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• EDITED *by* CHAPMAN COHEN •

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Views and Opinions

Letting Out The Truth

TRUTH like murder will out. Bury it to-day it rises from its grave to-morrow. Suppressed in one form it breaks out in another. There has never been a church or a government that has been able permanently to suppress it. Dictators and tyrants have been compelled, sooner or later, to come to terms with it. Even the most finished liar may be found occasionally to give it the tribute of utterance. He may not do this of set purpose; perhaps it is that never to speak the truth one must be continually on guard, and the most vigilant of sentries may become drowsy at times. Besides continuous lying means an expenditure of creative energy, and there comes a time when it is easier to speak the truth than to tell a lie. I have read of many excellent liars, and met not a few, but never have I read of one or met one who was clever enough never to tell the truth. From sheer temporary exhaustion of inventive power the liar will occasionally fall back upon the truth. And when it does thus come it strikes a critical listener with all the force of the unexpected. There is an old saw that truth struck to earth will rise again, but sometimes it gets up in such a devil of a hurry that its impact on listeners is almost painful.

Two examples of what has been said lie before me as I write—both from the higher ranks of the ecclesiastical world. The first is from a speech by the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Hensley Henson, given before the Church Assembly at Westminster. He said that "Missions may no longer be the hirelings of imperial expansion and economic greed." I have italicized "may no longer," because it is a fine example of truth coming into its own. Our own imperialism has been very largely built on the avowed desire to give the gospel to the undeveloped peoples of the world. As far back as the freebooting days of Elizabeth, our raiders were fighting the Roman Catholic Church and delivering people from the tyranny of the "whore of Babylon." And if in the course of that holy work we

acquired territory and gold, it was no more than evidence that the Lord was on our side. The great burst of expansion which took place at the end of the eighteenth, and for a large part of the nineteenth century, and which only slackened at the point when the late Lord Salisbury said we required two generations to digest what we had swallowed, was accompanied by a great burst of missionary zeal and the formation of our leading missionary societies. And a further proof of divine guidance was that our missionary zeal was most excited by those lands where the possibilities of acquiring mineral and other wealth was most probable. The souls of Africans and Hindoos have always ranked as of greater consequence than those of Eskimos. One cannot import shiploads of ice on a commercial basis.

But it was rather sudden for Dr. Henson to blurt out that missions can *no longer* be used as a cover for imperial expansion. He ought not to have made it so plain that they had been used for that purpose, and that, as Mark Twain once put it, when English pilgrims came to an uncivilized land they fell on their knees. Then they rose up and fell on the aborigines. It is true that Dr. Henson had in mind Mussolini and his piratical raid on Abyssinia, and it must be admitted that the latter went very clumsily to work. He talked too much about the Italian need for expansion, and the greatness of the Roman arms. His method was crude and brutal. He did not talk of the "burden of Empire," but of greatness and power, and had obviously bought the Papacy and its support for the Abyssinian raid. He ought to have taken a lesson from us, and have gone through the successive stages of trading, squatting, penetration, domination and annexation, with much talk of the benefit people would get from another form of the Christian religion. These dictators are much behind the time. They lack finesse. Still, Dr. Henson did let out the truth about the function of missions in the past. Truth will out.

* * *

The Archbishop Reveals Himself

Another quite accidental burst of truth came from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in an address to the Canterbury Diocesan Conference on June 28. He said that the life of an Archbishop of Canterbury in these days was "Incredible," "Indefensible," and "Inevitable." We may put the last on one side, although it was explained that the inevitability consisted in the fact that no man ought to be asked to shoulder such a burden as his, and that there was nothing to do but accept it and to do one's best. This we may take as the theological substitute for the moan, in public, of the Cabinet Minister of his burden and his misfortune in occupying his position. Those who know the way in which these politicians plot and scheme for office, their indignation when they do not "get there" and the lengths to which they will go to secure office accept their public lamentations with a

wink. After all, the Archbishop was not forced to take up the post, and it was suggested at the time of his appointment that he owed much to influential friends. And as the Archbishop asserts that he was called to his office by God—via the Prime Minister—it is to be assumed that what *would* be a burden to an ordinary man would not be *too* oppressive to one who has the direct help of God Almighty to carry out the duties of his office. Dr. Lang should be more careful in his calculated pose.

But I do agree—with qualifications—that the position of an Archbishop is in these days incredible and indefensible. It is really incredible that in 1937, in an age of wireless and submarines, of electrically propelled vehicles and aeroplanes, of telephones and germicides for the prevention of disease, with scores of other inventions and discoveries, to say nothing of the general development of science and philosophy, it is incredible that we should maintain a highly-paid official who is a direct descendant and the obvious representative of the lowest possible stage of human culture. I am dealing with the Archbishop in terms of his own description of himself as the mouthpiece of God to the English people, and it must be remembered that he is not where he is on account of his authority in art, science, literature, or philosophy. In none of these subjects does the Archbishop rank as superior to others, and would indeed not be counted as an authority worth bothering about. His essential function does not involve concern with men's bodies, but with their souls. He is not concerned with the state of men here, but only with their destiny hereafter. On any normal cultural subject he might well express an opinion, but this would be as a mere citizen or man of the world, not as an Archbishop. As an Archbishop he is selected by heaven, but with no idea of being of any earthly use.

The functions of a priest in the Church of which the Archbishop is a chief are clearly enough indicated in the Prayer Book and in traditional Christian custom. He must pray for the health of the King and Royal Family, although that does not prevent them exhibiting all the ordinary ailments and faults of very ordinary men and women. He must visit the sick and tell them that from whatever disease they suffer it is "certainly" God's visitation, although every educated man and woman knows that God has nothing to do with it; he must pray for God to cure the sick, although a doctor is usually present in case of a default of duty on the part of the deity. He must pray for the safety of those at sea, without this preventing wrecks; for victory in war without this doing away with the need for huge armaments; for a good harvest, although bad ones come as regularly as ever; he must with magic oil and sacred spoon transform a mere King into a vehicle of divine power, without the change having any observable effect on the character of the man who sits on the throne.

* * *

Our Primitives

All this would indeed be quite incredible, but for one very important consideration. Our culture is yet only "skin-deep, and a not very thick skin at that. Millions of the population still cherish a belief in charms and signs and omens, a belief that is as common among our "educated" classes as it is among those with no education of which to boast. When civilized thought is presented to the people, it is given with a mixture of supernaturalism that prevents the true nature of either being recognized. Science is taught as being religious and religion is taken as science. Public functions of all kinds find the modern medicine-man in full war-paint, occupying a privileged position. The education of the people is so

managed that the priest and his teachings take a privileged, a unique position; for his teachings are the only ones that pupils must not openly criticize. A pupil who ventured openly to criticize any subject other than religion would not be listened to by his teacher. And everyone knows what would happen to a teacher who encouraged his pupils to express their doubts about any religious doctrine. In the vast majority of cases the boy or girl would find little more tolerance at home than he finds at school. The Archbishop says that his position is incredible because no one can understand it. That is not the case. It is incredible, but only when one does *not* understand how it is brought about. With proper appreciation the existence of the Archbishop is as understandable as is the existence of stupidity and crime in present-day society. It is understandable, but very deplorable.

Incredible! indefensible! inevitable! The first two words represent the position of religion in a modern community. Incredible that beliefs which constitute *real* religion should now be accepted as true. Indefensible because, as such, religion serves no legitimate purpose, even with the majority of those who profess to believe in it. There is nothing that goes on in connexion with religion that does not go on without it. And inevitable, just so long as we continue to misdirect the education of the young so that the vast majority are rendered incapable of expressing a balanced judgment on established beliefs, so long as a premium to hypocrisy is offered by making a profession of religion the easiest of ways to social and political advancement. Perhaps the unconscious lapse into truth by the Bishop of Durham and the Archbishop of Canterbury may with many lead to further speculations.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

Cool Heads and Stout Hearts

"More life and fuller that we want."—Tennyson.

THE lives of the men and women who were the pioneers of Secularism may be epitomized in the one word—sacrifice. Men and women of ability far above the average (in some cases even of genius), they gave up, for the work of intellectual emancipation, health, means, ease, comfort. Even preferment meant greater responsibility and more hardship. Two presidents of the National Secular Society literally died from over-work, and it is a miracle, greater than any mentioned in the Christian Bible, how the present holder of the office has escaped the same fate. These Freethinkers made the surrender, not in haste, but by a deliberate and sustained act of denial. In youth and middle-age, and in advancing years, in summer and winter, in ostracism and persecution, these pioneers gave their best to the cause they loved.

Even the ordinary lecturers have a hard time. Long railway journeys, draughty lecture-halls, uncomfortable lodgings, frigid, and even hostile, audiences, are not conducive to comfort. Yet good men and women have endured these hardships cheerfully for years on end. Open-air speaking is even more arduous, requiring a strong voice and a ready wit for complete success. In spite of such drawbacks, these lecturers are cheery folk with a keen sense of humour. Around the camp-fires, in the intervals of conflict, may be heard stories which show how light-hearted are these evangelists of reason. They are indeed happy warriors.

There are no feather-bed soldiers in the Freethought Army. All have endured the slings and arrows of ostracism and persecution, even the Commanders-in-Chief. G. W. Foote said that he had been accused of every crime in the calendar save murder.

This exception was not due to Christian charity, but owing to the difficulty of finding a corpse, Bradlaugh was made the subject of countless libels and legends, the silliest of which was the story that he took out his watch and challenged deity, if such a being existed, to strike him dead. Twice the Freethought leaders hit back at their persecutors. Bradlaugh forced the publisher of a libellous "life" into the Law Courts, and had the book withdrawn from circulation. Foote took action against a religious crank, who accused Freethinkers of immorality, and the "Hall of Science Libel Case" is now remembered in legal circles because of the remarkable speech by Lawson Walton, K.C., which resulted in a victory for the Secularists.

