

Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

Nearly all the time I was in Ohio the moon was full, but during the time I spent in Kansas the moon never got full once. Kansas is a prohibition state, while Ohio is not. Prohibition doesn't seem to have that effect on the people though, for I never saw so many drunken men in a short time as I saw while I was in Kansas. If prohibition does any prohibiting, as they say it does, the whole of Kansas must have been drunk before the law was passed. Topeka, the capital of the state, must have been one solid saloon at one time, for I am informed that it has thirty saloons now, all doing good business. I met one wholesale liquor dealer, who told me how they work it. He offered me a drink of beer or whisky but I declined with thanks as usual. I am sorry to see so much lawlessness in Kansas. The eastern part of the state is one of the most beautiful localities I have ever seen. The people seem to be prosperous, moral and intelligent. I was in hopes that I would see no drunkenness, but I am disappointed.

The Kansas people who travel on trains seem to all be acquainted with each other, and a man will occasionally get on the train and go the full length of the car shaking hands with nearly every passenger. The first man I saw do that, I supposed was crazy, and decided to shake hands with him when he got to me, but he knew by the way I combed my whiskers, or some other way, that I did not live in Kansas, and so he passed me by. The people all act like they haven't met since the saloons were abolished. Their meeting places seem to be on the railroad trains now.

Topeka has a number of Free-thinkers, three of whom I was pleased to meet, all of them subscribing for the Torch of Reason. They are Prof. H. Samuels, Mr. J. B. Billard, and Mr. Frank Raynor. I did not stay in Topeka but a few hours, so could not see many people. My last visit in Kansas was at Manhattan, where I had a very pleasant time with Dr. Duren J. H. Ward and wife, Dr. Thos. E. Will, and Prof. and Mrs. Metcalf. Drs. Ward and Will have been connected with the Agricultural College for some time, Dr. Will as president, and both have lost their positions on account of their religious and political opinions. Both are capable and intelligent men, and were well liked by the students, but they do not hold the same opinions on some questions that the governor of the state holds, so they are out of positions. Still some people claim that all state schools are Liberal, and that there is no need for a Liberal University! There is but one truly Liberal

school in the United States, and that is the Liberal University, of Silverton, Oregon. All others should be but they are not.

The above named professors of Manhattan entertained me royally while I was with them. I am inclined to think that they would have kept it up until yet if I had stayed there. I had heard of Dr. Ward through the New York Liberals, and he was surprised to learn that his "heathen" ideas should have made him such a reputation, and was at a loss to know what he had done that I should follow him clear to Kansas. I am glad I followed him, and I hope he isn't sorry.

Dr. Ward and wife and Prof. Metcalf and wife took me out for a drive in the evening. We passed through the park and on out to the college grounds, where the wicked Ward and Will used to teach too much sense to suit the orthodox in both religion and politics. Mrs. Metcalf is also on the retired list, and her husband is waiting his turn. I hope to see the day when the Liberal University will be able to secure the services of all these excellent people. Drs. Ward and Will are now taking a great interest in the College of Social Science, and they are desirous of co-operating with the Liberal University to our mutual benefit. We will hear more of this later. After returning from the drive I spent a very pleasant evening with my friends at the home of Dr. Ward, before taking the train for Denver. I was very sorry to leave, but don't know just how they felt about it.

After I got on the train I didn't know much until daylight, when we crossed from Kansas into Colorado. Occasionally, in the night, a Kansas man would get on the train, and wake a whole carload of people in eagerness to shake hands with his friends. They seem to never make a mistake, for not one of them grasped my hand. They knew I didn't belong to Kansas. I was glad Kansas don't belong to me, especially the western part, for it is a level, desolate-looking place, and reminds one of being at sea. Soon after crossing into Colorado, which looks just like Kansas for many miles, someone caused a stampede of the whole carload of people, by shouting "Land Ahoy!" We all seemed to be dreaming that we were at sea, for we ran pell-mell to the "nigh side" of the train, where we stuck our heads out through the windows into the cinders and sand. Away off on the western horizon was a big thing that the rising sun was painting red. I asked the head that was protruding from the car window nearest me, what that object was that the sun was taking such particular pains to shine on before it shone anywhere else, and a sweet voice replied, that it was Pike's

Peak. "Pike speaks awfully funny," I remarked, and the sweet voice said, "Yes, in this instance he swore." That was the last I knew until I reached Denver.

