

Travels.

BY PEARL W. GEER.

I left Lowell, Mass., in the evening for a delightful ride over the Fitchburg railroad, but night soon came on and it was no darker in the great Hoosac Tunnel than it was outside, so I couldn't detect the difference except by the sound. Early in the morning I was in Buffalo again and I soon found my way to the home of Dr. Englehart, where we had a few moments' chat on matters of interest to us both. Before I moved on, the doctor had subscribed for the Torch of Reason and gave me a few words of encouragement regarding the Liberal University.

Of course I visited at the Wetmore home again. I couldn't think of going to Buffalo without seeing the doctors. Dr. S. W. was just recovering from sickness so he couldn't escort me about on a bike to see the peacocks in the zoo. I had to go alone, which I did with a borrowed wheel, and visited the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, where Buffalo is going to invite the whole world to come and visit her next year.

Mrs. Dr. Wetmore was busy with her patients as usual and didn't even stop to celebrate her birthday, which comes regularly every June.

In the evening I went to the theater to hear a lady and her twin daughters whistle, and then I took the midnight train for Detroit, Mich. I didn't know when the customs officials came round, but next morning I saw their tracks on my valises, which entitled me to pass through Canada without having my baggage examined.

Detroit is a beautiful city, but I didn't stay long enough to entitle me to describe it. I moved on in a northerly direction to Watrousville, Mich., where I visited for one day with Mr. and Mrs. Burtis, two of the best friends the Liberal University has. They know the world needs Freethought, and they know that Freethought and the world needs the Liberal University. So they are devoting much of their time and their best efforts to this work. They have both supported us financially and purpose to do so in the future. When we organized the stock company last year, they subscribed liberally for stock, and this year Mr. Burtis gave me a draft for one hundred dollars to help along the work. Mrs. Burtis made a donation, to be acknowledged after July 20th.

The Burtis home is indeed a pleasant one, situated between the station and village of Watrousville on a hill overlooking both. One can see for many miles in every direction out over the hills and valleys of Northern Michigan. Vast fortunes have been made in the lumber woods of Michigan, but the

Cass river valley, which was once a forest, is now a prairie, and the industry of the country has changed from lumbering to agriculture.

Mr. Burtis took me for a stroll through the village, where we met some interesting people and had some pleasant chats. In days gone by, when Watrousville was a flourishing little city, Mr. Burtis was a merchant, but now he spends his time at his comfortable home with his good wife, where love reigns supreme. Mr. Stevens, who rents a part of the Burtis farm, subscribed for the Torch of Reason, and showed by his conversation that he is well informed in Freethought matters and is an earnest investigator.

I left Watrousville about noon and journeyed to Saginaw, where I had to wait a few hours for a train to Grand Rapids. I reached the latter place at 10 o'clock at night and next morning went in search of Mr. D. A. Blodgett, whom I finally found at his office. Mr. Blodgett is well known to Freethinkers generally by the interest he takes in the cause, but to know him personally is a privilege that few of us have. Mr. Blodgett is quite active for one of his age, and he has successfully conducted a large business for a number of years. I enjoyed a very pleasant chat at the office, then we went to his beautiful home, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blodgett, the two children and Mr. Blodgett's sister. Mrs. Blodgett is a Christian, but that doesn't matter. She is a lovely lady, and could scarcely be a more loving wife or affectionate mother if she were a Liberal. What a pity that all Christian wives cannot be as sympathetic, kind and loving to Liberal husbands! I cannot imagine a happier home than Mr. Blodgett's.

After luncheon, Mr. Blodgett took me for a drive through the residence portion of the city. We experienced some thunder showers, after which the sun came out bright and made the trees and grass sparkle. Grand Rapids is a lovely city and thoroughly full of business. It is a great center for furniture factories. My friend accompanied me to the depot and on board the train, where we chatted until the gong sounded for the train to start, and I bade farewell to Brother Blodgett and the neat little city of Grand Rapids.

I journeyed to Chicago via Holland and the lake. The wind was rather brisk, the water rough and the boat small, but we got through all right and reached Chicago at sunrise Saturday morning. When one of the great lakes takes a notion, it can be about as rough as I ever knew a body of water to be. When I retired for the night, and my head was lower than my feet part of the time, I thought I would

experience the delightful sensation of seasickness before morning, but sleep soon came and I didn't care which end was up.

