst," he says:—

It is quite unnecessary to go to Australia or Central Africa to find the savage; he is our next-door neighbour. The mentality of the Stone Age exists on our platforms and in our pulpits. There is no superstition too absurd to find credence in modern England; fetishes and tabus dominate London drawing-rooms. Dr. Malinowski's sojourn in Melanesia has convinced him that the mental processes of the South Sea Islanders are very like those of the Europeans. It is probably

only politeness that prevented him adding that a return to civilization has convinced him that the mental processes of Europeans are very like those of Melanesia.

Excellent! But one would like Dean Inge to enlighten us as to the substantial difference between the "sacred" objects and buildings of the Christian Church and the mascots in use among us and the charms and amulets of savages; or the faith in "Providence" asserted by Christians, and the faith in Melanesian Mumbo-jumbos. Has Dean Inge himself no faith in the power of prayer? None in the possibility of "divine" interference with nature? If he has not, what is he doing in the Christian Church? If he has, why throw stones at the poor Melanesian? One really feels inclined to take up the cudgels on behalf of the poor Melanesian medicine man, when he is placed on the same level as a Christian parson in modern London. The medicine man does not always know better.

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#### History and Christianity.

Here, again, is a wise warning to Christians. "It is not scientific," he says, "to pick out all the superiorities of European civilization and put them down to the credit of Christianity." But that caution is immediately preceded by a passage which is a strange jumble of truth and misleading implications:

As a great historical institution Christianity can be characterized only as the religion of the white race. Although it arose on Semitic soil, it had made its choice between Europe and Asia long before the end of the first century. The Jews would have none of it thus transformed; the Asiatic Christians made a poor fight against a genuinely Oriental religion, that of Islam. From the second century till the present day Christianity has been the most European and the least Asiatic of religions. Its great expansion in modern times has been due to the unparalleled expansion of the white race. It has made no triumphs worth boasting of among the brown, black, or yellow peoples. The Gospel itself, no doubt, may exercise a wide influence upon Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism..... But the European nations, arrogant, dominating, and rapacious, have done little to recommend the name of Christianity in Asia and Africa.

One is a little surprised at the presentation of history which can offer Christianity as a finished system at the close of the first century which deliberately adopted Europe as against Asia. Christianity is only the chief religion among Europeans because the power of the State has been so lavishly used to suppress competitors. It is in itself an Eastern religion, although in the East it does not commend itself to Europeans because they there see the genuine article and do not like it. And it would have been more befitting the abilities of Dean Inge had he set himself to answer the question why the European nations, arrogant, domineering, and rapacious, became devoted followers of Christianity without that religion curbing either their arrogance, their lust for domination, or their rapacity? Never has a European nation found its Christianity stand in the way of the gratification of these qualities. On the contrary, it has usually found its religion supply it with just that veneer of morality and religion that the civilized nation requires to set out on a piratical enterprise with the proper vigour and sense of self-satisfaction.

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#### The Kingdom of the Blind.

There are other points in Dean Inge's essay which deserve notice, but these may be taken in connection with other essays in the earlier parts of the book. One ought to note, however, his confession that "the Reformation not only checked, but obscured the scientific progress which had begun in the century that preceded it," although one must point out that this scientific renaissance arose from Moham-

edan and Pagan influences, and owed nothing to Christianity. All these and similar things are interesting to note in an essay published by a Churchman, and only because of that. That again is a point of no small importance. There is nothing said by Dean Inge that has not been said at any time during the past fifty years by Freethinkers, no belief repudiated by him that an educated man ought not to feel ashamed to own, or insulted if it were imputed to him. The sole importance of these lispings of elementary Freethought lies in the fact that it is a Dean of the English Church that utters them. His opinions would have no market value apart from that fact. Bishop Barnes gains a reputation as a thinker because he publicly avows disbelief in the creation story. Another Bishop leaps into public notice because he does not believe in an actual bodily resurrection from the dead. Dean Inge creates a sensation because he does not believe that two thousand years ago a man went up straight from earth to heaven. It is all very childish. It is like calling a congress of adults to listen to their disavowals of belief in "Old Mother Hubbard," or "Jack the Giant Killer." Dean Inge does not believe in the physical ascension or the bodily resurrection of Christ. Neither does he believe in "Santa Claus," nor in "Jack and the Beanstalk," nor in the "Little Old Woman who lived in a Shoe." But if he wrote a book to explain that he did not believe in the last three, most readers would take the confession as proof of a mind tottering to its fall. It is only because we are living in a Christian country that confession of disbelief in the first does not rouse the same feelings. Dean Inge is right, we need not go to Australia or Central Africa to find the savage. He is with us on the platform and in the pulpit—particularly in the pulpit.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

### Life at Its Best.

LIFE is at once the supreme mystery and the supreme delight of existence. No one can tell what it is, yet all living beings cling to it as the most precious of all realities, and let go of it only when no other alternative is practicable. Nature is composed of two kinds of substances, organic and inorganic. "Inorganic substances are aggregates of molecules consisting for the most part of comparatively few atoms." Organic substances are, likewise, aggregates of molecules, but with this difference that the number of atoms is generally much larger than in the inorganic, and also that among these atoms the atom of carbon is always present. Now, there are carbon compounds, the most complex of which "are those which constitute the group called protoplasm." Protoplasm, curiously enough, does not contain a single element that is not found in inorganic nature, and yet these elements as found in protoplasm form the physical basis of all life. Consequently, "all the manifestations of living organisms, in short, are expressions of the chemical reactions of protoplasm." "This extraordinarily complex and varied group is found upon the earth in a very large number of different types. These types form the foundation of what are called species." And this, of course, is the scientific account of the origin and evolution of life as found in the human race, as well as in all other races.

In the *Guardian* of November 6 there is a sermon, entitled "Life Abundant," by the Rev. J. A. Douglas, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, and Honorary Canon of Southwark. Canon Douglas is a well-known champion of orthodoxy in the Anglican

Church. With his controversial methods we are not at present concerned, his view of life being the only point of interest to us. His text is the alleged saying of the Gospel Jesus: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Of the origin and function of life in the evolutionary process Canon Douglas is significantly silent, and in his discourse there is nothing whatever to indicate what his attitude to scientific teaching really is. He begins with an utterly irrelevant reference to ancient Assyrian saints of whom many of us are wholly ignorant. He says:—

Over and above those names which are the common glory of all Christendom, each ancient Church has its own list of saints. Take, for example, the calendar of the Assyrians, whose scanty representatives of a mighty past, whose splendid fidelity to the Cross and pathetic confidence in Great Britain are claiming to-day from our chivalry practical help in their present danger and misery. You will read therein a legion of names, unknown to you before, the very lettering of which is uncouth to your sight. If you enquire why they are there, you will find the same warranty in every case.

Unfortunately, Canon Douglas omits to mention a single Assyrian saint by name, and though we have read the history of the early Church with considerable thoroughness and care we cannot recall any great and distinguished Assyrian saints. Besides, we are deeply convinced that even duly canonized saints are not always eminently good and noble-hearted people. In any case, the passage just quoted has no direct bearing upon the subject of the sermon.

Now life is not an imparter of gifts which are ours for the taking. We live not to receive but to give; not to become what we ought to be through external aid, but to learn the art of becoming so by actually living among our fellows. Canon Douglas cannot speak of life except in terms of supernatural religion. According to him Christians are:—

Those rare souls who love the highest when they see it. Converting the best that life can give they are as the merchant who, seeking goodly pearls and finding one above price, sold all that he had and compassed its possession. Therein, indeed, in contrast even to the run of kindly, well-living Christians, and much more to the suicidal mass of mankind, is found a specific mark of the Christian saint. Others also thirst for the best, the very best, that life has to give, and miss it; but discerning between sweet and bitter, between true and false, the saint perceives what happiness is in itself, puts first things first, and achieves it. In that achievement he does no more than express his essential nature which is made in the Image of that Creator who, having life in himself, has given him to have life in himself. We are fashioned, each and all of us, not for the small, sickly, starved existence of the robot, but for the large, rich, full-bodied life of the Son of God.

In the whole of that extract an entirely false note is struck. It is life plus something which is not life and which renders life in the natural sense entirely impossible. Fortunately, however, Christians as defined by the vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, have never been seen on land or sea. They are simply creatures of the religious imagination, and exist only sentimentally on Sundays. On the Stock Exchange between two Sundays there is no difference whatever between them and other people. Religion is but a garment which they put on and off as it suits them.

Even in quotation the Canon is culpably inaccurate. He quotes thus from Tennyson's *Two Voices*:—

"Tis life of which my veins are scant,  
"Tis life for which I pine and pant,  
Life and more life is all I want.

All students of the poet's art and works are aware that the lines read as under:—

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;  
More life, and fuller, that I want.

