

## Travels.

BY PEARL W. GEER.

It seems nice to get away from snow and ice in the month of May, but it isn't so nice to go from cold, witty weather into the heat of summer. That is what I did in going from Buffalo to New York City and on to Washington. They don't have any spring weather in the East, anyway. It jumps from All Fools' Day to Fourth of July without a moment's warning.

I traveled from Buffalo to Jersey City by the Erie daylight train, and the weather was just right for a pleasant trip. The sun shone brightly and the atmosphere was clear and cool. The trees were just starting to grow when I left Buffalo, but when we arrived at Binghamton the trees and flowers were in full bloom. Binghamton is where Mr. Jones ("Jones, he pays the freight") lives, but I did not see the gentleman. Binghamton needn't feel so big, though, for in Portland, Oregon, we've got a "Jones, he pays the postage" (on Liberal books).

It was 7 o'clock p. m. when I arrived at the back of the Hudson, in Jersey City, and looked across the water at the great city of New York. I didn't venture across that evening, but took an electric car for East Orange and the home of Homer Davenport, my cartoonist cousin. Homer was at home with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, in whom are combined intelligence and beauty.

Everything about the Davenport home seems to be nearly the same as last year, with the exception of the addition of several more varieties of pheasants, three more fine horses and a couple of bulldogs. The varieties of pheasants now number 27, the largest collection in the world, and what a sight to behold! Neither pictures nor words can describe the gorgeous beauty of the plumage of these birds. But I miss Swin, the monkey, who used to sit on my shoulder and keep off the New Jersey mosquitoes while I read. But perhaps I can get along without him, since Brin, the new bulldog, is so ugly that he scares the "skeeters" away, and not one has put in his appearance so far this season.

Homer is a friend and great admirer of the late Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and I was pleased to see his hall adorned with a large portrait of this great and good man.

About the first man I met in New York was Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., one of the warmest friends the Liberal University has, and we spent some time discussing the ways and means of doing Liberal work to the best advantage. Then I thought it best to call and see Dr. Foote, Sr., at his home at Larchmont. I missed seeing him

last year and I resolved not to let "history repeat itself" in this case. Larchmont is about the prettiest suburb to New York City that I have seen. Situated on low hills, nestled in among the trees, the houses, a mass of them, took out over the Long Island Sound, a beautiful body of water with the island in the distance. Dr. Foote's house is one of the most beautifully situated. Between him and the beach stretches a narrow park, and the water showing through the trees makes a very pretty effect.

I found the doctor seated on his front porch, which is encased in glass, and I was invited to enter this glass house. The doctor was not in the best of health, but he is a delightful conversationalist and we went for a pleasant drive along the park and among the residences. I only had an hour and a half to stay, much to my regret, and the doctor really seemed disappointed too, for he is so hospitable that he makes one feel at home. I have hopes of making a longer visit before I again turn Westward. The doctor is one of the stock-holders in the L. U. O. and is sincerely interested in its welfare.

I attended a meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, where I heard all kinds of views presented on the Limitation of Wealth. I knew mine has always limited and I was pleased to know that I hadn't gone beyond the limit placed by the speaker of the evening—ten million dollars. I met lots of people at the Club, Miss Schachtel, Mr. Nichols, the president, Mr. Terwilliger, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Furbish, Mr. Walker, Cyrus W. Coolidge, and a host of others. I was called on to give an account of the L. U. O., and let the people know what their own dear Thaddeus B. Wakeman is doing to pass away the time. What I said was heartily applauded, and I think every person in the house told me something to tell Brother Wakeman. I don't recall a single message now, but I know many messages were given to me. Mr. Furbish now occupies the chair in the south-west corner of the hall, where Mr. Wakeman used to pretend to snooze while he was absorbing the argument of the speaker. Mr. Furbish doesn't snooze quite as peacefully as Mr. Wakeman did, for he often gives vent to an expression of disgust as the wheel in the speaker's head slips a cog. But during the discussion he warms up and pounds the air with his fist.

I made a short visit at the law office of Elbert Wakeman (son of T. B.), where I also met Mr. Barrick. These gentlemen are both highly elated to learn of the success of the Liberal University, and made some good suggestions as to the plan to pursue to raise more finances.

