

Travels.

BY PEARL W. GEER.

I was ushered into St. Louis in the midst of a snowstorm. I had just experienced some nice summer weather in Kansas and I was surprised to have winter start in again. It stopped after an hour or two in the morning and I ventured out through the streets of the city. I couldn't get much of an idea of St. Louis in that kind of weather and I didn't stay long enough for the clouds to roll away. I heard that they had just put a man in jail in St. Louis for thinking he was in hell, and I was afraid to make a thorough investigation of the place for fear I would arrive at the same conclusion and get juggled too.

There are many nice things about St. Louis and I find it to be a wide awake city. Some people call it slow and sleepy, but such people must certainly hail from Chicago and have never been in Philadelphia. St. Louis certainly has the appearance of an up-to-date American city and contains some wide awake people. I only met a few. I called for a few moments at the office of Dr. Hatton and had a pleasant chat. I didn't become very well acquainted with the doctor, but he is gentlemanly in appearance and joined the Torch of Reason family, so I have every reason to be favorably impressed with him. I next called on Mr. J. W. Caldwell, 103 S. 14th St., where a Liberal and progressive reading room and school are in operation. Most of the work is along the line of political reform. Mr. Caldwell is a very clever and bright appearing man and takes a lively interest in the Liberal University.

I found an uncle of mine in St. Louis whom I had not seen for twelve years, and he had grown to be so much shorter than I am that he hardly knew me. Uncle Wade used to belong to the Salvation Army, and dealt out hell-fire and brimstone mixed with salvation to the people for a short time, but he got an overdose of his own medicine and has turned Infidel again. He is a brother of Dr. A. A. Leonard, of the Liberal University faculty, and also a brother of my mother. We spent some hours together talking of various matters, and passed the evening with Mr. Nold who subscribed for the Torch of Reason and discussed with us certain questions of a social and religious nature. Mr. Nold is a radical and an interesting man to be with. I staid with my uncle that night, and the next morning he accompanied me to the depot and I bade farewell to St. Louis.

It snowed all morning and when I arrived at Homer, Ill., about noon, the snow was three inches deep on the level. It was not until

I reached Homer that I learned the sad news of the death of Dr. P. C. Mosier, for many years a resident of that place and an earnest worker in the cause of Secularism. I had hoped to see the doctor alive, but instead arrived in time to pay a last tribute to him before we laid him to rest in the little cemetery north east of the town. Mrs. Mosier bore her loss bravely and I was glad to be present and do all I could to console and comfort her. The obituary already published in the Torch gives an account of the life of Dr. Mosier and it is needless for me to repeat it, only to say that the Liberal University has lost one of its warmest friends and the world has lost a good man. Mrs. Mosier deeply mourns the loss of her companion and husband, but she is a brave and noble woman whom it always profits one to meet, and in her the world has a warm friend. Let us hope that her days will be many and her sorrows few.

Among the many other friends I met at Homer I was greatly pleased with the appearance of Miss Edna MacDonald, pastor of the Universalist church of Urbana, Ill. Miss MacDonald is a very bright young lady and will undoubtedly do a great deal of good in the world. She is a very liberal Universalist and that means a great deal. She is quite young and exceedingly bright and active. She has a good appearance before an audience and a splendid voice. Her liberality may be judged by the following: Instead of saying as many believers in immortality do, that materialists have nothing to live for and may as well commit suicide, she said that Materialists who believe that death ends all have a very important mission in life to fill, and that it is all the more important that they enjoy every moment and make every moment a jeweled one. She is certainly right. Why should Materialists suicide? They have everything to live for and nothing to die for. With the believers in immortality it is different for they have a great deal to die for. It would be more sensible for them to suicide than for us, but there is no need for either of us committing so rash an act, for we all have much to live for if we will only live right. Miss MacDonald will certainly make one of the world's bright lights.

I went to Danville from Homer with Mrs. L. W. Loutzenheizer and her grand-daughter who had been at the funeral. I met Mrs. Loutzenheizer at Chicago in 1896, and I shall never forget the enthusiasm she displayed at that meeting. She is never asleep when she ought to be awake, but I am afraid she is sometimes awake when she ought to be asleep for we didn't retire early. I spent one night with the little family and next morning I called on Judge D. D.

