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

Views and Opinions.

Man and Evolution.

It is quite safe to say that a couple of generations ago no such address such as that just delivered by Sir Arthur Keith, as President of the British Association, could have been given. This is not merely that the state of knowledge existing would not have permitted it—as a matter of fact there were men then who could have broadly laid down the lines of man's descent from the lower animal world—but mainly because the power of religion would never have permitted it. No man holding such views would have been elected President, and even if that difficulty had been overcome, there would have been too great a dread of offending religious susceptibilities for it to have been given. Leading men of science, who knew more than they said, and suspected still more, exercised the greatest care when dealing with human origins. Some latitude might be exercised when dealing with physical matters, or when speculating on the development of the universe as due to the play of natural forces, but these were things which touched the average man but slightly, and theologians were forced to submit with but a protest in leading magazines. The case was different where the origin of man was concerned, or the belief in God was directly challenged. Anyone could see what was the issue then. If God did not make man, religious egotism was quick to ask "What then was the reason for attributing the making of anything else to him?" And if a leading scientist repudiated all belief in a God—any God—Atheism was the only alternative. It will be remembered that even Huxley, gallant as was the fight he waged on behalf of man's animal origin, managed to disguise his Atheism under the meaningless name of Agnosticism.

* * *

The Triumph of Darwinism.

On early human history, Sir Arthur Keith stands as one of our leading authorities. He is, I believe, a Freethinker, although I do not know whether he

calls himself that or not. But thanks to centuries of Christian rule one has to look rather to what a man is, than to the particular name he cares to adopt. His address was delivered in Leeds, and he began it by noting that it was in Leeds, in 1858, just sixty-nine years ago: "there was fired the first verbal shot of that long and bitter strife which ended in the overthrow of those who defended the Biblical account of man's creation and in a victory for Darwin." The great defender then of the special creation of man was Sir Richard Owen, a great anatomist and a great man. But he championed a theory that was not alone without scientific evidence, but was also scientifically unthinkable. It was an absurd theory, the foundation of an absurd creed. To-day, not more than sixty-nine years later, the animal origin of man is accepted as a demonstrated truth by scientists all over the civilized world. It is rejected only by American fundamentalists, and their allies, with preachers of the mental calibre of Billy Sunday and Salvation Army orators. No greater or more decisive victory has ever been consummated in the whole history of human thought. The opponents of evolution complained that the theory of evolution turned God out of the universe. They were quite right. And since then very many thousands have seen that with disastrous results for the churches.

* * *

Evolution and Religion.

On the whole the Press has taken Sir Arthur's address very well. This means, of course, that public opinion has altered so much that the newspapers find it safe to admit the truth of evolution. And that also stands as an indication of how far thought has moved in the matter. Just one or two have complained at an attempt to identify man with the ape, although, as "Dod Grile" suggested, these may comfort themselves with the reflection that many humans have not descended so far as to quite preclude the possibility of a return. On the other hand, some of the papers, notably those of a religious kind, regret the lack of any reference to man's "spiritual nature" in Sir Arthur's address, also its implied hostility to established religious belief. One writer in the *Christian World*, Mr. B. L. Woolf, Ph.D., B.Sc., thinks that if Sir Arthur Thomson or Sir Oliver Lodge had been in the chair, we should have had from them some useful suggestion with reference to the bearing of evolution on religion. We might certainly have had "suggestions," but how far they would have been either sensible or scientific is quite another question. Anything that either did in this direction could have been done much better by a parson of only average ability. Both Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Thomson, in dealing with religion and science, suffer from the disability of knowing something of the latter subject, and that is apt to cramp their efforts. But a

popular parson is not often crippled by any such handicap.

* * *

Man and the Apes.

Facts do not appear to handicap Mr. Woolf so much as one would wish. For example. Sir Arthur had been arguing for the fundamental likeness between the structure of the ape brain and that of the human. To this Mr. Woolf retorts with the question whether Sir Arthur would "pass" a student who confused a baby's brain with that of a chimpanzee. It might have struck a more careful critic that the fact of a baby's brain being distinguishable from that of a chimpanzee, does not disprove the fundamental likeness between the two. Much the same might be said of a baby's foot or hand. And in support of Sir Arthur's contention there is the emphatic statement of one of our greatest anatomists and one of the most able of our scientific thinkers, Professor Elliot Smith, that:—

No structure found in the brain of an ape is lacking in the human brain; and, on the other hand, the human brain reveals no formation of any sort that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee.

I would remind Mr. Woolf of Professor Smith's concluding chapter in *The Evolution of Man*, as a corrective to his statement.

* * *

Wanted, a Miracle.

Mr. Woolf evidently writes as a religionist for religionists, and is accordingly far more concerned with proving what he thinks science *cannot do*, than with dwelling upon what science has done, and what it is likely to do in the future. The future, he thinks, lies not with men of the stamp of Sir Arthur Keith, but with those who "construe ultimate reality in spiritual terms"—one of those sentences which bring so much comfort to the religious mind because no one can be quite certain what on earth is meant by it. So Mr. Woolf is willing to give to evolution the body of man, if it will not claim the human mind or human morals. This might be taken as proof that I was too sweeping in saying that the victory of evolution had been complete and decisive, for if Mr. Woolf really believes that while man's body came by evolution his mind and morals came by special creation, he is back with the belated religious beliefs of quite a generation ago. If the mind of man is a function of the human organism, and no one can deal with it sanely on any other basis, and if morality is a function of group life, I do not see that Sir Arthur Keith's generalization can be ruled out at any point. And when we are told that "no ethical system in the world can be formulated on the basis of merely biological forces," one asks in wonder, why should anyone try to do so? The phenomena classified as psychological and moral are just as real as those classified as biological, and while biology enters into morals, so do other forces or considerations. And I must remind Mr. Woolf that when one is dealing with a problem on scientific lines one must consider all the factors, not merely one or two selected cases. Greatly daring I would suggest to Mr. Woolf my *Materialism Re-stated*, in which he will find this point fully dealt with.

* * *

Fallacy on Fallacy.

Just one other point. He says, "it is relevant to ask 'What is the survival value of the Moonlight Sonata, Bunyan's Grace Abounding, the genius of Christopher Wren or the glorious Altruism of the

Cross?'" This, I may remind Mr. Woolf, is a very old criticism of Darwinism, but its use shows a poor appreciation of the workings of natural selection. No one has ever pretended that there is any biological survival value in a picture of Turner's, a piece of music by Beethoven, or a building by Sir Christopher Wren. But it is a fact that animals have a sense of colour, and a sense of rhythm, and that in their faint beginnings these have a survival value. What Mr. Woolf asks is whether in their higher æsthetic and psychological phases these are necessary to enable an animal to persist on the purely biological level. To put the issue in this way is to expose the fallacy and to see the answer. Mr. Woolf simply takes it that Darwinism or evolution has no reference to other than biological forces. And that is absurd. Moreover, all that Natural Selection requires is some value to be attached to a structure or a quality in its earliest forms. Beyond that it may develop to an illimitable extent, provided it does not threaten the welfare of the species. In addition, so long as the members of a species find pleasure in the exercise of any quality, that in itself establishes a new range of survival qualities above the line of biological interests. I have no space for an elaboration of these points now, but the fact that a B.Sc. and a Ph.D. fails to grasp some of the fundamental implications of evolution, makes the wonder of so much superstition in our midst with untitled folk, rather less remarkable than it would otherwise appear.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The Wickedness of Christian Missions.

THE proselytizing methods of the Irish Church Missions Society are a constant source of indignation among Catholics. The whole business of the Birds' Nests and of traffic in the souls of children of the poor has provoked the condemnation not only of Catholics but of men of good will of all creeds. It has been a commonplace that the average Protestant feels shame at the policy of the Irish Church Missions Society. I am not so certain that this impression is well founded after reading in this month's *Irish Rosary* a contribution from "Veritas," who describes himself as "occupying a responsible position demanding a high degree of restraint in public utterance." He reveals the fact recorded in the Church of Ireland Directory, that the list of Vice-Presidents of the Society includes the names of every Irish Archbishop and Bishop except one. This is certainly a surprise, and must modify the prevalent idea that the Irish Church Missions Society is merely a free lance group having no official sanction. I do not know how far the Vice-Presidents of the Society really take part in its work, but according to the writer they have been afforded an opportunity of dissociating themselves from its activities and have ignored the appeal.

That accusatory statement appeared in the *Universa: The Catholic Newspaper*, of August 26, and we are convinced of its truth. We disagree with the Dublin correspondent only in his expression of surprise that such a form of persecution should be sanctioned by the Irish Church. To us there is nothing unusual about the activities of the Irish Church Missions Society, and what surprises us is that Catholics, of all people, have the effrontery to condemn them. Is it not a fact that every Christian Missionary Society is of necessity intolerant of all religious views and rites that differ from its own? Cowper never wrote more truthful lines than the following:—

Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe.

Intolerance and persecution are as natural to every

supernatural religion as breathing is to birds and men. Whatever triumphs the Church has ever achieved must be regarded as the outcome of its exclusive disposition, for which, being what it is, we cannot blame it. Professor Gilbert Murray has had the courage to write thus:—

Can we really, without qualification, believe the common, comfortable doctrine that persecution always fails, that the blood of martyrs is always the seed of the Church, that the soul is really unconquerable? The average man does not believe it, much less the ordinary tyrant. In every country he treats such doctrines as mere sentiment, and is perfectly confident that, if you give him a free hand with rifle, bayonet, and cat-o'-nine-tails he can stamp out any inconvenient doctrine which puts its trust in nothing more substantial than the soul of man. And I fear the tyrant is not always wrong.