Then I went to Washington, where our laws are made, unmade

and declared unconstitutional. Congress was in session, and I went with Dr. Croffut to see how these things are done. We went into the Senate chamber, and I was surprised to look down into an arena of empty seats. Several members were present, but many more were conspicuous by their absence. The Republican side of the house was almost entirely deserted, but on the Democratic side, several bald heads and some splendid crops of whiskers could be seen without the aid of opera glasses. Near the center of this group stood a tall, well-dressed man, "surrounded by his whiskers". He was reading from a manuscript of many pages, and we soon learned that he was Senator Clark, of Montana, who was about to be kicked out of the senate because he paid too much for his seat. All the other senators got in much cheaper, and they seem to object to Mr. Clark, feeling, perhaps, that he is setting a bad example in paying such a high price for legislatures, which ought to be bought cheaper. I couldn't hear much that Mr. Clark said, for he had an accent like a Methodist preacher. Dr. Croffut said he would discharge him from a senate of his on that account. I don't know what Clarke's argument was, but should think it would be something like this:

"You senators here think I paid a high price for me seat because when most of you came here times were hard and everything was cheap. Now during the reign of prosperity everything has advanced in price—even legislators—and we have to act accordingly. You fellows will find this out when you try for re-election. Then again, everything in Montana is higher priced than in the East, and you can't buy a legislature for a mere pittance, and if you limit the rest of them as you have me, you are liable to not have any more senators from Montana, unless they get a lot of cheap guys in as legislators out there. Besides, I paid my own money, and you fellows shouldn't kick, especially since I didn't know there was a stipulated price above which one is not allowed to go."

But they kicked, and Mr. Clarke knew that he was to be kicked out that day, so he resigned while the governor of Montana was away and the lieutenant-governor had power to appoint a man to fill his place. Of course he appointed Clarke to succeed himself, much to the disgust of the governor, who was one of Clarke's enemies. So the fight goes on.

Dr. Croffut and I then visited the House, in the opposite end of the capitol. There were not many members present there. A man was talking against the Army Re-organization bill, and he warmed up considerably.

After Dr. Croffut left me I wandered back into the Senate cham-

ber, where I busied myself for half an hour by picking out the different senators by Davenport's cartoons. Mark Hanna was the first one I recognized. He had just come in to see Clarke make his exit. He didn't have on that suit of clothes Davenport always attires him in, but I recognized him just the same. Near him sat a man whom I at once recognized as Senator Platt, and near the center aisle sat Spooner, of Wisconsin. Next to the rear, on the Democratic side, sat Senator Stewart, with his grey beard. Davenport's cartoons may not look like the people they represent, but I notice that one can recognize the victims more readily by them than by the ordinary pictures in the magazines and newspapers.

Sunday afternoon I attended a meeting of the Washington Secular League. The address was delivered by Mr. Chas. L. Snyder, on "The Inerrancy of the Bible". Well, of course he showed that it is not without error, and he showed us so many errors that we were about of the opinion that the old book is almost without truth. His points were very pointed, and he succeeded in puncturing the arguments of the preachers in the vicinity of Vienna, Va., his home. After the lecture, General Birney, the president, told the audience that he had grown to admire the Liberal University and its promoters, and that the success of that undertaking is uppermost in his mind. Then he called on me to say a few words in the audience in explanation of our work. Of course I responded gladly, and after I had talked fifteen minutes, and started to sit down, they began to ask me questions which kept me busy for another fifteen minutes. And such enthusiasm! I didn't know that our work is so popular. Several persons came up and subscribed for the Torch.

Mrs. M. M. Turner was there. Most of our readers are familiar with that name and the noble acts of its owner. What she has done and is always doing for the Liberal University she is proud of, for to her there is nothing so precious as Science, and to see it taught without fear is a pleasure to her. I spent several hours very pleasantly in the company of Mrs. Turner, but had to bid goodbye too soon when she departed for Atlantic City. Without the help of Mrs. Turner the L. U. O. would not succeed so well.

General Birney is another one of our financial friends in Washington, whose help has been valuable. I spent several pleasant hours in his office, where we acquainted each other with our views on various subjects.

Dr. Croffut is one of the stock-holders in the L. U. O., and he is indeed a hustler. He knows more about Washington than most any one else and took great pride in acting as my guide. He is just now writing a history of Evolutionary times, a few pages of which he read me, and I must say I enjoyed it more than any little bit of history I have read for some time. Dr. and Mrs. Croffut will not go to Europe this year.