

Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

Friday noon I packed my valise and started from East Orange, N. J., for a week's trip south. My first destination was Atlantic City, where I had longed to go and get a good view of the old Atlantic. An electric car took me to Newark, where I boarded an express train direct to Atlantic City. The ride was an uneventful one, but I had a splendid opportunity of seeing the little state of New Jersey. The northern part of the state is very beautiful at this season of the year, the soil is productive and the inhabitants are prosperous. The land is hilly, covered with beautiful trees, and the streams and parks are indeed lovely. The New Jersey shore of the Hudson reminds one of the Columbia in some places. The "Palisades" are columns of rock, forming a wall for many miles. The Palisades are now being destroyed by blasting, the stone being used for building and grading purposes. The state of New Jersey is too slow to put a stop to this work of tearing down Nature's scenery. Scenery is scarce enough in the East, and it is to be hoped that the next legislature will wake up and put a stop to this destruction, and save what little scenery New Jersey has.

Southern New Jersey is more level and sandy, and the flat country we passed over from Camden to the coast is quite swampy and unattractive. Atlantic City is located on an island, which extends from the Inlet on the south to Longport on the north, and is about nine miles in length, varying from one-half to two miles in width. Atlantic City is principally a summer resort, although some of the hotels are open all the year, and the permanent population is about 20,000. During July and August the population sometimes reaches over 200,000. The city is built in the sand, but most of the streets are very well improved and everything has the appearance of cleanliness. Along the beach for four miles a "board walk" is constructed at an elevation of about ten feet, and is said to have cost \$140,000. This walk is thronged with people all day long and well into the night. On the shore side, hotels, restaurants, shops, museums, side-shows, fortune-tellers, and all kinds of fakers are crowded thickly, while on the ocean side all is clear, save now and then a place roofed over where people may sit and enjoy the salt sea air. Wheel chairs are for rent, and invalids and tired and lazy people may ride at so much an hour if they like, and a negro is always on hand to make the thing go—for a little extra pay, of course.

Immense piers extend over half a mile into the ocean, and to go

out on one of these people have to pay ten cents each, for which they are permitted to stay as long as they choose and watch the old ocean, listen to the music, enjoy the vaudeville performances, and catch fish, or at least try to catch them. These piers, some of them made of steel, are immense institutions and splendid investments. There are different attractions on each one. They all contain immense music and dancing halls, cozy little rooms where one may go to read, write, talk or rest, and sheltered places where people sit in easy chairs and watch the bathers in the breakers, and the sailing boats and yachts at sea.

The scenery of the Atlantic coast is not to be compared with that of the Pacific for grandeur. The breakers do not roll as high and there are no high mountains and rocky cliffs extending out into the sea. It would be impossible to construct "board walks" and piers along the Pacific coast as they do on the Atlantic. At Atlantic City I saw several bathers swim out to sea beyond the breakers, and people ride around among the breakers in row boats. These would be impossible feats on the Pacific coast. I suppose the Pacific Ocean being much larger than the Atlantic accounts for the difference in roughness along the coast lines. I am informed that when once out at sea, the Atlantic is the rougher of the two.

There was one special attraction which called me to this famous resort. All the Torch readers are familiar with the writings, the works and the efforts made for our Secular cause by Mrs. M. M. Turner. It was in response to the invitation to be her guest that I went to Atlantic City. I arrived in the evening and found my friend waiting for me at the Cleaver House, which she makes her home when she visits this place each summer. I wish all of our readers could meet Mrs. Turner. I cannot call her an old lady. She is apparently as bright and active as ever in her life, and one can scarce believe that she is seventy years of age. She is more active in body than most women of fifty, and more active mentally than most women ever get to be. She is deeply interested in the Liberal University, and has contributed more money than any other woman, and more than most men. She not only contributes freely herself but advises others to do the same, and aids the cause with her pen. Mrs. Turner has a sister, Miss Randolph, who travels with her, and is a good companion and a bright woman, although she is in no way in sympathy with the religious opinions of Mrs. Turner. People do not necessarily have to be Secularists in order to be good and intelligent. Many are good and intelligent in spite of their re-

ligion. Miss Randolph is one of these.

