

## Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to return to Durand, Wisconsin, with Editor Hosmer, and see the reception the residents of his old home town would give him. He has many warm friends, who would give him a royal welcome; but the majority of the citizens of the little city are such moral cowards and have so much mock piety that they would be immediately thrown into convulsions upon hearing of the return of "John Hosmer" to their midst. The little church where he used to pray and work for Christ would be the proper place for him to proclaim the truth as it is now revealed to him. The very walls would fairly quake, but that would do them good. The walls of that building ought to echo the truth once before they decay, and the inmates ought to be thrown into mental convulsions once before they die.

Some of the younger ones argue that it is cruel to preach Secularism to grandmothers and grandfathers, even though it be true, for it might worry them to have to change their minds. They seem to think error and falsehood preferable to truth for old folks. Great guns! deliver me from ever entertaining opinions that will throw me into spasms to give them up for the truth at any age. I find that our grandparents are often more capable of accepting new truths than some of the younger and wiser(?) ones. Oh, well, such is life in Northern Wisconsin. I found many good people there, and hope to return to that part of the country before I go to Oregon.

Chippewa valley seems to be quite prosperous, the principal industry being lumbering. Wisconsin has turned out a vast amount of lumber, and the Chippewa river is now full of logs, which are transported to numerous mills to be made into lumber. Acres and acres of stumps now remain where once were vast forests of pine. The logs they now use for lumber are very small and would hardly be used for firewood in Oregon.

I became quite well acquainted with Eau Claire, which is a very pretty city, situated on both sides of the Chippewa river. Chippewa Falls is a nice little city ten miles up the river from Eau Claire, and as it is the home of Mr. Hosmer's mother and sister (Mrs. Preston) I decided to visit the place before leaving that part of the country. It is a lovely ride on an electric railway, consuming 45 minutes' time. I found Mrs. Preston and her mother at home and had a splendid visit. Mrs. Preston was preparing to go to Stanley, about 25 miles distant, to visit her sister, Mrs. Dedrick, and, wishing to become

acquainted with all of Mr. Hosmer's people, I decided to accompany her, and I was very glad I did, for I enjoyed my visit with the Dedricks and am glad to note that there is a chance to have them locate in Silverton in the near future, where they will prove a valuable addition to our society. Master Earl is a bright young man who is bound to make his way nicely in the world.

Stanley is a frontier town and is growing rapidly. It is a good place to make money, but a poor place to live. I do not blame people for wanting to leave there when they have a chance of making a living somewhere else.

Returning to Chippewa Falls in the evening, I enjoyed a very pleasant visit with the Prestons and Mother Hosmer. Mrs. Hosmer expects soon to make her home in Silverton, and I am inclined to think that Mr. and Mrs. Preston will remove to that beautiful locality at the same time.

About 9 a. m. I again took the electric car for Eau Claire, where I waited a few minutes for a train for Madison. It was during this wait that I had the delightful experience of meeting with Mr. J. A. Warren, of Menomonie, Wis. I met him in the doorway of the depot and would have passed him by unnoticed had he not been adorned with a Wettstein Freethought badge-pin, which caused me to call a halt and ask an explanation. I had only a few minutes' conversation with him when the train pulled in and I had to say goodbye. I was delighted to meet him, and I wish all Freethinkers would wear the Wettstein badge, so as to have some way of recognizing each other when we meet as strangers.

At 6 o'clock I arrived in Madison, the capital of the state of Wisconsin. I was not long in finding Mr. Charles K. Tenney. I had had a great deal of correspondence with Mr. Tenney, but never had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I always admired his good sense and quick wit as portrayed in his writings, and I enjoy his company equally as well. We spent the evening at the home of Mr. Tenney's uncle, D. K. Tenney, whose name is familiar to most Freethinkers and whose experience in the Holy Land delights all who read his "Holy Smoke." Mr. Tenney is a lawyer of note and a Freethinker of decided views. I enjoyed myself immensely in his company and was delighted with his hospitality at his beautiful home on the hill overlooking a beautiful lake. Mrs. Tenney is a delightful lady, but does not exactly like her husband's radical views and severe criticisms on the religions of the day. Mr. Tenney has promised to write an occasional article for the Torch, which I am sure will delight our readers.

