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HIGHER SCIENCE



of the
MOTION of MATTER.
*A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
SCIENCE, TRUTH, INVESTIGATION
& MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST*

SEPTEMBER 1907

FRANKLIN H. HEALD
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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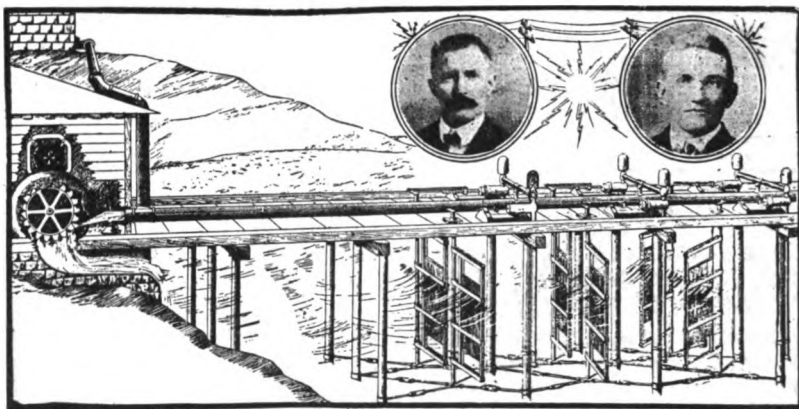
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FRANKLIN H. HEALD
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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VOL. VII.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 9

ELECTRICITY IS MOTION

That heat, electricity, fire and light are one and the same, and but different degrees of force, must soon be recognized by science. If we have force or motion, we can readily convert it into light, heat or electricity, and by analyzing either of these motions we find they are force, and they travel as I have illustrated by the bullets in the gun barrel, or by one atom moving the next one to it, and thus transmitting the motion (force) from one atom to the next. For example, if the whole universe is made up of atoms touching each other, and you strike or move one next to you, you strike every one in the universe, or the motion is carried from one to the other thru the whole universe of atoms. We can readily understand that if we have 100 bullets in a gun barrel twenty-five inches long, each one-fourth of an inch in diameter, that the gunbarrel is full, and that by forcing another bullet in at the breech, one must fall out at the muzzle, no matter how long the the gun barrel may be. The force required to push one in at the breech is instantly transmitted to the bullet at the muzzle, and it is the same with all forces in proportion as they can be confined in one direction. On page 58 of *The Electric Theory of the Universe*, it says, in analyzing heat: ,

Now, is heat matter? No. Notwithstanding all that has been said by some modern chemists about caloric, or the matter of heat, it requires very little penetration to discern that heat is not material, but merely an effect of action—or the action of matter upon matter. Heat may be produced by the mechanical action of rubbing two bodies together; or by the chemical action of two gasses combining; or by the decomposition of a solid—as the explosion of gunpowder; but in every case action of some kind is necessary to the production of heat. In proportion to the intensity of the action, so is the intensity of the heat produced; and when the action ceases, the production of heat ceases also. Heat is not, as is generally imagined, the primary cause of action, but is a necessary accompaniment. Action necessarily produces heat, and this heat, by reacting, produces a further development of action . . . and from evidence which we have yet to notice, we come to the conclusion that these effects result from the action of matter upon matter. . . .

This writer lived prior to, and his works were published in 1838, when it was scientific heresy to believe light or heat was not matter, as Newton supposed them to be. May we be surprised, then, if science shall recognize the fact that electricity is not matter? But that like heat or light (into which we know it may be converted,) it is but a motion of matter.

MARS NOT INHABITED

The *Blue Grass Blade*, last month, very properly criticises Sir Oliver Lodge's notion that Mars is inhabited by creatures higher than man. It says, in part:

... When a learned man like Sir Oliver Lodge strays so far from the path of reason and logic as to declare that "the earth is only one of millions of worlds, some of which we can see by night, and that some of these worlds are inhabited by creatures higher than man," it appears to us to be a case of mental aberration seldom met with in men of great scientific attainment. The statement that these other worlds "are inhabited" is a bald assertion, not capable of proof, at present. While good reasons may exist, and do exist, for believing that some of them may be inhabited, this can only be a scientific conjecture, or theory, and it is no use, nor can it do any good, to assert it as a fact. Free-thinkers condemn Christian theological dogma as being altogether incapable of proof, and for Sir Oliver to make such an assertion, especially with his scientific qualifications, places him in the same category with the fable and dogma builders of the discredited Christian religion. The fact that these other worlds may be or are inhabited is, perhaps, trivial in itself, but scientific men must be careful not to assert theory for fact, or science stands discredited even as the Christian religion. Free-thinkers object to having so-called Christian history and fable crammed into the heads of their children, and for the same reasons we must exercise care that we do not teach an erroneous scientific conception of the universe. Rather collaborate all the facts as we know them, as they are demonstrated, and allow the child to form its own conclusions on the subject. The *Blade's* attitude towards this question is that no man, however great his degree of intelligence, can assert that which is not proven, that which he only believes. Not even a Lodge ought to assert that man's relation to the external universe, as he believes it, is the only true conception. Even a Lodge cannot maintain successfully that no other view than his own is possible. . . .