I spent two days at this delightful place, and Mrs. Turner and I took in the sights. We saw the performances on the piers, saw "Adgie" go into the lion cage, saw the "net haul," where a whole wagon load of live fish of all descriptions were brought up wriggling and twisting and jumping. One night we went to see a genuine negro cake-walk, which is beyond description. We also saw a reproduction of the battle of Manila, which was about the worst bilk I saw at Atlantic City. I never had a finer time in my life, and was sorry when I had to leave. Sunday marked the day of my departure. We took in the sights on one of the piers, listened to the music and talked about Science and Secularism, and after noon it began to rain, and I never saw it rain harder, even in Oregon. About 3 o'clock, when the rain had subsided a little, I bade goodbye to my friends and started for the depot. The distance was short and my legs are long, but the rain caught me and came near giving me a good wetting; but I was soon inside a Pullman car, where I allowed the plush upholstery to absorb the rain from my well saturated clothing.

My next stop was in Philadelphia, where I arrived in time to attend the last meeting for the season of the Friendship Liberal League. A gentleman, who did not give his name, lectured on the immortality of the soul. He made a good argument from his point of view, and was ably replied to from the Materialist side. In return, the anonymous speaker complimented those who replied to him, and said he had nothing to say. I met several nice people, including the president, Mr. Wilbur, Mr. Turrell, and Mr. Hannon, all of whom are subscribers to the Torch of Reason, and interested Secularists. Friendship Liberal League is doing a great deal of good. Philadelphia Liberals have had a similar experience to what we had in Oregon, and have made a division. It is impossible for all classes of people to unite in a Liberal organization.

I spent two days in the Quaker city and had an enjoyable time. I put in my best licks seeing people and sights, and in those two days I accomplished a great deal for the Liberal University. I first called on Geo. Longford, secretary of the League, and he subscribed for the Torch, and gave me the names of several brethren who he said it would do me good to see. Messrs. Percival, Edelheim, Bentley and Tomlinson all subscribed for the Torch of Reason. I also sold some stock in the Liberal University, and consider the Philadelphia Liberals to be about the right sort. I was

never received more cordially by any people.

Philadelphia is a model city in some respects. The streets are mostly straight, and it is very easy to find the place you want. That accounts for me doing the entire city in two days. I went to see Girard College, the biggest Christian steal of the age. Preachers are supposed to stay out of the place, and several had told me that I would have to undergo an examination at the gate, so I left my "clergy permits," given me by the railroad companies, at the hotel. But there was no examination. I walked right in without interruption, and proceeded to the main building, the architecture of which is simply grand. The immense columns extend entirely around the building, and one feels almost lost in walking among them. The library is the finest piece of Greek architecture in the United States. One room is devoted to the ancient belongings of Stephen Girard. The carriage in which he rode and the bed on which he died are among the rest. A bust of Voltaire shows the religious views of the noble philanthropist, and still, just across the campus is a chapel, and in the school the Bible is taught as the highest authority or morals. Stephen Girard was undoubtedly the greatest philanthropist this country has ever known. Six hundred orphan boys are now being educated, clothed and fed at this institution. Large handsome stone buildings, at least twelve in number, are artistically distributed over an area of several acres, all enclosed by a high stone wall. The school is for orphan boys alone, who are taken into the school at from six to sixteen years of age, and kept, clothed and fed until they graduate from the high school course, or learn the different trades they may select. The boys come from Philadelphia and the state of Pennsylvania. There are always enough orphan boys from these localities to fill the school. In case of vacancies, the will provides that they be filled from New York City and New Orleans, but no vacancies have occurred that Pennsylvania cannot fill.

In the main hall of the first floor, just in front of the entrance, is the tomb of Mr. Girard, and a statue of this great man stands in front of the tomb. When this statue was placed there not long ago, all the graduates of the college were invited to contribute in small sums toward the splendid work of art. One man, who had been educated, clothed and fed when a boy by Stephen Girard's wealth, wrote to the board having the work in charge, stating that he could not conscientiously contribute to the statue because he did not agree with Girard's Infidelity! This is undoubtedly the meanest man in