Charles K. and I took our leave at rather a late hour, after being royally entertained.

Saturday was a beautiful day, and Charles K. Tenney was kind enough to show me through the city. We went to the top of the capitol building, where I had a splendid view. Madison was chosen as the capital of Wisconsin before any city was built. The capitol building is located on an elevation overlooking the beautiful Lake Monona, to the southeast, and another lake equally as beautiful in the opposite direction. Four avenues extend from the capital, north, east, south and west. All other streets run "corner-wise." All of the streets and avenues have a row of trees on either side, and at this time of the year the city is one vast forest of green foliage. One mile from the capitol building on the west, at the terminus of one of the above-named avenues, the State University is located. In the afternoon Mr. Tenney took me in a buggy, and we drove out past the university buildings and into the country over a very pleasant drive-way constructed along the edge of the lake. The university buildings and grounds are very extensive and have cost the state hundreds of thousands of dollars. The latest addition is a very expensive building for the State Historical Society, where all the old relics of the state are to be stored to be admired by coming generations. The secretary of this society is Mr. Thwaites, and I had a nice visit with him. He is a Unitarian and quite liberal in his views, as well as being an excellent gentleman. During our drive we stopped at the home of Mr. Tenney's father, a gentleman 80 years of age, who is quite radical in his Freethought views. We enjoyed a short visit and then returned to the city. Mr. Tenney is greatly interested in the Liberal University and is at work formulating a charter for said institution in order that it may be perpetuated forever along the line it was started. He considers the Liberal University to be the grandest institution yet started, says there is a great need for it and considers the institution under the right management.

Saturday evening I went to visit my friend, Mr. Leitch, who is, indeed, a friend to the cause of freedom, which he shows by his unstinted generosity. I did not have long to visit with my friend, for I had to take the 3 o'clock train in the morning for Milwaukee. We retired rather early, and I awoke next morning just in time to catch the train. I did not disturb my sleeping friend, but wrote him from Milwaukee and told him "good bye."

Arriving in Milwaukee, I went to the home of Mr. Ben Maxfield, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Clara Bailey,

of Portland, Oregon, vice-president of the O. S. S. U. Mrs. Maxfield is visiting with her sister and is responsible for my visit with her husband at the home of his mother and sister in Milwaukee. I want to take this means of thanking her for throwing me into such delightful company in a city where all were strangers to me. I took dinner and supper at the Maxfield home and spent a very pleasant Sunday. Mr. Maxfield is an engineer on the railroad, and expects soon to be called into the northern country. He intends to visit Oregon in the fall and bring his wife home with him.

Sunday afternoon I visited the Soldiers' Home, where I met my old friend, A. C. Kenter, a radical Freethinker, who played an active part at the congress in Chicago in '96. The Soldiers' Home is a very pretty place, and over two thousand veterans are quartered there. There are, of course, many Freethinkers among them, but I only met two, Mr. Kenter and Mr. Bales. They have a splendid band at the Home, and I enjoyed the music in the park. Being the holy "Sabbath," I was not permitted to go through the buildings, but spent some time in my friend's room.

I attempted to catch the train for Chicago in the evening, but the infernal thing wouldn't wait for me and I had to wait until Monday. I was glad of it, too, for the Milwaukee Ethical Society had a meeting that evening, and I was glad of the opportunity of attending and listening to the lecture of Mr. Lewis J. Duncan, who is a very liberal-minded man, and from what I can learn, the Ethical Society is doing a vast amount of good. They have morning and evening meetings and a Sunday school every Sunday. I met several of the members and enjoyed the time spent in their midst.

I am now in the great city of Chicago, enjoying the hospitality of Brother Green, of the Freethought Magazine, and C. E. Reichwald, secretary of the American Secular Union.

The church has always opposed education. This is particularly true of the Catholic church, which has never favored education, except enough to make Catholics. A recent example of Catholic opposition to genuine education occurred in Peru. Catholicism is the state religion of that country, and the Catholics have finally succeeded in forcing the board of public instruction to close the high school at Callao on the pretext that its teaching is opposed to the Peruvian constitution. This school was founded by American and British capital and was the only school in which more time was given to scientific and historical studies than to religious absurdities.—[Freethought Magazine.]