Then he represents a man as saying: "I want the very best of everything. Knowing that there is butter, I decline to eat margarine. I have a right to live my life, to have a good time." He calls such a man a fool, and says that he "shipwrecks himself in disaster and regret." Here the Canon is fundamentally mistaken. If a good and loving Heavenly Father exists, is it reasonable to assume that he intends that his children should have a bad time? The reverend gentleman's answer is evidently in the affirmative. If his teaching is true no man has a right to be happy unless he is a Christian. He asks, "Do you doubt the joy, the fulness, the triumph, the richness inestimable, the supremacy of the happiness of the monk in his cell?" In answer, we solemnly declare that we do most emphatically and seriously doubt it. We read of several hermits who were anything but happy in their retirement from the world. Why do they forswear the life of their fellow-beings? A great many of them do so because they are not strong enough to resist sexual temptations, because the charms of women conquer them, and we know that in their solitary cells not a few of them have to fight most painfully against the natural demands of the flesh. Has Canon Douglas never read *Thais*, by Anatole France; the *Temptation of St. Antony*, by Gustave Flaubert, and other well-known works on the same subject? No, monks generally are anything but happy in their cells; nor have they any right to be happy, for they are but fugitives from the responsibilities and obligations of life in the world. If they are better than the majority of their neighbours, their supreme duty is to remain and do their utmost to improve the existing wicked conditions of private and public life. Their retirement into solitary cells in a barren wilderness only shows what tremendous cowards they are.

The Canon cherishes a most ignoble and disheartening estimate of the powers for good inherent in human nature. He says:—

Like the impotent man who gazed enviously at the quack remedy of the troubled waters of Siloam, we are powerless to act upon the impulse of the divine in our being until we turn and obey the call of Jesus, that good Physician who never failed to cure, that Friend and Master of whom none that abode in his love ever wearied, until by his Grace, for his sake, through his service, in his comradeship, we find strength and incentive to rise and to walk. The acceptance of the Gospel transmutes all values. By it the old passes; all things become new. In its certainty, its confidence, the torment of the past, the fear of the future, sin disappears; friendships become real, every labour purposeful, every pleasure a joy, and the heart's desire is satisfied. By it men who were as dead have life and have it more abundantly.

In that extract two most glaring crimes are unblushingly committed. It is a crime to represent human nature as incapable of satisfactorily solving its own problems and of overcoming the evils that beset it. It is equally a crime to attribute to Jesus remedial powers which history proves to have never been put into practice. Jesus has always been and is morally impotent. After nigh two thousand years of his religion the world is still unredeemed, while human nature is still but reluctantly permitted to put its powers into operation.

J. T. LLOYD.

## The Shingling of Jupiter.

The carpenter said nothing but  
The butter's spread too thick.

—"Alice in Wonderland."

Mythology and newspapers cannot co-exist.—A. G. Gardiner.

WHEN Freethinkers feel dispirited, if pioneers can have such soft emotions, it would be a happy idea for them to turn to some work of Christian apologetics for refreshment of mind. The recent symposium on religion in a daily newspaper was a case in point, for the orthodox apologists contributed the feeblest of the articles, and actually forced the opinion that they were as bankrupt of fresh ideas as Egyptian mummies. A more recent publication, *Science, Religion, and Reality*, a series of Essays, edited by Joseph Needham (Sheldon Press) will bring joy to many a Freethought soldier, because the ten essays read like bulletins of defeat, preceding the hoisting of the white flag. As is usual in such melancholy circumstances, the retirement is always "according to plan," and the losses are monotonously stated to be one man killed and one wounded. None the less the army moves backward, and tomorrow's battle will take place where the camp fires of the enemy once stood.

The two most eminent names in the latest list of defenders of the Christian Faith and of Omnipotence are those of Lord Balfour and Dean Inge, and it is interesting to note what they have to say. Lord Balfour, forgetting, for an hour or so, his own *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, is in his blandest and most gentlemanly mood. He starts off with the delightful statement that the "pessimists" of half a century ago have been grievously disappointed. These forensic figures are credited with the brave idea that religion would then be speedily superseded by science. Fifty years have passed, and Lord Balfour chants a paean of victory in full-throated tones:—

Religion is still with us. Not only so, but so far as I can judge, its relations to science are more satisfactory at the end of this period than they were at the beginning. And this is certainly not because science has been stationary. There has never been a period in which its discoveries have been of wider scope or more fundamental significance.

This hymn of victory, with massed bands' accompaniment, is singularly out of place. And who, may we ask, were the pessimistic prophets who predicted such twaddle? We fear they are entirely imaginary, for, indeed, if they lived at all, their names must have been inscribed in the patients' lists at some lunatic asylum. Charles Bradlaugh was the foremost figure in the Freethought movement at the time Lord Balfour refers to. He not only never said anything concerning a lightning victory for Secularism, but he said the exact opposite. He pointed out that religions do not die, but they change, a subtle distinction which ought to be pleasing to the argumentative intellect of Lord Balfour.

As for the relations of science being "more satisfactory" to-day than they were a few years ago, it only remains to add that it is the scientific position on the questions raised by theologians that is gaining ground, and that the Christian clergy are tumbling over one another in their haste to accommodate their beliefs to the changed conditions of present-day thought.

Lord Balfour is just as child-like and innocent in his dealings with the Christian Bible:—

Inspired the Bible certainly is. Infallible in the sense commonly attributed to that word it certainly

is not. It neither provides nor in the nature of things could provide faultless anticipations of science still unborn.

Why could not the writers of the Christian Bible provide intelligent anticipations of scientific discoveries? A Roman poet, Lucretius, did so in his *De Rerum Natura*, and anticipated evolution two thousand years before Charles Darwin published his *Origin of Species*. Not only that, but Democritus actually made a forecast of the atomic theory, another nineteenth century discovery.

It is the merest camouflage to assert that there is no contradiction between the Christian Bible and Science. Regarding medicine, the Bible maintains the notion of demoniacal possession being the cause of disease. Fevers are rebuked, leprosy cured by a poultice, and blindness removed by expectoration. Some divinely favoured persons die twice, and others, still more favoured, never trouble the undertakers at all. Witchcraft is insisted on as being true long after it has been discarded by every nation with the slightest pretension to civilization.

The Bible is anti-scientific. One of the axioms of science is that a part cannot exceed the whole. How can that be reconciled with the story of the feeding of the five thousand people mentioned in the Gospels? As for miracles, Lord Balfour says that science looks doubtfully upon anything out of the common. Just as if an ordinary man could not see that the stories of Jonah and the whale, Lot's wife, and Noah's ark, were but examples of Oriental imagination and credulity, and not sober fact at all.

It is really a relief to turn from Lord Balfour's very special pleading to the dignified essay by Dean Inge, which, be it noted, is largely a reply to the ex-Premier's rhetoric, although not intended to be so. Dean Inge is impressive in his disagreement of Lord Balfour, and raises no false hopes: "The vast accumulation of knowledge and of mechanical appliances which we call civilization may not be very favourable to religious insight."

He admits that there are many Christians who still pay their pew-rents, and who do not make much fuss about the conclusions of science. This, however, is but cold comfort to the pious reader after the fervid rhetoric and false hopes of Lord Balfour. It is not the elderly folk in the pews who will determine the future of the Christian Religion, but the children who are growing up under very varying conditions from their forefathers. And these young people will read the Bible with different eyes, opened the wider as the clerical control of education becomes gradually relaxed by the pressure of Freethought.

The battleground of the future will be the question of the Bible in the schools. As time goes on this Oriental volume will be found to be more and more unsuitable as a school-book. In sober truth, there is neither history nor science worth troubling with in the sacred volume. The atmosphere throughout is that of the *Arabian Nights*. From the page describing Adam and Eve starting life at full age until the Second Person of the Undivided Trinity ascends into the ether like a "Paris-London aeroplane, is a salmagundi of unrestrained Oriental imagination. The book is full of out-of-date ideas, and stuffed with the basest superstition, and, sooner or later, it will have to be so regarded in spite of Dean Inge, Lord Balfour, and the 50,000 priests of this country. For Freethinkers march under the banner inscribed with Voltaire's stirring words: "Crush the Infamous," and they have set themselves the task of freeing children from the absurdities, immoralities, and barbarities of savage times perpetuated by this heavily-endowed fetish book.

MIMNERMUS.

## "Post-Mortem."

WE are all interested, more or less, in the cause of the death of those around us. The first question we ask, when we are informed of the death of an acquaintance is, "What did he die of?" There are few people who are not curious as to the maladies responsible for the deaths of those who have distinguished themselves in the history of the world, either for good or for evil. Who has not wondered what the disorder was that compelled Marat to practically live in a kind of slipper bath, made of copper and shaped like a sabot, in which he was eventually murdered by Charlotte Corday? or expressed curiosity as to the cause of Napoleon's death at the early age of fifty-two? or speculated as to the cause of the mental breakdown of Nietzsche, which ended with his death?

Some would say that this is a morbid curiosity that should be discouraged, just as the pious say that any investigation of sex problems is immoral! We do not regard it as morbid; the reason why it interests us is that we all have to go through the same act sooner or later. We all have to die, and we are interested in the same way that we should be in the trial of a man for sedition or blasphemy, and knew that we ourselves had been cited to answer the same charge later on.

