

## Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

In Colorado the women are allowed to vote, and I wish they were allowed to vote in all the states. Some of them may not desire to vote, but in that case they are not forced to go to the polls and cast their ballot. I know several men who do not care to vote, but that is no reason for keeping all of them from voting. The majority of women would enjoy their privilege of voting if it were granted them, and I have always claimed that if a woman wants to vote, no man has a right to say she shall not vote. The women have the same right to combine and deny men the privilege of voting that the men have to deny the right to women, but the women are not as selfish as men. When the laws allow equal rights to both sexes, there is an improvement in both society and politics. The men do not feel quite so important, and the women feel that they have been raised a few notches in the estimation of the men and even in their own estimation. I conversed with one young lady on the question of woman's suffrage, and she said she had never voted and did not care to exercise her right in that regard, as she was not informed on the political questions of the day, but still I could see that she talked more intelligently on the subject of politics than the average woman who has no legal right to vote, and in spite of herself I could see that she appreciates her rights, although she has refused to exercise them. The majority of the Colorado women vote, and I can't see that any bad laws have been enacted on that account. Women are holding positions of trust and honor, and I understand that they are a credit to the offices they hold, and give entire satisfaction.

The voters of Oregon are to decide next June whether or not the women of the state are to be entitled to the right of suffrage. I hope that when the men go to the polls on that June day in 1900 they will bear in mind that, while there are some women who do not care to vote, there are thousands in the state who are anxious to have the right extended to them, and then I hope the men will ask themselves what moral right they have to deny the women the same right they demand for themselves. Even if but one woman in the whole state of Oregon wants to vote, no man has the right—the moral right—to say she shall not vote. I know that woman's suffrage is a good thing in Colorado and Idaho, and it will have a like effect in other states.

The Liberal University possesses a farm in the beautiful San Luis valley, in southern Colorado, which was given to the cause by Mr. Griswold of Connecticut. Thinking

that it would be well for me to see the University's new possessions, I decided to take a trip to Mosca, a station on the narrow gauge railroad, four miles from the farm. The train was delayed several hours at Pueblo on account of a washout, and we did not arrive at Salida until noon, where I changed cars to go south. Passing over the great Poncha Pass, we could see for miles and miles a level stretch of land to the south of us with a range of mountains on either side. This is San Luis valley, and a prettier valley was never formed between mountains.

On the east rise the Sangre de Cristo mountains in a ragged range extending in a southerly direction to Sierra Blanca mountain, near the New Mexico line. On the west are the Cochetopa hills and the San Juan mountains, between which the Rio Grande river has its origin. In the south are several peaks, which, in connection with these other mountains, form the great basin known as the San Luis valley. This valley is 120 miles in length and averages 65 miles in width, and there is every evidence that at one time it was an inland sea, and the water has left it as level as a floor. In the center of this great valley is a half section of land, which is not unlike the rest of the 7,800 square miles of fertile soil around it, but it is of more importance, to me at least, because it belongs to the Liberal University, in the interest of which I have taken this long trip.

I arrived at Mosca in the afternoon and found that I had but three hours in which to investigate the farm and surrounding country and catch a train returning to Salida. I soon found Mr. W. H. Terry, who has the farm in charge, and he kindly drove me out to view the Liberal University's possessions. The farm is four miles west of the little town, and we were not long in reaching it. I found it well fenced and a neat, though not expensive, house and barn, with an artesian well spouting forth a good sized stream of water. A beautiful green patch of alfalfa surrounds the house and barn, and a few tons of hay are stacked in the corral. All the land can be cultivated, and, although this has been a dry season, the crop of grain looks very well and will yield many bushels, which find ready sale at the elevator in the town. The farm extends for a mile east and west and is half a mile in width. The Prairie Ditch, which carries sufficient water to irrigate all the farms in the neighborhood, flows the full length of the south line. Four shares of stock in the ditch belong with the farm and this affords plenty of water for irrigation. This is better than depending on God to send rain. The ditch is taken out of the Rio Grande river near Del Norte; and

water can be run across every foot of the land in the vicinity of the ditch. Artesian water is easily obtainable anywhere in the valley.

