In Brighter Climes,

OR

LIFE IN SOCIOLAND.

A Realistic Novel

BY

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

Author of The Future Commonwealth, Vital Force, etc.

[All Styles are good, except the prosy one.]

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APOLOGIES.

In presenting to the public this veracious history of the life and adventures of a young married couple in a strange land, under social conditions very different from those which obtain in our country and in our times, I feel that I owe my readers several apologies.

It is probable that I owe them one for trying to write a novel at all, for it is doubtful if a sufficient excuse can be found for entering an untried literary field at my time of life, and offering my readers diluted arguments and vapid jokes, instead of appealing to their better judgment as I have been in the habit of doing till now.

The only excuse I have to offer is that I am a man with a hobby, which at the present time happens to be a more or less correct belief that our social institutions are not quite equal to what they might be, and that if this same belief could be driven into the heads of the average citizen, it would result in a quickening of the efforts now made for improvement, and be an important factor in reform work.

Under this impression I have already written two books in true reform style, where by arguments ponderous and reasonings cogent, I have tried to instil my belief into my fellow-citizens. But these books have not met with the success their good intention deserved, and I have decided to try the old expedient and write a novel with a purpose. I have sugar-coated the pill and offer it once more to the public, fondly hoping that in its new guise it will meet with a more ready acceptance.

I do not know but perhaps I ought to apologize that, if this is a novel with a purpose, it is not a novel with a moral to it. In fact, I am afraid that censorious readers will say that there is no moral in it. And yet I am in hope that the new generation

will not find fault with my gentle treatment and delicate allusions to questions which the generation that is passing off the stage has resolutely ignored, while it bitterly condemns all authors who dare to treat of those subjects, rejecting the plea that they are important factors in our lives, and that no true picture can be complete without it.

I read in a comic paper, some years ago, a little squib which contains some truth, and is characteristic of the change of opinion which manifests itself in the new generation.

At that time a play was enacted on the stage in one of our large cities, of the kind that the French designate as "risky". As is usually the case it made quite a stir in society, some persons claiming that it did not go beyond the bounds of propriety, while others declared that no respectable person would want to witness it.

The squib was this: Two girls with the advanced ideas which are becoming so popular are conversing together. One of them asks her friend: "Have you seen L—s?" naming the play. "Yes, I have," says the other. "Well! what do you think of it?" "Oh! I don't know," is the answer, "nothing very bad, yet it is hardly the kind of a play where a young girl would want to take her mother."

The lesson of this short dialogue is that the new generation is undergoing a reaction from the stilted prudery of this century. They are not more immoral, but there is less hypocrisy, and they are learning that the best safeguard for proper conduct is personal character and not the artificial restraints of society.

It may be that this book is hardly the kind that a young girl of our day would want to put in the hands of her mother, but I believe that there is nothing in it that can possibly harm the morals of a right-minded person, and that if objection is made to it on that score, it will come from that fast diminishing class of persons who mistake ignorance for purity.

I may as well acknowledge that these two first apologies are for offenses which do not weigh very

heavily on my conscience, but I feel that I must plead guilty on the last count and throw myself upon the generosity of the public, for I have really no valid excuse for placing Socioland in the heart of Africa, and then describing it as a country with the climate and vegetation of different parts of the United States. If, when I wrote my first book on the subject, I had supposed that I would follow it with a novel, I would have selected a different location. But at that time I was only seeking for a place where the needed seclusion could be attained. The Mormons had pre-empted the only available spot in this country, and I have strong objections to the Moon or Mars as a dwelling place for earthly beings, so that Africa alone seemed to furnish the required conditions and I selected it without due consideration.

Later on, when I decided to write this book, I undertook to study the natural resources of the dark continent, but I soon found that my imaginative powers were not equal to the occasion, and that if I persisted in my attempt I would make a miserable failure.

So I preferred to avail myself of the privileges of writers of fiction and to picture such countries as I am acquainted with, so as to draw upon my recollection and not upon my imagination.

For this book is not the result of the promptings of my fancy. In the incidents which I have woven into a story are found recollections of travels, personal experiences, friendly confidences, studies of character, forming a mosaic which would serve as a background for the description of the coming institutions which I believe will be adopted by new generations. In trying to point out the changes which I believe will take place, I have followed a purely scientific process, and simply projected into the future the same line of advance which civilization has followed from its inception. When once we understand the workings of evolution, the march of social progress can be predicted with close accuracy by a careful study of the methods by which society has succeeded in improving its condition up to this time.

It is not necessary for me to tell my readers that Mary's letters have not been written by my hand, but if for the present I cannot divulge the name of the author, I can acknowledge that whatever success this book may achieve will be largely due to her help and encouragement.

Albert Chavannes,
Knoxville, Tenn.

IN BRIGHTER CLIMES.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

On a cold, foggy morning in the month of March 19—, Charles Morril was standing in front of the door of a dingy flat on the West side of New York city.

Charles was a handsome man. Tall, broad in shoulders, with a well-knit frame and a certain poise of his well-shaped head which betokened great resolution of character, an impression which was strengthened by the determined expression of his features. He was not a dreamer or a philosopher, so much could be seen at a glance; his eyes lacked depth but they showed firmness of purpose, and his thick neck, strong mouth and square jaws were all indicative of tenacity of character. Dark, curly hair, black eyes and a heavy mustache completed the appearance of the man, who, if not specially striking, yet was not commonplace, and was certainly calculated to make a favorable impression on those who came in contact with him.

But Charles did not look his best this cold morning, as he stood gazing irresolutely up and down the street, as if unable to make up his mind what to do and where to go. He was evidently moody and discontented, and his actions showed a lack of purpose that did not agree with his general appearance.

Poor fellow! he had good reasons to be discouraged. For three months he had, with poor success, tramped the streets of New York in search of employment.

A few odd jobs here and there, a few dollars earned, but no prospect of the regular work craved by his active nature; and his enforced idleness was telling on him as much or more than the worry caused by the drain on his slender resources.

Born and raised on a farm, he had left it at the age of eighteen to come to New York and seek his fortune. He had, without much trouble, obtained employment in a large wholesale store, and by his good conduct had found favor with his employers. At first his slender pay had been barely sufficient to supply him with board and clothes, but as his wages were raised he had made acquaintances and had seen something of the life of a large city. He had sown some wild oats, but not a large crop, for he was not of a sensuous or dissipated nature and he had been led along by his love of excitement and abundance of animal spirits.

When twenty-three years of age, he had fallen in love with Mary Lenard, an orphan girl he met in one of his boarding places. They had soon married, and for three years had lived in the flat before which he was standing. Until the preceding fall all had gone well with them. His salary had been sufficient to supply their moderate wants and to enable them to enjoy some of the city pleasures, and besides they had laid up year by year a modest sum to provide comfort against a rainy day, and also with a hope to realize at some future time a dream of theirs to return to Charles' native place and settle on a farm of their own.

But during the last fall had come the financial crisis which had prostrated business and laid many a firm low. The house for which Charles was working had failed and he had lost his situation. At first he had enjoyed his enforced holiday, and with Mary had taken many a pleasant jaunt in the surrounding country, but as the weeks passed by, and the utter business prostration made it harder to find work, the situation had chafed him sorely. Three months before the time at which our story opens he had made a determined effort to find some occupation, but

without success. Day after day he had tramped from shops to stores, to find that thousands like him were out of work, many in utter destitution, and that for every opening there were fifty eager applicants.

And now he was feeling in all its bitterness the truth of the proverb that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick", and had lost faith and courage. Sheer determination alone kept him going, but his heart was failing him and he hoped no longer.

While thus standing irresolute he heard the postman's whistle, and soon after that official handed him a letter with a foreign postmark. Charles took it mechanically, but when a glance showed him whence it came, his face flushed, he turned with a bound, and running up the steps, burst into the room where his wife was busy with her housework, exclaiming:

"Mary, it has come!"

Mary turned quickly from the table where she was ironing and said in surprise:

"Why Charles, how you scared me coming in that way. But what is it? What has come?"

"The letter, don't you remember? The answer to the one I wrote to Mr. Bell in Socioland."

Mary remembered and her face fell. Sometime during the winter, while Charles was idle, he had read more than usual and had found in one of the public libraries a small book entitled The Future Commonwealth, telling of an American settlement made many years ago in the heart of Africa. Many of the ideas expressed in the book had pleased him, and he had taken quite a fancy to this new Commonwealth, and told Mary laughingly that if he did not find work soon he would emigrate there.

Mary took it all in good part, for she did not suppose that it would ever come to pass, but nevertheless she did not like to hear him talk about it, for she did not fancy such a change. She was a home girl, of a quiet disposition, and had nothing of the adventurous character of Charles. The thought of settling on a farm in his native state had great attraction for her, evoking visions of green fields and

fragrant flowers, and all the other delights that make rural life bright in the eyes of city dwellers, but for her to go to Africa was to go into exile and to run unknown and dreadful dangers.

'Finally Charles had decided to write to Mr. Bell, represented in the book as a man of judgment and of reliable character, and Mary had agreed and even encouraged him, in the secret hope that no answer would ever be received, or that long before it could come Charles would have found a place. But things had not turned out as she had expected, and now the answer had come and Mary knew Charles well enough to realize that if it was favorable, he never would rest satisfied until he had tried his fate in that far off country.

But she was a brave girl and not willing to let Charles see her feelings, turned back to her work and said quietly:

"Well, Charles, I am glad for your sake that the answer has come. But let us see what it says; it may not be at all what you are expecting."

Mary's quiet tones sobered Charles somewhat, so sitting down, he opened the letter and read it aloud. And here is what he read:

Spencer, Commonwealth of Socioland, Africa.
January 15, 19—.

Dear Sir:

Your letter addressed to my father has duly come to hand, and he has requested me to answer it.

You ask me for further information about the Commonwealth of Socioland, to supplement that given by my friend, Mr. Balcom, in his book entitled "The Future Commonwealth". Also advice as to the propriety of your leaving the United States to come here.

As for the information you desire, I would say that we have a very productive country. Along the lake and rivers the climate and products are semi-tropical, while the uplands are more temperate. We raise cereals in abundance, fruits and almost all kinds of agricultural products. There is a sufficient quantity of coal and iron for our needs, and several other

minerals. The land is moderately fertile and easy of cultivation. So far as I can judge from the description of others, Socioland compares favorably in natural resources with the average of the United States. Our climate is fairly healthy, and ranges from very warm to moderate, according to elevation.

Work is abundant here and is well paid, especially hard manual labor which commands the highest wages. There is no difficulty for a man in good health to make a comfortable living and to acquire a competency. In that respect the workman is in a better condition than in the United States.