Theology is not an attractive branch of knowledge, and the clergy themselves behave and look like undertakers. Freethinkers, on the other hand, have tried to infuse some sweetness and light into a dry-as-dust subject. That they have humanized religion itself is a proof not only of their persistence, but of their perception.

What stories could be told of the debates and lectures of yesteryear. Foote was a born humourist, and could rise to any occasion. Once, when a heavy snowstorm had depleted his audience, he started his address by saying: "When two or three are gathered together in my name." At Camberwell, South London, when he lectured on "An Hour in Hell," a clergyman present complained that he had been cruel in his treatment of the susceptibilities of Christians. In his rejoinder, Foote said: "In what way was I cruel? If I took this audience on a trip to hell, I brought them safely back again."

On another occasion Foote found himself in the company of an apple-cheeked member of the Peculiar People, who had got into trouble for his opinions. With a most engaging air Foote held out his hand, saying: "You have been in prison six months for obeying the Christian Religion, and I have been imprisoned for a year for attacking it, I think we should be acquainted." Foote, on one occasion, debated with a short thick-set man, who had an overabundance of face-fungus. A member of the audience had brought his son, a bright boy, who asked in a stage-whisper: "Dad, is that gorilla the Atheist?"

A strong chairman is a necessity for a debate, but on one occasion the chairman was a strong man indeed. W. Stewart Ross ("Saladin"), of the *Secular Review* and *Agnostic Journal*, was a fine poet and a fluent speaker. He presided at a debate at Loughboro Park, South London, and the hall was crowded with his admirers. Seizing the opportunity, he talked and talked. Ten, fifteen, thirty minutes went by, and he was just finishing a flowery peroration about the "Caves of Elephanta," when one of the forgotten disputants rose in anger to ask if this was a debate or a lecture?

A weak chairman once led to an amusing sequel. At an open-air debate on Clapham Common on "The Existence of Deity," so many interruptions occurred that the whole thing finally resolved itself into a wrangle between two old soldiers on the price of beer at Gibraltar.

Mr. Hyatt, a great favourite with audiences, used to recite as well as lecture, and was often greeted on the platform with cries of "Phil Blood's Leap," the title of one of his efforts. A gallant horseman himself, he used to ride to his open-air engagements, and some one held his steed whilst he was speaking. On one occasion, at Camberwell, he had a truly enormous audience, and he chaffed his opponents and asked them if they had ever seen a larger gathering at a religious meeting. Someone shouted "Spurgeon," whereupon Hyatt replied: "This audience is com-

posed of men, not women and children."

Joseph Mazzini Wheeler, for many years assistant editor of the *Freethinker*, was a walking encyclopædia. A shy, retiring, lovable scholar, he was a veritable bookworm. The second-hand booksellers knew him, and he even frequented the barrows, and searched the "fourpenny boxes" in search of knowledge. Foote said: "Kind-hearted Joe! He cannot bear to see even a book in the rain."

So, one might go on retailing stories of the brave days of old, stories of the men and women who have cared, not for wealth and notoriety, but for intellectual honesty. All of them were, in their own way, apostles of Freedom, and knight-errants of the evangel of Liberty. This is but a little cloud of biographical dust, and, if an apology be needed for such trifling, we point to the fact that these personalities are of interest in the Freethought Movement. Some of the names are secure in the footnotes of history; other are less important, but, because they dedicated their lives to the service of liberty, helped to lay the deep foundations of the future greatness of the human race.

"Hail to the courage which gave
Voice to its creed, ere the creed
Won consecration from Time."

MIMNERMUS.

The Evolution of the Turkish Republic

UNLIKE the overwhelming majority of Christians, the Moslem peoples for centuries applied the principles of their religion to real life. Until relatively recent times, the Turks were, perhaps, the most pious race in Europe. But when members of the upper classes began to travel and study abroad their time-honoured religion became severely shaken. Residence and research in London, Paris and other centres of intellectual life made the young Turks the recipients of modern science and materialistic philosophy. Hence the scepticism which frequently manifested itself as militant Freethought, which characterized so many of the reformers of Turkish life.

In their palmy days, the Moslems were valiant soldiers, who established brilliant civilizations in many of the countries they conquered. These were largely Arabians, while the Turks were a nomadic stock who wandered in the region of the Gobi Desert until the Tartar onslaught on their territory drove them westwards to Anatolia, where they settled and embraced the Islamic faith. Patient and long-suffering, if fierce and cruel, they displayed marked administrative ability which enabled the Ottoman Turks to furnish the Arabs with qualities in which they were entirely destitute, and to found a great empire stretching from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Adriatic Sea.

Previously, a powerful Near Eastern State, the Ottoman Empire declined during the eighteenth century until, in the nineteenth, it was known as "The Sick Man." The Crimean War was partly waged to save Turkey from incorporation by Russia, and later in 1878, Disraeli was willing to resume hostilities in order to prevent Constantinople from falling into the maw of the Moscovite.

Years rolled away, the World War came and Turkey entered the conflict on the side of the Central European Powers. Incompetent diplomacy on the part of Britain, probably influenced by Nonconformist and other religious animus, weakened England's prestige and made Germany the chief adviser and protector of

the Ottoman State. Still, Turkey's subsequent overthrow, with the succeeding dismemberment of its dominions, made possible that reformation and reconstruction so predominantly due to the statesmanship of that very remarkable personality, Atatürk or Mustapha Kemal. For it is a fair inference that, had Kemal continued harassed and opposed by the Arabs, Kurds and Syrians of the old Sultanate, now under Allied supervision, nearly all of them steeped to the eyelids in religious bigotry and fanaticism, the marvellous changes this man has brought about among the Turks, who are themselves a stolidly conservative people, would have been impossible.

In pre-war days, the Young Turks attempted to revive the Ottoman Empire on constitutional lines, but their effort failed. For, in 1908, when the Sultan conceded the request of the Committee of Union and Progress for a constitution, this surrender was regarded as a sign of weakness and serious trouble resulted. Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, Italy occupied Tripoli, Bulgaria declared its independence, and Greece took possession of Crete. In Arabia and Asia Minor self-determination was everywhere announced, and the long-proud Ottoman State seemed tottering in ruins. In fact, the help given by the Arabs in the World War to the Allies in return for promises still unredeemed, contributed materially to Turkey's defeat in Asia. Still, England failed to capture Constantinople, for in 1915 the defence of Gallipoli was scientifically organized by von Sanders, while the Turks were brilliantly led by Mustapha Kemal. They thrust the British back to Suvla, and the Dardanelles were retained by the tenacious Turks.

Kemal's indomitable courage and sound judgment made him extremely popular with the army, but the politicians resented his contempt for their platitudes and madcap schemes. His manners, or the want of them, were better appreciated in camps than in courts. As Hampden Jackson remarks in his interesting *Post-War World*, "he received nothing but the most grudging recognition for his services and no political appointment."

After the armistice Kemal left Constantinople for Anatolia, ostensibly to hasten disarmament, but he really devoted his energies towards the maintenance of the troops in arms in readiness for the impending conflict with Turkey's enemies. Recalled in consequence to Europe, he refused to relinquish his command, and intimated his intention to remain in Anatolia until Turkey had obtained its complete independence.

To Turkey's autonomy the Turkish politicians and the Allies were unfavourable. Kemal was derided as a dreamer, but he persevered. The Kurds were encouraged by the Sultan to rebel, and Greeks were despatched to Smyrna in 1919, who distinguished themselves by pillaging and destroying Turkish homesteads. Undismayed, Kemal convened a National Assembly in June, 1919, and, a little later, he was elected President of the Council, formed to supersede the official Government at Constantinople which had refused to act. The headquarters of this newly-created body were removed to Angora, and a National Pact was decreed in which the Kemalists surrendered all claims to the Arabian dominions, while declaring that all territories "inhabited by an Ottoman Muslim majority . . . form a whole which does not admit of division for any reason in truth or in ordinance."

On the face of it, any prospect of Kemal's success seemed dimly distant. But fortune favoured the brave, for Kemal's opponents committed three palpable blunders during 1920, which fanned the latent patriotism of the Turks into a flaming passion.

The Allies consented to recognize the Angora As-

sembly, if it met in Constantinople, so the delighted delegates repaired to that city, where the Parliament formally adopted the National Pact. Kemal, however, had his misgivings and rejected the invitation. In truth, his doubts were completely justified when, a few weeks later, Allied forces took possession of Constantinople's public buildings and arrested 40 Nationalist leaders, who were deported to Malta.

Then came the publication of the Treaty of Sèvres, to which three Turkish representatives had appended their signatures, the terms of which were so utterly shameless that intelligent Turks were driven to conclude that Kemal and his supporters were the only possible saviours of the Turkish State.

The crowning blunder of the Allies, however, was the Greek invasion so enthusiastically encouraged by Lloyd George. The opening stages of this campaign proved favourable to Greece, but in 1921, despite the enormous difficulties of his task, Kemal managed to muster an army of 25,000 men inspired with a passion to do or die. The Greek force is said to have numbered 80,000, and its objective was Angora. The Turks deliberately retreated to their last line of defence, when, after a fortnight's battle, the Greek army was defeated and the Nationalist citadel saved.

In 1922 Kemal assumed the offensive, and the Greeks were driven back until their retreat became a rout, and a miserable remnant of their army escaped from Smyrna by sea. Kemal had been victorious in the field, but he had yet to triumph in the cabinet. Ultimately, however, the Treaty of Lausanne was signed in 1923. Instead of the partition of Turkey, which the politicians and their confederates had schemed; as Jackson aptly puts it, "the Turks were to be left with full sovereignty over all Anatolia and Eastern Thrace. . . . In a word, Turkey was to be, for the first time in history, a Nation."