I believe, as I have often shown the readers of *HIGHER SCIENCE*, that Mars is hundreds of millions of years younger than the Earth, and if so, the life upon it cannot have evolved to any degree of intelligence to be compared to man. I believe the proof of this is positive; that the distance and speed of the planets of our system from the sun prove their gradual attraction and fall to it, and that therefore the most aged are the nearest to it. The fact that Mars is a smooth round body, without mountains, must prove that it has very little crust compared to the Earth, whose highest mountains are five miles above the level of its oceans. Venus, on the other hand, must be much older, and more solidified than the Earth, inasmuch as its mountains are known to be as high as thirty miles above its plains. Any liquid body increases in size as it crystallizes or solidifies, and this fact accounts for the rising of mountain ranges on a planet. While text-books and colleges teach us that as a planet cools it shrinks and gets smaller, it is a fact easily to be proven that it increases in size as it crystallizes. It cannot do otherwise. Mars must be very hot near the surface, because the small caps of snow at its winter poles (its winters are twice as long as our own) melt very quickly when

they begin to turn toward the spring-time sun, which, we must not forget, is four times less productive of heat than at the Earth. With the great new glasses now in process of making and contemplated, I shall not be surprised if we sometime find evidence of the remains of the work of intelligent beings upon Venus, which must be hundreds of millions of years nearer the end of its journey.

The great new glass which has been in process of making during the past few years at Pasadena is now being taken to its station on Mt. Wilson. This great glass gathers almost four times as much diffused light as the Mt. Hamilton glass gathers, and will undoubtedly reveal great hidden secrets of the condition of Mars in the very near future, which this magazine will keep very close track of, and keep you fully informed.

GET RID OF GOD

Reason for July, in a long article on "Strenuous Life," says, editorially:

. . . What will render the present life less strenuous? I answer: Your ballots properly cast. The election to our legislatures, national and state, of men blessed with honesty, poverty and health—men of the Abraham Lincoln stamp, who would spurn to do a dishonorable act, and would see to it that the poverty-stricken masses from which they sprung should be granted the rights awarded them by the constitution of our country; men who will render excessive ill-gotten wealth odious in the hearts and minds of the people. It is possible for education, properly directed, to render excessive wealth odious in the minds of right-minded men and women, for excessive, ill-gotten wealth is or should be a disgrace to the possessor. . . .

It is not possible to receive a benefit from the ballot, as long as the masses (them asses) listen to the priest and parson and believe there is a supreme being. Aristocracy and religion work hand in hand for each other, to enslave the mass of humanity, and always will, so long as the people will believe by faith. The priest receives his power to rob the people by the power of godalmighty thru the faith of the people, and aristocracy receives its power to rob them, by "the divine right of kings" thru the priesthood. When the people "eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and become as "one of us," they will refuse to be god-ridden slaves for Priests, Aristocrats, Politicians and Plutocrats. Whether or not they will ever be able to shake loose from this great god-curse is more than I am able to say, although it seems to have weakened amazingly since I was a boy; a lone atheist, shunned and ostracized by the ignorant dupes, for whom I had the greatest contempt. There are hundreds of reform movements of late years, the leading one of which is Socialism, but even Socialism is too cowardly to recognize the curse of religion, and therefore can effect no good at present. While its real and sincere advocates recognize the fact that the greatest

crimes against humanity are licensed by religion and god, yet the greatest number in the party are religious dupes, put there and kept in the party to insure ineffective work. As long as money will purchase the luxuries of life and the favors of the gentler sex, wealth will not be odious to the great masses, and they are the ones who elect, by casting ballots. Excessive and ill-gotten wealth is already odious to the right minded people, and a disgrace to the possessor, but that does not change the result of an election.