That is perfectly true and badly needed to be told. In almost all ages of its history the Christian Church has been a cruel tyrant. When it came to power in the Roman Empire under Constantine the Great, what was its attitude towards Paganism? Exactly what it had always been, an attitude of bitter hostility, only with this vast difference, that now it had at its disposal the power to put it in objective operation. After the death of his brother-in-law, Licinius, Constantine formed the resolution to suppress Paganism by force. First of all he forbade prefects and governors to pay any homage to Pagan deities, and a few years later, according to Eusebius, Sozomen, and Theodoret, he prohibited the temple worship. Of course, it took time to crush Paganism out of existence. About the middle of the fourth century Constantine was a most envenomed hater of Pagan worship, and made laws prohibiting it. The Church was a missionary society, now by law established, and it cherished the conviction that its first business was to put an end to Paganism, which it practically succeeded in doing under Theodosius the Great. Theodosius went so far as to enact not only the abolition of Paganism, but also the demolition of all Pagan temples, many of which were magnificent architectural masterpieces, and contained beautiful works of art, some of which are to be seen to-day embellishing Catholic sanctuaries.

That was the first great conquest of the Church, for which it has never ceased to render thanks to God, though some historians such as Milman, are bold enough to denounce the methods adopted. We now pass on to consider the life and work of one of the most distinguished missionaries of whom the Church delights to boast. Boniface was an Englishman, born in Devonshire, who from infancy manifested an inclination to the monastic life. For a while he was in a monastery at Exeter. At thirty he was ordained a priest. About the year 718 he went to Rome, his ambition being to convert the most savage tribes of Germany to Christianity. The Pope, Gregory II, bestowed upon him all necessary powers, and sent him forth. His success was phenomenal. Professor Fisher, in his *History of the Christian Church*, informs us that "his very faults contributed much to the success of the task which he set before him." Milman mentions no faults, but says that "on his first expedition among the Saxons and Hessians he baptized thousands, destroyed the Heathen temples, and set up Christian Churches." The same remark applies to Green's *Handbook of Church History*. It is in Mosheim's *Institutes of Ecclesiastical History* that we find a true description of Boniface's work in Germany. It occurs, not so much in the body of the *History*, as in Notes added by Schmidt, a famous German historian. Mosheim himself observes that Boniface "did not oppose superstition with the weapons which the

ancient apostles used, but he often coerced the minds of the people by violence and terror, and at other times caught them by artifices and fraud." Then comes Schmidt's note:—

It is unquestionable that this Apostle of the Germans marched into Thuringia at the head of an army, and that at the time he was murdered by the Frieslanders, he had soldiers with him as his body-guard; and so in all his enterprises he had the support of the civil arm afforded to him by Charles Martel, Carloman, and Pepin.

How entirely true are the Right Hon. John M. Robertson's words, in reference to the methods followed by Boniface and many others in spreading Christianity: "No religion was ever more unspiritually propagated." Milman says that "Boniface won a new empire to Christianity"; but he did it at the point of the sword, not the sword of the Holy Ghost, but that of Julius Cæsar.

The truth is that the Church has won all its so-called victories by exclusively natural means. Professor Murray asks, "Why are there no Protestants in Spain?" and answers, "Not because of the persuasiveness of Spanish theology, but because the Spanish Inquisition did its work." He also asks, "Why are there no descendants of the Albigenses in France?" and answers, "Because they were massacred." The suppression by massacre of the Albigenses is one of the darkest chapters in Church history. Those unfortunate people were heretics, or were, at least, opponents of the Roman Church. At four councils the views attributed to them were formally condemned; but it is impossible to ascertain to what extent exactly the charges heaped against them were true. The only indisputable point is that they persistently declined to bow the knee to Rome, with the result that, as soon as Innocent III ascended the Papal throne, the crime of annihilating them was set in operation. It was called a crusade, which is thus described in *Nelson's Encyclopædia*:—

It was directed principally against Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse, in whose dominions the heretics were numerous. These unfortunate people were slaughtered without pity; whole towns were destroyed, including Béziers, where 20,000 perished at one time, and that part of France was utterly devastated. The struggle lasted twenty years (1209-1229), and was concluded only by the complete submission of Raymond VII (who succeeded his father in 1222) to the conditions of the King of France, who, after the death of Simor de Montford, carried on the crusade. The Albigenses were utterly rooted out.

During the destruction of Béziers the Abbot Arnold was asked how could the heretics be distinguished from the faithful, and returned this vile, brutal answer, "Kill all; God will know his own."

Did space permit, many other instances of the proselytizing work carried on by the Church in different ages could be cited; but at the root of it lies the tyrannical, persecuting spirit of the followers of Christ. The majority is always orthodox and rules, while the minority is heretical and must be suppressed. In Dublin the Catholics complain of the proselytizing activities of the Irish Church Missions Society; but the Protestants in many places can bring a similar charge against the Catholics. In this respect, there is really no difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant.

J. T. LLOYD.

The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing, when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors.—*John Stuart Mill*.

By words man interchanges thoughts, by the forms of art he interchanges feelings.—*Tolstoi*.

Paine Still Popular.

"At that date (1794) the works of Voltaire and Paine were reckoned class-books for infidel argumentators."
R. P. Gillies, "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran."

"Though all else perish
The golden thought survives."

William Watson.

WRITERS boast of the glories of a fifth edition, and publishers smile at the records of their much-advertised "best-sellers," but very few authors achieve uninterrupted sales for a century and a quarter. Yet this truly amazing thing happened to Thomas Paine, who, whilst living, was treated like a mad dog by the majority of his countrymen, and whose books were attempted to be destroyed time after time by the authorities, with all the resources of a great nation behind them. These works were so much in advance of his generation that even to-day they are still textbooks for reformers.

Paine's works, *The Age of Reason*, and *The Rights of Man*, were indeed live-wires. The author intended the books to arouse the workers with Democratic ideals, and the pioneers had to pay a heavy price for their opinions. And, be it remembered, *The Age of Reason* was a thunderous engine of revolt. There were critics of the Christian Religion, it is true, long before Thomas Paine, but they were mostly scholars whose writings were over the heads of ordinary folks, and who used, deliberately, a vocabulary that darkened knowledge. Paine himself, a man of great genius, had sprung from the people, and he spoke their own language and made their thoughts articulate. Paine not only addressed the flower of the working-class, but he proved them to be of rare mettle. Boldly as Paine might write, his books would have been still-born from the printing-presses, but for the truly heroic courage of the Freethinkers. Richard Carlile, a hero amongst heroes, endured over nine years' imprisonment in this terrible and prolonged battle. The Authorities were thoroughly aroused by so determined a resistance, and persecuted without mercy. They attacked women as well as men, and Carlile's brave wife and courageous sister were dragged to gaol for two years each. As each Freethinker was imprisoned fresh ones stepped into the breach, and one after the other went to prison. Think of it! One small circle of Freethinkers serving between them over fifty years in prison, thousands of pounds' worth of books destroyed by order of the Courts, and all in defence of the elementary right of free speech, in a country supposed to be in the very van of progress and civilization.

It was a battle between brains and brute force, and brains won in the end. There were humorous interludes too. After a score of Carlile's shopmen had been sent to durance vile, a Freethinker invented a device by which the money was placed in an opening and the book fell on the counter. The thing was done to baffle the police, but it proved to be the first slot-machine.

Paine's fame is quite secure, for he has written his name too deep on history's page for it to be erased. Nor is it to be wondered at, for in a generation of brave men and women he was one of the boldest and noblest. A veritable Don Quixote, no wrong found him indifferent. He used his pen of flame not only for the democracy which might reward him, but for dumb animals and negro slaves who could not. Poverty never left him; yet he made large fortunes, and gave them, with a smile, to the cause he loved. *The Rights of Man* was a brave book for any man to write with the threat of transportation as a convict facing him; but *The Age of Reason* was the bravest

book ever written by any man, for it challenged the entire priestcraft to a duel to the death. Not only was its author threatened with damnation in this world, and "hell" in the next, but scores of men and women were actually imprisoned for merely selling it. Paine himself was libelled and lied about to such an extent that his very name was threatened with an immortality of infamy. Every act of his life was distorted by his venomous opponents, and his gestures of open-handed generosity were described as the actions of a drunken sailor. So completely did the clergy do their dirty work of vilification, that it is safe to say that Paine's own generation hated him; but his evangel has made its way, and will be hailed ultimately as the gospel of rejuvenated humanity.

Paine's masterpieces are still an inspiration. "Where liberty is, there is my country," said old Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Paine's magnificent answer was "Where is not liberty, there is mine." What inspiration there is in the sentences: "The world is my country," and "To do good is the only religion." Paine's was the hand that first wrote the arresting words "The United States of America," and the great republic of the West owed as much to the swift live pen of Paine as to the sharp swords of Lafayette and Washington. A democrat among democrats, Paine was always thinking of the poor and the oppressed. In his superb reply to Edmund Burke's rhetorical tirade against the great French Revolution, in which he reserved his compassion too exclusively for the sufferings of royalty and aristocracy, Paine said: "Mr. Burke pities the plumage, but he forgets the dying bird." Even Burke, stylist that he was, might have envied the brilliance and felicity of the illustration. The poet Shelley, no mean judge, thought this so excellent that he used it as part of the title of one of his own pamphlets. Fine writing as it is, the thought is far finer. It embodies the watch-words of Democracy, the marching music that drove Paine himself forth as a Knight-errant in shining armour, that sent Lafayette to far America and Byron to Greece, and inspired generations of sweet-souled singers from Shelley to Swinburne, to hymn the praises of Liberty, "the one word by which all other words are vain."

