

Field Notes.

Early Wednesday morning we left Wagner for Fossil where we expected to lecture that evening. The drive was a delightful one through forests of pine and fir. We took dinner at the pleasant home of Mr. Howell, old-time friends, and incidentally did full justice to the cherries for which his place is noted. What perseverance and energy can do is plainly demonstrated here. Much refreshed and with many good wishes we again take up the banner and journey on.

When we arrived at Fossil we learned that for some reason our bills had never been posted, so we succumbed to the inevitable and advertised for the next night. We were greeted by a very good audience although we are afraid it was a very unappreciative one for there are but few Liberals indeed and they are afraid to let their views be known. O, for the time to come when every man will dare to express his honest thoughts!

Friday morning finds us on our way to Mitchell. This drive proved very interesting. At one place a branding iron was sent on to Mitchell. The driver upon receiving it, held it up and asked us if we knew what it was. One of us (you know we never "tell tales") replied, "Is it a post hole digger?" The driver concluded that we needed educating. Dinner time finds us at the home of Mr. Helms of Twickenham a staunch Liberal and worker. Here we dine sumptuously and learn that they wished us to lecture but as we had not known in time to advertise it was impossible.

The afternoon drive through Gird Creek Canyon is worthy of special mention. This part of the country has been lately visited by a water spout and the road has been completely washed away in some places. This made it hard travelling but the scenery was enough to pay for the inconveniences. On either side rise perpendicular rock walls which remind one of the most elaborate masonry. Indeed, some parts appear like the ruins of some ancient castle. For miles the road follows this canyon until it seems to the bewildered eye that to pass out is a feat for the daring. But we finally wind our way out and about seven o'clock we arrive at Waldron where we pass the night. This has been the first warm day since we left home. In the morning we are up and on to Mitchell. First down in a canyon, then on top of a mountain, through a series of mountains and canyons until we finally go down, down, to end our journey, for we are at Mitchell where we remain until Monday. We do not speak at Mitchell until our return from Prineville. The religion of humanity is being felt

throughout eastern Oregon and to use the words of the Salvationist, "We'll conquer. We'll conquer; we'll conquer bye and bye."

LATER.

Monday we started for Prineville, fifty-five miles distant. As no double team could be found we were compelled to take a single team and "go it alone." The water-spout had made the regular road unsafe to travel so we were compelled to take several by-roads, and to almost every person we met we would put the same question: "Would you kindly direct us to Prineville?" Whereupon we would start bravely on, only to find ourselves again confused. At last we reached the main road and for a time our cares were over. It was now nearly seven o'clock p. m., but the drive was so pleasant we decided to make up for lost time. We did keep on and night found us toiling slowly up the mountain, thinking every moment we would come to a house where we could find shelter for the night. The moon came up and shed its glorious light through the swaying branches of the trees and we were able to keep the road. You see God (?) was with us after all, for what could two women do way out on the mountains on a dark night? Nearing the summit we heard the unmistakable cry of cats. With joyful hearts we hastened on, thinking a house must be near at hand. It was a vain delusion, however, and we afterward learned that the cries probably came from wild cats which are said to be very numerous. On we went for miles and a sheep-camp was the only sign of habitation in these vast mountains. In one place, the moon beams falling across our path, lit up a chasm directly in front of us. One step more and we would have been a confused mass at the bottom. Upon investigating we found that the water-spout had again accomplished its ruin and washed the road completely away. We were preparing to unhitch, build a fire and camp for the night, when to our joy we discovered a by-road and again we were able to continue our journey. About half-past twelve we passed out of the mountains and a house appeared before us. We succeeded in arousing the sleeping inmates and received the welcome information that we could of course have a room there. Tired and weary we soon fell asleep and in the morning arose much refreshed. After indulging in a hearty breakfast we went on our way and arrived in time for dinner. Mr. M. A. Moore had secured the Court House for our lecture and notwithstanding the fact that so many people were out of town we were greeted by a large attentive audience. The Liberals were very anxious to have us remain and give another lecture but as the

drive back to Mitchell was such a long one it was impossible to do so. We hope to visit Prineville again next year and we can assure lecturers that they will receive the very best treatment at the hands of the Prineville people. Prineville is a very pretty little town of about seven hundred inhabitants. The white-capped peaks of Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington and the Three Sisters stand like lofty sentinels in the distance and prove the truth of the statement that this world is "million gloried."

