

## Travels.

BY PEARL W. GEER.

Country life in Ohio, or at least in Madison County, is about the most delightful I ever experienced. It is distinctly "country." It is not like the so-called country life in the suburbs of large cities, where people do business in the city and live in the country, or live on their large incomes with more luxury than can be had in a city. Country life adulterated with city ways is better than city life adulterated with what is supposed by some to be country life.

What I have reference to when I mention country life in Ohio is farm life—life among those who live on and get their livings from the farm. In the first place, the topography of Central Ohio is beautiful and the rich soil, luxuriant vegetation and cool, shady forests are conducive to prosperity and contentment. The pike roads are traveled with equal comfort and ease, either summer or winter, in carriages, on bicycles or in sleighs. Then electric lines are built and being built all over the country, and the neighbors are now able to communicate with each other by means of telephone. And there is such a neighborly feeling among the people of this particular vicinity. They all seem to love each other, and they have their ladies' clubs, euchre clubs, etc., where they meet together often.

The "Up-and-Down Euchre Club" is what I will refer to more particularly just now. It consists of thirty members, who had just closed a very interesting tournament. It is understood that the losing side, the "Downs," are to give a banquet to the "Ups" at the close of the contest, and I shall still more particularly deal with one of these banquets which I had the pleasure of attending, on the invitation of one of my cousins who belongs to the club.

We reached the home of Mr. Burnham, where the banquet was held, and we were ushered into a spacious house especially adapted to that kind of affairs. There were more than sixty there and I never saw a jollier crowd. They were nearly all dressed in bright yellow with gorgeous jewelry, and the ladies wore long trains while the gentlemen wore yellow regalia. Yellow is the club color. Well, we were just in time for the banquet, and were seated at tables built for four, and awaited our fate. The first course, according to the menu, on a large heart, diamond, club or spade, was "yellow jackets," and we were afraid we would have "bees in our bonnets," but were happily surprised when the beautiful waitress brought us oranges! Five courses were served and all fantastically named. "A kind of

fish" was jelly; and the last course, "Nectar of the Gods" was water.

There was more regard paid to having a good, jolly, though refined, time than there was to piety, and after the supper we played cards and danced; and you should have seen the long-trained ladies with their regaliaed husbands dance the cake walk! They say that these affairs are not unusual in that section and I am sorry that my presence there has to be so unusual.

I had Mr. Van Ness' horse and buggy, which he gave me the use of for the afternoon and evening if I would take the young lady school-marm to Mechanicsburg. I think he knew the task imposed was a pleasant one and I am surprised that he didn't perform it himself, but he is a generous "cuss," for which I am very thankful. But he said he would sit up until my return to help take care of the horse, so I hastened away from the party, which he didn't know I was attending, and it was with great sorrow that I approached the Van Ness home, for I saw a light shining through the window and I was sorry to keep my good friend up so late. Still I was informed by a number of people that Mr. Van Ness was young himself once. I drove into the yard and no man appeared. I went to the barn and put away the horse and there was no one to even show me the proper stall, but the horse knew; and when I proceeded to the house there was no one to show me my bed, but Geer knew where to go, and the "light in the window for me" I extinguished. All this was not known to the Van Ness family until next morning, and I am glad of it for I would not desire to disturb them in the "wee sma' hours." Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness made my stay pleasant, of course, and we visited, talked, played "Crokinole" and argued religion with the school-marm. I knew Mr. Van Ness was a good man with good sense, but I didn't know that he is so deeply interested in the Liberal University. What he said to me gave me new courage and I am led to believe that he is as deeply interested in the L. U. O. as I am myself. That is putting it pretty strong, but not exaggerating.

Mr. George Van Ness and his daughter came out from Mechanicsburg to spend Sunday, and we had "a right jolly time," as Liberals usually do when thrown together in that way. Miss Nellie was not there and her absence was a cause for regret. Our minds and conversation went away out to Los Angeles, where the young lady is conducting a school of elocution. As may be expected of one so active, she is doing nicely.

My visit at the Van Ness home was brought to an abrupt close when my grandmother's brother, Mr.