I cannot advise you as to the propriety of your coming to Socioland, but I can tell you this. You will find here the conditions of life entirely changed. Many things which the people of the United States consider highly desirable do not exist here. We have no wealthy class nor do we intend to have any, nor is there any way by which healthy and strong persons can live without work. Nor will you find here bar-rooms and other places of dissipation. If you care for these things this is not the place for you. If your wife delights in following the fashions, if you both think that rich and idle people are to be envied, do not come here, but if you like moderate work, comfortable living, healthy enjoyments, you will probably be satisfied and find yourselves among congenial spirits.

Should you decide to come, you must make your way to , N. on the West coast of Africa, from there you will take the train to S., three hundred miles inland, where you will take the C. S. steamers which will bring you here.

At S. you will have to get a permit from the C. S. Commissioner before you can embark on the steamers, but will have no trouble to get it if you are a desirable character.

If you come, call on me when you reach Spencer, and I will be pleased to be of help to you so far as it lays in my power.

Respectfully yours,
William Bell.

When Charles finished reading, he raised his head and said: "Mary, I like this letter. Mr. Bell is evidently a man of few words but all he says is encouraging, and as things have turned out here I think we had better go. You see what he says about work that they have plenty of it there, while here I have tried as hard as I could and cannot find anything to do."

Mary's face was down, and when she raised it to answer the tears stood in her blue eyes. But she struggled with herself and managed to say: "Yes dear, I was afraid that you would want to go."

Charles looked up somewhat in dismay at her evident emotion, and going to her, he drew her down in his lap and stroking her fair hair, said:

"My poor girl, do you take it so hard? Would you feel so sorry to leave this country? We will certainly stay here if you prefer it, but you have no idea how the life I am leading now is killing me."

"Yes I have, Charles, I can see it, and I do not want to keep you back. It may be best for us to go and I know that you never will feel satisfied until you have tried that new country and those new ways. And" looking at him affectionately "do you think I would willingly be in your way of doing what you think best for both of us? No, wherever you want to go I go there also, and whatever risks there are we will take together. But oh! Charles, do not be rash. Let us take a little time to consider."

"Yes, yes, Mary," he answered. "I know I am impetuous and it is well enough to have a sober little wife like you to restrain me. But, oh! you cannot know what I have suffered in the last three months. It is not only the seeking for work and the disappointment, but it is the degradation of begging for work. Think of it a moment, Mary. Here I am, a strong, healthy man, willing and anxious to do any honest work, asking only for the privilege to earn our living, and I must humble myself day after day, asking as a favor what ought to be every one's right. I tell you, Mary, in all this time I have not only suffered but I have reflected also, and if there

is a country where a man can get work as a right and not as a favor, where it is the worker who is sought after, and not the work, I want to go there.

"My dear, I know that it will be a wrench for you, but we are young yet and will soon get used to that country and feel at home, and we will build our nest and fill it too, don't you know?"

Mary smiled through her tears, for woman-like, she wanted a family, and they had often talked of that future time when they would see their children growing around them. But the conditions of their life in the city had not been such as to warrant them in indulging in this desire, and with commendable restraint they had preferred to wait for a favorable change, which late events did not seem to bring any nearer.

These few words of Charles turned her thoughts in another direction, and his strong will asserting itself upon her softer nature, she was before long nearly reconciled to the great change which all at once loomed up in such startling proximity.

After a few minutes she recovered her equanimity, and rising from her husband's lap, resumed her work, and for a long time they conversed upon their new project and discussed it in all its bearings.

They had no one to consult and Charles soon had everything his own way. When once Mary consented she made no more objections, and even grew mildly enthusiastic over the prospect of bettering their present condition.

As for Charles, he did not let the grass grow under his feet. His energies, so long pent up, found full vent in making the needed preparations for their voyage. A sailing vessel bound for N. was luckily found in the port, and three weeks from the day on which they received the letter which had such an influence upon their fortunes, saw them aboard the Hector sailing on the broad blue sea.

They had bidden farewell to their friends, visited Charles' relatives in M., and the sale of their furniture and the remainder of their savings had provided them with the means of travelling comfortably, and

they still had a small sum left over to help them to commence life anew in the Commonwealth of Socioland.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE VESSEL.

Charles and Mary had never been to sea before, and had to get used to their new surroundings. Charles with his strong will and healthy constitution did not have much trouble with sea-sickness. A few sharp controversies with his meals, which tried to travel in unusual directions, a corresponding tendency to lean over the bulwarks and gaze at the sea in a pensive attitude, and in a few hours the struggle was over and he came out victorious.

Not so with poor Mary. She was utterly defeated at the first engagement, and fled to "the seclusion which the cabin affords", and for two days she lay on her berth, too sick to think or to move, only wishing that the incessant motion would cease, even at the cost of an accident that would send them all to the bottom of the sea.

On the third day, the weather, which had been damp and cloudy, cleared off, the sun shone and a warm breeze filled the air. Charles, who had found his wife utterly indifferent to his efforts to cheer her, was walking up and down the upper deck, when he was accosted by the captain, a tall, slim Yankee, with a sharp, weather-beaten face, redeemed by a pair of kindly blue eyes which at times twinkled merrily.

"A fine day," said the captain. "And how is Mrs. Morril? She ought to be out to enjoy this bracing air."

"True, captain, but she says she cannot move hand or foot, and she would not listen to me when I proposed that she should try to come up on deck."

"Yes, poor woman," answered the captain. "That's the way all sea-sick people feel the first few days.

But I can tell you it is not best for them to have their own way. Why, my dear sir, if your wife does not make an effort to come out of her cabin, it may take her weeks to get over it, while if you can get her out and interested, with such weather as this she will be well directly. Nothing like fresh air for that disease.

"I'll help you," and his eyes twinkled a little. "You go down and tell her you have the captain's order to bring her outside, and that if she does not show herself soon, he will give you a couple of sailors to help you bring her on deck."

"All right," said Charles, nothing loath to have his influence strengthened by the captain's authority. "I'll see what I can do."

But when he reached the cabin, he found that there had been a change for the better. Mary was coming back to life and greeted him with a weak smile.

"Mary, dear," he said after a few caresses, "if you knew how nice it is outside you never would stay in this little cupboard," looking around their small cabin where there was hardly room to turn round in. "Let me help you, and do make an effort to come out."

Mary heaved a deep sigh. "Oh! I cannot. If I only raise my head, everything swims around me. No, no, I feel as if I never would get up from here". And her eyes filled with tears that she tried hard to repress.

"Come, come, Mary, do not be such a baby," said Charles. "I'll help you and you will soon get over that feeling. Do you know what the captain says? He told me that you will not get well until you come up on deck, and that if you cannot come out otherwise, he will send a couple of sailors to help me take you up the stairs."

"No, indeed, he won't," retorted Mary with more animation than she had yet shown, and between the influence of that harmless threat and a little judicious coaxing, she allowed Charles to help her, and partly lying on her berth and parly sitting, she managed to make a little toilet, and with trembling and unsteady steps they made their way outside.

The cabins were built on deck at the afterpart of

the vessel, surrounding a large dining-room which answered for sitting-room also. The Hector was a common merchant vessel and there was none of that luxury found in a regular packet steamer. The floor was painted,the chairs cane-bottomed, the cabins small and primitively furnished. But between the pantries, going from the dining-room to the main deck, was a passage way or hall open to the outer end. A couple of benches ran along its length and it afforded a delightful resting place.

When they reached it, Mary wanted to rest, so they sat down and enjoyed what was to her an entirely novel scene. They could catch glimpses of the deck and the broad sea, and were in full view of the masts and sails. As the wind was freshening, the sailors were running up and down the slender rope ladders, shortening sails, and sometimes clinging to the extremity of the yards. The novelty of the view, the fresh air and the bright sun did more to take Mary out of herself and set her right than any amount of medicine could have done. She soon felt well enough to climb the stairs which led from the main deck to the after deck which was reserved for the use of the passengers. Charles found her a warm place at the foot of the mast where he made her comfortable with cushions and shawls, and where she quickly recovered her usual spirits.

The captain came and congratulated her on her appearance on deck, and although she did not feel like going down to dinner, she was well enough in the afternoon to walk the deck with her husband and at night pronounced herself entirely recovered.

They were not the only passengers on the vessel. One stolid German and his yet more stolid wife, with a numerous brood of children who made themselves at home everywhere, laughed at sea-sickness and the lack of home comforts, and took up more room than all the other passengers together. Mary, who was fond of children, soon made friends with the little ones, but never could break through the passiveness of the mother.

A middle-aged Frenchman and his daughter. Both

were very polite, a little seedy, but withal pleasant company with their queer ways and foreign pronunciation. In fact, the old gentleman had never mastered English, and his daughter used to say that it was necessary to understand French to enjoy her father's conversation when he tried to speak English.

A couple of American spinsters, of whom Mary confidentially said to Charles, after she got acquainted with them, that she believed they were going to Africa in search of husbands, having failed of that most desirable acquisition in their native land.

But the most interesting passengers to our friends were three men who, brought fortuitously together by the chances of travel, and entirely dissimilar in character, represented three different phases of religious belief.

The first and oldest was a catholic priest going out on a mission to Africa. Jolly, full of fun, enjoying life to its full extent, Father O'Neil cared little for religious speculations. Brought up a catholic, he was a catholic by birthright and a priest by profession. Undoubtedly he fulfilled his duties to the best of his ability and did not miss one of the devotions imposed upon him by his church, but once his duties performed he felt free to enjoy all the healthy pleasures within his reach. Next to his meals, which were to him the one important thing in this life, he enjoyed his pipe, and whenever he could find a suitable partner, delighted in a game of cards.

In sharp contrast to the priest was Mr. Cordy, a baptist minister travelling for his health. Prim, austere, cultured, a perfect gentleman in his manners, he lacked that genial disposition which was so conspicuous an element in the priest. Dogmas and theology were his forte, and had the catholic been so disposed, he would have discussed with him from morning till night and from night till morning.

The third man, Mr. Proctor, was a merchant by profession, a scholar by education, a philosopher by character. Although yet in the prime of life, he had read extensively and had travelled everywhere. He claimed to believe in evolution, but while always ready

to explain the reasons for the faith that was in him, he avoided lengthy debates and usually foiled the attempts of the minister to engage him in discussion.

When once fully recovered, Mary became a great favorite, especially with the captain, who gave her a seat next to him at meals, treated her to choice bits from the table, and entertained her with stories of adventures and shipwrecks. Charles spent some of his surplus energies with the sailors, whom he was fond of helping when there was work to do in which he could lend a hand, and developed such a taste for the sea that, had he been single, he would have probably followed it for a profession.

On a sailing vessel the passengers soon get acquainted with each other, and their life becomes a routine the chief aim of which is to kill time in the most effective way.