MIMNERMUS.

"This Freedom!"

Give me your heart, but guard your woman's soul;
Be mine in act and word—any yet retain
The resilience of your will: the sweet control
That Passion seeks to gain!

Give me your heart, but keep it proud and free—
The purest heart man's heart has ever known!
And thus be *mine*—the perfect You and Me,
By Freedom's Power alone!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

So that having a flock I knew not what better I could do than to take a farm and set up for a breeder; for the truth is my flock was not like some of those which the parsons appropriate wisely to themselves that can be fed with bare talking to. If they had been content with such foddering, I had presently set up for a preacher, but the mischief of it was they must have grass and hay, which I find is not altogether so apt to be found in a great merchandizing town as long discourses by the hourglass in good earnest. It has been as pleasant a scene as you could imagine, and I being in hands that knew well enough to turn it into rallery, the sport and laughing we have had at it has been well worth the venture.—From the Correspondence of John Locke and Edward Clarke (Oxford University Press).

The Analysis of Matter.

To all lovers of truth and freedom, a new book from Mr. Bertrand Russell, the author of *Mysticism and Logic*; *Roads to Freedom*; *The Problem of China*; and many other fine works; is something to look forward to. His latest volume is entitled *The Analysis of Matter*. (Published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, at 21s.) A handsome volume of four hundred pages.

In this book Mr. Russell essays to give a summary of the philosophical results of the upheaval in the scientific world caused by the theory of Relativity, the Quantum theory, and of the amazing progress achieved concerning the ultimate constitution of Matter and the construction of the Atom. We could wish for no better guide in this adventure, for Mr. Russell is a philosopher of acknowledged ability, a Mathematician of high repute, and quite fearless in the exposition of whatever conclusions he arrives at.

Of the thirty-eight chapters, only about twelve demand a working knowledge of mathematics; the remaining chapters will interest all who are acquainted with modern philosophy, even without mathematics. Mr. Russell is neither an Idealist or a Materialist, still less a Spiritualist. The problem, as he sees it is: "to assimilate the physical world to the world of perceptions, and to assimilate the world of perceptions to the physical world. Physics must be interpreted in a way which tends towards Idealism, and perception in a way which tends towards materialism. I believe that matter is less material, and mind less mental, than is commonly supposed, and that, when this is realized, the difficulties raised by Berkeley largely disappear."¹

The average unscientific man knows perfectly well, or rather, thinks he knows perfectly well, what space and time, light and matter are. Space is the distance between two, or more, points or objects. Time is obviously recorded and made manifest by the recurrence of night and day, summer and winter, youth and age. Light was equally obvious, and matter was primarily anything sensible to touch. But as Mr. Russell observes: "From this happy familiarity with the everyday world physics has been gradually driven by its own triumphs, like a monarch who has grown too grand to converse with his subjects. The space-time of relativity is very far removed from the space-time of our unscientific experience; yet even space-time is nearer common sense than the conceptions towards which physics is tending." (p. 131.) Matter itself has been dissolved into units of electricity—which, however, does not dematerialize it, for, as Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out, electricity itself is atomic, it is not a gas or a fluid, it is a form of matter.

Again, it is commonly supposed, among the general public, owing to the persistent efforts of the religious press and pulpit, that the world system established by the labours of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, has been completely overthrown, the materialists defeated, and scientists, if they have not adopted a spiritualistic philosophy, are, yet, more inclined to consider the claims of the spirit favourably. Considering that the movements of the stars and planets are still calculated and announced years in advance, according to the laws discovered by Newton; it would be strange indeed if these laws were suddenly discovered to be false and misleading. The fact is, the difference between Newton's and Einstein's law is extremely minute: "a law" says Prof. Eddington "approximating to, but not identical with, the law which Newton had given."²

Or, as Mr. Russell puts it: "an immense reconstruction has been made to meet discrepancies which could only be detected by the most delicate measurements." (p. 155.) And, as he further observes of Relativity: "theoretically it ought to have been discovered by Galileo, or at any rate as soon as the velocity of light became known." (p. 395.)

We are all brought up to believe in the distinction between body and spirit, or soul, and mind and matter; both of which we are assured can, and do, exist without the other. Mr. Russell rejects this ancient antithesis. In his first chapter he tells us: "To show that the traditional separation between physics and psychology, mind and matter, is not metaphysically defensible, will be one of the purposes of this work; but the two will be brought together, not by subordinating either to the other, but by displaying each as a logical structure composed of what, following Dr. H. M. Sheffer, we shall call 'neutral stuff.'" (p. 10.) Not that he claims to give an absolute demonstration of this, but upon the usual scientific grounds of economy and comprehensiveness. The book deals mostly with Relativity and Quanta theories and will provide a fine exercise in psychical gymnastics. Something to grind the brains on. The conclusion arrived at in the last lines in the book being:—

As regards the world in general, both physical and mental, everything that we know of its intrinsic character is derived from the mental side, and almost everything that we know of its causal laws is derived from the physical side. But from the standpoint of philosophy the distinction between physical and mental is superficial and unreal. (p. 402.)

Perhaps it will be within the remembrance of our readers that when the late Dr. Brandes' book *Jesus a Myth* was published a few months ago, there appeared a violent attack upon it by Mr. Alfred Noyes, the poet, in the *Sunday Times*. In the same paper for August 21, there appears, in the leading literary article—usually contributed by Sir Edmund Gosse, now on holiday—extending to nearly a column and a half, an insolent and vulgar attack on Mr. Russell's book, by Mr. Noyes, under the title: *The Philosophical Boojum*, the quality of which may be judged from the following sample: "He arrives at his conclusion through the misuse of words, and through an ambiguity of statement which even the introduction of an occasional mathematical formula, as a kind of abracadabra for the impressionable, cannot disguise. His references to 'relativity' and the 'quanta theory' have little bearing on his main theme; and they, too, seem to be introduced to distract attention from his sleight-of-hand." The last phrase he seems rather fond of, for he repeats it further on with the variation "intellectual sleight-of-hand. Still more coarsely he describes Mr. Russell's work as "this intellectual three-card trickery." Possibly Mr. Noyes is better acquainted with these underhand methods than Mr. Russell, they seem to flow easy enough from his pen.

And what is the cause of all this excitement in the poet? Simply because Mr. Russell has ignored God and "The things of God." Upon the previous occasion referred to, we remarked that giving an historical work like *Jesus a Myth* to a poet to review, seemed equivalent to giving a work on chemistry to a musician, or a work on engineering to an artist; the present selection of the poet to review a philosophical work of this deep and fundamental character is still more grotesque. It seems to us that the editor of the *Sunday Times* keeps this poet in reserve, to fly out and snap at the heels of any one who does not kow-tow to the superstitions he himself entertains.

W. MANN.

¹ Bertrand Russell. *The Analysis of Matter*, p. 7.

² A. S. Eddington *The Theory of Relativity* (1922), p. 23.

Acid Drops.

At a time when Sabbatarians are yelling themselves hoarse over restrictions and prohibitions on Sunday amusements, the voice of Mr. Gordon Selfridge seems unlikely to be heard above the din. We are therefore glad to give further publicity to his ideas. The London Sunday is so depressing, he says, that nearly everyone who can, wishes to get away from its influence on that day. He continues:—

I think restrictions in the way of enjoyment, which were perhaps looked upon as necessary one hundred or even fifty years ago, have now long since disproved their necessity. Sunday is the only day of the week in which the very great majority of the people of London can use their time as they choose. And I should like to see it filled with those opportunities for clean, healthy, delightful enjoyment—and such can hardly be accepted as the conditions to-day.

We suppose it would be rather rude to suggest that this seems to imply that the principal amusement available on Sunday—church-going—is not clean, healthy, delightful enjoyment.

Is Christianity losing its hold on civilized nations? This is a question an apprehensive reader of the *Woman's Magazine* (published by the Religious Tract Society) springs upon its Editress. The reply has obviously to be "No"; otherwise, we fear the R.T.S. wouldn't have much use for Miss Klickmann in the editorial chair. Christianity is not losing its hold, but the Forces of Evil, we learn, are making a special onslaught at present. The devil has always been mean, she says, and he invariably makes a special attack when people are below par, and the civilized world has been distinctly below par since the war. Thus the outlook and conditions at the close of the war were just ripe for the evil one's purpose, and he has been doing his utmost ever since to make the most of such an opportunity. He has endeavoured to infect the rest of the world (outside Russia) with the same terrible disease (irreligion), and in our own land is trying to inject his poison even into the minds of children by atheistic, blasphemous teaching. The reader will note that this Editress, who we believe claims to be an educated gentlewoman, harbours the same crude notion of a personal devil, as is cherished by the illiterate, uncultured adherents of the Salvation Army.

Though Christianity is not losing its hold, yet the Atheists are, according to the Editress, most sinfully busy. She says:—

The Atheists of to-day are making a most strenuous and united effort to overthrow Christianity. In the United States a new organization of militant Atheists is hard at work trying to spread its propaganda far and wide. In eighteen months, it is said to have founded Atheistic societies in twenty different colleges, as well as in high schools, while it sends out lecturers and workers, all with the one aim: to undermine all religious effort, and induce the rising generation to deny God and to spurn the teaching of Jesus Christ.