DAVE'S LETTER TO GOD

My Dear Heavenly Father: Is it any worse for me to kill and eat 79 of my little baby brothers and sisters before I was old enough to no any better than it is for old people to pretend to eat Jesus Christ and drink his blood? Do you have them do it to make you laff, or is it necessary to save them from hellfire? They say Hell has cooled off a good bit since Papa was a boy. Is that so? If it is; I do believe I would rather go there and be with the nice people who were not saved by drinking the blood of Jesus. I know a good many scrubs that were saved that way, since I can remember my own self, and I would not like to mix with them much. I would not like to eat at the table with some I no, that have gone before. Durant was saved by a priest, and now if Orchard goes to heaven when he is hung, I believe I will think the matter over a few more years before I decide. Also see if Hell wont cool some more. Papa thinks its climate is evolving for the better. I would not like to associate here on the Earth with the old Priest that saved Durant, and there are not many around here that wood. Some of the Mexican and Indian women like him, but when he is drunk they think he is inspired. They don't know any better. Were David and Solomon inspired with whiskey when they sang such lovely songs to their concubines, and danced naked before them and you? There used to be a catholic here who was inspired that way all the last of his life till it killed him, and they are talking of building a great monument, with his statue on it. I wish you would tell me all you know about the little comet in Orion and what it is made of, and if you made it, how long it took and what you made it for? You know it don't scare very many white people now.

As ever,

DAVE.

BLADDER-WATER ROOSEVELT

BY CHANNING SEVERANCE.

With pleasure and approval I read your remarks relative to our windy president and Thomas Paine. I hold in utter contempt a man who will slander the dead and refuse to retract a falsehood when he has been shown that he uttered one. I care not whether that man be president of the United States or the most humble

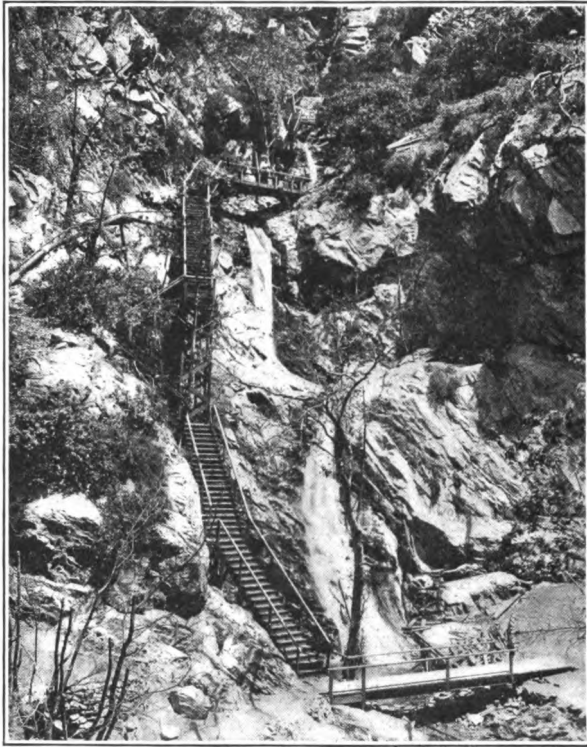
citizen that exists beneath the flag—which Thomas Paine did so much to insure as the emblem of a free and independent nation—if he refuses to retract a lie when shown that he has told one, he sinks in my estimation to a very low level.

It is several years since his book was published and his attention was called to a gross and glaring error, and yet this man Roosevelt, who is forever blowing about a "square deal," refuses to undo a wrong perpetrated upon the memory of the grandest character in human history—Thomas Paine. A better man and a more useful one never lived, and his whole life was devoted to the uplifting of humanity. Beyond all doubt or question, the pen of Paine turned the tide for the American revolution when utter discouragement filled the Continental army, and Washington himself viewed the future with dark and gloomy forebodings. His influence was used and felt at a critical time, and his thrilling words stirred the blood and filled the heart with hope when utter despair was fast settling down on everybody; and those of us who read today those magic words, are made to realize how a master mind can stir the human emotions. Without the pen of Paine the sword of Washington would have failed to establish American independence, and yet this great and good man, who made it possible for Roosevelt to be president, is slandered and lied about because he rejected that idiotic nonsense known as the Christian religion. What a commentary this fact is on a Christian who professes one thing and practices another; who pretends to be a truthful man and to desire exact justice between man and man. It is my candid opinion from long years of observation that no Christian will hesitate to lie where he thinks he is doing Christianity a service, and that idea is taught and defended in the words of that hooked nose, bow-legged and bald-headed Jew, St. Paul, who still does the thinking for untold millions of religious sapheads. Hear him: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner." The inference is plain from these words that lying is justifiable in religious matters, and I would like much to see a Christian who does not think so. Again, he says: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect; it is God that justifieth." Backed by these words, liars have assailed Thomas Paine ever since he wrote the *Age of Reason*, and though the gentleman in the presidential chair is very prominent just now, that is no reason Freethinkers should not keep alive and denounce his offense against truth and decency; so I repeat, I read your remarks with pleasure and approval. Any man is a liar who tells an untruth and refuses to correct his statement when shown the real facts, and for years this prominent Christian has done that very thing. A mistake can be overlooked if corrected, but a refusal to retract when shown the mistake leaves room for only one inference; the desire to injure a

man or blacken his memory, if dead, is stronger than love for the truth; or any wish to insure a square deal. Like yourself, I believe it the duty of Freethinkers to denounce any man who slanders Thomas Paine, and I hope a retraction will yet be forced out of the man who has discovered so many other liars.