If Mr. Proctor did not care much to argue, he was not adverse to a joke and would sometimes have fun at the expense of his fellow-travellers. One day when the priest was, as usual, playing cards with one of the passengers, Mr. Proctor stopped on his way, and looking at him as if in deep meditation, said:

"Father O'Neil, I wonder what you will do in Paradise without your pipe and your cards? I am afraid you will be dreadfully lonely there and will want to pay an occasional visit to Purgatory for a little recreation."

The good father never flinched, but looking up good-humouredly, answered:

"And how do you know that there are no cards or tobacco in Paradise? You surely have never visited there. Have you? But" with a little chuckle, "supposing you are right, the more reason to smoke and play here." Then turning to the Frenchman who was his partner. "Your deal, sir. Better keep on the safe side and lose no time here."

The Frenchman, both a catholic and a card player, turned the tables on Mr. Proctor. Looking up from the game, he said:

"Sare, let me tell you a little story I hear in my country. You are a merchant, I believe.

"One day a merchant and a priest they travel in a diligence with many others, and to pass the time they tell stories. And the merchant he ask the priest: 'Can you tell me, Fader, what the difference is between a donkey and a priest?' And the priest he thinks and he thinks, and he says; 'I cannot,' and the merchant he says: 'The priest he carries the cross in front and the donkey he carries the cross on the back.' And he laughs, and the priest he laughs, and the other passengers they laugh too. And the priest he says: 'Very good, sare, and now can you tell me the difference between a merchant and a donkey?' And the merchant he thinks and he thinks, and he says: 'I cannot.' And the priest he says: 'I cannot find any myself.' And the priest he laughs, and the other passengers they laugh too, but the merchant he laughs no more."

And you ought to have heard the good father O'Neil laugh then. He just laughed and shook till the breath was all out of him. But his turn was to come later, though Mr. Proctor was not responsible for his mishap.

When they had been out about two weeks, they had for three days a very high wind, a regular storm. When the wind went down it died entirely and left them in a dead calm, but the waves were still mountain high and the vessel, helpless from lack of wind, fell in the trough of the sea. There was no danger, for the waves no longer broke and were only huge swells, but the vessel pitched most awfully. It would lean over as it rose over the side of one of these gigantic waves until it seemed as if the masts would dip into the sea, then as the wave passed under it, the vessel would lurch and lean over just as far in the opposite direction.

From the first the priest had been placed at one end of the table and part of the carving assigned to him. On one of those days, as they sat down to dinner, a fine fat turkey was placed before him, and the good priest, bracing himself the best he could to stand the rolling of the vessel, stuck his fork into the fowl and commenced to ply his knife upon him. But just at that moment a higher wave than usual struck the

ship and pitched him so far forward that he lost his balance and he was compelled to rise to his feet. But the good priest was not one to desert his colors, so as he rose up, he held in one hand his knife and in the other his fork with the turkey stuck to it. Unhappily, before he could recover his equilibrium, the vessel rolled over on the other side, took his chair away from him, threw him backwards, and landed him sitting on the floor, while the turkey loosened by the shock from the fork which he still held carefully aloft, rolled helplessly beside him. Father O'Neil could have forgiven the laugh that rose at his expense, but the accident to the bird proved too much for his equanimity and some naughty words came near escaping him.

Charles and one of the spinsters also met in those rolling days with an adventure which, while quite as laughable, was not pleasant to their feelings. The spinster, in trying to cross the vacant space at the end of the sitting room, fell sitting on the floor. Charles, in hurrying to her rescue, fell also, but unfortunately his momentum was so great that he slid against her and striking her fairly behind with his extended feet, sent her spinning to the other end of the room. It was one of those accidents that it is hard to forgive, and in spite of his apologies left an unpleasant feeling between them.

The children were the only ones who thought this pitching delightful and provided for their special entertainment. They did not mind being thrown about and with every lurch would slide backward and forward on the polished floor with an ease and satisfaction that solid ice had never afforded them.

If Mr. Proctor did not care to be drawn in discussion with the minister or the priest, he had no objection to long talks with Charles upon all kinds of scientific subjects, and often they would drift into philosophical questions. Charles was at the age when the mind expands, and when the why and wherefore commences to awaken interest. He had read and heard of the evolution theory as contrasted to the belief in creation, but he had not given the subject

much thought, or even come in contact with any one capable of giving him a clear explanation of the principles involved. So it was but natural that in the long days spent on board he should take pleasure in conversing with his new acquaintance, and that many new thoughts should enter into his mind.

But it was not Mr. Proctor alone who had long conversations with him. The priest did not try to convert him, for religion was only his profession and he was indifferent to the beliefs or unbeliefs of those who did not belong to his church. Had Charles been a catholic, he would have felt it his duty to look after his spiritual welfare during the journey, but as he professed a different faith, he felt under no obligation to disturb his religious or irreligious convictions.

Not so with Mr. Cordy. He was filled with the true protestant missionary zeal, and enjoyed making converts with the same zest that Father O'Neil enjoyed a good meal or a game of cards, and finding Charles willing to talk and to be talked to, tried on all occasions to teach him what he considered the truth.

But it must be admitted that he did not meet with much success in his endeavors. Charles was not of a very religious nature, and was too courageous to be frightened by tales of eternal damnation. Our good pastor, with all his intellectual sternness and belief in dogmas, was too refined and civilized to retain the old idea of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, and had softened it to a moral hell where the sinner would be unhappy through inner convictions.

If Charles had been able to realize such a hell — which he was not — it would not have affected him much, so Mr. Cordy soon changed his tactics and used to discourse on all that Christianity has done for civilization, for he was concerned in his mind because the Morrils were going to Socioland, of which country he had heard dreadful tales as to the infidelity of the people and that they made it a boast that there was neither churches nor preachers among them.

One afternoon, as they were all on deck, Mr. Cordy tackled Charles again on the same subject. Mr. Proctor

was pacing the deck and every turn brought him near to where they were discussing, and getting interested, he stopped to hear Charles' answer.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Cordy," he was saying, "when I was a boy on the farm I used to read about such things, and when I went to church I heard a good deal about the blessings which Christianity has brought to mankind, and once I had great faith in what are called the Christian virtues, but I have changed my mind on that subject and do not believe so much in them now.

"You see it came about in this way. I lost my place last fall and for three months I walked the streets in search of work and Christianity did not help me any to find it. I might as well have been in a heathen land for all the difference it made, and not because the Christians lacked the means either. In my tramps I would follow on Fifth Avenue, lined with palatial residences and magnificent churches, and then I would come home to Ninth Avenue, with its crowded tenement houses and its suffering poor. Christianity may be a fine thing for those whose wants are supplied, but I, for one, cannot see that Christ's teachings have had sufficient influence to make it easier for a man to earn an honest living."

"It is true," answered Mr. Cordy, "Christians are far from perfect and our selfish nature prevents us from following as we should in the footsteps of our divine teacher, but, my dear sir, you must not lay on our religion the weakness of its followers. Granted that individually we are worldly and careless of the welfare of our fellow-men, yet see as a whole how beneficent Christ's teachings have been to all the nations which have accepted them. It is to Christianity that they owe the advanced position they occupy in the civilized world and I am very much afraid that if you settle among a people who deny Christ and reject his teachings you will regret it sooner or later."

"Mr. Cordy," said Mr. Proctor at this juncture, turning to the preacher "have you ever suspected that possibly you were putting the cart before the horse and that Christianity is the result of civilization and not civilization the result of Christianity?"

At this unexpected attack Mr. Cordy bristled a little, but ever ready for battle he answered promptly:

"No sir, such an idea cannot be entertained. You can see for yourself how far in advance Christian nations are from all others, and if that is not proof positive I would like to know what is?"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Proctor, "it seems plausible, just as it seems correct to say that the sun moves around the earth, but after all, a little study may show us that there is very little in the teachings of Christ calculated to advance civilization, and if you succeed in prejudicing our young friend here against the people among whom he intends to live, you will do him a poor service should you happen to be mistaken.

"Let us investigate your claims a little. The defects in society from which our friend complains in New York existed in the time of Christ precisely as they exist now. There was slavery in the land, the rich monopolized the soil, some were living in luxury while others were starving, taxation in all its forms was bearing especially hard on the poor.

"Did Christ formulate any rule of conduct or lay down any laws calculated to remedy these evils among his disciples? Not at all. In fact, he took special pains to state that his kingdom was not of this world, and said nothing related to the condition of the country. What Christ did do, and its value must be appreciated, was to turn the minds of the lowly towards the happiness of a future existence, to preach to all the beauties of sympathy and kindly feelings, and to promote charity. His mission was to palliate, not to cure, to teach resignation, not resistance, to show how to bear suffering, but not how to cure it.

"The Christian religion does not teach a better system of society, but it has infused a more humane spirit into society than those religions which have preceded it, and to that fact is due its acceptance by the most civilized nations. But it does not lead civilization, on the contrary, it adapts itself to civilization and to-day it is making a tremendous effort—and on its success depends its existence— to adapt itself to the wonderful change which is going on in the minds

of educated men as the result of the scientific discoveries of our times.

"This change is so great that yourself, my dear sir, no longer believe in the infallibility of the Bible."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Cordy at this abrupt assertion of Mr. Proctor. "Not believe in the infallibility of the Bible! You are entirely mistaken and I would be very sorry to lose my faith in it. What should I do if I was to lose my hold upon its promises? It is that which brightens my existence, the hope of eternal life, of perfect bliss."

"Yes, I understand that very well," rejoined Mr. Proctor. "You believe in those promises and accept all that in the Bible which assures you of a select place prepared in Heaven for you. But what I meant is that you do not believe any longer that the world is only six thousand years old, or that it was created in six days, or that the flood covered all the earth. Now be frank, do you believe all these things?"

Mr. Cordy was a little embarassed at the directness of the question, but was not going to surrender if he knew it.

"No, not exactly, only in a certain way." And seeing a smile hovering on the lips of Mr. Proctor, he went on to explain:

"You see the Bible is a spiritual guide, not a scientific work, and those things relate to scientific facts. As the Bible was written for ignorant men, those facts had to be stated in such language as suited the knowledge of the times. It is as a book given to men for their spiritual guidance that I believe in the Bible implicitly."

"Precisely," replied Mr. Proctor, "you believe in it provided you can place on it your own explanation, and all of us do the same. Only," with a bow to the preacher, "we differ in this that we do not damn those who explain it differently from us.