But construction was still to come. Some suggested co-operation with the Soviets; others favoured an Islamic revival or the election of a constitutional monarchy. Kemal, however, irrevocably opposed a Russian alliance, as he desired no foreign entanglements. Nor did he countenance a recrudescence of religion, which he regarded as an entirely reactionary influence. A convinced Freethinker, he repudiated any compromise with concepts surviving from an ignorant and superstitious past, which have ever proved the inflexible foes of progress and enlightenment. As for monarchy, it would sustain nearly all the political and sacerdotal corruption he was anxious to eliminate. The Turks were at present too backward for any form of representative government; so, as things were, a dictatorship appeared the only possible mode of control. The strong man consequently made himself President of the Turkish Republic. He dominated the Cabinet, he led the People's Party, and as Commander-in-Chief he ruled the Army.

The transformation effected by this man of genius is truly amazing. In a few months he actually overthrew the Caliphate despite the intense religiosity of the mass of the population. This reform scandalized the outside Moslem world, but the machinations of his enemies were utilized by Kemal for the purpose of convincing his subjects that the Republic's independence was endangered. In the Assembly he placed National before religious interests, and the Caliphate was almost unanimously abolished by the votes of its members.

Kemal then proceeded to secularize the Turkish State. The Bill which abolished the Caliphate decreed that: "The antiquated religious courts and codes must be replaced by modern scientific civil codes. The schools of the mosques must give way to secular Government schools." Thus, the *Sheriat*

the laws of Allah—were abrogated and modern civil, criminal and commercial laws took their place. Every child from the ages of six to sixteen must now learn to read, write and cipher.

Changes such as these were certain to arouse resentment. So-called Progressives obtained seats in the Assembly, who were strongly opposed to the Kemalists, and a serious insurrection occurred in Kurdistan, whose inhabitants are the most primitive and fanatical subjects of New Turkey. This rebellion suppressed, Kemal crushed its instigators, executed several of its leaders had formed a Cabinet of trustworthy adherents. The Sheiks who had led the Kurdish revolt were degraded; the monastic orders dissolved, and their property applied to secular services. Thus ended the conflict, but Islam remained the State religion until 1928, when the Republic became completely secularized.

The position of woman has been improved; the fez has been replaced by Western head-gear; Latin characters have been adopted in place of the obsolete Arabic script in which the Turkish language was written. Industry and commerce have been revived, while agriculture has made giant strides. Kemal's past achievements, with the prospect of others to come, mark him as one of the very few truly great men who emerged through the tragedy of the World War.

T. F. PALMER.

Humbug and Ballyhoo

THE Englishman, we are told, is always at his best in a crisis. It is well to be reminded of this, on account of the constitutional crisis so profoundly impressed upon the people. Now, at this point, let me warn the unpatriotic objects who are fond of facts, that the diplomacy, and political ability displayed by the then Prime Minister in face of a situation that never arose is not the least affected; that the crisis never occurred does not matter; it is our moral capacity to weather a storm that was created in the imagination of Baldwin, Cantuar, and their gang, that vitally affects us as a nation, and—may I add?—as an Empire.

The eloquence of the political hero in the Geneva speech cuts no ice with those who can scent the opportunist with his tongue in his cheek: we are fully prepared for the election broadcast bathos, the hero who proved a rabbit, and the tool of a beautifully arranged treachery. But, lie upon lie, blunder upon blunder, treachery to crown treachery, what matters all this in the face of a conspiracy to transmute every iniquity into a virtue, and make every infamous act redound to the credit of the political performer? It is true that what would be accounted moral turpitude in a citizen is often excused in a statesman; yet, whilst millions are prepared to voice the praises of such—especially during the season of Coronation madness—there remain a few with sufficient personality, self-respect, and courage to differ, not only from the vulgar, but also the more despicable intellectual mob.

This outburst of humbug and ballyhoo to which we have been treated of late is easily accounted for by the fact that most of our so-called newspapers have been engaged in the occupation of—stinking; and with them it has been a whole-time job; so that in this respect they are skunkier than the skunk, with whom it is a means of defence, and not exactly a living. Those whose sins of proportion and decency is good enough for a paradox will understand when I say that this stinking is both positive and negative; so that all the political, social, and religious grace,

reverence, and respectability fails utterly in any attempt to disguise it. This stunting, unworthy a civilized people, is intended as a deodoner to the constitutional crisis, so-called.

"Mr. Attlee," we are told by *Reynold's* "in a courageous and historic resolution, asks the Select Committee on the Civil List to invest British Monarchy with more simplicity and greater dignity." He should know by now that all the frills and furbelows, waving of banners, flourish of trumpets, and circus display in general is no more than a repetition of the old-time nonsense of the savage chief, and the medicine-man. Asking the modern savages to be simple and dignified reminds us of the eunuch in the Sultan's harem requesting Don Juan to "look a little modest," when he didn't feel that way.

We are told that the King is "the embodiment of our liberties," and "the connecting link of the free Commonwealths of the Empire." Some of my forebears gave me to understand that their "liberty" was to rise with the lark, and retire with the ox; whilst they were taught to be thankful for the miserable fare that was dished out to them—thankful to God and the masters. Yea, verily, he was, and is the symbol of a class that kept, and would keep the like in their poverty; or, what is little better, gratify their religious vanity by helping them in their poverty, but not out of it. "The embodiment of our liberties." Does this illustrate the possibilities of the English language, or the impossibilities of a certain type of mind? Not long ago we were told by Mr. Chamberlain, I believe, that the ties of Empire were wearing very thin; so we had the Imperial Dog Fight, known as the Ottawa Conference; and we saw the dogs return with the lumps of meat, by way of concessions, between their teeth; these were known as tariffs, quotas, and what not. Pure big business this; nothing to do with the æsthetic, and abstract; no connexion with the miraculous embodiments and links.

Then we are told that as a constitutional monarch the King is innocuous; which means he is practically nothing: he is also defender of the faith; but as he has no choice in the matter, he is nobody; which reminds us of what was said of a certain character: "there is no such person." Mr. H. P. Ward, at one time lecturer to the Liverpool Branch of the N.S.S., spoke of a woman who believed in Ally Sloper as a real person. Had she not seen it in print? When you shatter an illusion it is customary to ask: "what are you going to put in its place?" One would think you were obliged to crown one more lie out of gratitude for the privilege of burying the other. Let us, however, be obliging, and see if for the constitutional Ally Sloper we buried, we cannot find another to put in his place. We thought we had laid hands upon a corpse; alas! not even a skeleton!—we found only a ghost! And this must be preserved at all costs! The abdication meant a crown and sceptre flung in the face of an Empire; it signified the awakening from a dream to find out another of God's mistakes—his appointed, and would-be anointed relegated to the dust in terms of an ordinary being of earth; all the schemes of the divine undone by a stroke of the pen. This is the crisis! Get over this as best you can, ye Tory, Liberal, and Labour sycophants, timeservers, lickspittles, place hunters, and political tame cats who are part and parcel of the great religious, and imperial swindle.

WM. J. LAMB.

Human vanity, reinforced by the authority of the Church, contrived to make a rough road for those who dared draw attention to the earth's insignificant position in the universe.—*Sir James Jeans.*

A Song of Slavery

THE second song in the Oxford Group's "Songs of the New Enlistment" is a song of slavery. It starts with "On the Revolution!" From the second verse, those words mean: on top of the revolution—smother the revolution—crush the revolution. This second verse runs: "Let no thought of self. . . ." Then, after a bit of something or other, it says: "No indulgent claim shall keep us back from sacrifice." The third verse gets more anti-revolutionary still.

It states: "All we have to offer—Our lives, our homes, our goods, our freedom. All we are we give . . ." etc.

Only a slave—and a man who wants to be a slave, would sing such paralysing, absurd stuff as that.

What is the object of the "ON"? On to what? The "revolution" has only one meaning: THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN. The plan is land restoration and the abolition of taxation. Nothing else is a revolution—for nothing else would free the people from bondage put upon them by evil and unscrupulous men.

It is not righteous to be a slave. To be a slave is to deny God's human gifts—to allow oneself to be misused. Never yet has the principle of religion been that of slavery. It has been one of liberty—"the perfect law." But tricksters and people who are complacent have twisted religion around to make people think that God wants them to be satisfied with injustice—to be slaves—or to keep other people slaves.

The song shows that at work. It is asking young men to give up everything—including their body and soul—to some vague nothing which, analysed, comes down to THE VESTED INTERESTS. Why should we give up "our lives, our hopes, our goods, our freedom"? Give it up to whom?

Not to God—that is certain. God does not want us to give up our rights. It is our rights that form the base upon which alone we can live righteously and usefully.

God gave the land to the people—not to the landlords. But the landlords have got the land, and are stealing its rent.

And by their operations, people are being robbed of their freedom, their homes, their hopes, their goods, and their lives.

Do you call that Godly?

It is devilish—there is no other name for it.

It is crushing out the souls of men; and to allow it to continue—above all, to sing of its continuance, is rank ungodliness.

Unless Freedom is put as the object of any organization which calls itself "revolutionary," it is spurious.

The flower has to have its place; the bird has to have its place; the animal world has to have its place.

AND MAN HAS TO HAVE HIS PLACE—ALL MAN.

God has willed it. Nature has willed it.

But some men are wilfully disobeying the Law.

Those evil men will have to turn either to justice, or be stripped of power—of privilege.

Let the young men who may be induced to join the Oxford Group Movement beware that their righteous instincts are not paralysed by the creed of the slave.

LET THEM SING THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

YOU CANNOT SERVE GOD BY HUMBLING SERVING TYRANNICAL MEN.

ERIC R. JONES.

We are tired of being the victims of a materialistic clericalism or of self-seeking militarists; we are tired of our subjection to classes that consider themselves superior to our own, yet produce nothing useful in life, and have lived always at the expense of others.

