

## Oregon State Secular Union.

The Torch of Reason is the official organ of the O. S. S. U., and this column will be devoted each week to items of interest concerning our state organization.

### Executive Board Meeting.

The first meeting of the new Executive Board was held at Dayville, Ore., July 22. Officers present: E. Stewart, president; Kate DePeatt, secretary; P. W. Geer, superintendent of Sunday schools.

It was decided to have stationery supplied to the officers of the Union, and the bid of the Torch of Reason, for the sum of nineteen dollars (\$19.00), was accepted.

The Constitution and By-Laws were ordered printed, and the contract was let to the Torch of Reason at the rate of a dollar a page.

Twenty dollars was allowed the secretary for books, stamps, etc., and orders were drawn on the treasury for all three bills.

The work of filing new articles of incorporation was discussed, and P. W. Geer volunteered to attend to the matter.

After discussing ways and means of carrying on our work, the meeting adjourned.

### New Members.

The following names have been added to our list since the convention:

G. H. Pullen.	Frankie Snyder.
Carrie Andrews.	H. G. Munjar.
T. J. Andrews.	Mrs. H. Munjar.
A. D. Scott.	John A. Gaskell.
Frank Andrews.	B. wooden.
W. C. Andrews.	R. E. Irwin.
Jane DePeatt.	Miles Biggerstaff.
Arthur Andrews.	R. Humphreys.
Austin D. Smith.	W. A. Richardson.
Joseph Putnam.	A. L. Colman.
J. W. Maguire.	A. C. Thomas.
Horace Bennett.	W. Skinner.
C. V. Sweek.	Mrs. E. J. Smith.
Chas. Williams.	Mrs. R. E. Irwin.
G. L. Munjar.	J. A. Pope.
Chas. E. Connelly.	J. J. Martin.
	Della Snyder.

### Field Notes.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", and, being an equal suffragist, I maintain that it has the same effect with Jane, so when an invitation, accompanied by a team, comes from Lonerock for a party, we heartily assent and return to Mr. Andrews' pleasant home at the edge of the mountain, near Lonerock.

Here a tempting supper and a draught of Nature's restorative from a bubbling spring refreshes us and by the time the jolly young people of Lonerock have gathered together we are ready to join in the sport.

Such a pleasant evening as we did spend! The wee, small hours came all too soon.

But all declared they could not have had a better time, and with light hearts wended their way to their different homes, while peaceful Sleep reigned supreme. We spend several days visiting with the good

Lonerock people and while there take a trip to a sheep-camp. I have always desired to see life in Eastern Oregon in all its phases, so when invited to take supper we readily consent. Between us all we finally get supper, bidding defiance to the old saying that too many cooks spoil the broth. But the question is, did any of us claim to be cooks? The sheep flock in and we secure our mutton, then enjoy a ride home in the moon-light. The closing day seems to possess some subtle charm and brings to my mind those beautiful lines of poetry:

The day was declining. The breeze in its glee  
Had left the fair flowers to float on the sea.  
The sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,  
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill.  
One pale little star, in the glory of noon,  
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,  
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,  
The smiles of her lovelines gladdened the scene.

As in all things the most beautiful effect is produced when the two extremes seem to meet and blend harmoniously into one, so with day and night. The glowing shades of eve crown the whole.

It is with real regret that we bid adieu to the kind friends who have done so much to brighten the path of the Secular pilgrim, but duty calls and we must answer. On the 13th the Andrews boys drive us back to the "Infidels' nest", where we spend the night at the home of that untiring worker, Warren Carsner. The next morning, bright and early, we are ready to go on to Monument. We wish that all places would be as pleasant as the "Infidels' nest", where we have spent so many pleasant hours, and it is with many fond remembrances that we leave it.