"But, my dear sir, taking you at your own word, the Bible is not a scientific work and does not teach scientific truth, and it is the recognition of this fact which is bringing about the great change which is taking place now. One hundred years ago the preacher

who would have admitted what you just now told us would have been ejected from his church for heresy. But since that time the world has made great progress in learning several lessons. One is that it is knowledge which enables men to place themselves in harmony with the forces of nature, and that the more they know and the more correct is their knowledge, the more satisfactory becomes their condition. The second is that the Bible is not a scientific book and contains nothing which at this time is calculated to increase the sum of human knowledge, but that it is mostly a poetical book, full of fine sentiments and which has endeared itself in the hearts of those who have found in its pages strength and consolation. And another conclusion many of us have reached is that, as it is science which helps progress, it is not the most Christian, but the most scientific nations which lead in civilization.

"Furthermore, Christianity is losing its hold upon the working classes because they are no longer satisfied with promises redeemable in another world. They no longer want consolation, but they want opportunities, and you will find it difficult to persuade any of them that because a country has neither churches nor preachers, the prospect of earning an honest living will thereby be diminished."

And seeing Mr. Cordy about to reply, Mr. Proctor stopped him with a single question:

"Please tell us, while we are speaking of what Christianity has done for the poor, what is the amount of your salary as a minister of the gospel?"

And as Mr. Cordy hesitated, he continued: "No, you need not tell us, it would not be of any use. You can probably explain to yourself how a follower of Christ can conscientiously enjoy a large salary while so many of his Christian brethren are in want and poverty, but you can never explain it in a satisfactory manner to the millions who toil early and late for a bare subsistence. Before Christianity can ever regain its influence as the consoler and adviser of the workers, it must return to its primitive simplicity which placed it in close communion with the poor."

And turning on his heels, Mr. Proctor left them, Charles excused himself, and from that day Mr. Cordy ceased to try to make a convert of him.

The Hector met with the usual luck of sailing vessels. Fair winds followed by contrary ones; stormy seas and placid waters, but it made its way steadily toward its goal, and the days passed pleasantly enough. Indeed to Mary they fled all too fast. She enjoyed the long rest and the ease and leisure, and dreaded more or less the experiences which were sure to fall to their lot in the dark continent.

On the fiftieth day out, the low shores of Africa began to show themselves in the distance, and our friends knew that their sea voyage would soon be at an end. The next morning found them anchored in plain view of the shore, and their eyes were delighted by the sight of the green foliage and rich vegetation of that tropical country. The city of N., where they were to disembark, is situated some twenty-five miles inland, and when reached, it was not without a pang of regret that Charles and Mary bid farewell to their new friends, but they were cheered by a promise from Mr. Proctor that he would some day pay them a visit in their adopted country.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMISSIONER.

Mary was pleasantly surprised to find that Africa was not the wild and barbarous land she had expected. In these days of railroads, civilization travels with gigantic strides, and not many decades are necessary to change the appearance of a new country.

After their long sea voyage, it was pleasant to find themselves seated in comfortable American cars, speeding across the continent. The railroad to S., first crossing the sandy and arid plains that stretch along the sea shore, soon commences to ascend the highlands, which are well cultivated and dotted wtih

thriving settlements. Extensive cane plantations, palm trees, and a predominance of black blood among the settlers, gave the whole picture a tropical appearance which greatly added to the interest with which Charles and Mary viewed the new sights which greeted their eyes at every turn. The railroad followed the course of the river, which, in its headlong flight from the highlands to the sea, rushes in cascades and rapids, preventing navigation and making land transportation a necessity.

The city of S., situated in the midst of the plateau, in a rich and well cultivated country, is a large and important commercial center. From that point the river is navigable for several hundred miles inland, and railroads branch out in different directions.

At S. our friends were to take the C. S.—Commonwealth of Socioland—steamboats, and mindful of the admonition of Mr. Bell, Charles set out the next morning to find the Commissioner.

He was directed to some large buildings near the river, which he was informed were the C. S. warehouses, and in a comfortable, but plainly furnished room, found the official he was looking for. When he entered, there were several persons in the room whom he soon discovered had come on the same errand.

The Commissioner, a man of mature years and of a quiet disposition, was engaged in a controversy with a rough looking specimen of humanity, who apparently was drifting around the world and somehow had stranded in that locality.

This man, a common laborer, with a red, bloated face, shabby clothes, a pipe-stem sticking out of his vest pocket, was speaking in an excited manner, evidently finding fault with something the Commissioner had told him.

"So," he was saying as Charles entered "you won't give me a permit to go to your country. I am not good enough for you fine folks. Hey!"

"Oh!" answered the Commissioner quietly, "you need no permit to go to Socioland. You can get there if you want to. Only we decline to carry you there ourselves. No," looking him up and down, "you are

hardly the kind of emigrant we want. Come, Mr. Nolan, tell me honestly what you want to come among us for?"

"What I want to go to Socioland for? To make money, to be sure. I hear you give big pay for short hours of work, and that is just what suits me."

"And supposing you got your money, what would you do with it? Now tell us the truth. What have you done with what you have earned till now?"

"Oh! I enjoy life, and spend as I make. Kill care, that's my motto."

"Yes, you look like it, and I venture to say that women, whisky and tobacco have cost you more money than your stomach or your clothes."

The man hung his head and murmured something about his not caring much so he had a good time.

"Precisely, my friend," said the Commissioner kindly to him, "and it is for that reason that I think it best that I should not help you to get to Socioland. I have no doubt that you are a hard-working and an honest man, but you would be sadly out of place among our people. You would find no one there to help you spend your money in the way you are used to, and after earning it for a while, you would leave us to come back here or go to some other place to spend it. That is not the kind of emigrants we want. We welcome men and women who will help us to build the country, and unite with us hand and soul.

"You can make your way to Socioland if you want to, although you will not find it an easy matter, but I would not advise you to try it. You will not like it among us and if we do not like you, you will find yourself on one of our steamboats and back to S. so quick you will hardly know how you got there."

The man became angry at the threat, and broke out again in vituperation. "A fine country their's must be. They would not let people they didn't like stay in it. Russia would be a free country compared to it, etc."

"See here, Mr. Nolan," rejoined the Commissioner, "Our way suits us and it is enough as far as you are concerned. If you had been born in Socioland, or even had come there in your youth, we would be patient

with you and teach you how to behave yourself, but I will let you know that we are not carrying on a reform school for the rest of the world. It is because we are careful as to who we let come among us that we can pay good wages for short hours of labor. Men like you would soon kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, and we would soon be no better off than other people."

With these words he dismissed Mr. Nolan, who left grumbling about the ways of these stuck-up fellows.

The next man proved to be a traveller. A few pertinent questions elicited the fact that he had heard of the peculiar laws and customs of Socioland, and he desired to travel a while through the country so as to become better acquainted with them.

A permit was freely given him, after he had signed a paper in which he pledged himself as a man of truth to abide by the laws of the country, to take no pecuniary advantage of the economic system of the people, and to carefully abstain from defrauding any one through the trust reposed in him during his sojourn in Socioland.

The Commissioner explained to him that they did not rely so much upon laws and restrictions as is usual among other people; that the citizens were trained from their youth to look upon public interests as their own, and to deal honestly without compulsion. But they had found that strangers often failed to understand their ways, and looked on Sociolanders as simple folks on whom it was safe to work sharp practices. As they did not care to teach those smart Alecks that their mutual trust was born of intelligence and not of ignorance, they had found it advantageous to put travellers on their honor during their stay in their country.

He furthermore remarked that in Socioland there is so much common property of which every inhabitant benefits, that travelling among them is not like travelling among other nations. Most peoples looked upon travellers as a source of profit, charging them double price for all they consumed, while in Socioland so many things are free, and the price of others

is so low, that to a certain extent travellers are the guests of the nation. They were pleased to extend all courtesies to those who came to visit them in the right spirit, but certainly would afford no facilities to those who came among them imbued with idle curiosity or for the purpose of sponging on them.

The gentleman whom the Commissioner was addressing replied that he understood their position, and that it was this unusual display of public spirit that had attracted him to Socioland, and he hoped to prove an acceptable guest while he stayed with them.

Several others were disposed of before Charles' turn was reached, most of them receiving the needed permit without difficulty. One man was staggered because the Commissioner advised him to stay away on account of his large family of eight children, all yet of tender years. This man was young, plainly dressed and had a poverty-stricken appearance, evidently belonging to the improvident class who live day by day, never troubling themselves about results. He was astonished when told that large families were not looked upon with much favor in Socioland, and was lectured pretty sharply upon the improvidence of such a conduct and the heartlessness of putting such a burden on the shoulders of the mother. The man tried to excuse himself upon the old plea of children being sent by the Lord, but was brought up pretty sharply by the Commissioner.

"That don't go down with us here," he said. We Sociolanders do not put our faults on the Lord and do not blame him for sending us more children than we can provide for. Now, my good friend, you look like a good enough sort of a man and if you say so I will let you go on board, but I would advise you to stay here, for you will have a hard time among us with your young brood. I doubt very much if you could find a house to rent; no one will want to take in such a family as yours." Getting more excited than Charles had yet seen him. "Why! what can men expect but that if they breed like pigs, they must live also like pigs?"

The man scratched his head and did not know what

to say or what to do. It was a new experience for him to be blamed for obeying to the best of his ability the command of the Lord to multiply and to fill the earth. He had been praised, and pitied, and helped, but blamed, never. Finally he decided to wait and consult with the good wife, and made room for the next man.

Such a promising character as Charles met, of course, with no difficulty. The man who could find no occupation in the millionaire's country was an acquisition in this land of workers. He was informed that a boat left every morning, and that he had better get on board that day. But first he must buy a transportation ticket, and was directed to another room where he found a young man busy waiting on his fellow-travellers.

When he asked for two tickets to Spencer, he was told that they did not sell tickets to any place, but would sell him travelling cards good for any number of miles he wanted to go. As Spencer is over 250 miles from N., he bought six 100 miles cards, any part of his cards left unused being good for baggage transportation, or being taken as money in any portion of the Commonwealth. These cards were good for both steamboat and railroad travel in any part of Socioland. The price charged was one cent a mile, or six dollars for the six cards, which entitled them to a stateroom on the boat, but their meals had to be paid extra.

When he pulled out his purse to pay for his cards a surprise awaited him. He handed out a twenty dollar gold piece, which the clerk gravely placed on a pair of scales, and after a little calculation informed him that it was worth twenty-three dollars and forty-seven cents.

Charles, used to the gold standard of the United States, asked him if gold was at a premium in Socioland.

"No, not that I know of," replied the clerk. "But gold does not pass as money with us and is only a merchandise like any other metal and has its ups and downs just as iron or lead. I am simply paying you

the current price of gold here, as regulated by its comparative value in the London market. Here is your change."

And he handed Charles two five dollar bills, very much like an American Treasury note, and what seemed to him a handful of glass chips or counters of different shapes and colors.