Those who oppose the honourable, free and educated life after which we seek are those who persecute Masons and Freethinkers and all whose ideas are loftier than their own; they are those who brought the Inquisition into Spanish prisons, who attacked modern secular education, who shot Francisco Ferrer, and tortured men in Montjuich, who held the Spanish people in political, economic and religious subjection—where as we, peoples of the world, are those who aim to establish peace on earth and liberty among men!—*Federico Udales.*

Acid Drops

The Archbishop of Canterbury, still emulating the character of Dicken's Major Bagstock, is preparing for the failure of his "Recall to Religion." We do not believe that it was ever anything more than a cover for his conduct over the abdication of King Edward, and he probably trusted that if some enthusiasm could be stirred up over a religious revival, the other matter might be forgotten. He now says that he never "intended" that anything spectacular or sensational should be the result. Well, he hoped for general revival of religion, he promised that he would visit every parish and take part in processions, it was talked about on the wireless, written up in the papers, and advertised by the Nonconformist Churches, but nothing spectacular or sensational was "intended." Surely a revival of religion, a real revival, would have been both spectacular and sensational. Evidently, as we foretold, the "Recall" looks like being a complete "frost," and the Archbishop is preparing his public for the consequences. Still, there is such a thing as being too artful, and some of even the religious world may wonder what this mouthpiece of God meant when he called the people to religion.

But the *Recall to Religion* is beginning to have effect. The Rev. E. J. Martin, a member of the Archbishop's Evangelist Council, says there has been a steady return to the Churches. We will believe it when we see it. He thanks the Press who had given tremendous weight to it. Just in the same way is Mussolini returning thanks to those valiant servants of the Cross, Messrs. Rothermere and Garvin. Onward Christian Soldiers!

Some wonderful results of the Oxford Group campaign were made public at a recent Brighton meeting. One estate agent said being converted meant he had to make "restitution." We should like to know how many of this gentleman's clients had received cheques, and their value. A clerk in the same office confessed he had made personal calls on the office telephone, and had charged bus-fares when he had actually walked. Most remarkable was the confession of a retired army officer who had "found a purpose in life." When worried he used to take a whisky, now he talked to God. If God has any intelligence he will probably inspire that officer to get back to whisky.

The peculiar thing about this conversion business is that God never appears to save people until they have been doing something wrong. Then, and only when the wrong-doer has gone through the prescribed "grovel," will he step in. Yet we have heard that prevention is better than cure. In any case, as doing wrong usually involved injury to a third party, we cannot see how the fact of one man who has done wrong to others repenting and getting "saved" removes the wrong done to the other party. Perhaps this dullness on our part is due to the fact that we have never been "saved."

We may, of course, have missed the references, but in the many obituary notices and eulogies of Sir James Barrie we saw, nothing was said about religion. He does not seem to have believed in orthodox Christianity at all in the sense, say, of the Bishop of London. We are never told that he faithfully read a chapter of the Bible every day of his life; or that he constantly went on his knees and prayed fervently to God for help when anything went wrong with his plays. Yet Barrie must have been brought up in something of the extreme narrow religion which characterized the Scotland of his youth.

The *Universe* bluntly calls Barrie a Pagan—using the word Paganism "in a good as well as in a restrictive sense. For the good qualities were notable in his Paganism, and the very nasty ones, so common in the writings of to-day, notably absent." It is obvious then, whatever Barrie may privately have believed, he showed little belief either in his public life or in his writings.

And if one were able to make a thorough enquiry into the beliefs of most of our best writers, we venture to say few would call themselves Christians. They may believe in *something*—that very vague generalization—but not in positive Christianity.

A distress warrant was granted at Dartford Police Court against the Rev. John Wells Wilkinson, a member of Erith Council, for non-payment of £1 16s. library rate. He objected to paying, being of opinion that Erith Library was circulating indecent books. He was refused a summons against four members of the Council, as he had no copy of any book of which he complained, to produce in evidence. . . . Can it be that Mr. Wilkinson was without a copy of the Holy Bible?

Lourdes has no cure to report among the 1,000 (?) pilgrims who returned to England under Archbishop Hinsley. "A number of the sick persons were better," said a member of the party. We, too, have noted the benefit of a little sea air.

The Rev. J. H. Bodgener tells the story of Jesus "casting out devils." To read Mr. Bodgener's account, one might imagine that Christ was just applying modern scientific methods to cure a man temporarily insane. This story thus told makes Jesus talk, not to the "devils," as stated in the gospels, but to the insane man himself. Mr. Bodgener completely ignores Mark v. 8-13, wherein Christ distinctly tells the devils to "Come out of the man," and the devil replies, "My name is Legion" (it was not the man's name as Mr. B. says), and later "All the devils besought him: send us into the swine; and Jesus gave them leave."

The Chairman of the West Country Methodists has unearthed a terrible state of wickedness in that rather unlikely quarter of the country. We blush to speak of the almost incredible vices—or vice, for the Rev. A. E. Cosson names only a singular crime. To be quite frank, the Exeter District contains a certain element of Sabbath-breaking! Stigmatizing it as "Pleasure-taking" (surely the worst of evils). Mr. Cosson says:—

On summer Sunday afternoons it is often more like a bank holiday. We are not happy about it, and many of those who take their tea baskets and spend the Sunday afternoon and evening in their huts half hope that it is not generally known that they are spending the day, after morning church, in this way. Our Sunday-schools are more affected than our churches by this encroachment on Sunday rest.

It used to be said that Englishmen "take their pleasures sadly"; Mr. Cosson would take them away!

Money for church schools, churches and priests is still being asked for and obtained. The "Friends of Carlisle Cathedral" have given more than £10,000 for its re-roofing, and other repairs will cost over £4,000, of which £2,400 has been given. Then the Bishop of Lincoln is now asking for a sum of £100,000 to £150,000 for "Church extension in Lincolnshire." The Bishop of Chelmsford's appeal for Essex Churches and Schools actually brought in £232,522. As, however, the Bishop says there is still a great deal of work to be done, he is going to mark time patiently "until it is possible to make a further advance." These Bishops ask for funds, and the money seems to pour in so long as it is used for religion. But if they asked for money to build decent houses and cottages for the poor, would the response be a fiftieth part? We trow not.

One of our religious papers dolefully admits that "definite religious education is in jeopardy." Every week some church school or other is given up—due, we are told, to "apathy in high places." All the same, the Bishops are making desperate efforts to save the situation. Birmingham, for example, is asking for £35,000. Lincoln wants £34,800 for the senior schools, and

£30,000 for the junior; and demands for more and more money are made all over the country. No doubt the cash will be forthcoming—it always is to save religion in some shape or form. Yet the heartening thing about it all is that religious education is definitely declining. Church schools will *not* save the situation. Fewer and fewer people believe in religion, and this is due, not to any alleged defective religious teaching, but to the recognition of the fact that science has, for most thinking people, pulverized the heaven, hell, and gods of theology.

The word will be thrilled at the latest edict from the Vatican. It has issued a decree banning "novel cults and exaggerated forms of devotion in the Roman Catholic Church." If there is anything more exaggerated and ridiculous than the *hocus-pocus* practised by its own priests, we should like to know of it. Indeed, the likeness between what are called "savage" ceremonies and those of the Church must be apparent to anybody who sees them both. The fact is, the prohibition is simply the jealousy felt always by one religion against a rival.

The dearth of missionaries to spread the glorious gospel—most of which, by the way, is given up by many of our Modernist Deans, Canons, and Bishops—has brought forth many dismal screeds from abroad. The Bishop of Bombay would like to see a "dozen Oxford dons in Poona"; the head of the Jerusalem Girl's College is quite sure "the opportunity is immense" to convert "young Palestinians, Jew, Moslem and Christian," to Christianity; though we are rather puzzled to find Palestinian Christians have also to be converted. This conversion work, anyway, seems to be getting more difficult every day, for the Bishop of Bombay has to admit that in one district "there are literally no visible signs of promise." The Bishop of Hong Kong, is, however, sure that, as Nationalism and the League of Nations have failed, now "Christ can help China." But in Japan "emperor-worship is fraught with danger to the Church." In Australia, in spite of thousands of priests, "the Church is crying out for more." And last, but not least, money is wanted, thousands and thousands of pounds.

Miss Caroline C. Graveson, B.A., in her 1937 Swarthmore Lecture, insists, we are told, that matters of culture, "the world of flowers and books and cinemas and clothes and manners, as well as of mountains and masterpieces must not be looked upon as forbidden territory, nor as neutral ground, but must all be claimed for God and treated as religious." Well, this is a queer world, and we are all entitled to our opinions. And we cannot stop anyone from being religious by claiming a well-cooked steak and chips as coming from God. But there are still some people who believe all these things are purely secular in a material world and have no more to do with Miss Graveson's God than they have to do with brass tacks.

The latest figures given of our schools should prove of interest. "Since 1902," we are informed, "Church schools have declined by over 2,500, Council schools increased by over 4,000, and Roman Catholic schools have steadily risen from 1,043 to 1,230." Of course, various reasons are given for the decline of the church schools—shifting populations, lack of financial support, increase in rates and taxes, timorous leadership, and so on. But whatever the reasons are, it is good news to find that there is a definite decline. Education should be a State job, purely secular. That is the ideal, and the growth of council schools with their more or less indifferent undenominational religious teaching, shows that slowly but surely the cause of Secular Education is advancing. And as it is admitted that "largely owing to the examination system, direct religious teaching is given a very small place" in our secondary schools, we can welcome this definite advance of our cause.

The Bishop of Norwich has been telling the members of the Norwich Diocesan Conference that at the Coronation ceremony he wore the "wonderful Cope in the possession of Norwich Cathedral." In the morse, he ex-

plained, was a little bit of wool used at the anointing of King Edward VII., and also, "I took a little bit of wool used at the Coronation of King George VI." This passion for wool in one so obviously well-endowed with that commodity by nature, is only explainable on the Scriptural hypothesis: To him that hath shall be given.