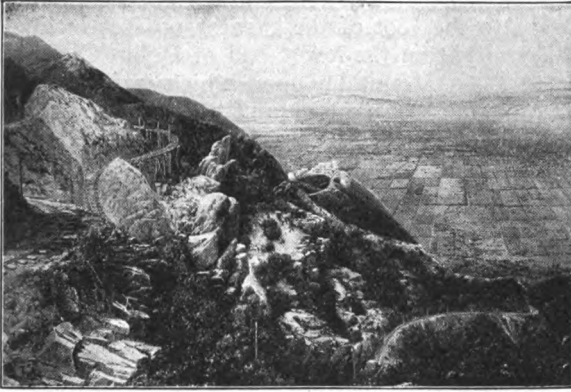
TRIP TO MT. LOWE

The last week of August it was my good fortune to accept an invitation to visit Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, with the Woman's International Study Club, at the Mt. Lowe Observatory, and Monday morning, August 26, the first car at 8 a. m., carried a jolly party of a dozen up thru the Arroyo Seco route, via Gar-



vanza, with its wonderfully beautiful stone walled and terraced villa homes, thru and by its parks, and over a bridge high in the air above one of them which nestles in the arroyo at the foot of a high, green butte, and almost adjoining the famous Cawston Ostrich Farm, where there are more than a hundred great uncouth birds; any one of which could stand on one foot and with the other kick the life out of the renowned mule "Maude" of yellow literary fame, in less time than it takes to cross a "t" or dot an "i."

Climbing on up by the trolley car at no mean pace, we passed



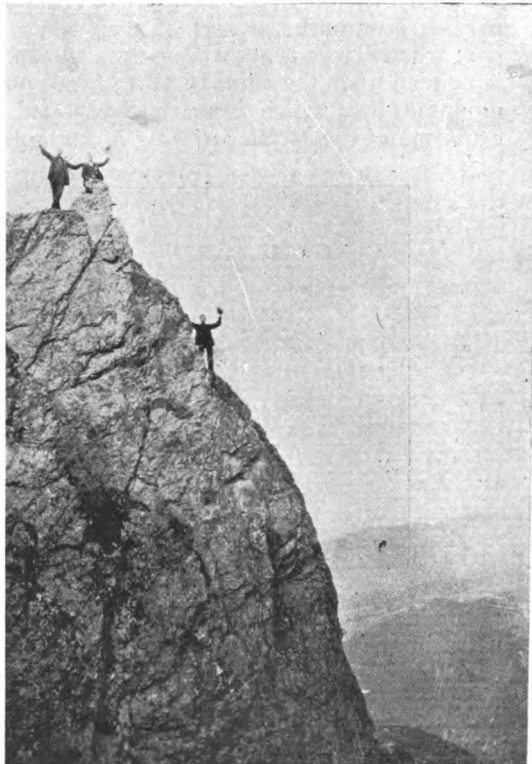
FROM CAPE HORN, OVERLOOKING PASADENA

the great hotels, Raymond and Wentworth, either of which are cities in themselves, and surrounded by other hotels and homes which would shame the Arabian Nights palaces for grandeur of architecture, gardens grounds

and parks, amid the groves of oranges, pomegranates and other tropical fruits and flowers.

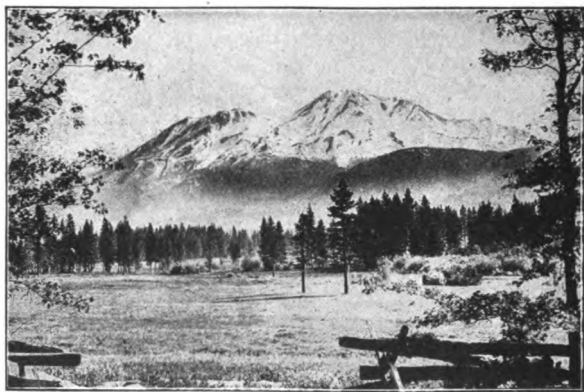
Notwithstanding that I was surrounded by the animated company, my mind reverted to my first trip over this same route, more than thirty years ago, when Pasadena was but the dreamed of "Indiana colony," by a few bold pioneer settlers, full of enthusiasm, and yet little dreaming, perhaps, that it would ever require several car lines, with cars every minute of the day and night, to replace the little two-horse stage, which required the whole day to make the round trip twice a week.