Charles looked at them with surprise and amusement. Treasury notes he had seen before and felt no diffidence in accepting them, but this glass-money was something new, and he did not know whether to take it or refuse it. Picking up one of them, he saw that it was green in color, round, of about the size of a quarter dollar, but thicker, flat on one side and convex on the other. Imbedded inside was a thin piece of copper, and the figure 100 was cut through it. The convex side, acting as a magnifying glass, showed an intricate geometrical pattern engraved upon the copper, and enabled him to read easily the motto that encircled it: "In Each Other we Trust." On the other side was stamped a wreath of flowers.

"So you call this a dollar?" he finally said. And what is it good for?"

"It is not good for much out of Socioland, I admit," answered the young man, "and I would not advise you to carry it away to America. But it will buy anything you want among us. It will not pay taxes, for we have none, but it will pay your debts, or your steamboat fare, or your rent. In fact, it fulfils the same functions as your silver, nickel or copper money.

"See here, the one you hold is a dollar, this red one with scalloped edges is fifty cents, this blue octagon is a quarter, this small round and pink a dime, these yellow square five cents and these black oblong are pennies. The most convenient money in the world, my dear sir. Never wears out, is light, easy to tell apart, hard to counterfeit. You old nations do not keep up with the times. Use heavy metals because they were used by your grandfathers. Nonsense. Paper and glass are the money of the future."

Charles laughed as the young man rattled off his little piece which he probably repeated in some form

or other to a great many different persons each day.

"It seems to me," he said, "that with all your contempt for gold you are very glad to take it, for you even gave me more than I expected to get for it. What do you want with gold if it is such a superstition to use it?"

"When we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do. So long as we trade with nations who believe in gold and silver and are willing to exchange them for such goods as we want, it gives them a value here. I paid you no premium on your gold. I only dealt honestly with you and gave you what it is worth to us in our money as compared with other merchandise. I am only an agent of the Commonwealth, and we make it a rule to deal honestly with every one.

"You see our motto here," holding up one of the glass counters.—Then Charles noticed that they all had the same piece of copper in the center, only a different cypher being cut out according to the denomination.—"'In each other we trust.' It is not an unmeaning phrase, but is the fundamental idea of our Commonwealth. And we know there can be no mutual trust unless there is honesty in all our transactions.

"And yet had you paid me in silver coin, while I would have dealt just as honestly with you, the result would have been different and you would have lost by the transaction. You have some silver, I suppose. Let me have a piece."

Charles handed him a silver dollar, and after weighing it the man said: "Now for this dollar, all I can give you is 73 cents. You see we regulate the value of our own dollars by controlling their issue, and by keeping a definite ratio between the amount in circulation and the home business of our country. But the value of all we sell abroad is regulated by the amount of goods we receive in exchange, and as we have to send away all the gold and silver that comes into our hands, we can only pay for it according to its market value as metal in other countries. So if you bring gold coin here you gain in the exchange, while if you bring silver coin you lose, but we are not responsible for it.

"In any case the Commonwealth makes a large profit by the exchange. The actual cost of the paper, copper and labor I gave you is probably not over twenty-five cents, and yet you gave me for it a piece of gold which we will exchange for over twenty-three dollars' worth of goods. Neither will you lose anything, for you will exchange our money for such services as you need, and thus receive an equivalent equal to you to the cost of the gold you gave me.

"The only losers are those deluded mortals who still have a reverence for gold and silver and who have not yet been able to get it through their brains that in this advanced age the lawful power of a prosperous nation intelligently used to control the volume of its currency is a better basis for its medium of exchange than the fluctuating value of metals which are only precious on account of their scarcity and not of their utility."

Charles soberly picked up his change, wondering within himself among what kind of people he had fallen, where gray-bearded men lectured strangers about the undue fertility of their wives, and beardless boys discussed with sober mien mediums of exchange and the merits of public honesty.

"By the way," he said to the clerk. "I have some more gold and silver with me. Had I better change it now, or can I wait till I get to Socioland?"

"Oh! you must do as you please," answered the clerk. "You can change it at any of our banks. But change it you must before you can spend it, for gold and silver do not pass as money with us. Just hold on to it, though, till you feel that this glass stuff is pretty good money. If you were to exchange now all your gold for our glass ware, you would feel as if you had been robbed."

Acting on his advice, Charles soon departed and rejoined his wife. In the afternoon they made their way to the boat and took possession of their room, feeling a little queer as to their first entrance under the protection of the Commonwealth.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE RIVER.

It is probably best that I should now explain to my readers something of the topography of Socioland, that they may have a correct idea of the country in which the Morrils had decided to cast their lot, and also that they may understand why a refusal to grant a permit to travel on the C. S. steamboats was almost equivalent to a refusal to visit Socioland.

High up in the mountains which form the backbone of Central Africa, the river Numali has its source. At first, nothing but a torrent which rushes down the steep mountain sides, it gradually increases in volume as it receives the waters of many confluents, and flows more quietly as it reaches the foot-hills and lower slopes.

Some two hundred miles from its head-waters, it has grown to a respectable river, and forms lake Norlay, a large sheet of water, over fifty miles long and twenty miles wide. At the lower end of lake Norlay is situated Spencer, the principal city of Socioland.

On the South side of the river and lake, a precipitous chain of mountains hems in the valley, its arid and rocky sides devoid of vegetation and unfit for culture, and offering an almost impenetrable barrier to communications with the world beyond. None but a few hardy adventurers have ever visited its wild gorges, and the attempt to cross them is under any circumstances attended with much difficulty.

But on the North side the country presents an entirely different aspect. The parallel chain of mountains, nearly one hundred miles off, gradually slopes into numerous hilly ranges, intersected by streams, and divided by hills and high rolling lands. This northern range of mountains circles around the valley of Socioland and embraces an area of nearly thirty thousand square miles, more than two thirds of which is suitable for pasture or cultivation. Its southern exposure and its altitude gives it a climate sufficiently moderate

to make it well adapted for grain and pasturage, and its general culture is more like that of the United States than would have been anticipated by those who only visited the shores of the lake or the level lands along the river.

The Northern range is not so difficult to cross as that on the South, and not very far on the other side dwell many civilized tribes of aborigines and are found many white settlements, but no road has ever been cut through it, for it is not the policy of the Commonwealth to encourage communications with people of habits and customs so different from their own. They feel that they have nothing to gain and everything to lose by close contact with outsiders, and though on friendly terms with their neighbors, do not encourage a very close intimacy.

Their means of communication with the outside world are entirely by the river, and as just below the lake the two chains of mountains come almost together, and as for fifty miles or more the river has to cut its way through a deep and rocky gorge at an average speed of five miles an hour, it will be seen that it is not an easy task for an isolated traveller to reach the Commonwealth by land. In fact they are as secluded from the outside world as were the Mormons in their early settlements, before the railroad had been built through the great American desert.

There is nothing to prevent boats from running up the river, but as all the trade of Socioland is in the hands of the Commonwealth, there is no inducement for private persons to go up with steamboats, and it would prove a pretty arduous task to row by hand. Sometimes pleasure parties come up on exploring tours in their steam yachts, but they are the last persons to encumber themselves with undesirable passengers.

Thus it will be seen that Socioland is wonderfully well situated. It has a sufficiently large territory to maintain a self-sustaining Commonwealth, and yet it is so isolated as to be able to carry on its experiment without disturbance from uncongenial elements.

Once on board the steamboat, Charles and his wife were assigned to a cabin and made arrangements for their board during the trip. They were charged the very moderate sum of fifty cents each a day, and Charles had the pleasure of handing over some of his glass ware, which was received without a remark and as readily as if it had been real money. After taking possession of their cabin, they had time to look around and notice the crew and their fellow-passengers. One thing which attracted their attention at once was the number of young people on board, among whom were many young girls. They were busy in the kitchen and under the direction of a matronly-looking woman, seemed to have charge of the whole house-keeping department.

Mary was not very brave with strangers, but meeting a pretty little blue-eyed miss of perhaps sixteen summers, who looked pleasantly at her as they passed each other, she made bold to ask her if she was not one of the apprentices of whom she had read in the book of Mr. Balcom.

"Yes," said the young girl smiling. "All of us girls here are. We help at the work and really do most of it."

"And do you really belong to the boat?" asked Mary in surprise. "And do you stay here all the time?"

"Oh! no," answered the girl smiling. "I would soon get tired of it. It is very nice for a little while to go up and down the river and see something new, but I wouldn't want to stay very long. I usually work in a printing office in Maline, about thirty miles from Spencer, but I have come to stay on the boat a month or two and I enjoy it very much."

"And did you come all alone, and do you not feel afraid?" asked Mary who represented herself in like circumstances on a boat on the Hudson river.

"Oh! I am not alone; that is, I have friends on board. I have my chum, the one I room with in Maline. We both got a little tired of our work, it is a little confining, you know, and we wanted a breath of fresh air, so we asked for a change and have been here now one month and will probably stay another. Besides, I know one or two of the boys that come from

the same Township. We have real jolly times, I tell you, and it is good fun to travel on the river."

"And have all the girls come here for a change, and do they come and go all the time?" said Mary who did not yet understand the ways of Socioland.

"Yes, most of them, although some stay longer to help manage things. You see it is nice for us girls who work in-doors to travel once in a while, and as there must be several women here to do the work, the Commonwealth takes advantage of it to give us a change. Not but that we are kept busy here, but it is pleasant to make a break in the every-day routine, and we feel wonderfully refreshed after spending a month or two on the river."

"And so you are a printer?" said Mary looking at the little Miss with some wonder and admiration.

"A compositor if you please. I work in a printing office, but I am not a printer."

Mary did not know the difference, but tried to look wise and said: "Oh! yes, I understand."

Then the young Miss proposed that they go to the dining-room for Mary to get acquainted with her chum, and so they went off together, and Mary felt at home with the young girls, and being only too glad to busy herself after her long idleness, helped them in their work and made such good friends that Charles did not see much of her during their stay on board.

As for Charles, he had also been prospecting among the crew, and found them quite different from the class of men usually employed on river steamboats.

Many of them were young, boys in fact, but healthy and active, and the grown men had an intelligent and refined appearance which he did not expect in men engaged in such work.

He learned then, what he found later to be true, that wherever the Commonwealth extended its control, it refused to hire aliens to do the work, and thus to fill up the country with a class of rough laborers, preferring to do its own hard work than to lower the standard of the whole population. On the other hand, as Charles found also, work was made as easy as

possible, and all proper means used to lighten the burden of the laborers.

That afternoon, the crew, young and old, were busy loading up the cargo taken from the warehouse on the river. Long before night the boat was loaded, and Charles saw with surprise that having taken off their over-alls and cleaned themselves up, the crew took their places at the supper table among the passengers. With a bevy of bright young girls to wait on them, it looked more like a gathering of friends and acquaintances than the usual feeding of a boat's crew in the old land.