The Bishop gave us a few more homely Coronation disclosures. The Oxford Press excelled themselves at the ceremony by producing such an enormous Bible that it "would have needed two men to heave it about." This, a conclave of Church dignitaries considered inappropriate, so a second Bible had to be procured of more modest proportions. We cannot see that a hundredweight of Bible would have been at all amiss, and, if it could have been right royally presented attached to the hook of a derrick (jewelled in every hole, with flute and oboe accompaniment) it would not have added substantially to the essentially ridiculous features of the Abbey Ceremony.

Bavaria, that hot-bed of Roman Catholicism, has now had its schools, so we are told, *secularized*. The Nazi authorities who have done this, claim it was in response to 95 per cent of the parents. Cardinal Faulhaber claims they were all coerced—"before God and history"—but the fact remains, whether the schools are *really* secularized is another question. It is not secular education merely to exchange the primitive beliefs of Christianity for the primitive beliefs in German Pagan gods, which seems to be one of the Nazi institutions. The struggle for power between Nazism and Roman Catholicism in Germany seems to be intensified. Which side will win depends on the extent of the belief in the one or the other. Perhaps people are not nowadays so ready to die for their faith as in ancient times.

However much Nazism is against religion, in Italy it is just the reverse. The Italian Under-Secretary for War has issued an order to all military centres in Italy, that soldiers guilty of blasphemy must be admonished on the first occasion, and punished if the offence is repeated. It is interesting to learn that "blasphemy" was so much in evidence in Italy, that such an order had to be made. Perhaps even among Italians there is a desire for blasphemy, not only against religion, but also against Mussolini. You can't keep a whole nation down *all* the time.

A queue of traffic over a quarter mile long was held up in Borough High Street recently to allow the annual procession of the Church of the Most Precious Blood to go on its way through the streets. Irish pipers played the accompaniment to the hymns, and crowds of people lined the route. So that the procession would not be held up by the traffic, the pious believers took care to string themselves out "in a long line across the four roads to thus hold up the flood of vehicles." And, of course, as all this was pure and unadulterated religion, not a word of protest came from the held-up travellers. Still something must have displeased "Our Lord," for "when all had ended," he sent "a storm of thunder and lightning,"—though whether this was against the procession or the held-up traffic is not clear. These processions are an intolerable nuisance, and it is a pity that our authorities do not have them confined to some of the back streets surrounding their particular churches.

British film censorship appertaining to biblical subjects is to influence Hollywood productions in future, according to a film correspondent. Lord Tyrrell told him that while *The Green Pastures* could be accounted an exception, he had advised Mr. Will Hays (Hollywood's own censor) against exploiting any subject matter of "Our Lord," and the latter concurred. His lordship—the mundane one, not the celestial—approved "reverential" treatment of biblical "history" (!) but said "the sacraments were considered too sacred for screen representation." Exactly! Image a screen "close-up" of wafers or of knobs of bread and "sporting-cups" of

grocers' port on an embroidered table-cloth; and then camera action showing . . . Well, it should prove an excellent field for a trick photographer, and we think Hollywood is throwing away an opportunity.

Ademola II., Alake of Abeokuta, who came to witness the crowning of his brother monarch George VI., rules about a quarter of a million natives in Southern Nigeria under a British Protectorate. He is also called Oba Alaiyeluwa, otherwise "Owner of the Universe." It is for the Heralds' College to see that the glory of England's throne is not bedimmed by too much modesty.

Whether one agrees or not with Hitler's attack on organized religion in Germany, it is a fact that his co-Fascist, Mussolini, once wrote an article for an American newspaper in which he "warned States against interfering in religion." This was after he had come into violent contact with the "Holy See." "All those," he declared, "who have travelled by that road have sooner or later been forced to recognize their error," and he added that "the Church—especially the Catholic—comes out triumphantly from the hardest of tests." Violent persecution of religion is not the Freethought method. The battle for the Freethinker is an intellectual one.

Fifty Years Ago

THE prolonged drought has already inflicted serious injury on the farmers. They are, as a rule, a loyal class of men, but their loyalty will probably be shaken when they realize that the Lord has spoiled their crops to provide Queen's weather for the Jubilee. An occasional shower might wet the Queen's parasol or ruffle the plumage of the princes and princelings in her train. Occasional showers, however, are just what the farmers want. The Lord was therefore in a fix. Though the Bible says that with him nothing is impossible, he was unable to please both sides; so he favoured the one he loved best, gave royalty unlimited sunshine, and played the deuce with the agricultural interest.

Possibly the Lord knows better than we do, but we venture to suggest that a slight exercise of intelligence, though we admit it may have been a strain upon his slumbrous brain, would have surmounted the difficulty. The windows of heaven might have been opened from two till four in the morning. That would have been sufficient for a proper supply of rain, and the whole of the day could have been devoted to "blazing" without injuring anyone.

Seriously we ask the clergy to do their level best. The farmers are swearing wholesale, and by taking the name of the Lord their God in vain they incur the peril of eternal damnation. The fruit crop is injured, and children suffer unusually from the stomach-ache. Worst of all, infidel France is flooding our markets with cherries and other fruits, and we are supporting the accursed sceptical brood because the Lord has not nourished our own growth. Surely then it is time to act. If the parsons lose this fine opportunity they may rely on it that the anti-tithe agitation will develop into alarming proportions. Their livings are at stake, and we ask them to consider the interests of their wives and families. If our generous warning is unheeded the clergy may find the nation carrying out the principle of free trade in religion, and importing some rain doctors from Africa. Many of these magical blackmen would be glad to exchange their present pickings for a vicarage and five hundred a year. If they thought there was a chance of obtaining a bishopric, with a palace and six or ten thousand a year, they would start for England at once. Many of them are of excellent reputation and would come to us with the best of testimonials. Would it not be well to give them a trial? We should find out who was the best at the business and he might be constituted our national rain doctor at a liberal salary.

The Freethinker, July 10, 1887.

THE FREETHINKER

FOUNDED BY G. W. FOOTE

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOR Advertising and Circulating the *Freethinker*.—E. A. McDonald (S. Africa), £1.

D. FREER AND J. W. BRAY.—Thanks for addresses of likely new readers, paper being sent.

(Mrs.) R. JONES.—Thanks for appreciation. Mr. Cohen will visit Liverpool some time during October.

P. MITCHELL.—The *Freethinker* has always held a distinct place in the affections of its regular readers. We hope it will manage to retain it. Obligated for cutting.

J. HAYS.—We must congratulate you on the excellent letters you have written to the *Ardrossan Herald*. The desire of the Christian writer that your letters should be stopped is understandable, and quite usual.

G. TOWNSEND.—We do not know if any Atheist has ever died while reading the *Freethinker*, but we cannot think of a pleasanter ending.

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 offices of the National Secular Society and the Secular Society Limited, are now at 68 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Telephone: Central 1367.

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

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

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

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

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

Sugar Plums

We notice a very good letter in the *Northern Echo*, from the Federation of North-Eastern Branches of the N.S.S. protesting against the suggestion of a special course of lessons in the Bible to be given in elementary schools. A course of lessons on the Bible, if honestly given, might do good. But the lessons would not be honestly given. Official lessons on the Bible would mean a further dose of dishonesty and misrepresentation. And there is quite enough of that already in the schools. We should like to see Freethinkers more active in this matter than they are.

The Blackpool teachers, we are pleased to see, are still firm against lending assistance to the game of marching children to Church, on stated occasions, during school hours. Sooner or later teachers must face this question of the encroachment of the clergy in school affairs, unless teachers are content to become mere cats-paws in the hands of the parsonry. In most cases teachers fear to stand up against clerical influence because they believe it will prejudice their prospects. But this influence gains a deal of its strength from the policy of silence which so many teachers adopt.

The right way out would be for teachers to advocate a policy of Secular Education, not because they are opposed to religion, but because religious teaching should lie outside the province of the modern State. This was once the proclaimed policy of Nonconformists generally. But it

is, perhaps, too much for the N.U.T. to act as we have suggested, when so many of its members would hesitate to do anything that might hinder promotion. All we have to say on that is that in all reforms some few must pay a price. If all salaries were equal, we might see a different attitude.

It is worth noting that since the refusal of the Blackpool teachers to accompany the children to church, the number of children has decreased. This proves what we have so often said—the question is, in fact, neither a parent's question nor a teacher's question. It is wholly a parson's and a reformer's question. The latter wishes to see the State stand on one side in matters of religion, the parson knows that if he does not capture the child he can never dominate the adult.

Commencing from to day (July 11), Mr. G. Whitehead will be in Swansea for a fortnight, and meetings will be held each evening at the Public Meeting Place on the sands, near the steps, at 7.30. There should be a strong Freethought movement in Swansea, and would be if the local saints would attach themselves to the N.S.S. Branch there. The Branch will co-operate at all Mr. Whitehead's meetings, and officials present will be glad to give details concerning membership. Pioneer Press literature will be on sale at all the meetings.

Mr. Lawrence Housman wrote a good book in *Victoria Regina*, a series of playlets based on the incidents in the life of Queen Victoria. He thought he had made *Victoria*, human. Well, in the sense that we are all human, he succeeded. It was a faithful piece of work, and if the upholders of the monarchic superstition in this country, are not satisfied with it, it can only mean that the pennyplain variety of truth is disagreeable to them; the twopence coloured is what they are determined to have.

The bald state of nerves into which our highly-placed wingers of public opinion are now thrown, can be gauged by their antics on the production of Mr. Housman's plays on the London stage. Not only was the text interfered with, but Mr. Housman was not allowed to make a speech of his own when he took his place before the curtain to give the author's few words of thanks. He had wished, amongst other things, to express his gratitude particularly to the Duke of Windsor, for using his influence (when King) to allow the plays to be produced at all—but this was denied him. Mr. Housman did however take his opportunity to spill the beans as to this contemptible move, and the consequence is that the perpetrators of this characteristic piece of work can hardly be feeling comfortable.

