

factions and fossilized ferns and vegetation, and I was pleased to have her show me through these departments. And I took lunch with these two excellent people. It was just like camping, and of course I enjoyed the rustic meal in the office with the Torch of Reason for a table-cloth. Prof. Ward says he is glad the Torch is valuable in so many ways.

Dr. Fell and his wife, who are members of the Torch family, made me welcome at their home, where we talked over the Liberal work for an hour or so. They are very entertaining people, and I am sorry I could not be with them longer. They take a lively interest in our work. I called for a few moments at the home of Mr. Blount, in Georgetown, and received his renewal for the Torch of Reason.

Miss Minnie McClaine, of Silverton, was in Washington, and of course we had to paint the town red, but we did it mildly, using only water colors. Minnie was attending a young ladies' seminary, and she informed me that she did not dare to be alone with even me without a chaperon. That seemed ridiculous to both of us, for from childhood, while we never had any special reasons to want to be alone together, it was never denied us, so we were independent. But we took the matter philosophically, and I am glad we did, for we had a jolly time. If all chaperons were like Mrs. Fitch I would never object to having them along.

We went to see the wonders of Virginia. Minnie, Miss Schooler of Iowa, Mrs. Fitch and I composed the party. We started from Capitol Hill, and a few moments' ride brought us to the aqueduct bridge across the Potomac at Georgetown. We walked over the bridge and waited twenty minutes in the hot station for a car up through the bushes to Fort Myers. The day was perfect and the shrubbery along the road was in bloom. We didn't tarry long at the fort, but turned eastward into the gate at Arlington Cemetery. This was General Lee's home, and is indeed a beautiful place. Although it is now a "city of the dead", the surroundings are such as to do away with the graveyard feeling, and one might sleep comfortably even while surrounded by tombstones. But no, the guards won't let you do that. You must keep awake, and obey other rules. This tract of land belongs to Uncle Samuel, and of course we all have an interest in it; but when we visit there we must occupy the smallest space possible. You may stand or sit, but you must not lie down. We were all seated on the lawn in front of the house, looking down past Sheridan's monument and over the valley of the Potomac to Washington. I was a little weary, and stretched out a little more than six feet on the grass to look up

through the tree tops into the blue sky. Presently I was awakened by a voice walking in the garden in the heat of the day. It said, "Beg pardon". I rolled over in the direction from whence it came, and found that it belonged to a guard, who said, "Get up; you are occupying more ground than belongs to you." I tried to gather my wits together in time to say that I represented the Liberal University and was occupying enough ground for the whole faculty, but he walked on and I sat up. I afterwards learned that proxies were not allowed anyway, and I was afraid to lie down again for fear they would take me for a "dead soldier" and bury me.

We got a few pictures of the old well, and some other views of ourselves in connection with the buildings, and then went down the hill to the station, where we took a trolley for Mt. Vernon. We had to wait half an hour in a little junction, surrounded by negroes and hot weather, which never harmonize. Then we passed on through the sleepy town of Alexandria, where I would neither care to live nor be caught dead, so we passed on through and soon arrived at the back door of the Washington mansion. Before entering the backyard gate we gave Minnie a birthday party at a wayside inn, and Minnie paid the bill. Then we went on into the yard, through the beautiful gardens and under the trees, where they were selling Washington's hatchets and all kinds of trinkets. We went into the house and investigated all the rooms and the contents thereof by looking over the railings in the doorways. We saw the dining-room, which would satisfy the appetite of a Weary Willie. The library was nicely furnished, but contained neither Sapho nor David Harum. We saw the room in which Washington died, and then went to see his tomb under the hill.

After we had taken a few pictures and listened to the toot-toot of its whistle, we walked down the gang-plank and boarded the steamer for the city. The trip up the Old Potomac in the early evening was very pleasant, and the scenery on either bank of the river was beautiful in its greenishness. We reached Washington at twilight, and the girls returned to the school. Mrs. Fitch went to her home and I wandered through the parks in the neighborhood of the capitol trying to console myself in my loneliness, and wondering if the rest of the party had as nice a trip as I had.

There are other things to be seen in Washington, and I saw most of them, but I described them to the Torch readers last year, and although the family has grown, I will not burden them with my tame descriptions of such wonderful points of interest. Torch readers in general might stand it, but the Washingtonians might mob me.

Next thing I knew after leaving Washington, I was in "Slowtown", commonly called Philadelphia, and the rain was coming down in torrents. I began to think the place wasn't so slow, after all. It was slow to stop raining, however, and kept it up all next day. I managed to see Mr. Longford, secretary of Friendship Liberal League, and had a visit with him and his good wife and three daughters at their home. Mr. Longford is always found ready to prove his interest in the Liberal cause. I saw Mr. Wilbur, the president, Mr. Percival, Mr. Hannan, Mr. Bentley and a host of others, which made me know that Philadelphia is very much alive to Liberalism. My "finish" in Philadelphia was very pleasing to me. Friendship Liberal League didn't have any speaker, and the subject, according to the bulletin board, was to be The Higher Criticism, but when they asked me to fill the pulpit I changed the subject to one concerning the Liberal University, Oregon. I talked for 45 minutes, and told the audience, which, by the way, is the largest and most intelligent I had seen on the trip, what we are doing in Silverton, and why we are doing it, and how badly we want them to help us do it. I told them that the only thing that stands between the L. U. O. and great success is the want of ten thousand dollars this year, and want the people to put the dollars in place of the want and watch the result. I read the provision in the Articles of Incorporation which excludes theology, supernaturalism, etc. One woman and one man replied to me. The woman had a stereotyped reply to Higher Criticism, but the man struck from the shoulder, and said that the Liberal University is less Liberal than the State and even sectarian schools. Then he let slip a little information about a certain school of this class not permitting a discussion of Martin Luther. In answer to him I tried to show his befuddled mind that that is where the so-called Liberal schools are illiberal, while ours is strictly Liberal, and that we will not only allow a free investigation of Martin Luther, but will include John Calvin, Jesus Christ and God himself in the list and we will study all sides of each and every one of these gentlemen(?). Mr. Hannan, Mr. Longford and others helped my side by good, strong arguments, and it seems to me that the evidence called for a verdict in favor of the L. U. O., and it got it, for there was great rejoicing and handshaking after the meeting. For an enthusiastic audience and a good time, you can't beat Philadelphia. President Wilbur deserves great credit for his work in behalf of the Club. The meetings will be held all summer.

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