The next morning the boat started on its way at an early hour, and steamed up the broad and placid river. Nothing unusual happened that day; the banks were low and the scenery monotonous. No landings were made except to replenish the supply of wood, and when nearly at sun-down Charles saw them fastening the boat securely and blow off steam he was somewhat surprised. Not able to guess why they should stop at this nearly desert place, Charles who was on the upper deck asked for information from the man at the wheel who was yet lingering in the pilot-house.

"Holloa!" he said, "are we going to stop a long time here?"

"Oh! yes," replied the man, "till to-morrow morning."

"What's the trouble?" queried Charles. "Anything out of fix, or do we have to wait for some one?"

"No sir, nothing at all. Just our way here. We never travel at night if we can help it."

"Dangerous?" continued Charles. "strong currents, bad shoals?"

"No, nothing of the kind. We could make it as well by night as by day. But the days are long enough for us, and we prefer to rest when night comes."

To Charles who was used to America, where travellers rush through space at lightning speed, and grumble awfully if delayed an hour on the way, it seemed real queer, and he could not understand that a boat load of passengers and freight should tie up all night for no other reason than that the crew should get their natural rest.

"Whew!" he said. "So you do not travel at night that you fellows may sleep. A pretty big loss, for the company I should say, to have the boat stand idle."

"There is no company in the case, my dear sir, the boat belongs to the people, and we can well afford to stop if we feel like it. We do not see why boatmen should be robbed of their rest any more than farmers or any other class of workers. Just wait and see how we spend our time after supper and you will agree that it is a pretty good habit of ours."

And sure enough, after the supper was over, sounds of the fiddle began to be heard on the upper deck, and when the travelers made their way to it they found it occupied by the crew and the girls, who were making ready for a dance under the bright moon which shed its full rays upon the weird scene.

Soon a space was cleared and couples began to swing in the mazes of the dance, and the ice once broken the passengers mixed with the merry throng. Mary was in great request, for the women were greatly outnumbered, and although many years had passed since she had taken part in such pleasures, she soon entered in the spirit of the moment and enjoyed herself to her heart's content. As for Charles, he soon forgot all about the boat and Spencer and the folly of tying up to the shore, and worked off some of his surplus energy with whoever he could secure, dancing many a stag dance when he could not get hold of a partner in petticoats.

For two hours square and round dances followed each other, then the captain, who had looked benignly on the lively scene, announced that the time was up and that all hands must retire. This broke up the crowd and soon all were in the cabin and asleep, except the night watch who was left to his lonely vigils.

Among the passengers was the gentleman of leisure who was traveling to study the peculiar institutions of Socioland. He seemed a man of education and was specially interested in the results of the economic methods followed by the Commonwealth. He had long conversations with the captain, and Charles would always listen to them with great interest.

"So you have no custom-houses or import duties in Socioland?" the gentleman was saying, "and no control whatever upon the entrance of goods in your country?"

"Oh! you are entirely mistaken," answered the captain. "It is true we have no custom-houses or regulations as to the importation of foreign goods, but we have the most complete control upon importation of any nation upon the face of the earth.

"This is due to the fact that all our foreign trade is in the hands of the Commonwealth, and this enables us to control it more fully than could be done by the most stringent laws, enforced by an army of officers.

"Suppose some one should try to import a lot of goods to Socioland. First he would have to charter a boat to bring them up the river, for the Commonwealth would not carry them up for him, and when he reached Spencer, he would not know where to dispose of them. We have no wholesale dealers except the Commonwealth, which would not give the man his price unless he could sell his goods cheaper than they could be bought in the open markets of the world. If the Commonwealth did not want his goods, he could not sell them to the retailers, for he could not use their money, and if he exchanged them for produce, he could neither store it in large quantities nor transport it to the river, for all means of storage and transportation are in the hands of the Commonwealth. We have the most perfect organization for the purchase and distribution of goods and the gathering of exports, but it won't work for private individuals, and our would-be trader would find himself in a bad quandary.

"Besides these difficulties, he could not sell to the retailers as low as they can buy from the Commonwealth. Our purchases are so extensive that we can always get the lowest possible quotations in the foreign markets. We have agents in all countries, and a long experience has enabled us to reduce expenses to the lowest margin. The Commonwealth having all the trade in its own hands and being sure of its market, is satisfied with much less profit than must be

asked by the competitive trader, and no sane man would try to undersell it in Socioland."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "now that you explain it to me I see that it is very simple indeed. By working together, you are masters of the situation. The saving of expenses must amount to a sum which in itself is equal to a pretty fair tariff, and protects you, if you desire it, better than the whole machinery of custom duties. The profit the Commonwealth charges on the goods replaces the tariff which other nations levy to support public expenses, and thus you are released from the double tariff paid by the consumers in all other countries."

"You are right, my dear sir," answered the captain. "No one who has not investigated those questions can have any idea of the tremendous burden carried by the producing classes of other countries, imposed on them by the waste of competition. Just wait and see how we have reduced production and distribution to a science, and how easily and cheaply our people are supplied with all they want."

Charles did not know much about traveling and had never gone through the formalities of a custom-house search, and had never given the subject of import duties much thought. But the other man had traveled all over Europe and knew what an hindrance to commerce are the tariffs of the different nations, so he could not help remarking that the march of progress always seemed to take the same direction. What ignorant nations effected by force, a more intelligent people accomplished without effort by better management.

If Charles and Mary expected another dance the next evening, they were disappointed. The boat was moored to the shore, it is true, but when night came the crowd seemed more enclined to conversation and singing than to fiddling and dancing. Impromptu recitations and funny stories helped to pass the time, and a good deal of enjoyment was extracted from scant material. There was nothing formal about the way in which they spent their evenings. The crew and the employees were all acquainted and met on

terms of equality, and as the evenings were fine and the moon shone in all its splendor, it was but natural that they should all come on deck, and just as natural that each one should do his part toward entertaining the crowd.

To the Morrils all that seemed very strange, for they had always lived among a people educated with entirely different views. Their experience on board was their first lesson in the habits of individuals who had been taught to unite their forces so as to secure the greatest amount of enjoyment, instead of separately engaging in a competitive fight for wealth with the resulting disregard of its influence upon the feelings and character of the contestants.

Life in Socioland, while not entirely robbed of its pains and difficulties, was made as bright as possible and all innocent pleasures cultivated and given as much consideration as the seemingly more important business transactions and material enterprises. While to the owner of an American boat, the only object to be considered would be a quick trip and a successful money venture, to these people it was just as important that every one on board should enjoy the trip and feel happy on the way.

The morning of the third day, the boat reached the entrance of the gorge which was to lead them to Spencer. Some thirty miles before they had left the broad river on which S. is built, and entering the lesser Numali, had turned in the direction of Socioland.

Informed of the beauty of the scenery, our friends took their station on the upper deck, and for the many hours it took the boat to fight its way against the rushing water, kept their places entranced by the sights which met their view at every turn. High rocky walls towering one thousand feet over the water, fringed at the top with a luxuriant vegetation, were succeeded by miniature lakes, dotted with islands covered with palm trees and a wilderness of vines and flowers. At times the current was so strong that the boat seemed to recede before the foaming waters, but still it would slowly make its way, and taking advantage of every still place, it steadily neared lake Norlay.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the shores lost their wild appearance, and the mountains seemed to draw further apart. On the north side level stretches commenced to appear, and a little before sundown they reached the lake, which spread itself before them a thing of beauty and joy forever.

On their right hand rose the precipitous southern range, while to their left stretched the valley of Socioland, bounded in the distance by mountains of no mean dimensions, and right before them appeared Spencer, with its quays, its fine buildings, and all the signs of an advanced civilization.

CHAPTER V.

IN SPENCER.

It did not take the Morrils very long to get settled, nor for Charles to find well remunerated work. One week from the date of their landing in Spencer, they were comfortably located in one of the City Homes, and Charles was busy storing goods from the boats into the ware-houses.

The house in which they moved was managed very differently from those to which they were used in America, and I would describe it now for the benefit of my readers, if my task had not been much better accomplished by Mary in some letters to a friend in New York city. These letters, which fell into my hands by one of those fortuitous chances which often happen to lucky authors, will be given in full in some future chapters.

The first person Charles visited after landing was Mr. Bell. The fact that he had received a letter from him seemed to give him a claim to his acquaintance, and as Mr. Bell was pleased with the young man's appearance, he not only received him courteously, but cordially. He introduced him to the Manager of the Home, and after they were comfortably settled, helped him to find a situation.

In a country settled under such different conditions from those which obtain in other civilized lands, many things seemed odd to Charles, for he was used to competitive methods, and could not understand some features in business he noticed. He was as much at a loss as a Russian or a Turk would be if they landed in New York city, for there is as much difference between the economic methods evolved by competition and those evolved by co-operation, as there is in the methods of a republic and those of an autocracy.

Thus Mr. Bell did not have any trouble to find him a suitable position. He did not get rid of him by giving him a letter of recommendation to a friend, who passed him on to another, nor did he go with him on long tramps in different directions. He simply went with him to the Bureau of Employment managed by the Commonwealth, and there showed him the various demands for help, and explained to him the kind of labor wanted, the number of hours required each day, and the price paid.

Charles found that, on account of the apprentice system, skilled labor was so abundant in Socioland that it did not command a higher price than hard manual labor. In fact the best paid labor was that which required the most muscle, and the miners and those who graded the streets and roads received the highest prices. Charles did not want at that time to leave Spencer, and as many men were needed to help unload the steamboats, he promptly engaged himself for the work at a salary of fifty cents an hour, to work seven hours a day. It was work he was used to, and as Mr. Bell explained to him, would be a stepping stone to an easier and more responsible position, although probably not better remunerated.

As Charles was warmly thanking Mr. Bell for his kindness to him this gentleman answered:

"You need not feel under any special obligation to me, Mr, Morril. Of course I was glad to be of use to you, but in so doing I was helping ourselves also. Every able-bodied man or woman who comes to Socioland adds to our producing power, and we are glad to see them go to work as soon as possible. I

have done no more than would have been done by any right-minded person in the Commonwealth."

And as Charles insisted, he continued: "I see our conditions are so different from those of other countries that I had better explain them to you. In the United States, and in all nations under private capitalism, you have two distinct classes which co-operate in production. You have the private capitalist who owns and controls the largest share of the means of production, and the workers who only control their own labor, and who depend for employment upon some capitalist being able or willing to give them some work to do. As machinery becomes more in use and replaces human labor, it becomes more difficult to find work for all willing hands, and it is really a favor to help a man to find suitable employment.