About one o'clock Wednesday afternoon we turn our faces toward Mitchell. In the evening we arrive at the pleasant home of Mr. Thompson where we again pass the night. Lecturers would do well to make this their stopping place as they will be heartily welcomed, even though it be midnight when they arrive. Our drive through the mountains this time was exceedingly pleasant, the scenery all being new to us. We arrive at Mitchell about three o'clock p. m., well satisfied with the success of our trip to Prineville. The ranks are swelling, the battle has begun, and the banner of Universal Mental Liberty will soon triumphantly wave from ocean to ocean.

K. D. & M. P. H.

LITTLE POINTS.

Take from any community the schools, the books, the libraries, the scientific lectures, the education and it becomes a good place to move away from. Take away the belief in gods and the bloody plan of salvation and what harm does it do?

If the Christian Endeavorers would all pray hard enough they might convert the Devil. God ought to help all he can in such an enterprise.

How God must love the world to wish people to pray and plead for mercy and then do, as he must have known he would do, from the very beginning. Is there such a being?

Fear falls upon the earth and prays—Courage stands erect and thinks.—Ingersoll.

Religions are various, but reason is one, and we are all brothers.—Chinese Proverb.

Conscience is quite independent of the belief in God and of religious conceptions in general.—Buchner.

Another great Reformation is taking place, but some people are too dull to comprehend it.

Rome, where Christianity first firmly fastened itself, will probably be the last to be converted to higher ideals.

 Send us \$1.00 and receive the TORCH OF REASON one year and our new song book of Secular songs set to familiar tunes. This holds good for one month only. Please speak to your friends about this offer.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The largest load of lumber hauled last week for the dining hall was 1364 feet. It was hauled by B. B. Smith.

Students don't eat hay but they drink milk. We are hauling hay from Chemawa. Some of the hay was donated to the cause and part taken in payment for tuition. It is clean, nice timothy.

We had a call from Mr. F. J. Beaty, of Chemawa last Monday. Mr. Beaty is thoroughly interested in our work and we had a very pleasant visit.

The contract for building the stone basement for the University was let to Mr. Alfred Desart who is now getting out the stone as fast as possible.

One day this week a stranger drove by the University grounds and was heard to say to his companion: "What's going on here?" "The Liberals are building a university," said his friend. "The Liberals! Is that so?" And the rest of the conversation was lost to all but themselves.

Nothing will advertise our cause and our work like building.

We are indebted to Frank Forward for a valuable specimen for our museum this week.

Miss De Peatt and Mrs. Hosmer sent us a fine specimen of articulate (*Cimex lectularius*) from Eastern Oregon. Some claim that they have been seen in Silverton, but as yet we have not been fortunate (?) enough to have seen any live specimens here.

The last fifty dollars was paid on our University grounds this week. And now for the lumber! Do all you can.

Every Liberal should be doing SOMETHING for the University.

University Fund.

The amount given in this fund is actual cash paid in, regardless of what has been promised:

James Down, Silverton, Or.,	\$ 50.00
J. Wolfard & Co. "	25.00
M. J. Adams "	25.00
L. Adams "	5.00
John Porter "	50.00
Peter Rauch "	40.00
H. L. Eisenhart "	5.00
Julius Fisher "	20.00
Samuel Ames "	25.00
L. Ames "	25.00
J. H. Porter "	10.00
A Friend "	10.00
E. Wolfard "	10.00
B. A. Leonard "	5.00
Kate DePeatt "	5.00
A. L. Eisenhart "	5.00
J. McArdle, Council Bluffs, Ia.,	1.00
R. C. Burtis, Michigan,	5.00
Flora A. Burtis, "	5.00
J. Johnston, Canada,	10.00
Dr. M. Pritchard, Calif.,	2.50
John Diamond, Oregon,	50.00
Mr. McKenzie, "	1.00
P. C. Mosier, Illinois,	10.00

MATERIAL.

A. Wolf & Son, (lumber)	\$100.00
J. Wolfard & Co., (shingles)	25.00
F. J. Beaty, (hay)	16.00
" " (furniture)	3.50