But—and it pains us to have to say it—all this activity is, according to Miss Klickman, doomed to failure. "God cannot be overthrown! The powers of darkness have tried many times in the past to wipe out religion, only to fail!" That's the position, ladies and gentlemen. But it seems we Freethinkers must perforce carry on with our evil work. For are we not the wretched tools of those "powers of darkness" which the Almighty deems essential to his scheme of things, to his plan of Salvation? And is it not all written in the Holy Book?

The Editress finally adds that if only Christ's followers will be sincere and earnest in following his teaching, we shall see before very long a great revival of interest in the things of God. If Christians will only pray for a revival it will come. So, after all, despite the Editress's decided "No" to her reader's query, Christianity is losing its hold; if matters are otherwise, why pray for a "great revival"?

Last week the French Press entertained its readers with an account of the diverting adventures of Mlle. Suzanne P . . . This young, agreeable and chaste lady, who was arrested at Deauville, where she was staying with a lively young man, appears to have stolen the sum of 140,000 francs by means of a clever forgery. When she was arrested, her handbag was found to contain, amongst other things, a number of religious images, scapulars, and rosaries, not to mention a little list of sins that she intended to confess on the next occasion. The list included:—

I have been angry. Four times.

I have had evil thoughts regarding a little baby of the male sex whilst it was having its linen changed. Two times.

I have again partaken of strawberry tart.

I have forgotten to say my morning prayer. Once.

It is quite apparent that this little matter of 140,000 francs does not concern the devotions of this young lady and her God.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* having requested information as to the "weirdest book known," one of our readers wrote: "Your correspondent might try the Bible." We need hardly say the reply was not inserted.

According to the *Continental Daily Mail*, that great beacon of wisdom that burned so brightly during the war, Roy Marsden, a convict, in a Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, has confessed to having burned hundreds of Churches. This example of good citizenship is apparently a product of Catholicism, for he was brought up as a Catholic. We record this as an illustration of the restraining influence of something that the world can very well do without.

God made the world and passed on the business of improvement to man. Professor Moore Hogarth, of the College of Pestology, states, that the best way to fight an invasion of house-mites is to spray all the affected parts with a mixture of one pint of nitro-benzine, one pint of petrol and one ounce of saffron. A better way might have been found if Noah had left them out of the Ark.

Dr. T. R. Glover is chiefly known by his weekly contributions to the *Daily News*. In these, he is always conscious of the value of Christian leather, and they invariably finish on the high note of assurance that the particular firm has a monopoly of the real article. In the learned Doctor's latest book we find the following praise of Greece, a country which had numberless Gods and Goddesses, and our deduction is not particularly flattering to the present-day democracy that is saturated with Christianity:—

They created a beautiful city and a law-abiding people; they united the Greek world or a large part of it; they defeated the Persian Empire in all its greatness and drove the Persian from the sea. They made an atmosphere where genius could grow . . . The political temper, and the scientific—philosophy, sculpture and poetry—Athens gave us them all in that period, a century or so at longest, while Democracy flourished.

Salvation is not a conjuring trick, says Miss Maude Royden. The way Christ saves us is this: He shows what a man can be, and because when we see it we love it, we ourselves begin to be a little like it. To love what is beautiful and gracious and strong and brave and healthy is to be given, in a sense, the freedom of these things. That is Salvation! To see what Christ is like, and to see it with joy and such love that his spirit is born in oneself—that is Regeneration! To see the highest and to love it, and because you love it, instantly, and, without any kind of magic, to begin to be like it—that is the Gospel! Salvation may not be a conjuring trick, but Miss Royden's explanation sounds remarkably like the conjurer's patter before he produces the rabbit from the top-hat. What puzzles us is that if Salvation makes

men and women beautiful and gracious and brave and healthy, why should the mob of Christian bigots infesting this country be narrow-minded, joy-hating, prohibiting, interfering, ungracious, unhealthy-minded, and cowardly? They are quite as convinced as Miss Royden that they have got Salvation. Maybe the explanation is that the pattern they have been imitating is not exactly like the pattern conjured up by Miss Royden's imagination.

John Bull recently printed an article headed, "I disagree with the Editor." This excites the admiration of a reader, who praises our contemporary for holding an open platform to all shades of opinion. To us this praise appears to be undeserved at present. *John Bull* has printed many articles by various spokesmen of the Christian religion, but it has, so far, never permitted a leading Freethinker to state the case against that religion in direct, forthright terms. If, however, our contemporary really desires to make good the claim to be an open platform to all shades of opinion, there are plenty of writers who would be willing to set forth the Freethought case. Some while ago a Manchester paper allowed a candid criticism of the Christian religion to appear. But we fancy the experiment will not be repeated.

A volume of sermons by twenty-five foremost living Protestant preachers, chosen by vote among Protestant ministers in the United States, has been issued in America. It includes a sermon by the Rev. Billy Sunday, D.D. We gather from a review of the book by the Rev. Geo. Jackson (in the *Methodist Recorder*) that the more intelligent English parsons are not at all enamoured of Billy. Mr. Jackson gives a sample of Billy's sermon and dubs it "weird oratory," and seems surprised at the author's being included among the twenty-five. He calls it "wild rant" and adds:—

Clearly there is something in the mind of a large section of the religious public of that land (America) which we do not understand, and which therefore we had better not try to judge.

We should say that the "something" is the earlier or purer form of the Christian religion. And why Mr. Jackson, and other better-educated types of English Christians, cannot understand it is because they have outgrown it. Still if they wish to realize exactly what type of men and women the earlier Christians were, they should certainly make an attempt to understand it.

Dr. George W. Sheldon, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, recently attempted to sum up America. America, he said, is on a sound economic, social, moral, educational and religious basis. The Church was never so powerful as to-day in its sway of the people. The ethical standard was never so high as it is to-day. There is no need for us to comment. We can safely trust the next American speaker, anxious over the waning of church attendance, to cancel out all the reverend doctor has said.

In opposition to Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Trevor Davies, of Toronto, says that in the United States the Sunday evening service is going. The attendance is so poor that many churches in the large cities have abandoned it. The reason for the meagre attendance is that large numbers of the churches' adherents attend only the morning service, and then spend the rest of the day out of town. One may be sure that this halving of the Sunday opportunity for collecting money for the Lord doesn't please the American pastors. But we fancy something worse is likely. And this is that, people having discovered they can do without the evening communing with God, will begin soon to try the experiment of cutting out the morning dose also. Altogether, we imagine the imminent danger of a religious revival is not likely to threaten America yet a while.

A little while ago, says a pious writer, he was asked to explain the Trinity. Fancy any man, says he, trying to explain the Trinity! The profoundest intellects of the Church have essayed to explain this mystery and their results are to be found in books of theology. But no one of them has succeeded. It is impossible to explain the unexplainable. All that can be attempted is a few lame and tentative suggestions. Well, perhaps the "profoundest intellects" didn't prepare themselves for the job in the right way. What they should have done first was to have well grounded themselves in the abstruse philosophy of "Alice in Wonderland." After this, they would have been far better equipped for the task of "explaining the unexplainable."

A contemporary prints a portrait of the Home Secretary, Sir Wm. Joynson Hicks, and underneath adds: "to whose credit stands a tremendous advance in prison reform." Exactly. The real reformers do the spade work, and the mediocrity catches the credit from an ill-informed public.

Never be ashamed to admit you have made a mistake, says a writer. This advice is useless to our modernist parsons. Their way of doing things is not to admit that the Bible writers were mistaken in what they said, but to explain that these worthies meant exactly the opposite of what they wrote, or if not that, something quite different. And the reason why they wrapped up the truth in this queer fashion was that God was afraid to reveal too much of it at one go. He thought the beings he had created might make a mess of life if they had too much truth to play about with.

Appropos of the Lausanne Conference of Faith and Order. The *English Churchman* says that one thing certain about all this talk of re-union is that it can find practical attainment only by the general acceptance of Rome's "faith and order." In other words, re-union is, we gather, postponed *sine die*. What a lot of confab has been necessary to discover that obvious fact!

Mr. Hilaire Belloc thinks that "in a very short time the demand for hell will return." Is he anticipating a revival of medieval ignorance? If so, he is likely to be disappointed. There is too much education abroad in the world for such a revival and its concomitant—a demand for hell—to take place. And it is an indication of the ethical quality of Christian love that the believer always demands hell—for the other fellow.

To torment a cat or dog is a punishable offence, but to torment for hours a hare, fox, stag, or otter is merely "sport," and something to be proud of, points out a reader of a weekly paper. Why, he asks, this line of demarcation? It is time, he says, such "amusements" were made illegal. We agree, and will add that Freethinkers having aroused the Christian conscience as to the brutal nature of blood sports, there is to-day some prospect of such pastimes being made illegal, if all those who hate brutality will work towards that end. We know the Churches, as heretofore, will continue apathetic—it's an uneconomic policy to risk offending well-to-do clients. Besides, the gallant Bishop of Taunton wishes to exercise his big grey hunter.

While the vicar of Christ Church, Dunston, was away on holiday, one or two still-born children were allowed to be buried in the church-yard. This so horrified the vicar that he made a public protest, asserting that "under no consideration" shall such burial again take place. We presume this servant of the Lord thinks that the child whom God ordains shall be born dead has no claim on "God's acre." The proper disposal of it is to shove it down an unconsecrated rabbit-hole, since it was denied the opportunity of sizzling everlastingly in Hell—an opportunity which, as the Christian creed avers, is vouchsafed every child born alive.

