

he lived. He planted the first nursery in Marion county, and this place is the site of the old nursery. Fruit? You never saw the like! There is enough for the whole neighborhood. Nearly all the trees on the place are quite aged, and one of them was brought across the plains in a wagon by Mr. Luelling many years ago with the rest of his "traveling nursery."

In the midst of my fruit gathering I scared up a flock of quail and Chinese pheasants. I ran to my uncle's house for a gun and returned to the place where I had seen the birds, but they had gone and it required an hour or so to find them and kill one, which I proudly bore to the house and ordered it cooked for supper, while I gathered corn to dry.

After supper was over I returned to Silverton, and the next morning I arose before the sun was peeping over the Cascade mountains, mounted the bike and started for Portland, fifty miles away. I halted only a few moments at Hubbard, where I met the Kester family and Mr. Beebe. The Liberal University received some financial aid, which has been recorded in the columns of the Torch before. At Canby I visited a few moments with my friend Lee, and then followed the bike path along the side of the railroad track to Oregon City. There I met several friends, among whom are Mr. Davidson, Mr. Luelling and others, and stopped for dinner, after which we went on to Portland, fifteen miles away. We arrived in the Oregon metropolis at 4 o'clock, and after transacting some business I proceeded to the Bailey home, where I found the "boys" just finishing a meal. Mrs. Bailey was visiting in the East at the time and the boys were baching, and let me tell you they live well enough for anyone. Mr. McVickers, another "heathen," came in presently, and he also was given a supper, and we all had a jolly time visiting. George Bailey and Mr. McVickers are on the police force, and they dressed in their uniforms and strutted forth, seeking whom they might arrest.

Ernest and I retired for the night, and next morning, after partaking of a delightful meal served by my host, I started for Vancouver, Washington, where I was to visit the Burch family. I was directed to Fruit Valley, where I found Mrs. Burch at work in a fruit drier. Agnes was with her, and we had a splendid visit. Mr. Smiley, the owner of the drier, is a Secularist, and a subscriber to the Torch of Reason. Fruit Valley is the finest prune country I ever saw. It seems to be natural for that land to raise prunes. I never saw so many fruit driers, and all seem to be rushed. I wish I could have staid longer in that little paradise, but I had to hurry on.

Agnes, our little University student, decided to accompany me back to Vancouver, a distance of two miles. We walked for some distance, when I found that Agnes could ride a bike. I had her seat herself on the handle bars, where she seemed quite at home, and we soon reached our destination, where we found Grandma Ballard. Agnes assisted with the dinner, while I wrote my "Abroad" for the Torch and visited with Mrs. Bennett.

After dinner I again returned to Portland, where I met Mrs. Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Wittenberg, with whom I enjoyed a short visit. Night found me at my aunt's, where I found my cousin, Harry Shaw, with whom I was to travel to Silverton next day, Sunday. We did not get a very early start, but early enough so that we arrived in Silverton in good season and not as tired as I have been. We patronized the orchards along the road, and enjoyed a splendid dinner at the home of W. W. Jesse, a former president of the Oregon State Secular Union. We also called on Mr. Kocher and Mr. Johnston, with whom we enjoyed short visits, Mr. J. adding 50c. to the shingle fund.

Upon arriving home I made inquiry as to the coon I had sent in for the museum, and found that the man who brought it to town had arrived here at noon, when Morris, the printer, was at home, so he placed the coon inside the office on the floor. When Morris returned he said, "All coons look alike to me," and as Silver Creek flows by the back door, out went the coon into the creek. Morris thought the animal had been placed on the floor as a joke and the best way to get rid of it was to ship it by water. But I don't care; I killed a coon, anyway, and the University is not much loser.

Monday morning I introduced Harry to the printing office, where he has worked faithfully ever since. Last Sunday we decided to take another outing, since the weather was fine and a few showers had laid the dust, and we mounted the bikes and started for the famous Waldo Hills. The weather was favorable for viewing the country, and we had a splendid opportunity to see the great Willamette Valley in all its glory. We partook of a good quantity of fresh, ripe fruit, and enjoyed the green trees and shade.

Near evening we decided to return to Silverton via the home of Oregon's former governor, T. T. Geer. I had not seen him since his election, and I wanted to see if he was "stuck up" any. He always was stuck up about 6 feet 4 inches, and is so straight he leans backwards, and that is about as high as he will ever get. His office does not increase his conceit, and he seems to feel that he is but a servant of the people. We arrived at his beautiful home at 4 o'clock

and found the governor-elect in his shirt sleeves with no shoes on, lying on the lounge taking his usual Sunday rest, with his grandson romping over him. His good wife was also at home, and we had a jolly time visiting, which ended all too soon by the shades of evening coming on and reminding us that we must hasten on to Silverton, twelve miles away.

Our ride home through Howell Prairie was delightful, the last few miles being made by moonlight. We stopped a few moments to sample some fruit in an orchard near the road, and also to watch the workings of a hop-baler as the hops were pressed into 200-pound bales for market. We arrived home at 7 o'clock, well satisfied with the day's pleasures.

PEARL W. GEER.

#### Free Moral Agency.

If it was the bible-God's will or desire that all should be saved, why did he not put forth a plan by which all could and would be saved? Instead of that he has, according to scripture, made it impossible for all to be saved.

"For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth." "It was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." \* \* \* "For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." \* \* \* "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth."—Romans IX., 11-18.

"For this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth."

"According as it is written, God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear."—Romans XI., 8.

"He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes nor understand with their hearts, and be converted, and I should heal them."—John XII., 40.

"Unto them that are without all these things are done in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand, lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."—Mark IV., 11, 12.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the

kingdom of God."—Mat. XIX., 24.

"So the last shall be first, and the first last, for many be called, but few chosen."—Mat. XX., 16.

"For many are called, but few are chosen."—Mat. XXII., 14.

"For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called, and whom he called them he also justified."—Romans VIII., 29, 30.

"I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me."—John XVII., 9.

"But we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to Salvation."—2 Thes., 2-13.

JOHN A. WILSON.

Amesbury, Mass.

#### Sleepy England.

The people of Norwich, England, have had a stirring up at the hands of the Yankee circus men such as they seldom experience. The editor of "Daylight," one of our English exchanges, gives vent to his feelings in the following words:

Barnum! Barnum!! Barnum!!! All the week long it's been Barnum for breakfast, for dinner and for tea, and I guess we're all getting mighty tired of it. Thank goodness the 'cute Americans have departed from among us, and we can breathe freely once more—the great heat notwithstanding. "Thank goodness" I say—not because Barnum didn't give us full value for our money, but because all our lives we've been so accustomed in Norwich to doing business at leisure, that the go-ahead proclivities of the engineers of "The Greatest Show on Earth" have given us fits. Everybody in the county seems to have been to the show, which has furnished the only topic of conversation throughout the city during the past week.

#### Club Rates.

The Weekly Oregonian is the best newspaper published in the Pacific Northwest. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year. We will give it, together with the Torch of Reason, for the exceedingly low price of \$1.75. You will get two papers for a little more than the price of one.

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