A writer in one of the daily papers answers the nudists in triumphant manner:—

Our Lord himself on earth wore clothes.

If this is considered convincing, the process is capable of extension. For example:—

Our Lord himself was a bachelor.

If people based their practice consistently upon the answers to the old query, "What would Jesus do?" then it is evident there would soon be no big or little Bethels, no Dictators, no Holy Communion, no Test Matches, no nudism, no nuffin.

The Rev. Conrad Skinner has written a book: *The Gospel of the Lord Jesus*. A review in the *Methodist Times* assures us "there are glints of humour in the book." . . . "If it is Our Lord's Temptation he is dealing with, Mr. Skinner does not assent to the stark reality of a grim and horny creature who meets Jesus in the wilderness." We like the suggestion that nowadays commentators can "get away from the realities"—stark or other—of the Divine (and only) record of "What Jesus Did." If you do not like reality—just forget it; this seems to be the new Gospel.

Henry Hetherington—1792-1849

(Continued from page 428)

On the evening after his death, a special meeting of the Committee of the John Street Institute was held, when they, as a mark of respect to their deceased colleague, undertook the conduct of the burial, which took place on Sunday, August 26. The arrangements were confided to Mr. Tiffin, an old friend; and the events showed that they could not have been placed in more judicious hands. Everything was done in quiet taste. The proceedings were decorous without gloom. There was conscientious propriety without a particle of ostentatious display. The hearse was covered by a canopy of puce-coloured silk, on each side of which appeared, in silver letters, the words of a frequent phrase of Hetherington's:—

WE OUGHT TO ENDEAVOUR TO LEAVE THE WORLD BETTER

THAN WE FOUND IT.

At the end of the hearse appeared in similar letters:—
HENRY HETHERINGTON.

Mutes were superseded by pages with white and blue coloured wands, and the officers of the John Street Institution and various friends of the deceased, walked, with similar wands, on each side of the procession. David Hetherington, the only surviving son (who was in the employ of Mr. Heywood, of Manchester), a relative, James Watson and Holyoake occupied the coach next the hearse. Twenty-five other coaches followed, and the rear was composed of a long procession of friends. The road, during the long journey to the cemetery (Kensal Green) was lined with people. At times the scene was very affecting, as women following wept, feeling they had lost a great and dauntless defender. The ground for the interment was that previously purchased by Mr. W. Devonshire Saull, and Hetherington was the first to occupy it.* The concourse of persons at the grave was very great. To give a list of all whose names would be familiar to our readers would occupy a page. There were politicians of note, editors, publishers, lecturers, guardians of the poor, and foreign Socialists, who had come to pay their last homage to a real and tried comrade. The site was appropriate. Adjoining the grave stood the monument of "Publicola," the author of the well-known Letters of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Holyoake was the first speaker and read his address, sketching Hetherington's career, and giving an account of his struggles on behalf of the workers, specially dealing with his attempts for establishing a free unstamped press.

When James Watson rose to speak, the assembly again uncovered. He laboured under such evident emotion, that it communicated itself to those around. He said the grave at his feet was about to separate from him one who had been not only his political associate, but his personal friend for twenty years. And, however painful it was to him, he could not resist compliance, in some form, with the wish of Mr. Hetherington, in saying a few words over his remains. To the correctness of what his friend, Mr. Holyoake, had said he could bear his personal testimony. It was his misfortune to be out of town when Mr. Hetherington's illness was first communicated to him. He at once returned home; and when after a long journey, he hastened to his friend's door—it was to find him dead. He could assure them that he felt

deep, irrepressible distress that it was denied to him to be also at his bedside as Mr. Holyoake had been, to administer to his wants; and he felt deeply grateful to those who were there, as he knew that all was done which friendly consideration could suggest or execute. He and Hetherington had suffered imprisonment together, and he knew that the pecuniary difficulties which had embittered his latter years, were almost altogether induced by his sacrifices and losses in the people's service. And his friendship was as disinterested as his patriotism. Himself and Hetherington were both booksellers, but there never was between them the smallest degree of that rivalry which was so commonly found, and which degraded trade into a low, disingenuous, selfish and miserable contest. Whatever book he had undertaken, Hetherington promoted its sale just as though it was his own. They did so by each other, and their single friendship never knew two interests. Did his feelings leave him the power of speech, he could dwell long on the virtues of his friend. They had heard the tribute paid him by Mr. Holyoake. Let them enquire into its truth. It would bear the enquiry—and if they found it true, let each go, and to the extent of his power, do what Hetherington had done. There were many young men around him. On them it devolved to carry forward the work to which he whose loss they deplored, had made the unwearied contribution of his life. Let all who professed esteem for Hetherington imitate him. There could be no tribute more eloquent—no honour to him greater than that. On the same evening a memorial meeting was held at the John Street Institute, when Thomas Cooper delivered an eloquent address on the life and work of Hetherington.

W. J. Linton sent the following tribute to the *Reasoner*, which, he says he "would fain hang garland-like "on Hetherington's tomb":—

Of all the men in the battle for the People's Right, I have known none more single-minded, few so brave, so generous, so gallant as he. He was the most chivalrous of all our party. He could neglect his own interests (which is by no means a virtue, but there is never lack of rebukers for all failings of that kind), but he never did, and never could, neglect his duty to the cause he had embraced, to the principles he had avowed. There was no notoriety-hunting in him; as, indeed, so mean a passion has no place in any true man. And he was of the truest. He would toil in any unnoticeable good work for freedom, in any "forlorn hope," or even, when he saw that justice was with them, for men who were not of his party, as cheerfully and vigorously as most other men will labour for money, or fame, or respectability. He was a real man, one of that select and "glorious company" of those who are completely in earnest. His principles were not kept in the pocket of a Sunday coat (I don't know that he always had a Sunday change of any sort): but were to him the daily light which led his steps. If strife and wrath lay in his path, it was seldom from any fault of his; for though hasty, as a man of impulsive nature, and chafed by some afflictions, he was not intolerant, nor quarrelsome, nor vindictive. Men who did not know him called him violent. He was, as said before, hasty and impetuous, but utterly without malice, and he would not have harmed his worst enemy, though in truth, he heartily detested tyranny and tyrants. Peace be with him, on the other side of this fitful dream which we call life; peace, which he seldom knew here, though his nature was kindly and his hope strong, though he loved Truth and wilfully injured no man. One of the truest and bravest of the warm-hearted has lain down among the tombs, not worn out, but sorely wearied. May we rest as honourably, with as few specks to come between our lives and the grateful recollections of those who have journeyed with us. If our young men in the vigour

* Mr. W. Devonshire Saull, a prominent member of the John Street Institute, where Freethinkers and Owenites foregathered, had purchased a piece of ground in Kensal Green Cemetery, to serve as a burying place for his friends. Mr. Saull, upon his decease, in April, 1855, found a resting place next to the grave of Hetherington.

of their youth will be but as enthusiastic and untiring as was Hetherington, even in the last days of his long exertion, we need not despair of Freedom, nor of a worthy monument to a noble life, which else would seem but as a vainly-spoken word, wasted and forgotten.

Yet, again, peace be with him; and in his place, the copy and thankful remembrance of the worth we love in him.

Hetherington had been a Director of the Poor of the parish of St. Pancras, and we here record the resolution passed on the evening following the day of his death:—

We, the Directors of the Poor of the parish of St. Pancras, at present assembled, sincerely deplore the loss of our much-respected friend, Mr. Henry Hetherington; and cannot allow the earliest opportunity to pass without offering this poor tribute to his worth, talent, energy, urbanity and zeal. In him the poor have lost a powerful advocate, the directors a valuable coadjutor, the ratepayers an economical distributor of their funds, and mankind a sincere philanthropist.

Passed unanimously, at a meeting of the Members of the Board of Directors, Friday, August 24, 1849.

AMBROSE G. BARKER.

(To be continued)

Spirits—Under Proof

(Concluded from page 427)

THAT belief in a hereafter is quite irrational or unreasonable is obvious when we consider that any prophecy of future events can only be reasonable if it is an intelligent judgment based on past and present experience. Any account of a spiritual world, which is vastly different from man's experience in the present physical world, is consequently irrational and unreasonable, and therefore incredible. In the words of Epicurus: "Beliefs are true or false according as they are confirmed or refuted by perception." (I know that Spiritualists base their ideas on what they allege to be past and present experience, but I will show that their premises are false.)

In searching for the first cause of everything or the ultimate fact or whatever else you wish to call it, we find by analysis that its chief characteristic must be simplicity and not complexity. It cannot therefore be so complex as any form of universal mind or "soul": for if it were complex it could be analysed into simpler components. The only thing which science has so far failed to do in this investigation is to complete the analysis and find something which cannot be further analysed.

Things complex are formed by evolution, while at the same time complex things become simple by dissolution. Evolution and dissolution are merely different aspects of change or motion. It is therefore of no avail to say that the first principle of the universe is life, as that is merely one aspect, death being the other. One has to solve the problem of motion. What is it and what caused it originally? Every change or motion now going on is a reaction to its predecessors. But what started the whole thing going?

The idea of a "soul" or at least of a life hereafter was evidently already evolved among the palæolithic men many thousands of years B.C., to judge from the burial arrangements discovered by archaeologists. The more likely, then, is the idea to be unreasonable. In those days, when language was presumably very primitive, and there was no writing to record experiences and convey them to others, and man's in-

tellekt could hardly discuss abstract ideas to any great extent, any ideas formed about a spiritual life and a hereafter are almost bound to be wrong. In other words, the belief in a "soul" or surviving duplicate being, held by many persons at the present day, together with the belief in supernatural beings of any kind whatsoever, is nothing but an anachronistic primitive superstition, which is "an unconscionable time dying." Likewise, the student of sociology recognizes that all religion has been slowly evolved from the grossest superstitions.