The subject only becomes morbid when, under the influence of religious teaching, the mind becomes concentrated upon it to the exclusion of the much more important problem of how to live, as was the case in the Christian Middle Ages. On the other hand, it is foolish to try and ignore the fact, to put away all thought upon the subject, like the French King whose courtiers dare not mention the subject in his presence. These are the two extremes.

The Freethinker treats the subject as he would any other; he is not obsessed with it; neither does he attempt to put away nor suppress all thought upon it. He has nothing to fear from death; it is the believer in a judge and a judgment day who fears death because he does not know what the verdict will be. The greatest, the most sincere, and most pious of the Christian saints and preachers have confessed themselves to be miserable sinners, unworthy of salvation. What then must be the position of the ordinary Christian with his sins thick upon him, especially in the light of the saying of his master, to the effect that narrow is the way to life, and few there be that find it; but broad is the way to destruction, and many there be that find it. The true believer in these words must therefore always live in doubt and uncertainty, and dread the ultimate issue.

To the Freethinker past middle age and nearing the end of life, death appears, not as the king of terrors, the grisly skeleton poising a dart, as he is depicted in those Christian "dances of death" once so popular, but as a kindly physician offering the water of Lethe, and closing the tired eyes after "life's fitful fever."

Dr. MacLaurin, who is Lecturer in Clinical Surgery at the University of Sydney, has written an interesting book dealing with this subject entitled *Post-Mortem: Essays, Historical and Medical*, published by Jonathan Cape, in which he discusses the maladies of several characters celebrated in history, such as the Emperor Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, Marat, Napoleon, and others. The woman who wrote to the school teacher asking her not to tell Mary Ann any more about her "innerds" would not have liked this book. But although some of the details may seem rather nauseous to those unread in medical literature, still that is inevitable if the matter

is to be truthfully dealt with, and if it is not truthfully dealt with it had better be left alone.

Of Marat we are told that he suffered from "dermatitis herpetiformis," which we suppose to mean a painful and irritating skin disease, an inflammatory eruption of small vesicles due to the retention of products of decay in the blood. It is said to have been contracted during the time he was hiding in cellars and sewers, owing to the violence of his language, in the time immediately preceding the revolution.

Carlyle, who makes Marat the villain of the piece in his romantic history of the French Revolution, hints at syphilis, "thus following," says Dr. MacLaurin, "in the easy track of those who attribute to syphilis those things they cannot understand. But syphilis, even if painful, would not have been relieved by sitting for hours daily in a hot bath." Marat, who was the offspring of a marriage between a Sardinian man and a Swiss woman, had studied medicine at Bordeaux and practised in London for some years before going to Paris. Dr. MacLaurin says that his disease would shortly have killed him but for the intervention of Charlotte Corday.

Of Napoleon's malady we have detailed and exact information from the post-mortem performed—in the presence of several British military surgeons—by Francesco Antommarchi, a young Corsican physician, sent to St. Helena about eighteen months before Napoleon's death. It was thought that being a Corsican, he would be agreeable to the Emperor, who would be more likely to submit to his treatment than to that of a foreigner. Unfortunately, Napoleon suspected him for his youth, and in any case he had very little faith in doctors; he had seen too much of them in the army. At this time Napoleon was suffering from severe pains in the stomach causing him to writhe in agony. Antommarchi treated it very lightly as merely dyspepsia, prescribing tartar emetic in lemonade, and when this produced the usual result—violent sickness—Napoleon declared that Antommarchi had tried to poison him, and declined to take any more. Afterwards when Napoleon "complained of a pain that shot through him like a knife," Antommarchi merely laughed and prescribed antimony, with catastrophic results. It is a singular thing that an able man like Antommarchi—for he was an able man—never realized, until the very last moment, that there was anything seriously wrong with the Emperor.

But Napoleon was beyond medical aid even before Antommarchi appeared at St. Helena, at least any medical treatment known at that time. He was suffering from cancer of the stomach.

The post-mortem, of which, says Dr. MacLaurin, Antommarchi "has left us an exceedingly good and well-written report of what he found," revealed the fact that the greatest of all generals was by no means endowed with a fighting man's physique. "Napoleon's hands and feet were extremely small; his skin was white and delicate; his body had feminine characteristics, such as wide hips and narrow shoulders." There was little hair on the body, and the hair of the head was fine, silky, and sparse. Twenty years later, when his body was exhumed for conveyance to France, there was little sign of decomposition, and those who knew him in life recognized him immediately his face was uncovered.

Dr. MacLaurin does not deal with the cause of Nietzsche's mental breakdown. In the little book on Nietzsche written by M. A. Mügge—who is the author of the standard life of Nietzsche—in Messrs. Jack's "The People's Library," an admirable little work, which compresses within the limits of a book six and a half inches by four and a half inches, and less than half an inch thick, all that the general

reader requires to know, and an admirable introduction to his works—how we wish the authors of the monstrous biographies of second and third-rate men would take a lesson from this. In this book we are told that the cause of Nietzsche's mental failure was unknown, and that we must wait until the medical men had published the details of the case. Since then, however, Dr. Binswanger, to whose institution Nietzsche was removed, has stated that they really did not know the cause of Nietzsche's mental trouble. But there does not seem to be much mystery about it, when we know that he had been suffering for years from very severe stomach troubles and indigestion—that malady which seems to dog the footsteps of most literary men. Most probably the brain was poisoned by the toxins generated by the defective digestion.

W. MANN.

(To be Concluded.)

## The Intuitional Factor in Morals.

### II.

(Concluded from page 732.)

A PHILOSOPHICAL theory of knowledge has to draw a clear distinction between truths of intuition and truths of experience. The former comprise those fundamental and necessary dicta of the human intellect which form the basis of all reasoning processes, which furnish the indispensable conditions of all thought, and the truth of which is self-evident and indisputable. They are, moreover, always of an abstract order and of universal application. Truths of experience, on the other hand, depend entirely on evidence or proof for their recognition and acceptance as truths, such evidence or proof consisting of their inclusion in some wider truth already established. Such are most of the truths of science as well as the ordinary facts of every-day experience which form the subjects of our reasoned belief, and they may be described as concrete or particular truths as distinguished from the abstract or general truths of the former class.

In precisely the same way has a philosophical system of ethics to draw a distinction between hedonistic conduct and purely moral conduct as classed under the headings (d) and (e) respectively in the foregoing list. Hedonistic conduct is based entirely on considerations of pleasure and pain, of happiness and unhappiness, whether affecting the self or others. It takes cognizance of individual cases and of particular circumstances, the same course of action being sometimes capable of bringing about beneficial, and at other times, harmful consequences. It was this particularity and concreteness inherent in the "greatest happiness" principle that gave the old Utilitarians so much trouble in laying down rules for moral conduct when they involved the balancing of advantages against disadvantages and calculating whether the total sum of "happiness" would be increased or diminished by some given line of action. On the intuitional view, on the other hand, moral conduct is controlled by an abstract, innate, and unchallengeable sense of rightness or wrongness independent of all concrete considerations of pleasure or pain, and is as sharply contrasted with hedonistic conduct as abstract intellectual truth is contrasted with the concrete truths of experience. As it would be irrational and absurd to demand evidence for an abstract truth of intuition while a concrete truth of experience must depend on evidence for its acceptance; so, with similar strength of contrast, moral conduct ceases to be truly moral as soon as any consideration of happiness actuates it, while hedonistic conduct is based on a desire

for happiness as its natural and rightful motive. This contrast is indeed none other than that between our ethical estimates of actions prompted by motives of justice on the one hand or of beneficence on the other, and it can be illustrated by many a familiar example. Take the case of someone responding to an appeal on behalf of a charitable institution, say, for the endowment of a cot in a Children's Hospital. One man may write his cheque merely from a vague sense of obligation, feeling no pleasure in the action and dismissing the matter from his mind with a sense of relief. Another man, of keenly benevolent disposition, would feel a glow of pleasure in the consciousness that his action will aid in the relief of distress, and he might even seek to prolong that pleasure by occasional visits to the Hospital and kindly talks with the little sufferers whom he is befriending. There is no question as to which of these two men is deserving of the greater approval. On the other hand, no one is expected to feel a glow of moral pleasure when writing out a cheque in payment of a debt, though this latter, being an act of justice, is on a higher ethical plane than the purely hedonistic act of beneficence exemplified in the former case.

The relationships between the abstract and concrete elements in the spheres of philosophy and ethics exhibit an equally striking similarity when we consider their origin and development. The slowly developing intellect of primitive man, incapable as yet of any abstract ideas and confronted only by concrete experiences, could but interpret the world around him—so far as it was truly interpretable at all—in concrete terms and their relations, as is clearly shown at the present day by existing savage peoples. Nor would the acquisition of abstract ideas have been of any use to man at that early stage while he was engaged in a pitiless struggle for existence among the stern, material facts of life. It would be only after long ages of mental growth, after a more perfect development of languages and a more perfect organization of societies that the conflict would be raised to the intellectual plane, and the acquisition of reasoning power and the recognition of abstract truth would become both possible and useful.