Now this farm of 320 acres belongs to the Liberal University and is valued at \$8,000. Mr. W. F. Jamieson, the Freethought lecturer, who used to own the place, claims that it will be worth twice that amount as soon as it is seeded to alfalfa, which would not be expensive. While there is a sufficient income on the land to pay good interest on \$5,000, although in the hands of a renter, still the University is more in need of the money than the land right now, and we desire to sell. Who will bid the highest? Remember, the money arising from the sale will go to benefit the Liberal University, and you can afford to take a deeper interest in the sale of the land on that account. Please help us sell this farm, if you can't buy it yourself, kind reader.

Mr. Terry and I drove back to Mosca over a different road, and passed some lovely homes and well kept farms on our way. In the town is a good hotel, some well stocked stores and two large grain elevators. One of these belongs to the farmers and is conducted in their interest. I climbed to the top of this elevator and had a splendid view of the valley and surrounding mountains just as the sun was sinking in the west.

The train left Mosca at 7 o'clock that evening, and I bade farewell to my friend Terry and started for Oregon. It was dark when I arrived at Salida, and the train for the West was a few hours late, so I had a lonesome wait. Shortly after midnight the express train came along, and I was glad to secure a good comfortable seat in a chair car.

In the morning we reached Leadville among the clouds, and a little later passed Glenwood Springs, a beautiful oasis in a desert of mountains, and then we sped away down the canon of the Grand river, where magnificent walls in various colors tower from the river to the sky. The only objection to this scenery is its absence of vegetation, which adds so beautifully to the artistic effect of cliffs and precipices along the old Columbia in Oregon.

Night had fallen before we had reached Salt Lake City, and I had to wait until morning to view the home of the Mormons. I owe much of my success in Salt Lake City to Dr. Leonard of Silverton, who, for several years, was a resident of the place and is quite favorably known to many of the people. From him I received some original and unique letters of introduction to several parties, at whose hands I received splendid treatment. Messrs. Clarke, Chapman and Rogers are among the number whom I met. Prof. Meakin, of whom I had heard

so much, was not at home, and I was sorry to be deprived of a visit with him. I found Mrs. Meakin at home, but only stopped to exchange a few words. I was greatly pleased to meet Mr. C. O. Hjermstad, brother of Dr. Hjermstad of Cincinnati. Both of these gentlemen are enthusiastic in the Liberal cause and are congenial company.

I couldn't leave Salt Lake City without a visit to the Mormon temple and the great tabernacle. Visitors are allowed to inspect the tabernacle, both inside and outside, but the temple is not for unrepentant sinners to see save from outside the fence. Salt Lake City has many attractions. It is situated at the base of towering mountains, and rapid mountain streams come rushing through the canons and are led into the city, where clear, cold, limpid waters sing a pleasant song as they sport and play along the sides of the streets, where they are conducted through the entire city. The streets are lined with beautiful trees, and the low and picturesque adobe houses harmonize in their cool, quiet tones with the extensive orchards of fruit and gardens of flowers.

Passing the ecclesiastical buildings, I climbed up on the "bench," which rises abruptly back of the city near the mountains. It was evening, and, as I turned to the west, the sun, low in the horizon, was shining on the great Salt Lake, which reflected back the rays of light in brilliant sparkles. I was at once taken with a desire to see this great inland salt sea, and immediately started for the depot, where for twenty-five cents I purchased the privilege of riding to Saltair and back again. Across the marsh we sped, and the odor reminded me of a visit to Chinatown when the cabbage has boiled dry. The terminus of the railroad is on a pier constructed on the Moorish plan, and is very artistic in design. This pier contains the largest pavilion in the world. I saw the white folks dance and the darkies walk for cakes, while the band played Georgia Campmeeting and the wind played havoc. I never experienced so much wind in so short a time. People stopped bathing down below, but some of us took a bath on the upper deck from the spray which was blown up by the wind. I had seen a cake walk on the water before, but I had never seen the wind and water make such a fuss about it. I would like to see Christ walk on that water.

It was late that night when I reached the city, and next morning found me on the road to Oregon. I only stopped when the train stopped, and lost no time in getting to Portland. The trip across the desert of Idaho was neither new nor attractive. The Columbia river scenery is always new and attrac-