The trip across the Bologna mountains is something to be remembered. First we're up, then we're down, and I must confess that half the time I imagined we were in the air. I am sure three wheels were, anyhow. There is something fascinating in danger and its presence serves as spice for a tiresome journey. We arrive at the home of Mr. J. Putnam in good season for dinner and enjoy a splendid visit with him and his family and also Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crabtree, who happen to be there for a short time. In the afternoon we drive four miles on to Monument and make arrangements for the lecture. Then we return to Mr. Putnam's and pass a pleasant evening with music, which "cheereth both man and beast." Mr. Putnam is a good violinist and Mr. Crabtree picks the banjo and sings, and altogether we had quite a concert. The next evening we lecture to a good

audience in Monument and meet a number of our kind of people. We are surprised as well as delighted at meeting one of the Wagner deacons here—Mr. Ferd Hunt, whom we imagined to be in the wilds of Montana and whom everybody missed during the convention. The people of Eastern Oregon are mostly Secularists, even though some of them don't realize it, and they all believe in having a good time, so the seats are cleared away and dancing is in order. When all other amusements lose their power, dancing still reigns triumphant. The next day, before leaving for Long Creek we meet two Officers from Dayville, who are on their way to the icy regions of the north and especially to the fields of gold. May gold, instead of God, be with them.

About 6 o'clock we took the stage for Long Creek, where we arrive at midnight. I cannot say much about the country, as we could not see it, but I can say that there are quite a number of rocks between Monument and Long Creek. The next day we make arrangements for a lecture, and are greeted with a good audience in the evening. Mr. Geer arrives in time to entertain the audience with a recitation and be useful as well as ornamental. We find very few outspoken Liberals here, although a great many believe that way. We were very much amused the next morning to hear a conversation at the breakfast table, to which we were compelled to listen. They were discussing the Freethought question and the lecture. One good old Christian said that every lady in the house should have left. You know it wouldn't hurt the men, but Christianity is a good thing for women. It would never do for the women to lose faith in Jesus! Methinks I hear every preacher say amen.

Mr. Geer has described our trip from Long Creek to Fox, and, besides, I feel that my pen could not do it justice. I might, however, tell a few tales which he did not know about—for instance, running from a cow and getting into a mud-hole; then our delightful afternoon in the schoolhouse, where I sat cuddled in a corner nursing an aching tooth, while Jane looked out of the window. But "all's well that ends well", and our beginning ended in a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Platter. These Platters are pioneers in the work and bravely hold their own. I must not forget to mention the accomplishment I acquired while there. I learned how to milk the cow. Now for the art of horseback riding, and my education will be completed.

KATE DEPEATT,  
Secretary O. S. S. U.  
(To be Continued.)

Sending bibles to the heathen is productive of much good—to the publishers.

### Abroad.

I was glad of an opportunity to visit Dayville again. At my lecture Wednesday evening I met most of the Secular friends I had seen two years ago, besides making several new acquaintances. The dance was a very enjoyable affair, and the net proceeds, \$4.50, were given to the Liberal University. I spent the next day at the home of our president, Mr. E. Stewart, talking over the prospects of the Union, the University and the work in general. Mr. Stewart, Mr. Olliver and Mr. Snyder showed their interest in the University by good, substantial donations. I also received several subscribers for the Torch of Reason. We will undoubtedly have three students from Dayville this year.

Friday evening the DePeatt sisters arrived and a meeting of the executive board of the Union was held, which will be reported by the secretary. That evening the people again gathered at the schoolhouse to listen to a lecture by Kate DePeatt on "Common Sense". An unusually large audience was present, and after the lecture we again assembled at the hall across the street and enjoyed a social dance for a few hours, which passed off pleasantly.

Our president had to leave Saturday for his ranch, 30 miles from Dayville, so we hurriedly transacted the business of the Union and bade him goodbye, hoping to meet him again this fall, when we expect to have a regular Secular revival at Dayville. The people of this section are very busy at this season, while in the winter they will have more time, and I find that they are very anxious to have lectures at nearly every place I have visited. We will try and supply their wants this year, and although traveling will be difficult in winter, we can undoubtedly have some good meetings.

Miss DePeatt lectured again at Dayville on Sunday evening to a fair-sized audience, and Monday morning found the three Secular travelers on the road to Caleb. The bike and I started in advance of the rest and reached the home of J. L. Barnhouse shortly after noon, where we found the family well and happy and preparing for the lecture the next evening. The DePeatt girls, in company with C. E. Glaze of Dayville, arrived in the evening. We had a jolly time that evening, and were sorry to part with Comrade Glaze next morning when he started on his return trip home. Mr. Barnhouse's son was at home this time, and we were glad to meet him. He will be at the Liberal University this fall if nothing happens. Mr. Barnhouse has a nice farm and a pleasant home on Mountain creek, and the evergreen mountains which rise gradually