On up thru Pasadena we sped, past one of my old homes, on what was then "Monk Hill," named before I settled there, perhaps for some of our ancestors; on up thru Altadena, and past



another of my old homes, of seventy acres, which is now almost a community by itself, to the foot of the great 3500 feet incline cable road, which takes us from the lower end of Rubio Canyon up thru the clouds to Echo Mountain, upon which is located a miniature city, including the Observatory and the aerie home of our dear old Professor Larkin, when he is not visiting and investigating some other part of the world in the interests of science or human progress. I did not mean to say "old," for you never think of age when your eyes meet his, and it requires a mighty effort of the will to resist going up and giving him a great big hug, he is so like an overgrown loving innocent child, and unless you were personally acquainted with him, you would never suspect that his boyish, happy face, was a mask for the great mathematical brain behind it, which can measure the unfathomable distances of space, or the size of an atom, 100,000,000 of which could lay side by side on the point of a cambric needle. At the foot of the incline we "took the elevator," which lifted us (an Englishman would call it a "lift") up thru the clouds to the sunshine which was bathing the little city of power houses, homes, cars and the observatory, with its supplementary buildings.

Altho it has only been twenty-five years since this was one of my private deer parks, a sort of trap where I have killed many a one, when I was a great Pasadena nimrod, the present little city is builded upon the ruins of two former ones, burned by the great mountain fires which formerly devastated the foothills and southern slope of the Mother of Saw Mountains, which it is hoped will



never happen again, since the perfected organization of government brigades of fire soldiers.

Altho Dr. Larkin is one of the busy men of the world, he proceeded to give our party a royal welcome, led us up to the observatory, and, so to speak, "give the keys of the city into our hands," and we literally took possession.

Tables and desks whose only duty had been to bear huge books, maps and charts, were spread with newspapers, tablecloths and towels, and forced to groan under the weight of fruits, pies, cakes and other viands suitable for satisfying the ravenous appetites of hungry sightseers, who had come prepared to eat, drink and be merry. And it was well we did come prepared, for the light, pure atmosphere, smell of mountain timber and sparkling water would cure a confirmed dyspeptic



and make an epicure of him in three days. All other visitors were warned away, and we were given full rein, and planned excursions accordingly. After one of the finest picnic dinners possible to imagine, those of us who so elected took the trolley cars over the most remarkable scenic railroad in the world for "Ye Alpine Tavern," and Mt. Lowe, 6000 feet above, and from this dizzy height, overlooking Southern California and the peaceful Pacific with its mystic islands, and the thousands of square miles of oranges and other orchards. Few persons can imagine the beauty of this trip, but it is one never to be forgotten. Many a week have I spent, and the happiest ones of my life, in these dizzy heights, under the great spreading pines, alone with my trusty old rifle, blankets and nature; but we had promised to be back to the observatory in time to take a last look at the sun spots, the largest of which was twice the diameter of our earth; eat another picnic meal, watch the most gorgeous sunset the world can produce (how I wish I were able to reproduce it in colors in a frontispiece for HIGHER SCIENCE) and then be ready

for the lecture, while we looked thru the big telescope at Mars, who is now nearer to the earth than he will be again for many years.

Professor Larkin represented to us the great dome of the observatory as the proportioned size of the sun, compared with the size of the earth, which he represented by a little adobe



marble held between his fingers, in order to call our attention to the fact that the very word "earth" formerly meant "nothing."

We spent the evening talking on the subject uppermost in the minds of the W. I. S. Club, in which Dr. Larkin is humanely interested, and viewing the lights of a hundred cities below, watching the bar of light from the greatest electric lantern in the world as it swept the land, mountain peaks, sea and islands for hundreds of miles, looking at the fiery Mars (god of war) and some of the monstrous suns in sight, which would fill Neptune's orbit around our sun.

Some of the party now retired to their rest under the great dome of the stars; and after an hour or so of experiments, and more discussion of the changing social conditions, in which they are all so greatly interested, Saturn had reached an elevation suitable for observation, and became the center of attraction, and an object of wonder with its moons and rings, until the moon, which was about one-half in the wane, rose over the eastern mountain tops, and claimed our undivided attention, with its wonderful ring mountains, old dry sea beds, and craters, any one of which would require a whole magazine to explain. By the time we were tired out by looking at the moon, speculating about its former inhabitants, and inspecting its various valleys and mountains, most of the party retired to all kinds of improvised couches on tables, cots, chairs, and it was my privilege to remain alone with Professor Larkin, to view the comet, which only made its appearance a little ahead of the sun, and which he was suddenly called home from Alaska to observe. It is, however, an insignificant stranger, and just about to disappear for this trip. It was now near morning, and with a comfortable cot I made the observatory dome my bedroom. In less than an hour the clouds had arisen to our level, and an almost unheard of August rain was pouring thru the telescope window, which we had left open, and I was compelled to move the immense dome half way round in order to escape the dripping water. With very little sleep I was almost the first one to breakfast, for I never missed any opportunity to eat a hearty meal on this trip; and as the excursions to the canyons, springs, Castle Rocks, falls and other beautiful points had been planned, it was not possible for me to sleep.