A writer advocates the raising of the marriage age to prevent early, improvident unions. A critic retorts that decent housing, open spaces, playing-fields, fresh air and sunlight will do more to aid morality than restricting individual freedom. So they may. But that is not the Christian way of doing things. To the Christian intelligence enslaved by "thus saith the Lord's," and "thou shalt not's," the rational common sense view of things seldom occurs.

A delightful example of how Christians are united one with another, and incidentally showing in full working order Christian brotherhood, may be noted in the following announcement:—

The Rev. A. E. Eames, a Nelson Wesleyan minister, is joining the Church of England, in consequence, it is stated, of the recent vote on Methodist Union.

These differences on earth would make even a china dog accept with reserve those wonderful stories we hear about heaven.

A new Catholic Church has been opened at Alfreton, Derbyshire. Under the altar was deposited a relic in the shape of a small bone, said to have been taken from the body of Thomas à Becket. And there are people about who tell us that Christianity is dead! On the other hand, these same Christians are engaged to regard themselves as civilized men and women! Both statements are equally wide of the truth.

Canon Streeter, of Hereford, sees no hope for civilization without Christianity. What he means is that he does not see how civilization can get on without him. We commend to his attention the bone of Becket preserved in the new Roman Catholic Church.

The Millbridge Wesleyan Church and Sunday School have petitioned the Spenborough Council to prohibit the use of swings and roundabouts, etc., on the recreation ground on Sundays. They urge this "in the interests of the physical and moral well-being of the people." Physical exercise to be prohibited in the interests of the physical welfare of the people! What intolerable humbugs these pious people are! No one but a Christian would be capable of that move.

"The Padre" (in the *Methodist Times*) was asked by a reader: "Is not the Pastoral Session (of the Methodist Conference) unnecessary? It tends to make the ministry unduly exclusive and autocratic." The "Padre" replies:—

This Pastoral Session has of late years struck me as rather resembling the House of Lords—jealous of its rights, afraid of losing its privileges, and not of much practical use.

The good man and his reader needn't be surprised at that. Every priesthood throughout the ages has been the same. It is the inevitable outcome of the priestly claim that the priest is divinely ordained to lead the faithful in the way they ought to go—which is always the way that best suits the priest.

On the morning of August 31, Colonel Minchin and Captain Hamilton, accompanied by the Princess Wertheimer Lowenstein, left Upavon Aerodrome in the monoplane St. Raphael, on their attempt to cross the Atlantic. There is little hope now that they are alive. The newspapers express admiration for their courage, and sympathy for their relatives; but they do not remind the public that a religious service was held under the wing of the monoplane before it left, and that after the service holy water was sprinkled over the machine. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cardiff, who conducted the service, said the flyers: "God bless you all. May you have a safe journey. We will not forget to pray for you." There is no essential difference between the ser-

vice conducted by the Archbishop, and the ceremony conducted by the witch-doctor to propitiate the ghosts that people the world of the savage. The ghosts are the raw material of the Archbishop's God, and the Archbishop himself is the lineal descendant of the medicine-man.

M. Briand's speech at the banquet of the Interparliamentary Conference was described by a London newspaper as "a triumph of the art of saying nothing superbly." Some of our leading clergymen should take lessons from M. Briand. They are experts at saying nothing at great length, and it would be a relief if they could be taught to say it better.

The *Central News* reports that four people were killed and several injured when a thunderbolt struck a Church near Regoa. The *Evening Standard* rather unkindly printed the report under the heading "Killed at Worship." We wonder what it thought the moral to be? Was it that it was a punishment for prayer, or was it a case of "De Lawd moves in a mysterious way his blunders to perform"? or to establish a presumption in favour of the theory that now and again the "Lawd" gets a bit riled at people continuously worrying him for one thing or another? The Atheist is the only one who seems to let him alone, and give him a little peace.

Mr. C. Kirkham Jones, headmaster of Tennyson Street School, Battersea, is the originator of a scheme which provides Battersea school children with high-class entertainments at the Town Hall throughout the winter months. According to Mr. Jones, children playing in the back streets hum and whistle Beethoven's sonatas. It is a step in the right direction, and evidently the Salvation Army is to have a lean time in Battersea.

The Commissioner of Police, in his return for the quarter ending July 31, states that people are killed in London at the rate of about three a day. This is serious. The Lord must give up counting falling sparrows, and 'tend more strictly to business.

"Bringing his sheep with him" is the heading of a column in a London newspaper. It was only a report that a scientist had brought a flock of sheep to the meeting of the British Association, to demonstrate the Mendelian process of selection. At first, we thought some travelling parson had conceived the brilliant notion of carrying his congregation round with him.

Canon Streeter does not open his mouth and put his foot in it; he puts his foot on the accelerator. What a confession to make, when he states that we live in an age which is morally bankrupt! This is rather tactless when we remember that Christianity has had it all its own way for centuries, but, as an illustration of the un-failing rule of religion to adapt itself to its environment, he says: "The business of Christianity is to change that by using the weapons of thought which the modern world has put into its hands." Unless, therefore, Christianity adjusts itself, it perishes. This is an elegant example of the impregnable rock of religion which appears to be as firm and stable as a blanc-mange.

In the latest book of Anatole France, *Prefaces and Introductions*, the late author saw, that, following the Great War, there was danger to France as great as those during the conflict. He dreaded that his country would fall a prey to ignorance, superstition, and intolerance. It would appear, by the many restrictions on liberty, that those who did not fight, stole the coats of those who did, and the Great War would be well won if the capacious bosom of Catholicism could take all the belligerent countries—the rest would not matter, as the history of the Albigenses will prove.

The "Freethinker" Endowment Trust.

THE FREETHINKER ENDOWMENT TRUST represents one of the boldest attempts ever made in the history of Freethought journalism. The Trust was founded in 1925, its aim being to secure a minimum sum of £8,000, the income of which, from investments, would provide enough to meet the estimated annual loss on the maintenance of the *Freethinker*. The Trust is administered by five trustees, one of whom is the editor of the *Freethinker*, but none of whom may reap any personal profit in any form, and stipulates that if at any future time the income shall not be needed to make good deficits, it shall be expended on Freethought propaganda, or if the Trust comes to an end, the capital shall be paid over to the National Secular Society. The fullest legal security is thus provided for whatever sum is subscribed.

The first public appeal on behalf of the Trust was made in September, 1925. That resulted in the amount of £3,901 1s. 10d. being subscribed. A year later, another appeal was made, and resulted in another subscription of £1,296 17s. 11d., making a grand total of £5,198 2s. 9d. On the whole that was something of which *Freethinker* readers might feel proud. It is the largest sum ever subscribed in the history of the Freethought Party for any such purpose in so short a time. But one feels impelled to say that if all who have benefited from reading the paper, or who have any interest in Freethought propaganda were to subscribe, three or four times that amount might easily have been raised.

Last year I was able to announce that Mr. P. G. Peabody, who had already contributed, offered to give £1,000 if the total subscriptions reached £7,000 by December 31, 1927. I am also authorized to say that £1,000 has been deposited with Messrs. Brown Shipley & Co., of Pall Mall, and that this will be paid over to the Trust so soon as the £7,000 figure is reached.

Mr. Peabody's offer evoked others. Messrs. Jessop, Bush and Easterbrook, already very generous donors, and all of them Trustees, promised between them a sum of £450, to make up the £7,000 if the balance of the money was forthcoming. There may be others who would feel inclined to promise on the same conditions.

Now it will be seen that in order to secure the £1,450 conditionally promised, what we require between now and December 31 is the sum of £1,351 17s. 3d. A thousand *Freethinker* readers should be able to supply that within a month. And in this case every pound given ranks as over two, provided the total is forthcoming. Every shilling subscribed counts double.

The estimated loss on maintaining the *Freethinker* amounts to about £400 per year. Bearing in mind the character and purpose of the paper, the work it undertakes, the hostility shown it, and the fact that it has no advertising revenue worth talking about, no one who knows the present cost of printing will be surprised at the figure. I have done what I could to keep down expenses by doing the work of the paper single-handed. In justice to myself, and in order to prevent misunderstanding, I ought to say that my own calls on the paper are small. For the work of editor, contributor, manager, etc., my salary stands on the books at £3 3s. per week—which sum includes out of pocket expenses. That is all I receive when it is there. When it is not, I go without. I am not therefore interested in the success of this scheme from any personal point of view. My own contribution to the Trust lies in what I go without.

I do not think that much more need be said from a personal point of view. I have been writing for the *Freethinker* for just thirty years. For the past dozen years I have been personally responsible for its existence. I know, therefore, the constant anxiety involved in the maintenance of a journal such as this one. Difficult at all times, these difficulties have been multiplied and intensified during the past twelve years. Hard work matters little, especially when it is work that one loves. It is the worry and anxiety of keeping one's head above water that tells, and has told, to the cost of many of the leaders of the Freethought movement in the past. I want to do what I can to see that this kind of toll is not levied in the future.

We require a sum of £1,350. That is a fact I wish to impress upon every reader of this paper. Get that and another £1,450 is handed in. That is fact number two. Fact number three is that every well-wisher to the paper can help. We are not all so fortunately situated as to be able to sit down and write cheques for substantial amounts. But we can all give something, and I am the last to value a giver in terms of the amount given. And we ought to see within the next few weeks, not merely a record subscription, but a record number of givers. I know there are hundreds who have not sent because they imagined that with big sums being given, small ones do not matter. That is not the case. Everybody's help is welcome, and is needed. And it should be something for Freethinkers to say that they did something to bring to a successful issue the greatest thing ever done in the history of Freethought movement.