Denver is the city which is "east of the mountains and west of the sun." To the east, the level prairie stretches as far as the eye can see, while toward the west the Rocky Mountains tower high in the air. I staid in Denver but a few hours. I called on Mr. Wm. Palm, whose father and sister I met in Lawrence, Kansas. Mr. Palm is a very successful attorney in Denver, and a very bright and pleasant young man.

The evening train took me south a few miles to Colorado Springs, where I met the Duncan family. These people are as sincerely devoted to their religion as I am to mine. They are Methodists, but the greater part of their religion seems to be to do good, and I cannot object to that. The Duncans are fine people, and I never expect to receive better treatment than I received at their pleasant home. Mr. Duncan took me for a drive to Manitou, where we drank mineral water and investigated the cog-road up Pike's Peak. Manitou is situated at the foot of the peak, and is the terminus of the cog-road. Along the stream running down from the mountain, beautiful houses are nestled, some of them almost hidden from view by the dense growth of trees and shrubs.

Mr. Duncan and I returned through the Garden of the Gods, which contains the most wonderful formations of stone and lava I ever saw. These formations resemble different objects and all have names. It would take a whole issue of the Torch to do the subject justice. Mr. Duncan is an artist, and enjoys immensely such scenery as this. We returned to Colorado Springs over a high mesa, overlooking the city, and in the evening the view was lovely indeed.

The next day was Sunday, and Mr. Duncan and I decided to hold our morning worship in North Cheyenne Canyon, one of the wildest and most beautiful canyons I ever saw. Mountains of stone rise abruptly into the air, while in between them winds a little stream of sparkling water, dashing down over the rocks in numerous little waterfalls and rapids. The Rocky Mountains are mostly barren, but this stream is lined with pine trees, which afford shade for the hundreds of people who visit here each Sunday, bringing their dinners from the city. People who live that kind of a life ought to live forever. I don't suppose they will, but they ought to. Cheyenne Mountain is to me, more attractive than Pike's Peak. It is more ragged, and being nearer the plain it is more plainly visible to Colorado Springs.

Distances are very deceiving in Colorado. A story is told of two men who started out from Colorado Springs to climb Pike's Peak before breakfast. It is 14 miles to the top, but only looks to be two or three. These men walked until they were tired out and the mountain looked farther away than ever. One man went back after some horses, while the other walked on slowly. When the man with the horses overtook his companion, he found him by the side of a little creek, taking off his clothes. The man with the horses asked what he was doing, and the other replied that he was going to swim that river. "Why, nonsense!" replied the man on the horse; "You can step across that stream." "Not much," said the naked man, "you don't fool me on distances in Colorado any more. You don't catch me going into that river to get drowned."

Miss Duncan was not at home during my visit at the Springs, so I decided to call on her at Fountain, a few miles away, where she was visiting with friends. A local train stopped at Fountain in the evening and the western express passed at 1 o'clock in the morning. When I arrived on the evening train, the station agent informed me that he was about to lock up the depot, and I would not only have to look out for my own baggage but have to flag the night train. I had never met Miss Duncan, and I hated to go with my baggage to the place where she was visiting, but that was the only way. It also seemed unconventional to sit up until the "wee sma' hours" with a young lady the first evening, but that is what I did and the time of course passed quickly. Miss Duncan is a remarkably bright young lady, with good common sense on all questions we discussed. She will, undoubtedly, make her way in the world nicely.

When it was near train time I was provided with a lantern, and proceeded to the depot. I waited while the rain poured, but I had a shingle to stand under so I kept dry. Presently a whistle blew and a headlight appeared round a curve. I waved the lantern and the train stopped. The engineer asked me if I wanted to ship some cattle, and I told him it was only a lamb of God. He asked where it was, and I told him I was the only lamb out. He informed me that I had stopped a freight train, and that the passenger train would be along soon. The man was so enthusiastic in telling me that he swore a little. In half an hour more the passenger train came and I waved the lantern again. The train stopped and I climbed on to the "narrow contracted" thing, after having extinguished the lantern, which I left hanging on the door of the depot. The train was a narrow gauge, and my legs were too long for me to lay crosswise in the seats and sleep comfortably, but I fared pretty well until we reached Pueblo at daylight.