The development of the moral sense must have been controlled by similar conditions. When man's intelligence was in its infantile stage and his social sympathies were vague and feeble, direct hedonistic impulses must have been the only ones capable of prompting conduct conducive to social welfare. Hence a direct desire for pleasant and aversion from unpleasant experience, egoistic in origin, but by emotional association becoming increasingly altruistic through family, clan, tribe, etc., probably formed the ruling motive of all social conduct long before a sense of right, duty, or justice could have arisen. This, too, is plainly shown by many existing savage tribes, among whom feelings of sympathy and benevolence are sometimes strongly exhibited, while conceptions of justice or honour are quite unknown. In this early stage hedonistic motives would suffice for the requirements of social welfare, but as societies came to include wider groups and social organization became more complex and more interdependent a different motive for conduct would be needed. Under such conditions there would frequently arise a need for conduct essentially beneficial to the social group but not immediately or obviously bringing personal happiness to the individual of whom it is demanded—sometimes, indeed, even entailing an actual diminution of such happiness. How could such moral conduct be brought about? Only by the development in each individual of an organized and innate impulse toward the performance of such conduct in complete disregard of any considerations of happiness either

immediate or remote. This would take the form of an innate sense of duty or obligation—that mental faculty, in short, which is commonly called “conscience.”

Thus it would appear that a truly rational system of ethics must have a dual basis, and that no system based solely on hedonism can be logically satisfactory. But the two elements of the dual basis form the emotional and intellectual components of one mental development and are neither independent of nor antagonistic to each other. The former component is hedonistic in origin and is rooted in the primal feeling of the *desirability* of happiness, while in the latter this feeling is moralised as an intuitive cognition making the *rightfulness* of happiness the criterion and condition of its desirability. These may be regarded as the fundamental data of ethical science.

A. E. MADDOCK.

### Acid Drops.

An article which is not above suspicion as being a bit of “kite-flying” appears in the *Times Educational Supplement* of recent date. It says that in many rural districts the local administrators have their ingenuity taxed to provide the requisite instruction, and if one big Church school were erected in their place it would effect a saving of money. But as these Church schools are generally inferior to the Council ones, and are subsidized by public money, a saving, and an increase in efficiency would certainly be effected if a big Council school was erected and the Church schools left severely alone. As the Archbishop of Canterbury was lamenting only a short time back that the elder children mainly passed under the influence of Council schools, it is not hard to detect one of the reasons for putting in the plea noted. For it is not the education that the Church is concerned about, but only the religious training. So long as that is given nothing else matters.

The article continues by saying that there is a growing disposition to add to the existing two classes of schools another in which some form of denominational religious instruction shall be given. And it goes on to say that while, on the one hand, the National Union of Teachers would not be adverse to the introduction of denominational teaching into this new class of school, on the other hand, there is a growing effort on the part of certain “eminent professors” to produce a scheme of biblical instruction which shall not violate the Cowper-Temple clause. This may be true. The N.U.T. is a mere trade union, and so long as the trade union interests of its members are safeguarded, shows no disposition to offend the churches by taking a stand on secular education. And we can well believe that numbers of professors—and parsons—are quite ready with another scheme of biblical instruction. Which means that just when a number of the clergy such as Dean Inge are tearing established Christianity up by the roots, and when any educated person knows that the view of the Bible which may be put before children is such that adults would not for a moment tolerate, the children are to have their ignorance imposed upon by having the Bible put before them as “God’s Word.” It is a contemptible game, but not more so than many other things that go on in the name of Christianity.

The upshot of it all is that if the believers in secular education are not on the alert, just when Bibliolatory is being driven out of many of the churches they may find it re-established in the schools. And it will be done in connection with many other things that look advanced. There will be a great deal of talk about instruction in “civics” or in ethics, or in citizenship, but all the time there will be a strengthening in religion. The clergy will give way in the one direction, in order

to gain ground in another. Liberals—we use the word in the American sense—of a wobbly kind, will salve their conscience for conniving at the strengthening of religion by the fact that they are supporting a good teaching in other directions. The pass will be sold again, as it was in 1870 by the Nonconformists. And the moral of it all is to go on making Freethinkers—real Freethinkers—for they are the only ones who appear to recognize that the chief thing about education is not the parent, nor the Trade Union, but the child. That will be disputed by the Church, and hardly recognized by a great many teachers, but it is true—too simple to be impressive, perhaps, but true.

The Rev. Basil Bouchier brings a grave charge against Dean Inge. He says he is doing harm by unsettling men’s minds. There is, he declares, no conflict between science and religion—which reminds us of a celebrated character who said, “When I say a thing three times, it is so.” But Mr. Bouchier put the matter to the test. In addressing an open-air meeting of people in West Ham one Sunday afternoon, he put the following before them:—

We are living in a world of wonder. Some people say there is no such thing as miracle. Whereas it is far truer to say that there is nothing but miracle. The scientists, far from robbing this world of its wonder, have made it more wonderful. It remains a miraculous world, needing someone outside it to explain it.

That, says Mr. Bouchier solemnly, was received as enthusiastically as anything he said. Now we are naturally greatly impressed with the philosophic power of a mass meeting of West Hammers, and we can quite understand Mr. Bouchier being so impressed with the profundity of his own statement as to reproduce it. But all the same we do not remember any other person ever advancing the same kind of evidence. Mr. Bouchier’s is a mind that is much out of the common. And yet there are some people who talk about the mental decline of the pulpit! Look at Mr. Bouchier!

The Right Honourable Syed Ameer Ali, member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, has expressed himself thoroughly on the Riff war. Writing in a daily newspaper, he states:—

It seems almost a travesty to sing a Te Deum at the overthrow of some 18,000 mountaineers, armed only with rifles, by two armies consisting of nearly 300,000 men with armoured tanks, machine-guns, and airplanes innumerable, showering bombs on mountains and valleys and destroying the people’s homes and fields.

The eastern mind sums up the situation at a glance, and the official religion of Spain is that which seeks to take the world within its fold, and it has already swallowed a few English journalists.

After the usual squint-eyed view of Dean Inge’s sceptical remarks on heaven and hell and miracles (one wishes he had included top-boots for women) the *Daily Express* strokes its own back by printing the following: “We are on the eve of a spiritual revival. All the sign-posts point to it. The discussion initiated in the *Daily Express* by the series of articles on “My Religion” has not been in vain.” It would appear that the Dean is not going to be nonplussed by ten novelists; he has gone a “buster” to get in the limelight that turned brickbats instead of cheques fifty years ago. Brave fellow! his love of publicity will bring him soon to the level of Freethought martyrs—now that it is safe.

In a newspaper article, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., has some hard words about Mr. C. G. F. Masterman, who had a eulogy on truth in a Sunday newspaper. Mr. Ponsonby implores him to take off his surplice. It appears that Mr. Masterman during the war was the head of the British Propaganda department, and he wishes to impress on the public that it was devoted to spreading the truth and nothing but the truth. The public now knows that all sides lie so vigorously in

the matter that to the ordinary man it was plain that all was "gas and gaiters." What we want to know is what is the name of the public-house in Fleet Street where the "Angels of Mons" story lifted its head above the spittoons and sawdust. And if we dare be serious over such a gallimaufrey of pitiful nonsense, we would ask, what was the great truth that was worth some millions of dead?

Why strain the eyes at Tennessee? The church bell at Hilperton, Wilts, will be rung to summon parishioners to a moment's silent prayer for security against foot-and-mouth disease. In the meantime the Board of Agriculture will be fooling about making restrictions on the movement of cattle when the whole trouble could be settled by bell-clanging.

A musical critic in the *Morning Post*, in his report, writes as follows: "After Holst's another choral symphony was performed. Beethoven brought us to earth, where, after all, we live." This plain matter of factness is necessary in an age when 50,000 soothsayers can make a living by preaching that heaven is our home.

After Europe being made a wilderness, a boy of ten years of age, for doing a shilling's-worth of damage was sentenced to a birching. Lady Amptill (with a colleague) ordered the punishment. In addition, she lectured the mother, telling her that she must send him to Sunday-school and church. Here, doubtless, he would receive the book containing accounts of murder and destruction, plain and unvarnished, in the Old Testament, and the conclusion is certain, that if our nobility cannot do better than this they should retire to the obscurity of the Middle Ages from whence they have emerged. In the meantime, Lady Amptill may be surprised at the phenomenon of class hatred.

Mr. Gerald Gould, writing in the *Saturday Review*, participates in a skirmish with Father Knox about the souls of animals. In the course of the argument, Mr. Gould points out that the church to which his opponent belongs has not forbidden the practice of capital punishment, and, like other churches, it blesses the banners that go forth to war. If a dog has been the cause of bringing this to the notice of the readers of the *Saturday Review*, we must say, Good dog, Fido, for it is time that our modern medicine men were as correctly classified in their relation to war, and we care not what paper assists in getting them once and for all in their proper category.