With regard to the Sustentation Fund. There is, as before, no special appeal for this. It is better not to invite confusion by having the two running; as before, the sum required to make good the difference between the income from the money invested and the loss on the paper will be taken from the capital sum. Last year only about £250 was required. This year it will be about £150. Next year we hope to see it disappear altogether.

I need only add to what has been said, that the accounts of the Trust, as well as those of the *Freethinker* are in the hands of a certificated accountant.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the Midland Bank, Clerkenwell Branch, crossed "Freethinker Endowment Trust," and addressed to me at 61, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged in this paper.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

THE NEW WARFARE Between Religion and Science.

The present public discussion over the Presidential Address of Sir Arthur Keith to the British Association provides a fine opportunity of driving home the true implications of the hypothesis of evolution.

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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.

W. L. D.—Mr. Cohen is very pleased to learn that his writings have been of so much assistance to you. We can quite appreciate the difficulties of your position, and you appear to be meeting them in the best possible way.

R. PARKER.—Shall hope to see you again very soon. We admire the way in which the *Evening Citizen* remarks that a nation that is irreligious cannot prosper. If you have a ridiculous proposition to make, it is the best policy to state it as though it does not admit of dispute. That is the right way to impress the shallow-pates for whom it is intended. Sensible folk will not bother about it anyway.

E. A. PHIPSON.—We have seen the leaflet before. It is a tissue of misstatements and misrepresentations, and is not likely to affect anyone worth bothering about.

C. BRADWORTH.—As you will see, we have already noted the articles in the *Freethinker*. Thanks, all the same, for the reference.

D. LUCKY.—We have placed the P.O. to the credit of the Fund. We hope that is correct.

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

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

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

When the services of the *National Secular Society* in connexion with *Secular Burial Services* are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. F. Mann, 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.

To-day (September 11), Mr. Cohen will lecture in the Bristol Street Board School, Birmingham, at 7 p.m., on "What would the World gain from Unbelief?" We should like to see as many Christians in the audience as could be induced to attend. Admission is free.

The Presidential Address of Sir Arthur Keith, before the British Association, has given rise to quite a crop of articles suggesting various ways of reconciling evolution and religion. None of these say anything new, or anything conclusive. But those who wish to read a discussion of the whole question would do well to send for a copy of Mr. Cohen's *God and Evolution*, price 6d. The subject is likely to be "in the air" again, and is certain to be made the topic of many sermons. In the circumstances, a copy of *God and Evolution* sent to a religious friend might do some good.

We have just been reading a copy of a letter sent by Mr. H. A. Kerr, of Glasgow, to the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. The letter was written in reply to an article on religion in schools, in which Christianity, Religion, and Moral Institution were all lumped together as though they were all identical. What Mr. Kerr did was to politely correct this confusion, and to point out that moral instruction could be given, and was given, without any religion and without Christianity. The letter was refused insertion, and we are led to suspect that the editorial confusion was not so accidental as might appear. The *Citizen* carries more Church advertisements than any other paper in Glasgow, and it is probably part of the editorial policy to see that so far as religion is concerned, the minds of his readers are kept as hazy as possible.

We shall be noting next week some of the aspects of the new war that has broken out between the Churches and Science, as an outcome of Sir Arthur Keith's Presidential Address. For the moment we will only note the impudent suggestion of the Bishop of Ripon, that science ought to cease its investigations for ten years, to give people a chance to devote their minds to other problems. We do not quite picture the average man as being so wrapt up in scientific speculations as to have no time for other things; and we imagine that what the Bishop really means is that if scientists will leave off working, and all go to sleep for a lengthy period, the Churches may discover some method of setting themselves right with the world. But why ten years? It would require at least a thousand for the Church to catch up with genuinely scientific thought.

A Carnival Dance has been arranged by the South London Branch of the N.S.S., to take place at the Horns, Kennington Road. There will be a good band, and the result should be a pleasurable evening, particularly for the younger members and friends. The function will commence at 7.30. Tickets 2s. each, may be obtained from Mr. A. Heath, 4, Boundary Lane, S.E.17.

From a scholastic journal we learn that opposition to a proposal to make religious instruction compulsory in Council Schools is expressed in a report by the Council of the National Education Association.

INDIVIDUALITY.

"Forsake the assembling of yourselves together," is the text this generation needs. Dare to be yourself, to keep to yourself, to think for yourself, and only when you have got a self, an individual point of view, a set of convictions based on personal experience, venture to think you have anything worth communicating, any reason for assembling with anybody. Fortunately by that time you may have acquired the courage of middle age; you may even dare to disbelieve in most of the slogans of your time. And if you can give grounds for your disbelief that carry conviction, you may for a moment arrest the attention of a few of the hurrying crowd and shock them into thinking for themselves. After all, the crowd passes; it is the individual who survives in memory. That is our answer to Nature. The type is a mere abstraction, the single life exists. It is the individual touch of the great artist, in life as in art, which alone make this mortal put on immortality.

Mrs. W. L. Courtney (in *Good Housekeeping*).

... Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of, and enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects: thus began Priesthood.

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales. And at length they pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd such things.

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

William Blake (*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*).

History and Growth of Spiritualism.

(Continued from page 566.)

It was in the little town of Keighley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, that spiritualism first got a serious foothold in this country. A better forcing ground it would be hard for mortal man to imagine. The inhabitants of Keighley in the bulk are mechanics and labourers; in the essence master mechanics and mill owners. In such an environment and with such a heredity, one would not expect intelligence to flourish; one would as soon look for it in a Bradford manufacturer, a Manchester cotton spinner; or a decorative member of the Lodge of Oddfellows. Here then, amidst a gang of converts to the whisky-watered Socialism of Robert Owen, was formed the first spiritualistic circle, fostering, in the year 1855, an organ of its own, to wit, the *Yorkshire Spiritualist Telegraph*.

About this time appeared on the scene the redoubtable David Dunglas Home, "the greatest of all mediums,"⁵ whose exploits are to this day quoted with pride by almost every writer on the physical phenomena of spiritualism. It is not that Home (beyond carrying red hot coals about in his hands and performing some remarkable feats of levitation) did anything that hasn't been done by a hundred other mediums, but he was never detected in actual fraud. And no wonder. After a careful examination of the accounts of this Home's legerdemain I am forced to the conclusion that he was possessed of infinitely greater intelligence than his more or less entranced sitters. Far too capable was the astute David ever to be caught. From the moment when, suddenly appearing from the States, he as a pseudo-descendent of the Earl of Home, fixed himself like a barnacle on the spiritualistic section of English society, he never gave so much as an opening of the width of the slenderest hair. There is no record of a single seance, where anything even approaching what are termed test conditions were imposed. Home was not an ordinary professional medium inasmuch as he was unpaid, living on friends in spiritualistic circles, and giving seances at private houses to selected sitters; reaching in the height of his fame such notabilities as the Queen of Holland, the French Emperor, and the King of Prussia.

There was never anything in these sittings that any professional conjuror could not have duplicated. The whole gamut of physical hocus pocus was racketed through: raps, playing musical instruments without touching the keys, table levitation, distribution of flowers, and the mounting of the table by small objects from other parts of the room. The master stroke was levitation of Home's own body, and by the simple trick of walking from one room into another, and then appearing outside the window to the astonished gaze of three social notabilities, Home gained a reputation for goetic manifestations that looks likely to decorate the annals of occultism for all time. As regards this crowning stroke, as well as various other levitations, it is abundantly evident that in no single instance was the light sufficient for a sitter to distinguish his actual neighbour. The sitters throughout, in addition, were selected with vast care, and were in that expectant, ecstatic, credulous, and worshipful state associated with revival meetings and patriotic demonstrations. It no more occurred to one of these spiritualistic devotees to question or suspect Home's honesty, than it would occur to a moon-struck flapper to doubt the genuineness of her local Adonis's nightly splutter of jejune mush. This, at any rate, marked the full extent of the risk Home

took. That he died without suffering exposure is, the testimony of Sir Arthur and his band notwithstanding, no proof of Home's genuineness: it is merely a tribute to his astuteness and to the blindness of his supporters.

Not nearly so lucky were the mediums who, through the stress of circumstances, were compelled to give public seances. With scarcely a solitary exception, one after the other, they came to grief. Robert Dale-Owen (son of the reformer), Herne and Williams, Dr. Slade, Dr. Monck, Rita, Florence Cook, Mme. D'Esperance, and a host of lesser known mediums were caught in barefaced cheaterly.

Indeed, apart from Home, the only other notable exception was Stainton Moses, graduate of an Oxford college, and a Church of England minister. Although best known as the author of spirit writings, which he claimed, like Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis, were dictated to him by a spirit, he went through the whole farrago of raps and levitations; adding the production of spirit lights, and the spraying of his sitters with scent; while his ghost controls were numerous. Like Home, here was a man of education, much astuteness, and remarkable sophistry. In addition, he had the protection of his cloth. His seance room was practically in darkness, there was no adequate control of his movements, the sitters were emotional to a degree: the whole thing, to a practised conjuror, was a bagatelle. His inspired writings consist of a mass of religious and emotional comments on the thoughts of his day. There is not in the whole vast collection a single original idea, not a solitary page worth the cost of preservation between covered boards.