"This unpleasant state of things, which led you to leave the United States, is not the result of the will of the capitalists, but of inherent defects in the whole system. Work is hard to find, not because there is too much machinery or too much production, but because private capitalism divorces the product from the consumer. The capitalists, after paying the wage-earners, retain into their hands more products than they can consume, and the competition among the wage-earners prevent them from being sufficiently remunerated to obtain possession of the remainder. Private capitalism, like war, impoverishes what it feeds upon, and like war will ultimately have to be abandoned because its success leads to its own destruction.

"Our system is entirely different. Every citizen of Socioland is a member of a political organization which owns and controls the largest share of the means of production, and sees to it that what is privately owned is so distributed that no citizen can appropriate more products than he can dispose of to the advantage of the community. By so doing we insure an adequate consumption for all we can produce, and as a natural result there is no difficulty to furnish every man with work.

"Nor has a competitive manufacturer any special interest to find employment for the artisan who has

been displaced by the improvement in the means of production, and if he finds or gives him work he has placed him under obligation, but every intelligent man knows that it is for his interest to find occupation for his partner, that his own work may be lightened and their joint production increased.

"And in a sense you see, Mr. Morril, we are all partners here, and it is for our common interest that you should find work as soon as possible.

"And work is never lacking here, for the same system of public co-operation which makes it for our interest to find you work, keeps us from suffering from these periodical gluts of over-production which afflict all other civilized countries. For being partners and joint-owners of the production, the more we produce the more we consume, and the demand for labor is commensurate to our collective powers of enjoyment."

This short explanation of Mr. Bell fell in good soil. The one economic question which had come home to Charles in the last few months was that of the employment of the idle workers.

While walking the streets of New York he had seen enough to realize that there must be something wrong in a system which compels men to go hungry and ill-clad while stores and warehouses were filled to overflowing with food and clothing.

What the trouble was he could not discover, but now Mr. Bell had given him the key to the problem, and as time passed he saw more clearly the truth of what he had heard, that the increasing ownership of the means of production by private capitalists must eventually destroy the very prosperity which it is expected to promote.

In outward appearance Spencer did not differ materially from any American city. Wide streets, with a row of trees on each side, cut each other at right angles, but Charles did not find the usual contrast between the fashionable quarters and the homes of the poor. In vain did he look for the palaces of Fifth Avenue or the squallor of the east side. There were many fine edifices, but they were all public property. Several handsome theatres, with reading rooms and

libraries in the basement. One magnificent building, which turned out to be the Bank of Spencer, and where he found eventually that almost all the financial business of the city was transacted. Several City Homes, such as the one where they had found such pleasant lodgings. Some neat Club-houses, surrounded by shrubs and flowers. A gallery of paintings, an art museum and a museum of natural history, set in the centre of a small but neat park nearly in the heart of the city. Such were the buildings which attracted the attention of our friends as they became acquainted with their new surroundings. Besides these public buildings, the sides of the streets were lined with pretty houses, set in well-kept and neat yards, and evidently built for convenience and comfort, and not for the gratification of vulgar tastes.

Charles missed the bustle and activity of a commercial city. Knowing Spencer to be the receiving and distributing point for all the foreign goods used in Socioland, he expected to find it a New York on a small scale, with its streets filled with busy crowds and encumbered with drays of all kinds.

But no such spectacle presented itself to his eyes. Scattered all over the city were retail stores, none very large, but everyone well supplied with necessary goods. Near the lake a few stores dealt in special articles such as the average merchant does not care to keep, but not a sign of a wholesale store could he see. Socioland does not do business that way, and avoids as much as possible the waste and expense which competition entails upon less civilized nations.

Near the lake and close to the wharf stood a row of large, handsome fire-proof buildings, erected to receive all the goods, either imported or ready to export. Back of these buildings ran the railroad, so as to load the cars direct from them. A little nearer the city another large building was used as a sample room, and there all the customers made their selections and gave their orders. Thus the business which in other countries is carried on by hundreds of different firms, was in Socioland carried by one firm, and this simple fact had been sufficient to change the appearance of

a whole city. Although a very large amount of business was transacted every day, it was all done on a very restricted space and without in any way affecting the balance of the community.

How great a change it made in the methods of doing business, Charles only found out when he had been in Spencer sometime, and had worked in these warehouses long enough to understand the nature of the transactions. He then found that all over Socioland, at convenient points, were distributing centers, where just such warehouses had been located, each containing a supply of every article the people might desire to buy. These warehouses, with their connecting sample rooms, were kept supplied from Spencer, and almost every day sent in their orders which were shipped to them direct. Thus the Spencer houses were never glutted with goods and the circulation was always in a healthy state. A long experience and a careful study of the normal needs of the people enabled the Managers to order the goods in such amounts, and at such times as they would be taken off their hands, and no fear of competition or desire of speculation ever led them into premature purchases.

One result of this policy impressed Charles greatly. He was not a philosopher, but he kept his eyes open and sometimes drew some shrewd conclusions.

While in New York, he used to wonder what the civilized world was coming to with its system of competitive distribution. He could see that the cramped condition of the city made it more and more difficult to transact business there, and yet the advantages offered to buyers by an almost unlimited choice and by the competitive eagerness of the merchants were so great, that the larger the distributing centers became, the greater the influx of people eager to get the best and cheapest bargains.

Under these conditions what was the end to be? He could not even suggest an answer. Probably overgrown cities like London, reaching their ten millions inhabitants, polluting the moral and physical atmosphere, and making the conditions of health and happiness more and more difficult.

And lo! these people had unwittingly found the solution of the difficulty, for with their system the buyer had no special inducement to trade in one place more than in another. The choice was just the same in all the distributing centers and the price was no longer affected by the competition among sellers. Sea-ports became only distributing stations, with no more commercial importance than a railroad crossing. Instead of half a dozen cities monopolizing the wholesale trade, as in the United States, to the great advantage of those who have pre-empted the best locations in them, and to the great detriment of the remainder of the population, under the Socioland system, there would be thousands of distributing centers, located wherever they were needed, each giving an equal choice of goods at uniform prices.

For in Socioland, no difference in the price is made on account of expenses incurred by near or far transportation, for it is the tendency of all public cooperation to simplify accounts and also to equalize chances, because experience has shown that they both have a tendency to increase public prosperity.

Before I bring this chapter to a close, I must describe their system of street cars. Three lines run in the length of the city, one in the centre and two near the edges. Four more run across the town, thus placing each portion within easy reach. The cars are large and comfortable, and instead of conductors have receptacles for the money placed at convenient distances and in reach of the passengers. Over these hung notices reading thus: "Fare two cents for one trip and connections. This car belongs to the people and is run for their benefit. We trust you. Prove worthy of the Trust." At each end of the car, over the door, is hung a large dial, and printed upon it are the names of the cross streets and important places passed on the trip. A needle on the dial, automatically moved by the running gear, travels in unison with the car, and always points to the exact spot reached, thus keeping the passengers informed of their present location. By this simple method much anxiety is avoided, and the need of a conductor greatly diminished.

And now that I have somewhat introduced to my readers the home of our friends, and given some idea of the spirit which exists there, I will take up again the narrative of their lives, first giving some of Mary's impressions as found in a letter to her friend Amy, in which the readers will find some more information upon the new conditions in which they found themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

MARY'S LETTERS.

I.

Spencer, Socioland, Africa.
June 10, 19—.

My dear Amy:

We have now reached this place which is to be our home for I think a long time, and we are fairly settled and feel quite pleased at getting into regular ways again. And yet our traveling was very pleasant and restful, especially coming right after the wearysome last months we had in New York. Yes, it was interesting and gladdening to see and hear so much that was new to us, and I felt almost sorry when our traveling days came to an end, and would have asked nothing better than to keep up that kind of life for a while longer.

But still we are not sorry to have settled down again, for here as well as in our traveling we see new sights, learn of new methods of working and hear constantly such unusual opinions expressed on almost every subject that we cannot but learn, while at the same time we wonder at most all we see.

I suppose you will want to know where we are settled, how living, etc. And I intend to tell you all, for you cannot make any true guess about our new mode of life.

To commence at the beginning, I will tell you that on arriving in Spencer we went to a hotel, intending to stay there a few days until we could go to house-

keeping. Charles of course meant to find occupation of some kind as soon as possible, and we wanted a house within reasonable distance of his work.

But we had not been here long when our plans for the future took an entirely different turn from what we had expected. The very next morning Charles went out to look around and see people, and on coming back to the hotel he asked me without preliminaries how I would like, instead of renting a house, to go and live in a Home? "Why Charles, I wouldn't like it at all! What do you mean?" I asked. "I know we are not rich, but we are not so poor but that we can pay for our rooms." For I thought, as you may too, that he was thinking of some charitable institution where we might be taken in, at least until we had replenished our purses which by this time were getting rather empty.

But Charles laughed, for it wasn't that at all. It was going to live in a kind of tenement house where we would pay for our rooms and keep house if we wished. "It would be much cheaper, I am told, than renting a house," Charles explained, "and then we would have a chance of getting better acquainted with the people, who, so far as I have seen are very sociable." Well, that was certainly very reasonable and when Charles proposed our going together to visit one of those Homes, I was quite willing and got ready right away, and went to one not far off and in sight of the lake, for Charles said his work would likely be on the wharf, and he had already been introduced to the Manager of that particular Home.

On reaching the place we found ourselves in front of a large, fine building, occupying a whole square on the street, over the front door of which was written in large letters 'City Home', so there was no mistaking it. As we went in the wide hall whose door was open, an elderly gentleman came out of an office on the right, and recognizing Charles, who immediately introduced me, he greeted us kindly and inquired if he could be of any assistance to us, adding "I shall be pleased to do what I can for you."

So Charles stated our errand, saying that we were

strangers to everything. "And," added he, "we have heard of these City Homes as places where we could live comfortably, cheaper than elsewhere, and we would like to see your rooms and hear your terms." "Certainly," replied the Manager, "I shall be very happy to show you not only the vacant apartments but also over the building, that you may get a correct idea of how the establishment is planned and managed." And then he took us into the room which he had just left, which was a large waiting room with plenty of comfortable seats and no lack of light from the many windows. His office was at the back of that, being also a roomy, well lighted and cozily furnished room, and opposite those two, on the other side of the spacious hall, were a reception room and a library whose walls were actually lined with well filled book shelves. "These rooms" said the Manager "are always open to the inmates of the Home and to their visitors. The other sitting room next my office is where I receive any one who wants to see me, or where people stop till I am at liberty to wait on them."

Then we went through a paved inside court, around which the house is built, and at the back of the building we saw the long dining room on one side and the kitchen and pantry on the other. Everything was neat, and although there were a number of girls and women working in the kitchen, getting ready for supper I suppose, there was no confusion anywhere. As we came out into the Court again I remarked that they must have a great many boarders if it took so many servants to do the cooking.