Evans, who I found to be a very interesting man and I was pleased to have him take such a lively interest in the L. U. O. I dined with him at his delightful home, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Evans, who is no less interesting than her husband. After a pleasant chat on different subjects the Judge and I went up town. We called on Mr. Jewell, the editor, where I was left for a short visit. I was surprised and pleased to find such a Liberal man as an editor and he is where he can do a great deal of good.

I had a pleasant visit with Mr. Blankenburg, who subscribed for the Torch, and then called at the judge's office, where I was given a list of names of Freethinkers to whom I will send our literature.

I ate supper with Mrs. Loutzenheizer, and although she had been busy cleaning house all day she was as jolly as ever and added to my list of names. We had a jolly visit and I could have spent several hours in such interesting company, but I took my valise and proceeded again to the Evans home where I had promised to spend the night. I found the judge and Mrs. Evans waiting for me and we were soon absorbed in interesting conversation which lasted well into the night, and I tried to give Mrs. Evans some lessons on the "don't worry" line. I don't know how I succeeded, but I know I enjoyed it myself and I don't think my advice will ever do Mrs. Evans any harm. She is a delightful lady and just the one for the judge. They have an ideal home and I was sorry to leave it next morning.

Danville is a lovely little city. The soil is sandy and most of the streets are paved with brick. The streets and sidewalks are clean and the people look clean too. Mr. Schlatter (Jesus Christ the second) was in Danville while I was there but I didn't go to see him. He is going to stay on earth awhile longer and then go to see his god for a short visit, then he will come and see us again. I hope he will see more of God than Moses saw. If he sees no more than that it won't pay him for the long trip.

My next stop was in Indianapolis, where I visited the greater part of three days with my cousin, Frank Bowers, the cartoonist. Frank is married now and we didn't have any circuses to see nor any Coney Islands to visit, like we did in New York last summer. Ex-president Harrison was walking along the street one day and I took a shot at him with my kodak. Aside from some other episodes that I will not mention now, that is about all the excitement that I had in Indianapolis. That isn't the fault of the city because it is capable of excitement. It wasn't because Frank is married, for his wife is as jolly as he.

I next visited at the home of

Mr. B. Lukens, in Anderson, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Lukens are excellent people and this is the third time I have had the pleasure of meeting them. They are members of the Torch of Reason family and are enthusiastic workers in the cause of Liberalism. I took supper at their comfortable and happy home and talked over old times and new times with them, and we also referred to the hard times. Mr. Lukens accompanied me up town and then we separated, I taking the Knickerbocker Special for Muncie.

It always rains when I am in Muncie. Still I always have a good time. Perl Youngman met me at the train and we painted the town red awhile that evening, but we only used water-colors. Next morning I called on Dr. Bowles and found him in his usual good humor, which he proved by taking stock in the Liberal University. Dr. Bowles is a valuable man to the Freethought cause in Muncie. He is active in the Muncie Ethical Society and is preparing a most excellent address which will be delivered soon. In the afternoon we called on Mr. Lee, who is a suburban merchant and an enthusiastic Liberal. Several people congregated around the store and we had quite a discussion on various topics. Mr. Lee joined the Torch family and we will have him as one of our stockholders soon. I met several other interesting people in Muncie, but it was too rainy to see many. Perl and I spent the evening at the theater and saw a splendid play. I retired soon afterwards and next morning early I was on my way to Ohio, famous for old maids and thunder-storms. What will become of me now?

For the Torch of Reason.

Science and Philosophy.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

A writer in the Torch not long ago referred to philosophy as a pseudo system. Science, he claimed is sufficient; there is no need of, no place for philosophy.

I have been accustomed to regard philosophy as the organization of the truths of all the Sciences into a coherent system. John Fiske presents the idea thus: "Common Knowledge expresses in a single formula a particular truth respecting a particular group of phenomena. Science expresses in a single formula a general truth respecting an entire order of philosophy. Philosophy expresses in a single formula a universal truth respecting the whole world of phenomena. Philosophy, therefore, remains as of old, the study of the Cosmos—save that it is the study of phenomena, not of noumena; of evolution, not of creation; of laws, not of purposes; of the How, not the Why?"