With the exception of the Fox sisters and the seductive David Dunglas it is certain that no individual did more to advance the cult of spiritualism than one, Eusapia Palladino, an Italian peasant girl. Her case is remarkable not for its manifestations, which were of a purely physical order, and consisted of the usual conjuror's *supercherie*, but by virtue of the number of prominent scientists whom she hoaxed. Those who bilked at the actual spiritualistic explanation admitted her phenomena to be genuine and deduced her possession of some mysterious and unknown power. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Professors Richet, Chiaia, Lombroso, the Hon. Edward Fielding, Dr. Maxwell, Morselli, Aksahoff, Flammarion, Myers, Oshorowicz, Bagally, and many lesser known personages expressed their satisfaction of the genuineness of her phenomena, and each of these investigators based his assertion on observations under so-called test conditions.

For very nearly twenty years this illiterate Italian, with her production of raps, table tiltings, levitations, and materializations of spirit hands, heads, etc., astounded and puzzled several of the most prominent and learned scientists of Europe. Even Carrington, versed in the conjuring tricks of two continents, vouched for the genuineness of her manifestations.

In America, however, in 1910, at a seance under test conditions and supposedly adequate control,⁶ a

⁵ What is termed control means that a sitter on each side of the medium controls one hand and one foot, usually by grasping the hand and placing a foot on the foot of the medium. These are termed test conditions. It must, however, always be borne in mind that these seances are held in what approximates to darkness. Eusapia, in common with all similar mediums, continually moved and twitched her hands and feet rendering adequate control difficult and often enough illusory. In addition, through a "painful corn" on the right foot, the controller's foot was placed under instead of over it, while through the incidence of "cutaneous hyperaesthesia" Eusapia could not tolerate continued pressure on both hands simultaneously. The operation of the well known method adopted by professional magicians of making one hand or one foot appear to those in control as if both were there was thus greatly simplified; extended and elaborated.

⁶ Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in *The Vital Message*.

sceptic, unknown to Eusapia, managed to gain access to the cabinet, and seized her naked foot, which she was manipulating to some effect while her empty shoe remained under control. A few months later, two other men by the simple expedient of surreptitiously creeping under the table and getting their eyes within a matter of inches of Eusapia's feet, witnessed the whole farrago of trickery—with one free foot she performed trick after trick.

GEORGE R. SCOTT.

(To be continued.)

Clerical Mythologists.

ONE OF THEIR FABLES ABOUT THE DEATHBED, OF INGERSOLL
QUOTED AND EXPLODED.

WHY PREACHERS CANNOT TELL THE TRUTH.

And if a prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet (Ezek. xiv. 9).

Now, therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil against thee (2 Chronicles xviii. 22).

O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed (Jeremiah xx. 7).

O Lord . . . Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail? (Jeremiah xv. 18).

For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner? (Romans iii. 7).

MOSHEIM, the great Christian historian, in writing of the fourth century, tells us the following principle was "almost universally adopted" by the church: "That it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by such means the interests of the church might be promoted." (*Ecclesiastical History*, Vol 1, p. 116, published in Baltimore, 1832).

"The net influence of religion upon truthfulness is injurious in the extreme." (Perrycoste, *Religion and Truthfulness*, p. 5).

Whoever attacks the popular falsehoods of his time will find that a lie defends itself by telling other lies. Nothing is so prolific, nothing can so multiply itself, nothing can lay and hatch so many eggs, as a good, healthy religious lie.—*Ingersoll*.

These religious liars have adopted different methods of operation. Sometimes they slander Infidels who are yet alive. In this they take a chance, as they have sometimes been called on to pay damages, and those who lie for the glory of God are careful of their own skins. Their safest plan is to lie about an Infidel's death, when he is unable to talk back; therefore these deathbed stories have become the last refuge of the sanctified prevaricator and coward. Like noxious weeds in your garden, these stories grow green at every revival, and constantly require uprooting. As Ingersoll himself said, "Every Sunday-school paper, thousands of idiotic tracts, and countless stupidities called sermons, have been filled with these calumnies." It is said that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the religious liar, because he has no variety. He also sadly lacks in imagination, and tells the same stupid, putrid lie at all times, on all occasions, about every Infidel.

It is not to be wondered at that this deathbed story has been told about Ingersoll. He hit the church the hardest blows it has received since the days of Thomas Paine. It will ever writhe under his lash. While he was alive it brought out against him its biggest guns, Black, Field, Cardinal Manning, Gladstone and others. They were all spiked. But in lieu of other argument, to deceive the stupid, the ignorant, the unthinking and unreading, they tell about him the same old defunct deathbed story. Fortunately they have been caught and thoroughly exposed, and the preachers who are guilty—most of them being of the Methodist, Presbyterian and

Baptist brands—stand before the world as sanctified liars, peddling a holy lie in behalf of God's cause. Fortunately, the widow, daughters and sister-in-law of Ingersoll have taken this matter up. As early as March 17, 1906, they were called upon to refute those who were possessed of a lying spirit from the Lord, when they issued the following affidavit:—

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,—THE TRUE STORY OF HIS
ILLNESS AND DEATH.

On November 16, 1896, while on a lecture trip, at Janesville, Wisconsin, Colonel Ingersoll had a cerebral hemorrhage. He continued to lecture for a few days, but at the solicitation of his family went to Chicago and consulted Dr. Frank Billings, who advised him to return home and rest for two months, which he did. He then, January 24, 1897, resumed lecturing, which he continued up to the time of his death. It was at this time, early in 1897, that he developed angina pectoris, from which he suffered greatly and which was the cause of his death. Since his death we have learned that he knew exactly his condition. In other words, his physicians had told him that he was likely to die at any moment, but acceding to his earnest entreaties they did not tell his family. In spite of the fact that death was ever beside him, he was always very cheerful, and when asked as to his health invariably replied "all right." During the night of July 20, 1899, he had an attack of acute indigestion and slept very little, but he came to breakfast the next morning and afterward sat on the piazza, as he was wont to do, reading and talking with the family. At about ten thirty he said he would lie down and rest a little and would then come down and play pool with his son-in-law. Mrs. Ingersoll accompanied him to their bedroom and remained with him while he slept. At about 11.45 he arose and sat in his chair to put on his shoes. Miss Sue Sharkey came into the room followed by Mrs. Sue M. Farrell. Mrs. Ingersoll said, "Do not dress, papa, until after luncheon. I will eat upstairs with you." He replied: "Oh no, I do not want to trouble you." Mrs. Farrell then said, "How absurd, after the hundreds of times you have eaten upstairs with her." He looked up laughingly at Mrs. Farrell as she turned to leave the room, and then Mrs. Ingersoll said, "Why, papa, your tongue is coated; I must give you some medicine." He looked up at her with a smile and as he did so closed his eyes and passed away without a struggle, a pang, or even a sigh. No one else was present. It is said that he recanted. This is a cruel and malicious falsehood, without the slightest foundation in fact. His convictions on the subject of religion remained absolutely unchanged. He died as he lived—An Agnostic.

EVA A. INGERSOLL
SUE SHARKEY
SUE M. FARRELL

Severally affirmed to before me this 17th day of March, 1906.

JOHN H. HAZELTON,
Notary Public, New York County, No. 50.

But in the year 1908 it was left for one of the greatest pieces of holy, mendacious, Christian lying to be exposed. The following perjured affidavit was given to the world by one Archie E. Berry, of St. John's, Oregon:—

I do hereby declare that Robert Ingersoll confessed to my father, Joeliel S. Berry, on his dying bed, that he did not believe the doctrine he preached.

He said these words: "Joeliel, I wish I had my life to live over again." When asked why, he said, "Because I do not believe what I have preached and never have. I only did this for the money that was in it."

His daughter then asked, "Whose life shall I live after, your or mother's?" and he said, "Live the life of your mother." Mrs. Ingersoll was a strict Baptist and a sister to my father.

(Signed) ARCHIE E. BERRY,

St. John's, Ore.

It may also be said of religious liars that there is no limit to their gall, and that fear of hell does not restrain them, as this man Berry exemplifies. Mrs. Ingersoll was again called upon to defend her great husband's intellectual integrity, which she did in the affidavit which follows, and not to the credit of "Christian veracity," which is synonymous with "Punic faith"!

MRS. INGERSOLL'S AFFIDAVIT.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Eva A. Ingersoll, having duly affirmed, deposes and says: That she is the widow of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who died at Dobbs Ferry, New York, on July 21, 1899.

That the name of her father was Parker and that the name of her mother was Lyon. That neither her father nor her mother was married more than once.

That she does not know Archie E. Berry; that she never knew Joehiel S. Berry, and that she never saw, so far as she knows, either of them, and that she never heard of either of them except as she has heard of them in connection with the above alleged affidavit.

That, so far as she knows, her late husband never saw, or knew either Archie E. Berry or Joehiel S. Berry.

That no one by the name of Berry was present at the death of her said late husband; and that she knows so of her own knowledge, because she herself was present at that time and knows all of the persons then present.

That any statement that Archie E. Berry is deponent's nephew is false.

That any statement that Joehiel S. Berry was present at the death of her said late husband is false.

That any statement that her said late husband recanted from his public utterances, namely, that he was an Agnostic, so far as she knows, or, as she knows, at the time of his death, is false.

That deponent is not and never has been a Baptist and has been and still is an Agnostic.

EVA A. INGERSOLL.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 27th day of January, 1910.