The Rev. G. B. Code does not beat about the bush. As vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Birmingham, in connection with Armistice talk, he takes up an attitude that will not be popular with his brothers in the business of preaching. "Everywhere," he writes, "Christians bemoan the fact of the decline in what is called 'religion.' There are empty churches, ineffective sermons, abortive 'missions.' And this decline is most marked since the war.....The war induced us to abandon understanding of the other side." He concludes: "What cure is there for this? What cure but repentance? Why cannot the whole Christian conscience unite in saying that all the war was a mistake and that England was wrong?" Well, there is nothing like making a clean breast of it when one is found out. We trust that the vicar feels better after relieving his feelings in this fashion, but it all sounds like the confession after the accident with the gun: "I didn't know it was loaded." With the facile and pliable ethic of Christianity anything and everything is possible; we mistrust those who indulge in other world talk, and we know that every member of the Church in sackcloth and ashes cannot bring to life one out of the millions of dead soldiers, and we say, away with your whining and snuffling about empty churches—the sooner they are completely emptied the better.

If we may be pardoned for the expression, why is it, we ask, that birth control always "puts the wind up" Roman Catholics? In full-throated song, as it were, Dr. J. McIntyre, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Birmingham, delivers himself as follows:—

Birth control teaching is worse than murder, for murder destroys the body, while birth control destroys the soul. Birth control teaching represents a moral dry rot in the body politic. Catholics can do no less, when such filth is swept to their doors, than wash it away.

The logic in this tirade does not rise to the level of intelligence of a rocking horse. Less children born would argue that there would be less souls to run the risk of being damned, but the above extract is the language of an abusive counsel who has no case. Not in an "Acid Drop," but in a book would it make an interesting thesis, of a celibate priesthood who gnashed its teeth because people refrained from having children. This is where the spirit of comedy smiles over the intemperance of the language of Dr. McIntyre, and enables us to see how reason and passion in a man is in the ratio of one to sixteen.

A stag which had been hotly chased by the Mid-Kent Hunt resigned itself in refuge in the sea. It drifted three hours, landed on the shore near Hythe Oaks, and made its escape. There is no moral, but it would appear that a lot of moral bricks will have to be laid before we can make Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

There may be a precious minority of opinion that parsons are useless, but even this body will have to revise its views on learning that the Rev. J. J. Smith, Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Darwen, has put his foot down. As a result, bottles of whiskey and wine among the prizes in a Christmas draw have been expunged from the list. This in itself justifies Dean Swift's attitude on "the dangers of abolishing Christianity."

Christians can go for one another when they are so inclined, as witness the following from the *Methodist Recorder*:—

I see that the *Church Times* has been at it again. There is no need, perhaps, to specify what it has been at, for with an admirable consistency it is always at the same thing. I enjoy the *Church Times*; it is the *Morning Post* of religion, and, like it, is cleverly conducted, splendidly edited, and brightly written. It knows what it thinks, and it says it, with pungency and point. But it lacks humour, and it lacks originality. It is the organ of the ecclesiastical "die-hards." I wonder they don't change its name. It ought to be called "The Last Post," for its fuglemen are the gallant and wistful trumpeters of things that are long since dead. I do not know the editor, but I think he must be related to Lot's wife. There is plenty of salt about him; in fact, he has looked back so long and so persistently that he is thoroughly preserved and remains an interesting specimen of dead ways of thinking.

In the *Hibbert Journal* we find that the Rev. T. J. Hardy is not very cheerful about the present position of Christianity. An article entitled "The Present Predicament of Christianity" would leave us to assume that the end is in sight. Mr. Hardy finds that the Christian belief is seriously impaired by the now prevalent belief in God being identical with nature and man, the complete disappearance of the sense of "sin," the growth of a doubt whether the union with God preached by Christianity really contributes to the maintenance of the world order, and the decline of the old belief in a "soul" that can be lost or saved. This sounds like a closing tune as far as the business of Christianity is concerned, and one is tempted to think what would have been the result if all the nations taking part in the Great War had not been of the orthodox religious brand.



## "Freethinker" Endowment Trust.

THERE is not a large sum we have to acknowledge this week on behalf of the Trust Fund, although we continue to receive letters from readers to the effect that they intend sending before the Fund closes. There appears to be an impression that this special appeal will continue until the whole of the £8,000 is made up. That will not be the case. Begging is not a job to our taste, and we like to get rid of it as quickly as possible. The Trust will, of course, remain open for the receipt of donations until the whole of the required sum is got together, but we hope to close the special appeal for this year by December 31, or very soon after. By that time everyone ought to have made up his or her mind as to what each can do, and we all owe it to the promoters of the Trust, who gave it such a fine send-off, to do our best.

I have had one proposal during the past week which I must put before my readers. A gentleman who has already subscribed, but who does not wish his name mentioned for the present, has offered to make a further contribution of £50 if nineteen others can be brought to do the same, and so complete another £1,000. I am bound to make the offer public, but I leave it at that, with the comment that there are quite four times that number known to me who could quite well respond to that offer if they felt so inclined. But as this offer is a contingent one, I feel it only right that it should be contingent also on the part of those who take up the challenge. So what I propose is this: I will accept promises only on condition that the whole number comes forward. If they do not the promises are thereby cancelled. All that need be done is for the willing ones to send me on their names, and when the number is complete they will be called upon to redeem their promises and the list published. I leave it at that without further comment.

The Trust, as has been explained, is to place the paper in a position of financial security, and so do away with the annual Sustentation Fund. A sum of £400 annually is required, and if this is to be realized by investments at least £8,000 is required. An explanation of the Trust will be given to anyone who is interested, although a full account of it was published in the *Freethinker* for October 4. But those who give now, give perpetually. The paper has carried on a hand-to-mouth existence for over forty years, and this is the first attempt to give it the position of security it ought to have. And there are enough admirers of the paper to give it this with ease if they will only determine it shall be done. I am pressing this Fund partly because I feel it a duty to its promoters, and, if we succeed, I may deserve the following from "Javali," who writes:—

In placing my little offering of a guinea at the shrine of the *Freethinker* on behalf of the Endowment Trust, I thank its presiding genius, our indomitable editor, for the patient and pertinacious manner in which he endeavours to knock intellectual honesty into human skulls.

The following is the list of subscriptions to date:—  
Previously acknowledged: £3,359 8s. J. S. Buckle, £5; R. Young, £3; "Javali," £1 1s.; A. Mitchell, £1; S. Holman (2nd sub.), 5s.

Per F. Lovie: Mr. Jones, 3s.; Mr. Lovie, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Wigg, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Adams, 2s. 6d. Total, £3,370 7s. 6d.

Correction.—"R. B. Davison, £1," in the list for November 8, should have read "R. B. Harrison, £1."

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the "*Freethinker* Endowment Trust," and crossed Midland Bank, Limited (Clerkenwell Branch). All letters should be addressed to the Editor, *Freethinker*, 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

## To Correspondents.

Those Subscribers who receive their copy of the "*Freethinker*" in a GREEN WRAPPER will please take it that the renewal of their subscription is due. They will also oblige, if they do not want us to continue sending the paper, by notifying us to that effect.

J. S. BUCKLE.—Thanks for subscription.

C.—We note your offer. It is very good of you, and there should be quite easily in the country, not merely twenty, but a hundred and twenty in a position to back it.

H. A. KERR.—Received, and hope to publish soon.

R. PARKER.—It would be a capital thing if Glasgow Freethinkers could get a hall of their own, and we wish them all success in any attempt they may make.

F. HAMPSON.—We note your suggestion that those who cannot contribute to our endowment in other ways might advertise something they have for disposal and devote the proceeds to the Fund. We quite appreciate the spirit that prompts the suggestion, but we do not think it would commend itself to very many of our readers.

E. ANDERSON.—MSS. to hand. Yes, the Stratford meeting was quite a good one.

H. BLACK.—The copies of the *Freethinker* were sent, and we trust they will do the work they are intended to do. We note your promise—received among others—of a subscription to the Endowment Trust Fund.

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 connection with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss E. M. Vance, giving as long notice as possible.

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

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.

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

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.

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

## Sugar Plums

The dispute in the book trade affects us only indirectly, but it has prevented one or two small parcels of the *Freethinker* being dispatched to newsagents. If any of our readers who have not been able to get their copy will drop a postcard to this office, the missing copy will be sent free.

Mr. Cohen delivers to-day (November 22) the second and last of the two special lectures in the Picton Hall, Liverpool. He will speak on "Do the Dead Live?" and will take occasion to refer to some recent writings

on the subject. The lecture commences at 7, doors open at 6.30, and admission is free. There will be reserved seats at 1s. each. We hope to see the hall at least as well filled as on the occasion of the previous visit.