Altho the clouds did not permit us to see the country below until nine o'clock, we enjoyed every blessed moment of the time, and altho a helpless cripple, personally, I walked miles and scaled dizzy heights, which I would have supposed impossible a week ago.

To know Professor Larkin is to love him; and after we had stripped of all unnecessary finery for a whole day's ramble and climb, he was as patient as an indulgent parent or a mother hen with a wild, unruly brood, until we were entirely tired out and safely back for a final grand dinner, in time to say a lingering

good-bye and catch the last car at night for the Angel City. Dear Professor Larkin had fallen in love with every one of us, and came down to the incline to see us safely aboard the car, and have his picture taken with the party to please us. Never can any one of the W. I. S. Club forget the beauty and grandeur of this remarkable journey, the dizzy heights, the clouds above and below, the cascades and shady canyons, the mammoth pines, spreading oaks and great groves of green bay trees, flowering shrubs, plants and trees of a thousand rare varieties, and all moving with the life of birds, bees, rainbows, humming birds, butterflies and sunshine.

COMMENTS

As long as women fear and worship a god, they need not expect to be treated as rational human beings.

God's Principal Jokes is a pamphlet by Parker H. Sercombe, which shows up the religious fakers in fine style. If you want something that is to the point, send for it at once, to 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago.

A peculiar condition of humanization which is taking effect in the last few months is that more men are deserting away from the army than are enlisting. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, and he that hath eyes to see let him see."

There are certain long-tongued females in this city who could raise the city's average morality higher by moving away or contracting locomotor ataxia than they can by maligning the characters of innocent women and just men, who already have locomotor ataxia and needeth no repentance.

I have just had an experience with a lying preacher who has a "chapel" within a few blocks of the Cliff Dwellers' place, and stole and kept a letter which was written to me while I was away, and left for me with a neighbor. It now remains to be seen whether a preacher can be punished for theft; or is he licensed to both lie and steal in other things as well as religion?

That, which is life itself, like the expanding and contracting, is only a part of the universal process of the motion of matter, and if we avoid violent thot and action, we escape the violent reaction which must follow. You can be a clam and slave to a preacher, you can go to the other extreme and have locomotor ataxia, or you can pursue a middle course and do you own moderate thinking.

To every new subscriber who pays one year in advance during September, I will send a beautiful Souvenir Sugar Spoon. It is simply a beauty and you will think when you get it that it must surely have cost \$2.50. The bowl of the spoon is sea shell

from our sunny beach line and a little hand painted boquet in each—I will make the same offer to any old subscriber who pays a year in advance in September, or send 80 cents with 3 cents in stamps.

The fifth annual convention of the American Press Humorists will be held in Los Angeles September 15 to 22. As Bob Burdette takes a leading part, it will be religiously humorous, no doubt, and all the more ridiculously phunny. As religion is the greatest joke of the present age, I can see no reason why Bob should not lead this band of fun makers, and the greatest joke of all would be to have him open the deliberations with prayer, to his jealous and angry old Jew god.

. . . The great medical profession is protected by its obscurities; everything is obscure except its supreme gall and dogmatism. If any one thinks for one little moment that there is anything but obscurity and hallucination about the theory and practice of drugs, he evidences his absolute lack of knowledge of the subject. . . . —Stuffed Club.

In sending for *Procession of Planets*, S. G. Buchner, editor of the *Industrial Tribune*, Corona, N. Y., says:

. . . If old Saint Peter asks me, "How came you so?" I will just tell him that you did it. **Higher Science Magazine** is a very interesting and instructive publication, and if this new book is of equal interest, it will be well worth the price. If the human race devoted as much time and study to the natural as they do to the supernatural, we would all be much better off. . . .

. . . Our police seem to be handicapped from some cause, and it is about time a vigilance committee was organized to rid the city of criminals. If the police and city council fail to act promptly, the people should take the matter into their own hands. It is not the poor, drunken, frequently half-witted tramps and hobos that need to be watched, arrested and put on the chain gang so much as some of the criminals who hold high official positions in this city. Of all public enemies that Los Angeles needs to look after it is the grafting officials who, under the cover and the protection of law, are robbing this city of thousands of dollars every month. Many a man goes on the chain gang who should exchange places with some of the detectives, policemen and police court justices, who are influential in sending them there. The editor has some respect for the nerve of a thug who would hold him up at the point of a gun, but he cannot have much for officials who, in the name of the law, rob people as people are robbed here in this city. There's a day of judgment waiting for them by-and-by, and when the awakening comes there will be something doing in this angel town. . . . —Progress.