Many of the more thoughtful of religious people have recognized the difficulty of trying to smooth out the inconsistencies of religious dogma and human experience, and have had recourse to the theory of revealed religion. Christians place this revelation at some time covered by the Old Testament. This assumption obviously cannot stand. Archaeologists have proved that religion existed in much older times, times which were in fact beyond the ken of Old Testament writers. One might equally assume that there had been another earlier revelation (possibly several) which had been forgotten. In that case one would have to question why the same kind of revelation was not made. The answer must not lose sight of the fact that religion can be shown to have evolved from the earliest times up to the present and not to require any further revelation. In any case the alleged revelation was only made to a very few persons. Therefore it was not in the common experience of man, and is suspect. Colour-blind persons may see an object in a colour different from that seen by normal persons; but it is normal vision, the vision which is the common experience of man, which decides what colour the object really is. In the same way persons who claim to have psychic experiences are in a great minority; in fact they are abnormal in so far as psychic experiences are not included in the common experience or common sense of mankind. To the colour-blind person the objects appear in true colours as far as he is concerned. Nevertheless, these apparent colours are not true for persons with normal vision. To the Spiritualist his alleged experiences are likewise true because he knows no better; in the light of common sense and common knowledge, however, those alleged experiences are untrue.

How, then, explain the Spiritualist's "experiences"? Apart from certain fraudulent mediums (who do not really affect the case) the Spiritualist honestly believes he sees and hears what he thinks he sees and hears. What is lacking is scientific observation and discrimination. The Spiritualist promptly retorts that certain famous scientists have been or are Spiritualists, and he usually quotes Sir Oliver Lodge and the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Now, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was only a scientist in so far as he was just qualified to practise medicine and he made such a poor show at it that he found himself with much spare time (although in general practice in a big and busy town!) and so poor that he used to cook his meals over a gas-light jet and eat them on a packing-case. He therefore turned to writing detective stories and other fiction to eke out his miserable pittance. Sir Oliver Lodge does not appear to have been a scientist at all in a broad way. The scientific path he followed was an extremely narrow one and to a large extent mathematical, and even then he was always looked upon as a bit of a crank. His main concept, the ether, is now generally discredited by the best informed physicists, and with its disappearance practically all the rest of his ideas go by the board.

It must not be forgotten, either, that a man can study science and accumulate a lot of scientific knowledge without bringing it into proper relation with the rest of his mental activities. One's brain can work

either by union or by disunion. The whole of the universe tells us that one should aim at unity. There are no unrelated facts. Therefore all scientific knowledge must be brought into union with other mental activities. If one's mind creates "water-tight compartments," one for scientific knowledge, another for religious beliefs, there is no proper mental unity. There are disunion and lack of harmony, which in a more exaggerated form constitute a very well known type of insanity labelled schizophrenia or splitting of consciousness, as in the fictitious Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, whose living counterparts are to be found mostly in our asylums to-day.

Schizophrenia by itself is not necessarily insanity. Insanity is only a matter of degree, and that is why it is so hard to produce a legal definition of insanity. There is no hard and fast dividing line between sanity and insanity—only a legal fiction. A mental affliction such as schizophrenia only becomes insanity when it is developed to such a degree that the sufferer becomes dangerous to himself or intolerable to his neighbour. A man may believe that the world is a triangle or any other nonsense and not be deemed insane, so long as his behaviour conforms with the fairly wide limits of behaviour that is not anti-social. As soon as his ideas lead him to shooting policemen then he is deemed insane.

It can thus be realized that it is quite possible for Spiritualists to be schizophrenic without their being certifiably insane. They are certainly not normal. This means that they are abnormal. Consequently it is not surprising to find that they attract unto themselves other cranky cults such as irido-diagnosis, belief in lucky charms and magic water, pyramythology, British-Israelitism, astrology and a lot of other -isms. They seem to love the mysterious and unknown in order to revel in their own conceited opinions concerning such things without fear of proof that they are incorrect. They fight shy of anything which can be proved, such as science, which, they realize, goes to disprove their pet superstitions. They carry their aversion even against the medical profession as a whole and prefer osteopaths, nature-curers, herbalists, irido-diagnosticians, so-called spiritual healers, and all sorts of quacks who, as Cicero said, "preferred to cure other men's disorders, but fail to find a remedy for their own." They support Bills in Parliament to legalize quackery or oppose Bills which tend to restrict the dangerous activities of quacks, such as the self-styled "health practitioners." In spite of their expressed opinions and actions in everyday life, they fly to doctors and hospitals when they are really ill, and then ungratefully claim (when they recover) that their recovery was due to some spiritual healer, often acting at a distance, many miles away, by some sort of assumed wireless. What claim is made if they die one does not hear. Perhaps the wireless effect was paralysed by atmospherics!

The Spiritualist fails to understand the position of mankind in the universe. He has no sense of proportion. He fails to assign man to his proper place in relation to other forms of life. He is conceited and puffed up with pride. Incompetent to understand the mystery of the universe he nevertheless imagines that the universe was created for the benefit of man. He thinks that he is so important an individual that he must not die but go on living for ever. The world could not get on without him. The Spiritualist also is very glib on the subject of mind, of which he knows nothing. He does not even seek to learn about mind from psychologists and other mental experts. If he did, he would receive a shock or two. Maudsley, one of the greatest psychologists we have ever seen—I wonder how many Spiritualists have even heard of

him—wrote: "Imbued with the lofty sense of his supreme worth and immortal destiny he doubts not that the small fraction of the universe on which he plays his predominant part is typical of the whole of his intelligence and a true sample of the one Supreme Intelligence."

C. SUFFERN.

A Backward Glance

A MEMBER of a debating society, on being asked by the chairman before closing a debate on "A Future State," if he had anything to say, said—"What does it matter, Mr. Chairman, where we are going to, as long as we are enjoying ourselves on the road?"

And, speaking generally, most of us will agree with him. But there are times when we do not enjoy ourselves on the road, quite the reverse. Yet a backward glance o'er the travell'd road is indulged in by most of us, and, when taking it, a considerable pause is made, as a rule, at the beginning of the road.

To become a schoolboy again and renew the acquaintance of our schoolfellows; take a part in the old games; go fishing and hunting; play at being Red Indians; in short, to take our place in whatever is going forward.

To go to Sunday School and again to sit and listen to the godly twaddle of our teachers. Froude tells us (*Hist. Eng.*, Vol. IV., p. 361): "In the house of God every Christian has his allotted mission." Our house of God must have been an exception, for every tradesman seemed to have had a business mission. And every female teacher, tired of "bemoaning her virginity upon the mountains," had taken to teaching as a last resource. So, the mission of our teachers could not be said to be either "allotted" or "Christian." Though they were Christian enough when questions were asked. Questions were never answered but were invariably met with warning and rebuke. "Only infidels," we were told, "asked questions."

So we were left to discuss things amongst ourselves.

The scepticism of some of us, such as it then was, was due to pictorial representation of so-called sacred subjects, more than to anything else: views of heaven and hell; a picture of Christ, with the long hair of his head parted in the middle like a woman's (none of the boys liked this parting), and his long whiskers and inadequate nose. Pictures, such as these, materialized things for us—robbed them of mystery, and God only was left to reign "supreme in wisdom as in power" until he was dethroned by William Blake's *Ancient of Days*. What a revelation this picture of God as a very old man with long grey whiskers was to us youngsters.

We had, even in those early days, to begin trying to reconcile what seemed to us a correct view with the existence of all the tomfoolery encircling us.

Not much in the way of discussion troubled our young minds, but what little did was interesting.

The Garden of Eden story was abandoned first. None of us could swallow that apple. It stuck in all our throats, until a boy gave it as his opinion (but I dare not write it as he gave it) that the devil was Cain's father, and that Abel was the son of Adam. This explained not only the murder of Abel, but the presence of evil in the world. The same boy, who left no doubt in our mind but that he was correct, informed us later on, that his mother had told him that the Holy Ghost was God's wife, and that Christ was their only begotten son.

To children, such as we, playing about a farm,

familiar with copulation, birth and death from our earliest years, the story of Mary being overshadowed by the Holy Ghost (God's wife) and Christ being born as the result was too miraculous for words.

Living within a few miles of the Scottish border, we crossed over at Easter time. Everybody was working there while we were having holiday.

Then there was the engraving of "The Adoration of the Magi"—the wise men being dressed in kilts—in our parish church.

To our young minds these things all told their own tale.

And I am sure of this, that if we had been economically free we would have proceeded along these lines. But those of us who put freedom first had to seek it in towns, while those who remained in the country had to unbend; for work, or a wife, or promotion, was only possible to them that believed.

My own recollections of this time prove to me that the soil, for these beliefs to take root in, had to be carefully prepared, and if it had not been so prepared these beliefs would never have taken root.

We had no books to encourage such thinking as I have described. But it is not necessary to read many books to become very sceptical. It is only necessary to think a little. We depend upon books and papers too much. We look up what some specialist has to say on a particular subject, and rest content with so doing. But, why should we? We have a brain of our own. And by thinking we may strike upon a point of view specialists have hitherto been blind to. A good deal is to be gained by reading, but who can tell us how much is to be gained by thinking? Had Marcus Aurelius given us an account of a discussion, with a friend, on politics or religion, who would have read it to-day except students of his period? Instead of which he wrote the *Meditations* which is now widely read. The first duty of the individual is to think.

Some of our little discussions I have often contemplated making some use of, but remembrance of them, here and there, is too indistinct.

One boy's idea of freedom I have always respected. He thought that things could only be done individually; that the greatest revolutions lay not on the lap of the gods, but on that of individuals; that Parliament was the enemy of the poor, and only made laws in the interests of the rich.

The following will give a rough sketch of what he meant. For instance—speaking personally: If the world attempted to live as I do we should have one of the greatest revolutions yet seen: Living as a strict vegetarian I partake of no flesh, fowl, fish, milk, butter, cheese, eggs, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, salt—or any condiments—wine, beer, whisky. And yet I fare sumptuously every day.