The Town Hall, Stratford, was quite full on Sunday last, and Mr. Cohen's address on "Evolution and Religion" was listened to with the closest attention, and with evident appreciation. At the close of the lecture there were a number of questions, some of which were much better than usual, and others that were quite wide of the mark. There is a peculiar type of questioner at meetings who, no matter what the subject may be, must always enquire about the relation of capital and labour. They remind one very strongly of the religious type that must drag Jesus Christ in, whether he has any connection with the subject or not. They probably represent the religious type of mind minus its theology, and they have the same pathetic faith in certain economic formulæ that a Salvationist has in the saving blood of Jesus. Mr. Warner occupied the chair, and made a very strong and earnest appeal for support for the local Branch. Mr. and Mrs. Rosetti and Mrs. C. Quinton were very busy at the bookstall, assisted by others, and at the close of the lecture Mrs. Rosetti, as Secretary of the West Ham Branch, made a very neatly worded appeal on behalf of the *Freethinker* Endowment Trust. It was altogether a most successful evening.

Mr. R. H. Rosetti will lecture to-day (November 22) in the Brassworkers' Hall, 70 Lionel Street, Birmingham, on "Monkeyville; Evolution and the Bible." The lecture commences at 7 o'clock, and admission is free. Birmingham friends may well take this opportunity of introducing a few strangers to the meeting.

The Executive of the N.S.S. is organizing a Social Evening at the Food Reform Restaurant, Furnival Street, Holborn, for Tuesday, December 8. There will be music, dancing, etc., and refreshments provided. Tickets will be 2s. each, and as a strictly limited number only will be sold, it is imperative that application for these should be made before December 4. That is the last date on which tickets will be sold. Tickets may be had of Miss Vance, at the Society's offices, 62 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Our occasional, but always welcome, contributor, Mr. H. Cutner, is paying his first visit to Manchester to-day (November 22), and will lecture in the Engineers' Hall, Rusholme Road, at 3, on "Back to Jesus," and at 6.30 on "Freethought and Birth Control." There should be plenty of room with both subjects for a good discussion, and if that eventuates no one will enjoy it more than will Mr. Cutner himself. We hope to hear of a good meeting.

The *R.P.A. Annual* is this year well above its usual level, and contains several articles of outstanding interest. Mr. John M. Robertson writes one of his usual critical and highly instructive articles on the problem of "Mark." Professor Bury writes on the trial of Socrates, and puts forward a view that will be somewhat new to the general reader. Professor J. B. Haldane writes on the "Causes of Evolution," and submits that no more satisfactory cause of the development of species than Natural Selection has yet been brought forward, and there are other interesting contributions from Mr. McCabe, Mr. Gorham, and others. By way of a counterblast Mr. Gerald Bullett writes on "Thoughts in a Night Club," which tempts one to say that if Mr. Bullett tried thinking in the early morning his mind might be sufficiently clear to dispense with some of the customary misunderstandings of Materialism, and also some of the quite common hazy sentimentalism concerning Jesus and religion. But the *Annual* this year is quite a good one, and a little shade lends effect to any picture.

## Christianity To-Day.

The following notes of a recent mission in Aberdeen, conducted by Gypsy Smith, will, we think, be of interest to readers of the *Freethinker*. It is as well to bear in mind that side by side with the more reputable forms of Christian preaching, the kind of thing outlined below has not only a great vogue among the Churches, but is endorsed by the majority of Christian leaders. The notes are supplied by one who attended the mission.

The Mission was from Sunday, October 11, to Thursday, October 22. Twice a day (except Saturday).

Meeting place, the music hall; seating capacity, over 2,000; usually packed at night; large crowd in afternoon. He addressed probably 3,000 per day.

Hymn books (small, paper), 1d. each. Large hymn books with music—the "wonderful, wonderful Jesus" hymn book—1s. each. Collection at each service; nothing free, except salvation. Last lecture, 1s. for ticket.

Temporary residence, "The Palace Hotel," best hotel in town.

Staff—Pianist (furlined coat), ex-Broadway Picture House player; his wife (secretary-typist), and another man, who seemed to be advance agent and relief pianist.

Motor car to and from hotel, everything in first class, top of the bill, star turn, music hall style.

I heard him eight times, and write with knowledge. As an entertainer he is superb. He gradually worked up the audiences until their emotion would have to be seen to be believed. When sufficiently worked up, he asked the affected ones to stand up. Card signing for Jesus followed; with a special section for saying what church you thought of joining. Salvation machine-made, mechanically delivered in return for one's autograph.

Intellectually he is a bankrupt; as a theologian he is absurd. One night seventeen parsons supported him on the platform. Half of them I know personally as men of modern views, who have discarded nearly every vestige of dogmatic theology; yet as a church-filling stunt they were out in full force. The triumph of showmanship over scholarship! Tennessee victorious!

One night he invited all the ex-Service men to come and reserved the front seats for them. I think 25,000 Aberdeen men went to the front; I think 300 would cover the men there. He asked them to stand up in a body, and thanked them in the name "of the city of Aberdeen, of Great Britain, of the Empire, of all the Allies!" Horatio Bottomley could have said no more; Douglas Haig would have said less!

Who is this mouthpiece of Empire?

He afterwards formed a procession, which he headed with an enormous wreath, and marched to the local war memorial. The customary few words and a prayer. Truly a great stunt, and a great showman!

Here are three of his typical stories. He sheds copious tears when he tells them:—

[I am condensing, but you can imagine the emotional details.]

(1) Scene, Hotel Bathroom, Louisville, Kentucky, 7 a.m.: Gypsy in the bath. Knocks at the door. "Who's there?" "Very sick man." "All right, wait till I put on some clothes."—Opens door—Enter man, carrying heavy bag; puts down with a heavy thud. Speaks: "Gypsy Smith, I heard you last night. That bag contains money I stole forty years ago, and interest (compound) for forty years. I am going to restore it! [Observe the location—Kentucky! That's about the only place it could have happened! An Englishman would have sent a cheque and a polite note. "Bag of money."

"Heavy thud!" Do you remember the penny gaff of your youth? It never did anything better.]

(2) Scene (locality not specified), probably Tennessee). Meeting just over. Young lady, aged seventeen, high school girl, advances to platform. Speaks: "Gipsy Smith, will you accept this gold-mounted fountain pen?" and here is what the Gipsy said: "Looking at her with that *Divine intuition* (!) I possess, I said, "No, child, I cannot accept it, but I will go with you to-morrow and return it to the person you stole it from!" [He had never seen her before!]

If I had been an orthodox Christian, supporting him on the platform, I would have risen and denounced him as a blasphemer against the son of God!

(3) The Gipsy: "I was called into the enquiry room at Edinburgh, and there on the floor, in a pool of water made by her own tears, lay a woman." ["A pool of water made by her own tears" is distinctly good. The Gipsy weeps copiously, but I question if he could equal this lachrymal feat!]

Nearly a score of the most highly trained, highly educated men in Christendom—the United Free Church of Scotland ministry—sat behind him night after night, and heard rot like this being ladled out without turning a hair. Heard themselves and their methods criticized, meantime the Gipsy metaphorically slapped himself on the chest and said, "I am It! Hear me!" Heard it, and applauded him to the echo!

"Wonderful, wonderful Gipsy"—to parody his hymn book.

His agent, or relief pianist, or whatever he calls himself, told me in a conversation that there are two things that annoy the Gipsy: (1) The modern views of the clergy. (2) Gipsy Pat Smith, who cuts the prices and boldly advertises, "Payment, half the collection. Results guaranteed." N. R.

## Drama and Dramatists.

WHEN one has been tasting cordials, liqueurs, and the strange results of mixed drink alchemy a draught of clear water receives appreciation. Between the tragic atmosphere of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and the inanity of "No, No, Nanette" there would appear to be very few plays at present that run easily on the light feet of genius. One of the tests of the value of a play is, according to Mr. Halcott Glover in "Drama and Mankind," that we shall leave the theatre refreshed. This opinion has a kinship with Nietzsche's that anything that is good is life-furthering. A play, whether it be tragedy or comedy, should help us to live blithely, joyously, light-heartedly; the vitality of Greek drama has this virtue and the poles of Æschylus and Aristophanes in tragedy and comedy at least touch the lives of all men with a helping hand. As there did not appear on the horizon a good new comedy we would go to see a good old one, and in a full house we saw "The Taming of the Shrew" at the "Old Vic."

For Shakespeare at this place, a new audience has blown in which is all to the good. As Shakespeare is of no particular fashion for the reason that he is always dealing with elementary passions, he is always in fashion, and, in addition, he is a good standard of criticism for all except those who spend their time in counting up the number of words in each of his plays or compiling books to prove that he was a Catholic, Protestant, Fire-worshipper, or Vegetarian.

The comedy of Christopher Sly in the opening is the popping of a champagne cork for the pure fun that follows. The tinker has very frequently more feet

than shoes, and this throws in relief his position as a lord in a lord's joke, and a play within a play. As an illustration of the honesty of the poor he does not forget his debt to the Widow of Wincot, who keeps an ale-house.