Gradually our Los Angeles people and publications are waking up to the fact that we are being robbed by the best organized gang of political thieves ever banded together. What will happen when the people find out the truth about the Owens River country, is beyond the psychic power of prophecy.

In 1835 a Mr. Stewart of Ill., a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, made a great speech before the general Assembly, against the slavery of the time and more especially to ask for laws to compel more humane slavery, and we clip this from Wayland's Magazine in relation to it:

. . . The Assembly took no notice of the speech, but "Resolved, That slavery is recognized in both the Old and the New Testaments, and is not condemned by the authority of God; Resolved, That the assembly have no authority to assume or exercise jurisdiction in regard to the existence of slavery." As time was limited, the whole matter was indefinitely postponed. And while human beings were being dragged through the country manacled, while young women were being outraged and mothers separated from their children, the Presbyterian ministers calmly adjourned and wended their way back to their flocks. . . .

. . . In all of our recent marked attention to the trusts, however, there is one about which no newspaper in America or prosecuting attorney has said a censorious word, and this is the biggest one of them all. The trust that owns the most real estate, and more of it than all the trusts combined, has no charter, files no reports, holds its property absolutely free of taxes, and its general superintendents and foremen still ride on our railroads at half-rate, and enjoy a ten per cent. rebate on all of their purchasers at haberdashers. Concerning it Mr. Hughes is silent, and Willie Hearst is mum. This trust has a monopoly on only one commodity—salvation, salvation here and hereafter. The religious trust fixes your place in society in this world, and controls your destiny after death. At least it says it does. In truth it really does not do either, its commodity being spurious and its claims founded on false pretenses. Yet in spite of the fact that its falsity is fully understood by over half of the men and women in the United States, not denied the mails, and to openly criticize it is regarded as very bad form. . . . —Philistine.

Uncle George Daniels should have 80 million copies of the above printed and circulated free—and if he will, HIGHER SCIENCE will contribute \$1.000 towards it.

Mrs. D. Hurry of Elmhurst, Cal., writing for Book and H. S. says:

. . . Your idea of the forming of planets is perfectly plain, and I believe in the theory perfectly. . . . I missed Dave's letter to God in the last magazine; I hope he has renewed the correspondence with the old fellow in time for the next. It affords me, and some of my friends, lots of fun. . . .

Dr. J. H. Higbee of Jenera, Ohio, writes the following interesting letter in defense of Socialism:

. . . Your July number, **Higher Science**, is fine. . . . I notice your criticism of the Socialists for not helping the Freethinkers to get the god idea out of their heads. Your criticism would indicate that you have never read anything but utopian socialism. When you mention Socialism you should say which kind, scientific or utopian. A scientific socialist does point the finger of truth at the cause of mental slavery. For proof and authority for the fact you should read "Cause of Belief in God," or social and philosophical studies, by Paul Lafargue. Cloth, 50c.; and "The Positive Outcome of Philosophy," by Joseph Dietzgen, Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Engels, and "Socialism, Positive and Negative," La Monte. All these books are written by scientific socialists and printed by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill. They will convince any one that religion, superstition and ignorance, ecclesiastical grafters, capitalist rulers and their ideas would become somewhat atrophied under socialism. Glad to learn that your city has reached the graft and bond stage of the evolution of capitalism. We eastern people got through with that some time ago. It is natural; do not get excited about it. Read "Cause of Belief in God" and tell me what you think of it. It is written by a man who is way past the mistakes of Moses. . . .

. . . It would be an awfully monotonous affair if our friend Kerr, who has all "The Truth about God," could induce everybody to see things as he sees them. Oh, yes, I'd rather be an Evergreen and see a little good even in the churches than to be a simon-pure liberal and know that I have the truth. . . . Sound View.

He is very likely to get his wish and retain his present color, unless perchance some old bossy-cow with a crumpled horn, should some day, stray that way, mistake him for a bunch of uncured hay and in her cud-stomache lay him away. However HIGHER SCIENCE would rather know it had the truth, than to be green enough to see anything good in a church, preacher, god, hell, savior, devil, confession box, prayer, inquisition or any other religious paraphernalia.

Editor Higher Science: . . . We have been surprised at the number of inquiries resulting from our advertisement in your magazine. We have had more inquiry and sold more stock from it than from any of the other advertising we have done. I must say you have an unusually intelligent and enterprising class of readers, and we will see to it that they are not disappointed with wave motor stock.

CAL. WAVE MOTOR CO.,
A. L. Reynolds, Pres.

Judge Richmond of Arcadia, Wis., says of the Procession of Planets:

. . . I am much pleased with it, and it appeals very strongly to me indeed. . . .

. . . Let us not be ashamed to let the world know that we are followers of the Prince of Peace, who never stood upon His dignity to defend His own rights. The best way to hold our prestige is to let God vindicate our rights in His own way, as Joseph did. If our ways please God, He maketh our enemies to be at peace with us. If we would meet with these conditions the millennium would be here. . . . Religious Tract.