JOHN H. HAZELTON,
Notary Public, New York Co., No. 70.

Ingersoll's younger daughter, Miss Maud R. Ingersoll, who has since become Mrs. W. M. Probasco, added her testimony to that of her mother:—

MISS INGERSOLL'S AFFIDAVIT.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Maud R. Ingersoll, having first duly affirmed, deposes and says:

That she is a daughter of late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who died at Dobbs Ferry, New York, on July 21, 1899, and of Eva A. Ingersoll, who signed in her presence the annexed affidavit, made a part hereof by reference, which she has read and the contents whereof she knows and which contents she believes to be true.

That she has been informed that, in December, 1908, a certain affidavit was made as follows: [Here the Berry affidavit is quoted] or reading as given without the words "on his dying bed."

That she does not know Archie E. Berry; and that she never knew Joehiel S. Berry; and that she never saw so far as she knows, either of them, and that she never heard of either of them except as she has heard of them in connection with the above alleged affidavit.

That, so far as she knows, her said late father never saw or knew either Archie E. Berry or Joehiel S. Berry.

That, so far as she knows, her said late father never had any conversation of any kind with Joehiel S. Berry; and that her said late father in her presence and she, or her said late father in her presence or she, never had any such conversation as has been given in said alleged affidavit above given, or any similar conversation, or anything like it, or any part of it, or any conversation having any similar import, at any time, with any person or persons.

That no such conversation as is alleged in said alleged affidavit of Archie E. Berry as occurring between deponent and her said late father in the presence of Joehiel S. Berry could have occurred, because her said late father never made any such statement in her presence, and her said mother has always been, so far as deponent knows, an Agnostic, just as her said late father was, and never, so far as deponent knows, a Baptist nor anything other than an Agnostic.

That any statement that Archie E. Berry is the nephew of deponent's mother is, to the best of deponent's knowledge, information and belief, false.

That any statement that her said late father recanted public utterances, namely, that he was an Agnostic is, to the best information, the knowledge and the belief of deponent, false.

MAUD R. INGERSOLL.

Subscribed and affirmed before me this 27th day of January, 1910.

JOHN H. HAZELTON,
Notary Public, New York Co., No. 70.

Thus the Ingersoll "deathbed" story collapses, as all theological fictions and inanities do when brought face to face with facts allied with intelligent and honest judgment. Honest ministers, when put in possession of the truth, will cease telling this fable. But the malicious two-by-four little Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian pulpit-pounder will continue to do so. "He needs it in his business," holding with Paul, "For if the

truth of God hath more abounded through MY LIE unto his glory; why am I also judged a sinner?"

FRANKLIN STEINER (in the *Truth Seeker*, N.Y.)

NOTE.—The matter herein set forth will be issued at once as a tract by the American Rationalist Association to expose the Elmer Gantrys of the pulpit, and we hope it will be put into circulation in every community. It is published with the approbation of the Ingersoll family.

Correspondence.

ALCOHOL VERSUS WATER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your correspondent appears to be of the opinion that the abolition of alcohol (who drinks alcohol?) would be followed by the abolition of crime. The Moslem is teetotal by his religion. Is there no crime in Moslem countries? Is the Turk superior to the Englishman in morals? Are all teetotallers truthful, kind and upright? To tell us that "the burglar who is a total abstainer is a figment of the imagination," is to ask us to believe something which is contradicted by our everyday experience. The most immoral man I have the misfortune to know is a life-long abstainer.

WILLIAM LEAVIS.

Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH FOTHERGILL.

It is with the very deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Joseph Fothergill, of South Shields. Mr. Fothergill had been a convinced Freethinker during the whole of his life, and had been a member of the N.S.S. for well over thirty years. He was a man of strong intelligence and sterling character, never afraid to express his opinions on any subject, and always ready to do whatever lay within his power to help the cause he believed. He had also a very honoured position in the ranks of the trades unions, and was a frequent contributor to the local press on all kinds of topics. His death makes a sad break in the ranks of Tyneside Freethinkers, and the tribute paid to his memory by the large number of Trade Unionists who attended his interment in St. Simon's Churchyard was well deserved. We beg to offer our sincerest sympathy to his widow and daughter on the loss of so brave and so worthy a husband and parent. Austin Holyoake's Secular Service was read at the graveside.

Society News.

WEST LONDON BRANCH.

THE postponed Debate between the Rev. W. G. Reed, of St. Faith's, Wandsworth, and Mr. C. Herbert (N.S.S.), upon the question "Is Materialism Rational?" took place on Friday, 2nd inst., in Hyde Park, in the presence of a very large audience, the behaviour of which was conspicuously praiseworthy in circumstances which must have been particularly trying to the unlearned portion thereof; for the ninety minutes' discussion resolved itself into an academic conflict, between two very capable contestants representing Pure Materialism on the one hand, and Pure Idealism on the other, in which refinements of definition played a prominent part.

Each speaker could certainly congratulate himself, legitimately, upon his verbal prowess; and the multitude, which had listened, awe-stricken and dumb, to the intellectual display, found relief in passing, by acclamation, a hearty vote of thanks to the tongue-tied talkers.

Surely our friend Huxley must have had a prevision of this debate when he wrote: "Strike out the propositions about which neither controversialist does, or can, know anything, and there is nothing left for them to quarrel about."

Nevertheless, it is a triumph for the West London Branch that such a debate should have been arranged and accomplished with such signal success and satisfaction to all concerned.—B. A. I.C.M.

National Secular Society.

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD ON SEPTEMBER 1.

The President, Mr. Cohen, in the chair.

Also present:—Mrs. Quinton, Miss Kough, Miss Vance, Messrs. Clifton, Coles, Gorniot, Moss, Rosetti, Samuels, Wood, and the Secretary.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The monthly financial statement was presented and adopted.

New members were received for the Liverpool, Newcastle, Shotts, and South London Branches, and for the Parent Society. Permission was given for the formation of a Branch in Edinburgh.

The Secretary reported correspondence from the Liverpool and South London Branches.

The question of arranging meetings at Stratford Town Hall and elsewhere during the winter was adjourned until the next meeting. The Executive also considered the question of extending the period of Mr. Whitehead's "Mission."

The meeting then closed.

FRED MANN,
General Secretary.

Mr. G. Whitehead at Manchester.

IN spite of an exceedingly rainy summer, prior to Mr. Whitehead's visit to Manchester, only one meeting had been completely rained off. But the rain was so incessant at Manchester, that several meetings in the week were completely spoiled, and it was only possible to hold four. Three of these were held in Salford, and were very successful, increasing as usual in interest until the last. Messrs. Monks, S. Cohen, Rosetti and Greenhall rendered assistance, for which we are grateful. On Saturday, September 10, Mr. Whitehead will speak at Alexandra Park Gates, Manchester, at 7.30 p.m., and at Stevenson Square, on Sunday, September 11, at 3 o'clock and 6.30 p.m. As Alexandra Park always provides opposition of an unpleasant nature, supporters are invited to rally around. From September 12 to 16 inclusive, Mr. Whitehead is at Ashton Market.

THIEVES of time are tailors who tarry for remeasuring and fiddling try-ons. Our system eliminates the necessity for either, and it is commonly pronounced superior to the old way. We give you references. Write to-day for any of the following:—*Gents' A to D Patterns, suits from 55s.; Gents' E Patterns, suits all at 67s. 6d.; Gents' F to H Patterns, suits from 75s.; Gents' I to M Patterns, suits from 98s.; or Ladies' Fashion and Pattern Sets, costumes from 60s.; frocks from 47s.*—MACCONNELL & MARR, New Street, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

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SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON.

INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (The London Institution Theatre, South Place, Moorgate, E.C.2): 11.0, John A. Hobson, M.A.—"The Art of Propaganda."

OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15, Lecture by Leonard Ebury.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Regent's Park, near the Fountain): 6.0, Lecture by Leonard Ebury.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Clapham Common): 11.30, Mr. C. Baker; (Brookwell Park): 6.0, Mr. J. Darby. Wednesday at 8 p.m. (Old Town, Clapham): Mr. F. P. Corrigan; (Peckham, Rye Lane): Mr. L. Ebury. Thursday (Clapham): Mr. W. Sandford.

THE NON-POLITICAL METROPOLITAN SECULAR SOCIETY (Hyde Park): 11.30, 3.0 and 6.30, Speakers—Messrs. Saphin, Ratcliffe, Botting and Hart. Thursday, at 7 p.m.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (Outside Municipal College, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7.0, Lecture by Mr. A. C. High.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park): 3.30, Messrs. Carter and Jackson; 6.0, Messrs. Campbell-Everden, Hyatt, and Le Maine. (Ravenscourt Park): 3.30, Mr. Campbell-Everden, A Lecture. Freethought lecturers in Hyde Park every Wednesday and Friday, at 7.30. Various Lecturers.

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N.S.S. (The Council Schools, Bristol Street, Birmingham): 7.0, Mr. Chapman Cohen, "What Would the World Gain from Unbelief?" Admission free. Questions invited.

CHESTER-LE-STREET BRANCH (Assembly Rooms, Front Street): Open daily for reading, etc., from 10 a.m. All Freethinkers and enquirers welcome.

OUTDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N.S.S. Meetings held in the Bull Ring, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 p.m.

MANCHESTER BRANCH N.S.S.—Lectures by Mr. George Whitehead. Saturday, September 10, at 7.30, Alexandra Park Gates. Sunday, September 11, at 3.0 and 7.0, Stevenson Square.

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