What is the particular charm of this comedy? It has a love interest *fortissimo*; the man of the world, Petruchio, with one of the richest endowments a man may have—a sense of humour—subdues the spitfire, verbally and physically, and the happy ending leaves everyone pleased. In the play of wit there are sparks, eruptions, and explosions; the comedy is boisterous and full of animal spirits, yet it is tempered by the contrast of the tranquil story of the wooing of Bianca. Grumio as the churlish servant is laughable in his famous description to Curtis of his swashbuckling master's behaviour at church. Nietzsche, with no particular love for Shakespeare, had here his matter for an aphorism—"When thou goest to a woman do not forget thy whip," and a twentieth-century audience laughed heartily at Shakespeare's Americanism found in the tenth commandment. Mr. Baliol Holloway as Petruchio very cleverly made a long pause in his description of Katherine's position. "She is my goods"—and most of the women laughed because they know they are nothing of the kind. It is now an accepted fact in the West that a man's possessions possess him.

Katherine with her shrewdness was outside the life stream in just the same manner that many damp and depressing individuals of to-day are merely embodied negation, and poetical justice demanded that she should be mentally cured. That the cure was effected is demonstrated in the speech beginning, "Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow," and it is a proof that Archbishop Whateley was right in his views of woman if we do not agree with his theology, when he described her as "a creature that does not reason, and pokes the fire from the top."

Miss Edith Evans as Katherine was superb; she excels in comedy, and in the "Taming of the Shrew" she has added another triumph to that of Millamant in "The Way of the World," which was a comedy of wit in its strictest sense. Comedy at least gives us a sense of proportion, and an idea of our littleness; through the light and nimble spirit of youth, sententiousness is put out of court, and we can laugh at ourselves. As a factor of civilization comedy has a value; it requires for its appreciation a generous perception of all shades and nuances in thought, and as the stage is now the pulpit there is ample room for women to discourse to an audience with or without the consent of the Trade Union of Clergy. They shall teach us with the tears of laughter in the sunshine of comedy, and, for this in her art, we gave Miss Edith Evans our praise and thanks.

WILLIAM REPTON.

## NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.

In spite of at least two very powerful counter-attractions, a very fair audience assembled to hear the debate between Mr. Palmer and Mr. Ebury, and to take part in the discussion, which was animated and lively. There appeared to be unanimity on one point, *i.e.* that the immediate practical objects of the N.S.S. needed revision. This ought to afford food for plenty of further discussion, and perhaps speakers will give their attention to this important matter during our Spring session, for which we hope our syllabus will be ready shortly. Next Sunday Mr. George Bedborough opens the discussion: "Will Christian Ethics Survive Christianity?" The question seems opportune in the face of the present world happenings, and a definition of "Christian" ethics will be interesting and illuminating.—K. B. K.

## A Question of Authorship.

OF course we know that Solomon wrote his famous song. Is it not called "The Song of Solomon"? Fortunately we have an infallible Church to guide us in our perplexity. The Church knows who, when, and how, and many other details about the authorship of every book in the Bible.

The Church used to say that the Devil was the author of every book published without its holy "Imprimatur." It cannot say this nowadays or else the Catholic Truth Society would be ex-communicated. Their bookshop to-day contains a bright assortment of "Pi" books, detective stories, warm poetry, and hectic adventures.

In common with the Secular bookshops it sells the excellent (and other) works of Oscar Wilde, but draws the line at the post-mortem work of that author, a spirit-volume, a book of poor English and worse sentiment supposed to have been written by the famous author in—let us say heaven.

There seems to be no law to protect dead authors from insults like this. There seems to be no law to protect the public from so pretty a piece of remunerative "psychic-science."

Oscar Wilde seems to be particularly unfortunate in his death. Messrs. Methuen not long ago published *For Love of the King*, a play which is generally, if not universally, regarded as abysmally below Wilde's standard as a playwright.

Mr. Stuart Mason, a biographer of Oscar Wilde, who has been closely associated with the late Robert Ross in preparing and editing two collected editions of Wilde, ought to know something about the Wilde text. He has examined the typescript from which *For Love of the King* was printed, and his deliberate opinion is that the work was not written by Wilde.

Mr. Mason declares that "the actual copy" claimed to have been "received from Wilde with his autograph corrections on it," is not authentic, "the autograph corrections are certainly not in Wilde's writing," and Mr. Mason makes very positive statements as to the real authorship—that of the lady in fact who has presumably received a large sum of money from the publishers for what Mr. Mason declares to be a forgery.

The lady in question is further accused of forging and selling numerous "autograph" letters, and of succeeding in getting a London daily newspaper to print a hitherto unpublished poem of Wilde's, all of which we have Mr. Mason's statement are spurious.

Now we have no means of judging between Mr. Mason and the lady he condemns. Our sympathies by the way are with the publishers and the public, who are the real sufferers if they have been victimised. Perhaps this book is genuine.

The moral we wish to draw is the old, old story which Freethinkers have always tried to bring home to the credulous religious world. A book whose merit depends on its authorship is worthless.

Shakespeare's great name has been the storm-centre of age-long controversy. It is worth while to scrutinise and analyse the evidence in this case, because no matter whether Bacon or any other author wrote *Hamlet*, there is a unique work of art which will remain glorious, whether we know or not the pen that wrote it. *For Love of the King* is like much of the Bible, utterly unimportant, inartistic, and uninteresting. The glamour of the author's name may give the poorest work a moonshine value, and since all work, good or bad, helps us to judge the author, we should like to know for certain God's part in writing the Bible, and Oscar Wilde's in the play mentioned.

But we can imagine the publisher's difficulty in getting to the bottom of the Wilde's mystery. He cannot put the author in the witness-box, because he is dead. There is no other conclusive witness. He alone could convince us whether he wrote the book. God seems to be in exactly that position, and we had better give up attempting to penetrate the mystery of his (or the Holy Ghost's) authorship.

*For Love of the King* without Oscar Wilde's name attached to it would not be accepted by any publisher outside Bedlam. Can we say more for the greater part of the Bible, with no divine claim for its origin?

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

## Stones Through Stained Glass.

SUNSHINE is the modern specific for rickets. As religion is the rickets and laughter the sunshine of the mind, laughter would seem the proper specific for the cure of religion.

The wind of accumulated knowledge blows into a gale. So that even Dame Clericalism, knowing them to drape her imperfections, holds tight to her skirts; for she fears they will soon be blown over her head. And what will the Faithful say then, poor things!

The Road to Heaven is paved with quaint delusions.

A democracy is a safe institution only when the masses are sufficiently alert to appreciate at its true value the oratory of their self-appointed leaders, spiritual and temporal. It is from the necessity for this alertness that the Freethinker can know his propaganda to be both essential and urgent.

The pure white snow of Christian faith melts before the warming rays of Reason. The earth is all the cleaner and sweeter when the slush is swept away.

The tolerance that social life forces the Christian to adopt is but negative. Still foreign to his thought is the aim of a positive tolerance, which is to allow free circulation of ideas that from conflict of thought the Truth may emerge.

Undoubtedly the Almighty rewardeth the Faithful. For does not the "white man's burden" (beloved of Mr. Kipling) carry with its stewardship ample material recompense? Hail! ye who are "mighty by sacrifice."

The Christian egg hath a goodly content: Credulity for shell, Intolerance for white, Egotism for yoke. A tap of the Freethought bludgeon, however, soon makes a mess of it.

Even the leavening genius of a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Gilbert can barely make the Victorian Age—with its pious smugness and complacency and "gig snobbery"—seem tolerable to a later generation.

The death pangs of the Rights of God are the birth pangs of the Rights of man.

Old Mother Church just begins to realize that the new democracy is too sturdy a babe to be slapped out of independence of thought and action. So she now upturns her heavy hand to reveal the palm of beguilement.

The nearer to God the farther from mankind.

Tyranny, exploitation, and fear-thought—religious or secular—are fetters which the hammer of Freethought alone can successfully shatter.

The humble ass once bore the weight of Jesus the Christ; since then millions of human asses also have staggered along under the weight of His deputies.

Priests are but colour-blind artists who paint the Truth in false tints and hues.

Tradition, custom, ceremony are racial swaddling clothes which only the real "grown-ups" of any nation ever attempt to discard.

People who in thought and action differ from their fellows may be divisible into three classes: those who have ideas yet lack analytical and discriminating power; those who merely desire to appear different from others; those who have original ideas as the result of close observation and clear and sustained reflection. It is the last whom the world files as "great" in the card-index of history.

"The Church has one foundation"—*ſ* s. d. Yet even this begins to crumble from lack of the Faithful to supply the golden bricks to effect repairs.

Skirts, hooded night-gowns, and dog-collars: what a guise in which to lead mankind! As the rising generation has a keener sense of the ridiculous, the wearing of a ludicrous garb constitutes for would-be candidates for holy orders the one "intellectual difficulty" which all the maladroit ingenuity of arch-priests and moderators will not be able to explain away.