If the writer refers to his nibs, Jesus Christ, the reason he did not stand on his dignity, is because he did not have any to stand on. He was born in a stable and had no "rights" even in that; his mother and poor old Uncle Joseph simply hid there in their extreme necessity and when this "son of (whoever he was)," was born they laid him in the manger, for the shepherders from the desert to look at, and as soon as Mary Christ was able to walk, they, to use the present day slang "skipped the country," until the "lord" informed Joseph in a dream, that certain people who knew too much about them were dead.

A Stuffed Club, for August clips what HIGHER SCIENCE says of Dr. J. H. Tilden and says editorially of *The Procession of Planets*:

. . . The above is taken from Higher Science, an exchange magazine edited by Franklin H. Heald, author of "Procession of Planets." It's a small book, but if I am allowed a guess, I guess it will be an epoch builder.

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SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES

A Stuffed Club, m. E. 11th Ave. Denver, Colo. Health-philosophy.	\$ 1.00
Notes & Queries, m. Manchester, N. H., Historical	\$ 1.00
Tomorrow, m. 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill., Reform	\$ 1.00
Arkansaw Traveler, w. New Hope, Ark. Liberal	\$ 1.00
Searchlight, m. Waco Texas, Atheist	\$ 1.00
Cosmic Light, m., Pittsburg, Kansas, Occult Science	\$ 1.00
Truth Seeker, w., 62 Vesey St., New York, N. Y., Atheist	\$ 3.00
Blue Grass Blade, w. Lexington, Ky., Atheist	\$ 1.00
Secular Thot, w. Toronto, Can., Atheist	\$ 2.00
Daily Socialist, d., Chicago, Ill., Political Reform	\$ 1.00
Patriarch, w.; Seattle, Wash., Reform	\$ 1.00
World's Advance Thot, m. Portland, Ore., Woman's R.	\$ 1.00
Weltmers Mag., m., Nevada, Mo., New Thot	\$ 1.00
Wilshire's Magazine, m. 200 William St., New York, N. Y., Socialist	.25
Truth About God, m. Great Bend, Kan., Church Organ	.25
Examiner, t. m. Paris, Tex., Atheist	.25
Socialist Review, w., W. Hoboken, N. J., Political	\$ 2.00
Common Sense, r. 211 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal., Socialist	.50
Occasional One, m. Dunkirk, N. Y., Astrological	.50
People's Press, w., 111 Blue Island Ave., Chicago, Ill., Materialist	\$ 1.00
Appeal to Reason, w. Girard, Kan., Socialist	.50
Eternal Progress, m., 4th Nat. Bank Bld., Cincinnati, O., Progress	\$ 1.00
Vanguard, 2w. 346 Sixth St., Milwaukee, Wis., Socialist	.50
Ingersol Beacon, m. Chicago, Ill., Liberal	.50
Naturopath, m. 111 Fiftyninth St., New York City, N. Y., Health	\$ 1.00
Thote of the Hour, w. 3211 E. Fourth St., Los Angeles, Cal.	\$ 1.00
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American Economist, w. 339 Broadway, N. Y., Banking	\$ 2.00
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Now, m. Santa Clara, Cal., New Thot	\$ 1.00
Referendum, w. Faribault, Minn., Socialist	\$ 1.00
Reason, m., 10 Arlington St., Rochester, N. Y., Psychic	.50
Nautilus, m. Holyoke, Mass., New Thot	\$ 1.00
Ballance, m., Denver, Colo., New Thot	\$ 1.00
The Altruist, m., 1452 Webster Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	.10
The Grail, m. 2034 Seventh Ave., New York, Religious	\$ 1.00
Our Dumb Animals, m., Milk st., Boston, Mass., Fanatic	\$ 1.00
Individualist, m., 199 Berkeley st., Boston, Mass., Reform	.50
Human Life, m., 120 Birford st., Boston, Mass., Humanity	\$ 1.00
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Reason, m., Rochester, N. Y., Psychic	.50
Lightbearer, m., Alameda, Science (!) of the Soul (!)	\$ 1.00
Everyday Life, m., Buffalo, N. Y., Home	.20
New Church Messenger, w., Masonic Ten., Chicago, Ill., Religious	\$ 3.00
Vegetarian, m., Chicago, Ill., Vegetarian	\$ 1.00
Woman's Realm, m., Binghampton, N. Y., Story	.35
Philosophical Jol, w., San Francisco, Spooks	\$ 2.00
Mother Earth, m., New York, N. Y., Phil. Anarchy	\$1.00

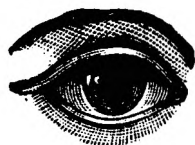
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