James Willard, came and claimed me. We loaded my valises into the buggy, said goodbye, and soon Uncle and I were driving over the pike. We reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dickason (cousins), where I "changed cars" and Mr. Dickason and I were soon in London, where we listened to a Universalist sermon. It was masterly in composition and ably rendered, but too Liberal to be orthodox and yet a trifle too orthodox to be Liberal enough for me, although it contained truth and information which I and all the world need.

My Uncle James is a dear old gentleman and time passes pleasantly while in his company. He has religion—the Religion of Humanity—and I don't believe he ever knowingly committed a wrong in his life. His common sense if not his experience teaches him that all wrong has its punishment and never a reward of pleasure. Would that all the world understood it as well. The children and grandchildren of this noble man have his religion and his morals and I am proud to call them cousins.

Uncle James drove me over the country and to London, where I boarded the train for Cleveland. I reached the "Forest City" at noon and then set out to find my friend Chas. Elton Blanchard. He had moved, which was hard on my soles for I tramped, and tramped, and tramped until I finally found his place of abode and awaited his return. Mrs. Blanchard came first and I was pleased to learn that my friend has such a splendid woman for his wife. It is an evidence of his good judgment.

When Mr. Blanchard returned we immediately called the meeting to order and proceeded to discuss all sorts of questions. It was evident that an early adjournment was not probable so it was settled that I must remain for the night, which arrangement suited me exactly. Mr. Blanchard is educating himself in the medical profession and in another year will be a full-fledged M. D. Then he is coming to Silverton and will give the Liberal University the advantage of some of his knowledge by giving a course of lectures.

Next morning, Mr. Blanchard and I went for a bike ride through the parks and over the speedways of the eastern part of this beautiful Ohio city by the lake. We visited Garfield's monument and then passed on through the city of the dead. I never saw such a cemetery for angels. They all seem to be materialized and, in fact, petrified, and I turned my kodak loose on a group of them mourning over a mound of earth. It is a good scheme to have marble angels weep over you if your friends won't.

Mr. Rockefeller lives in Cleveland and he evidently expects to die there, for he is having a very

expensive mansion built in which to dwell after death. Many poor suckers who buy his oil would like to have such a home to live in. Mr. Rockefeller is charitable to the worms, he believes in their being fed. ~~The~~ ~~arrangement~~ ~~to~~ ~~build~~ ~~a~~ ~~crematory~~ ~~in~~ ~~Cleveland~~, but Mr. Rockefeller's moral(?) sense couldn't stand the shock of such a thing and so I am informed that he used his influence and money to defeat it.

I intended to go by boat from Cleveland to Buffalo, but the train best suited my requirements so I went by land. I reached Buffalo somewhat disabled and was glad to be taken into custody by the Drs. Wetmore, at whose comfortable home I spent a few days, pleasantly indeed, in spite of a sore throat and consumptive cough. Mild remedies were administered, and after one little escapade with the doctor to the theater in the afternoon, Mrs. Wetmore took me in charge and didn't allow my lanky form to move out of doors until I decided that I was well enough to travel and we all thought a change of climate would do me good, which it did. Lake Erie was full of ice and some of the time the air was full of snow. What a difference here in Washington City, where I am so hot I am slowly melting.

We didn't have any rides on bicycles or in automobiles in Buffalo, and didn't see the parks, the monkeys and the peacocks, but the doctor has many playthings with which he amused me during my stay, and Mrs. Wetmore's bright conversation and cheerful disposition always makes one happy. The doctor has a telescope through which we looked at the moon and studied civilization on Venus; and then he has a phonograph with which he has bottled up some of his own eloquence and some of his friends', and he dealt it out to me in allopathic doses, which were none too large to be appreciated. Then we developed some films and printed some pictures and did other things too numerous to mention.

Next year the Pan-American Exposition meets in Buffalo and I have an invitation to spend a week at the Wetmore home. What a generous offer and what a pleasure it will be to accept it. If my throat only behaves itself and other matters permit I will be there.

If it is our duty to forgive our enemies, ought not God to forgive his? Is it possible that God will hate his enemies when he tells us we must love ours? The enemies of God can not injure him, but ours can injure us. If it is the duty of the injured to forgive, why should the uninjured insist upon having revenge? Why should a being who destroys nations with pestilence and famine expect that his children will be loving and forgiving?—[Ingersoll.]