Christianity the Light of the World? Say rather a lantern struggling to pierce a fog of its own producing.

Increasingly do the honest thoughtful leave the Church. One reason for this might be, they discover that a characteristic of most modern clerics is either lying low or low lying.

As the Son of God still throws his black shadow across its face we cannot yet read aright the sundial of civilization—it appears to be set at A.D. 1.

Christianity is a rattle with which priestly nurses fain would distract from the things that matter the attention of a crying youthful democracy.

When the doubter commences to wonder why he should have been saddled with the fatal faculty of being able to "sin," he begins to think that the Golden Rule might be profitably applied to regulating also the relations between God and man.

It is the misfortune of all sacred creeds eventually to become holey.

The function of Freethought is that of crossing-sweeper of the dirty road to Progress. And the timid intellectuals, who now pass over dry-shod, forget to reward the poor sweeper with even a stray copper.

D. P. STICKELLS.

## Correspondence.

WAS JESUS A FREETHINKER?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Mr. Bedborough has twice butted in on this discussion, and as his object is, no doubt, to draw me out, I feel I must oblige him.

Either he does not read his *Freethinker* as much as he ought or he quite forgets what he has read. Over three years ago I wrote a series of articles on "The Religion of Jesus" for this journal, and I quoted and discussed the whole passage from Ingersoll's *What Must We Do to be Saved?* which Mr. Bedborough produces so triumphantly to confute me and help Miss Rout. I can assure him I know it very well indeed. It was, in the days when I thought I was helping the cause by discussing their religion with Christian Evidence lecturers, invariably trotted out with all the glee Mr. Bedborough manifests, and, I may add, it formed part of their stock-in-trade, together with the equally well-known passages from Mill, Renan, Strauss, Lecky, and other famous Rationalists. They all are, let me reassure Mr. Bedborough still being used, and will be so long as Freethinkers like himself imagine they are serving Freethought by constantly quoting them.

Now two things will be noted about that extract—one, that Mr. Bedborough very carefully conceals the date when Ingersoll gave his lecture, and, two, that Ingersoll gives no evidence whatever for his statements. When the great American says, "His (Jesus's) life was destroyed by hypocrites," he is talking arrant nonsense. "He was regarded as a blasphemer," says Ingersoll. In other words, Jesus went about telling people or giving them to infer that he was the *Son of God*. A wandering preacher proclaiming his messiahship and intimate kinship with the Deity is, according to Mr. Bedborough, a crushing refutation of my plea that he was *not* a Freethinker, and an absolute confirmation of Miss Rout's that he *was*. Such logic is beyond me. But it illustrates the truth of what I have long maintained—give up everything you like, but only leave us our Jesus, is a constant cry, alike from Christians as from "reverent" Rationalists.

What is the truth? In the case of Jesus it is practically impossible to say with certainty. But from the Gospel narratives themselves one *can* say with almost certainty that they are "priestly tinsel and lies" from beginning to end. There may have been a "genuine man," as Ingersoll says, but if there was, there is *nothing whatever* in history about him, and any opinions about a genuine Jesus formed on the four "genuine" biographies, are merely opinions and nothing else.

Now, when Ingersoll started his freethought campaign, what did he really know about biblical criticism? With very few exceptions, the eminent Rationalists of his day went into raptures about the "real" Jesus—and Mr. Bedborough is still sitting at their feet.

He not only does not give us the fact that *What Must We Do to be Saved?* was one of Ingersoll's earliest lectures, but he utterly ignores the extract I gave from "About the Holy Bible," which is one of the latest and represents Ingersoll's matured opinion after years of studying, reading, and debating. And this late opinion is one of supreme contempt for the *man* Jesus—if he ever existed—which I believe I am right in saying, Ingersoll doubted as much as Mr. J. M. Robertson.

But I have another quarrel with Mr. Bedborough. If he is so anxious to show us Jesus as a Freethinker, and, therefore, a supreme example for us to follow, why does he not deal with the few quotations I gave from the wonderful, simple, and beautiful teachings of the greatest Being the world has ever seen? Will he be good enough to tell us (1) Why did he suppress the fact that *What Must We Do to be Saved?* was a very early lecture of Ingersoll's? (2) Will he give us some actual quotations showing us that Jesus was a genuine Freethinker as we understand the word? (3) How can the "genuine" Jesus be an obvious "myth"? (4) Will he *prove* that Ingersoll's "rational, etc.," view of Jesus is the correct one? and finally (5) Will he tell us why Ingersoll changed it?

H. CUTNER.

## The Death of Thomas R. Marshall.

(A WELL-KNOWN PERSONAGE.)

TOM MARSHALL is dead.  
Good story teller,  
Entertaining public speaker,  
Once Vice-President of the United States of America.

He died suddenly in his hotel,  
And in his hand when they found him dead,  
Was a Gideon's Bible!

That was enough for the public press,  
That would please our millions of morous,  
Who worship that old book of fairy tales and folk-lore  
As a fetish—  
And so, out went the tidings  
Of Marshall's pious end!

Tom Marshall was a regular fellow—  
I wonder what he was reading;  
The newspapers never told us that.

Perhaps he read the risqué old Song of Solomon,  
Or laughed aloud at Balaam's talking ass,  
Or Eden's talking snake,  
May be he was disgusted at Ezekiel's inspired experi-  
ments at cooking,  
Or at Lot giving over his daughters for outrage to the  
rabble,  
Or the use that those same daughters afterwards made of  
their poor, old, drunken father!

Was he reading about the devil taking up a full grown  
man in his arms,  
And carrying his burden to "the pinnacle of the  
temple"?  
Or about a holy ghost that looked now like a white  
pigeon and now like "tongues of fire"?  
Or about the dead saints who came up out of their  
graves and walked about the streets of Jerusalem?

May be Tom Marshall died laughing at the silly story  
of the annunciation, the immaculate conception, the  
virgin birth, the resurrection, or the ascension!

Alas! so far as our newspapers are concerned,  
We shall never, never know.

Suppose Tom Marshall had died while reading a book  
written by Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Darwin, or  
Spencer,  
Would the newspapers have told us about it?

No, no, dear heart—

Tom Marshall was popular,  
And such a story would have offended and shocked,  
The intellectual inhabitants of Florida and  
Oklahoma and Tennessee;  
It would have shattered a popular idol  
In those three great states!

Tom Marshall died in a hotel,  
With a Gideon's Bible in his hand.

It was a great chance to advertise  
Tom Marshall's piety, and the Bible and the Gideons,  
And thus to furnish temporary felicity to the hordes  
Of brainless fundamentalists,  
For whom our newspapers seem to be printed!

Let us see, I believe the psychologists say  
That the mental capacity of an adult fundamentalist,  
Is that of a normal child of seven years!

What a feeble mentality a normal child of seven years  
must have!

HOWELL S. ENGLAND.

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much  
where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—  
O. W. Holmes, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

## SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on  
Tuesday and be marked "Lecture Notice" if not sent on  
postcard.

LONDON.  
INDOOR.

NON-POLITICAL METROPOLITAN SECULAR SOCIETY (Stanley  
Hall, Hallam Street, Great Portland Street, W.): 8, Mr.  
E. C. Saphin, "Mosaic Myths."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (St. Pancras Reform Club,  
15 Victoria Road, N.W.): 7.30, Mr. George Bedborough,  
"Will Christian Ethics Survive Christianity?"

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (New Morris Hall, Middle  
Floor, 79 Bedford Road, Clapham): 7, Mr. A. D. Howell  
Smith, "The Significance of Roman Catholicism."

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Oliver Goldsmith School,  
Peckham Road, S.E.): Miss F. Utley, "Religion, Econo-  
mics and Social Life in the 4th Century, A.D."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (South Place, Moorgate,  
E.C.2): 11, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Fog of English Religion."

COUNTRY.  
INDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N.S.S. (Brassworkers' Hall, 70  
Lionel Street): 7, Mr. R. H. Rosetti, "Monkeyville, Evolu-  
tion, and the Bible." Questions and discussion cordially  
invited.

GLASGOW BRANCH N.S.S. (No. 2 Room, City Hall, "A"  
Door, Albion Street): 6.30, Mr. D. S. Currie, "Tyndall  
and the Bible." Questions and discussion. Silver Collec-  
tion.

LEEDS BRANCH N.S.S. (Trades' Hall, Upper Fountain  
Street): 7.15, Mr. J. Thornton, "An Appreciation of Poetry."  
Questions and discussion invited.

LEICESTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Secular Hall, Humberstone  
Gate): 6.30, Hon. Bertrand A. W. Russell, M.A., "What  
I Believe."

LIVERPOOL BRANCH N.S.S. (Picton Hall): 7, Mr. Chapman  
Cohen, "Do the Dead Live?"

MANCHESTER BRANCH N.S.S. (Engineers' Hall, 130  
Rusholme Road): Mr. H. Cutner, 3, "Back to Jesus";  
6.30, "Freethought and Birth Control."

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