Chicago was somewhat warmer than it was in March, and the change suited me. The Green family at the home of the Freethought Magazine, are early risers, which I found by calling at 7 o'clock in the morning. For an hour and a half I enjoyed a visit and my mail. The latter informed me that I must leave Chicago that evening, so I had no time to lose. As a rule I get stuck in Chicago, and it takes me a week or so to get loose, but this time I arrived and left the same day.

Mr. H. L. Green looks younger than he did a year ago. It is not second childhood, but renewed youthful energy, which his friends all over the country will be pleased to learn has come upon him. His Freethought Magazine is a credit to the Liberal cause and ought to be taken by every Liberal in the land. Mr. Green, Jr., spends most of his time in the office, where he keeps the business affairs of the magazine in a neat shape. Those who have had dealings with Mr. Green know that he is an accurate accountant. Mrs. Green's health is not good, but she has greatly improved from her condition last winter. We had time only to exchange a few words of greeting, and then I was on the go again.

Mr. Dahlstrom, one of our stockholders, is still dealing in Liberal books at 43 Van Buren street, where I can always spend a few happy moments. Mr. Dahlstrom is very deeply interested in the Chicago Liberal Society, and informed me that they are doing good work. Mr. Geo. B. Wheeler called while I was with Mr. D., and I went with him to collect the mail on his route. Mr. Wheeler is one of the most enthusiastic Liberals I ever met. If he only stays with it, as he promised me he would, he will convert thousands of people to common sense by the time he is fifty years of age. He works for a purpose and accomplishes the end in view.

Mr. W. H. Maple, author of "No Beginning," is another of Chicago's enthusiastic Liberals whom it is a pleasure to meet, and I was sorry not to be able to accept his kind invitation to spend a few days at his home. The next time I visit Chicago I will remember the invitation. This time I had to content myself with a few moments' visit.

Reichwald Brothers were in their office on South Water Street, where I spent an hour or so visiting and discussing. The affairs of the American Secular Union are not very rushing at this season of the year, but things will soon be on the move towards the Annual Congress, which will be held in Cincinnati next November. It is hoped that

arrangements can be made to have Prof. Wakeman present as a Western delegate. The Western Liberals ought to take hold of this matter and see that Prof. Wakeman goes as our representative.

I made a quick jump from Chicago to Silvertown. I left Chicago Saturday evening at 6:30 o'clock and arrived at Silvertown Tuesday evening at 6:15 o'clock, just fifteen minutes less than three days. It took my father six months to make the same trip in 1847.

Well, here I am at last. I have been gone four months, and I am glad to get back. When I left, school was running and now we are having a vacation. There are several changes about the University building which will make it more convenient for next year's work, but we hope to have it still further completed by the time school starts. It will take a force of men thirty days to complete the building we have started. This cannot be done without the money to pay the laborers, and we hope our Donation Day, July 20th, will bring in the necessary amount.

I met many people on this trip, who, after listening to my explanation of the work of the Liberal University, expressed a great desire to see it succeed, and their intention to assist it. I succeeded in getting a five thousand dollar fund started and we hope it will be completed by July 20th, so that we will be able to get things in good shape for next year's work.

Let us all do our best now, so that it will not be necessary for me to leave home again soon in a search for support.

THE END.

Be True.

BY SUSAN H. WIXON.

Said one: "It is no matter if I deceive so long as it is not known." It is known. You know it, and others, by means of a law inevitable, will find it out, soon or late.

Bernard, a very unscrupulous lawyer, was once in conversation with Cromwell, detailing some subterfuge that he was using. "Yes," said Cromwell, "I understand that you have been vastly wary in your conduct; do not be too confident of this; subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will."

There are a vast number of people industriously striving to keep the outward appearance pleasant and attractive, while within, the material is coarse, corrupt and repulsive.

We should all endeavor to be as true and upright as possible, and to let others perceive just that which we are. Be steadfast to principle, and an approving conscience will always atone for any neglect that may come from the outside world. Then, fear not to be frank, candid, honest.

Be true!—[Right Living.]