Now, if the world abandoned all these things, what a tremendous upheaval would take place.

And the boy's argument applies to many reforms throughout the world which people are at liberty to bring about. And which, if they had real interest in reform they would bring about.

Let anyone who entertains any doubt think what would happen if everybody became a Freethinker!

When we can do so much for ourselves, why should we depend upon anybody else doing it for us? Even if the State were willing and ready to do something, it cannot do as much for us as we can do for ourselves.

Goldsmith, the poet, seems to have had similar ideas to this remarkable boy:—

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

GEORGE WALLACE.

Spiritualist Exposed by a Freethinker

AUSTRALIA is being visited just now by a Spiritualist, Arthur Ford, who comes from America, and who is reputed to be exploiting the ignorant and credulous to the extent of £500 a week.

Besides the private practice in which he engages, Ford holds public meetings, getting crowded attendances, at admission-prices ranging from 2s. to 5s. From the platform, through a sort of medium, he purports to get messages from the departed to the living. In rapid, machine-like procession, the spirits of the dead present themselves to him—standing beside him, it would appear—and to members of the audience he reels off the messages they wish to convey. If the message fits anybody who may be listening, well and good; or if there is no response from the gathering, Ford swiftly passes on in the hope of better luck with the next spirit.

There is no need here for a detailed examination of the whole imposture.

Pages have been devoted here to this side of the Ford-lark by a weekly newspaper, *Smith's*. The exposure through this publication included some interesting revelations regarding the man's record in America. But what I thought might be worth communicating to the *Freethinker* was an article in *Smith's*, under the headings—"Ford Badly Hoaxed—Spirit Messages from Non-existent Woman!—Happy with Non-existent Husband."

"Mr. Ford," says that paper, "was not, apparently, sufficiently psychic to see a trap that was laid for him by a member of the Rationalist Association of New South Wales. He swallowed the bait—hook, line, and sinker; and now Mr. Francis Rowan, one of the Association's lecturers, exposes him as an impostor."

Smith's explains that "Mr. Rowan, using the name of F. J. Harvey, wrote to Mr. Ford, asking his psychic help." A very plausibly-worded letter it was; but there is no necessity to repeat it. The reply that Mr. Rowan got—signed by F. W. Buick, "the medium's secretary and manager," was as follows:—

Dear Mr. Harvey,—Last night Mr. Ford asked me to speak to his control, Fletcher, about your letter while he was in trance. Fletcher said that he would try to locate your sister, and tell us later. This morning, while Mr. Ford sat again for some personal guidance for himself, Fletcher said that he had spoken with your sister, and she sent thru the following message:—

"My brother should not grieve, for I am quite happy with my husband. He was waiting for me. I did contemplate suicide while temporarily unbalanced emotionally, but my death was an accident, but one for which I am grateful. I slept for about two weeks after coming over, and then awakened to such peace and happiness as I am unable to describe.

"Life began just where it was broken on earth, and together we are progressing. I have tried to impress my brother, but he was not sensitive enough to feel my presence. . . . I have tried to speak thru several mediums, but none of them were sufficiently developed to allow clear transmission of my thoughts. . . . Tell him not to worry. . . . There is no literal hell, and all the mistakes of the past are blotted out in the joy of living, and working towards a more perfect understanding. There is so much more I could tell him, but I must not trespass upon another's time. . . . please write him this, and send my love and tell that we will be waiting for him. . . . in the meantime, ask him to be happy for my sake. . . . grief disturbs us, for we know there is no reason for it, but our loved ones do not seem to realize this, and we try desperately to break thru to tell them. God bless you for doing this for me."

A P.S. to the letter from Mr. Buick read,—“I hope this means something. . . . I send it as I took it down in my notes. Mr. Ford will be back on May 25, and you may reach him at this address (The Society for Psychic Research (Aust.), Post Office Chambers, 333-335 George Street, Sydney) . . . there is no fee for this. Mr. Ford is glad to help when he can.

So much, says *Smith's*, for the message. But:—

"Mr. Harvey" is not "Mr. Harvey," but Mr. Rowan. He has no sister dead. There are two sisters, one married with a family, and the other single. Conse-

quently there has been no fatal accident, no fear of suicide, and no worry.

Incidentally, Mr. Ford did not forget to give himself a pat on the back and a cheap ad. when he pointed out that none of the local mediums was "sufficiently developed to allow clear transmission" of the non-existent dead woman's thoughts. No wonder!

"What," is the all-sufficient comment by Smith's, "has Mr. Ford to say to this?"

Still, Ford continues here, as active as ever—that is, as successful as ever. It is certainly a depressing spectacle. What is even more regrettable are the recognition and support he is getting in quarters where a shred of sanity might have been expected.

I refer, first, to *Woman*, a widely-circulating weekly, published by Associated Newspapers, Ltd., the largest newspaper-publishing company in Australia. This paper has simply taken Ford to its bosom. Pages and pages of publicity are being given to him. Even its street posters proclaim such an inanity as this, in huge black type: "Spirit Messages Confirmed. Amazing Revelations." Perhaps this is just worthy of the particular nit-wits who are running *Woman*—that is, who happen to be in editorial control of it. But what of the directorate of the company, comprising such a man as Sir Hugh Denison, a founder here of the British Empire League? Sir Hugh, particularly, should blush with shame at his association with a man so exploiting the sorrows and griefs of the community.

Then we have, too, a broadcasting station that has been putting Ford over the air.

"He is being presented in a seance," declared the announcer, "that is probably unique in the history of broadcasting."

All I can say is that I certainly hope he is right—that, right throughout the world, it rested solely with this particular station to so humiliate itself and outrage the intelligence of all its listeners!

J. Y. ANDERONEY.

Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

Correspondence

THE FREETHINKERS CLUB AND INSTITUTE, LTD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER"

SIR,—A meeting of the Board of Directors was held on June 16, at the Registered Office of the Club, 407-9 Oxford Street.

The Hon. Secretary reports that a lien has been taken on temporary premises, in a central position, which seem to offer favourable facilities, with plenty of room for expansion.

Under the circumstances it was decided to issue a direct appeal to members and friends of Advanced Societies to apply for membership and particulars thereof, at the earliest opportunity.

Communications to be addressed to Mr. John Horowitz (Hon. Treasurer), Freethinkers Club and Institute, Ltd., Reg'd Office 407-9 Oxford Street, W.1.

W. WORTLEY,

Hon. Secretary.

[Several letters are held over until next week.—ED.]

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INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1) : 11.0, S. K. Ratcliffe—"Divorce—Church and People."

OUTDOOR

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES BRANCH N.S.S. (Kingston Market) : 7.0, Mr. E. Bryant—A Lecture.

BETHNAL GREEN AND HACKNEY BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand) : 6.30, Mr. L. Ebury.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Highbury Corner) : 8.0, Saturday, Mr. L. Ebury. White Stone Pond, Hampstead, 11.30, Sunday, Mr. L. Ebury. Parliament Hill Fields, 3.30, Sunday, Mr. L. Ebury. South Hill Park, Hampstead, 8.0, Monday, Mr. L. Ebury.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Brockwell Park) : 7.0, Sunday, Mr. A. Leacy. Rushcroft Road, near Brixton Town Hall, 8.0, Tuesday, Mr. L. Ebury. Cock Pond, Clapham Old Town, 8.0, Friday, Mrs. E. Grout.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park) : 3.30, Sunday, Messrs. Bryant, Barnes and Evans. 6.30, Messrs. Bryant, Barnes, Leacy, Connell and Tuson. Wednesday, 7.30, Messrs. Bryant and Tuson. Thursday, 7.30, Messrs. Saphin, Bryant, Carlton and Tuson. Friday, 7.30, Messrs. Barnes, Perry and others. The *Freethinker*, *Age of Reason* and Mr. Chapman Cohen's latest pamphlets on sale outside Marble Arch Tube Station every evening.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (Corner of Deanery Road, Water Lane, Stratford, E.) : 7.0, Mr. Ivor Greenhouse.

COUNTRY

OUTDOOR

BLACKBURN (Market Place) : 8.0, Monday, Mr. J. V. Shortt. BURNLEY (Market) : 8.0, Tuesday, Mr. J. Clayton. BLYTH (The Fountain) : 7.0, Monday, Mr. J. T. Brighton. CHESTER-LE-STREET (The Bridge) : 8.0, Friday, Mr. J. T. Brighton.

CHORLEY (Market) : 8.0, Tuesday, Mr. J. V. Shortt. COLNE (Vivacy Bridge) : 7.0, Sunday, Mr. J. Clayton.

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EDINBURGH BRANCH N.S.S. (The Mound) : 7.30, Sunday, Muriel Whitefield.

GLASGOW SECULAR SOCIETY (Albert Road) : 8.0, Wednesday, Muriel Whitefield. Albion Street, 8.0, Friday, Muriel Whitefield.

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NELSON (Chapel Street) : 8.0, Wednesday, Mr. J. Clayton. NORTH ORMESBY (The Market) : 7.0, Tuesday, Mr. J. T. Brighton.

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SEATON DELAVAL : 7.0, Wednesday, Mr. J. T. Brighton.

SUNDERLAND BRANCH N.S.S. (Gill Bridge Avenue) : 7.0, Mr. J. T. Brighton.

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Secularism affirms that progress is only possible on the basis of equal freedom of speech and publication; it affirms that liberty belongs of right to all, and that the free criticism of institutions and ideas is essential to a civilized State.

Secularism affirms that morality is social in origin and application, and aims at promoting the happiness and well-being of mankind.

Secularism demands the complete secularization of the State, and the abolition of all privileges granted to religious organizations it seeks to spread education, to promote the fraternity of peoples as a means of advancing international peace, to further common cultural interests, and to develop the freedom and dignity of man.

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