"Oh!" said the Manager smiling, "those are not servants that you saw. They are members of families who rent apartments here and who prefer to eat at the Home table to keeping house by themselves. It lessens their expenses considerably for they only have to pay their share of the actual cost of the food, but then the women help in turn to do the necessary work. If after seeing our Home you conclude to take rooms here you have the privilege of choosing between doing your own housekeeping and sharing in the work and expenses of the Home kitchen."

All this was news to us, and sounded a little strange for it seemed to me a good deal like working in a hotel and I did not care to do that. But I didn't say so, and the Manager led us to the center of the yard where was a tall, square tower which had connection with the upper stories of the building by iron bridges built across. I wondered what it meant, but before I could ask, we had entered the tower and I found that there was an elevator in it, which the Manager said would take us to the upper floors, and sure enough we stopped at the bridge of the second floor where we got out and walked over to the gallery which runs around the building. I then noticed that the elevator connects with each floor of the house by four bridges, one to each side of the square court, and those bridges lead to the galleries which run around each story; also on those galleries there are stairways, so that the people are independent of the elevator.

Again this was to us a new way of building and managing, and was rather bewildering to me, and I wondered if, should we come to live here, I would be able to find my way in and out or up and down. But I can say that after the first day, I've had no difficulty in getting to the kitchen and back to our rooms.

Well, the Manager showed us some empty apartments on different floors, some had only three rooms, and corner apartments, though they had not more than five rooms, were much larger and of course commanded a much better view of the lake. But I noticed that every room, back as well as front, had large windows affording plenty of light and ventilation, and the front windows opened to the floor and had pretty little balconies outside. On many of these balconies I could see pots of flowers, and some of them had creepers intertwining in the fancy railing, making the place look very home-like.

I said as much to the Manager and he answered: "Yes, it is not only home-like, but is, what we want it to be, a real home to the families that live under its roof. Each one can exercise their taste and judgment, and consult their means about making their own private home as comfortable, attractive and richly

furnished as they please, and most of our lodgers love flowers and cultivate them as you see."

After seeing all the Manager could show us, and more too, for we saw many of the inmates about, sitting in the galleries, and going up and down stairs, we thanked our guide who had so kindly given us all the information we needed and went back to the hotel talking all the way of what we had seen and learned.

Then when we were in our room Charles said: "Mary, what do you think of the idea of eating with the Home people?" I knew by that question that he wanted to try it, but I wasn't sure that I would like it, for it would bring me continually in contact with strangers about the work, and I said as much to him. "Why," he answered, "that's the very reason why I think we might try it, because we shall learn more of these people's ways and will know them better if we live with them than if we set up housekeeping by our two lone selves."

Of course there was truth in what Charles said, and though I dreaded a little to go about that big kitchen and dining room, I told him I was willing to try and added: "Then Charles, if we go to that Home do let's try to get that apartment of five rooms on the second floor, I liked it so much, and then if we shouldn't keep on boarding we would have enough room to do all our housekeeping."

"All right, little woman," he said, "I guess we will be able to afford it, especially as we shall be economizing in other directions. We'll just sleep on this, and if to-morrow we're in the same mind, I'll go and engage those rooms and we'll settle down as soon as we can get the necessary things together."

And as the next day didn't change Charles' mind, and I had no new objection to bring forward, he went and secured the cozy apartment I wanted, and then we went together to get our furniture. The prices of everything were very reasonable, and we might have been tempted to buy a good deal, but we restrained ourselves and only got what was necessary to furnish our bedroom and a sitting room, and by and by

as we need it we can furnish our other rooms. Two of them can be used as bedrooms if we should ever be so fortunate as to have friends come and stay with us, or one can be bedroom and the other dining room if we want to do our cooking, and the last is the kitchen in which we found what is in every apartment, a stove, refrigerator, table, and a couple of chairs, so you see we are partly set up in that direction.

We have now been here a week, and I must say that I am better satisfied than I had at first expected to be. Every one has been so kind that we feel they are friends and don't look upon us as intruders. When we arrived in the Home, the Manager introduced us to several people on the same floor as ourselves, "your neighbors," he said, "and you'll meet more of our folks at dinner and I will then present you to the housekeeper who has been notified of your coming. But to-day," he said turning to me, "you needn't think of going to the kitchen, I'm sure you'll have enough to do fixing up your rooms."

Which we certainly did. Charles wasn't to go to work for two days yet, so I had his help putting down matting and putting up the bed, hanging up curtains and the few pictures and photographs we had brought with us, and doing a lot of little jobs that had to be done.

And by night we had succeeded in making our new home look real cozy, and it was with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that we looked around on our new belongings. "I think I shall like it here, Charles," I said as I leaned on the arm of the chair in which he was sitting, "just look at the view out of that window, isn't the lake beautiful? It's on that account I wanted these rooms, so as to always see the lake, the sight of it is really refreshing."

"So it is," said Charles, suddenly pulling me down in his lap, "and I hope you will like it and be happy here, but I think just now we are in need of more substantial refreshment, in the shape of supper, so let's clean up and go down." And after a parting hug which told me that he was perfectly happy, we made ourselves presentable and went to supper which

was a very lively meal. Afterwards I had a few words with the housekeeper who is a good looking middle aged woman, who told me that next morning after breakfast I might come to the kitchen and my share of work would be allotted to me.

And now I am fairly launched with the workers of this Home, and have gotten over the dread I had of being alone in a strange place. But I cannot in one letter tell you of all my new surroundings, so, dear Amy, you may before long look for another epistle from your affectionate friend,

Mary.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The Morrils had not been settled many days in their new home when one evening a sharp, quick little knock given as if by an impatient hand, was struck at their door, and Mary had hardly time to say "Come in," before a little girl, perhaps twelve years of age made her appearance.

The new comer was a handsome child. Bright black eyes, restless and inquisitive, curly black hair, a high forehead and a mobile mouth, surmounted a lithe, but spare figure. Her manner was a strange mixture of boldness and shyness, as if carried by her impulses she was half-ashamed at the results of her actions.

"Good evening," she said as she closed the door behind her. "I am one of your neighbors, and I thought I would come and pay you a visit."

"We are glad you came," said Mary, who took to the child at once. "Sit down and get acquainted with us. What is your name, my dear?"

"Rose Mansfield," answered the girl.

"Rose Mansfield, that's a very pretty name," continued Mary. "And you say you are one of our neighbors. Where do you live then?"

"Oh! not exactly a neighbor. I live in this house,

but not on this floor. But I heard mother speak of you, and thought I would like to know people that came from so far." With a little laugh, "Mama says that I am a very wilful little girl, and I am I suppose." Hanging down her head and looking at our friends from the corner of her eyes with a demure little smile on her lips.

"That is very nice of you," said Mary, "and now you must make yourself at home here and tell us all about you. Come here to me and give me a kiss." And as the girl came impulsively at a run, Mary opened her arms and folded her to her bosom. Her motherly heart was warmed by the unaffected ways of the child, and she never forgot the wave of affection which passed over her as she received that first token of good-will in that strange land.

Charles had not said anything yet, but had looked on much entertained. His nature was different from Mary's. Man-like, if his mind and body were busy, his heart was easily satisfied. But the bright child attracted him, and induced by a spirit of mischief, and to see what she would do, he said: "And me Rose, won't you give me a kiss also?"

Rose opened wide her large, inquiring eyes and looked at him carefully, as if undecided what to do. Finally she frankly went up to him and holding up her lips for the desired caress, said: "Yes, I will let you kiss me, I think I will like you too." But she received the kiss gravely and as a matter of courtesy, and going back to Mary, nestled to her, and with a sigh of relief, exclaimed:

"Oh! I am glad I came. I know I'll like you. It is so nice to visit people that you like."

Mary took the child up in her lap and she was soon talking unreservedly with her new friends, telling them about herself and her life. She had one brother, but he was an apprentice and gone most of the time, and a married sister who lived in another Township. She went to school part of each day, but had much time to spare, and liked to make new friends and to visit new places. She had seen Mary down stairs, and thought she would like to know her, and to hear her

talk about other countries and other people, and too impatient to wait the slow process of acquaintance through her parents, had decided to act for herself and visit them in their rooms.

This visit was the beginning of a long and intimate acquaintance, and Rose played at a future time an important part in the drama of their lives, but that was several years later. For the present she became a bright ray in Mary's existence, whose motherly heart found a resting place in the child's affection. Her constant visits were always a pleasure and made a pleasant diversion in her life.

But with the waywardness of youth, and the innate mobility of her nature, Rose soon manifested a predilection for Charles' society. In the first place, her mind was better satisfied when it came in contact with the more active and better stored mind of Charles than with the placid and somewhat every-day thought which at that time made up the whole of Mary's intellectual life, and she delighted to hear Charles talk of the adventures and great achievements of noted Americans, and would have enjoyed to take her part in the exciting life of the American people. She was also, unknown to herself, a born flirt, and fond of men's society, and as her nature developed from the child into the woman, Charles' strong virility had a positive, if unconscious attraction for her. But these elements developed slowly, and for many years nothing in Rose's conduct caused any pain to either of our friends. On the contrary, she was a source of great pleasure to them, and was soon looked upon in the light of a younger sister.

One of Rose's favorite diversions was to act, and she had quite a gift in that direction. Hers was the true artist temperament, well calculated to give her notoriety and to satisfy her love of excitement, but not conducive to that self-control which is the best guarantee of happiness in our every-day life.

Already at that time she was a member of an amateur company, made up of the brightest youths of the community, and engaged in helping to act out plays where she often took a leading part.

With her strong taste for histrionics, she soon wanted to know, on that first visit, about the theatres of America, and was very much surprised when she found out that it was an expensive amusement which the poor could seldom afford.

"Why!" she said, "it costs nothing here. All the theatres are free."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Charles, who did not understand that way of doing business. "And then who pays the expenses? For it costs money to give plays."

"I don't know," she answered, "I never thought of that. The Township, I suppose. We have a Manager of Entertainments, and he sees about all these things." Turning to Charles, "Do you play?"

"What do you mean?" he answered teasingly. "Play base-ball or play on an instrument?"

"No!" she rejoined impatiently. "Aren't you stupid? Play in plays, of course. Because if you do and the Manager finds it out, he will call on you and ask you to join a company. He always does, you know."

"Oh!" said Charles, "that's the way it's done, is it? You have no regular company then. All amateurs?"

"Yes, that's it. All common people. Some play, some sing, others recite. But all those who can do something are expected to do their part. I sing a little, but" rapturously "I love to play best."

Mary patted her on the cheek and asked when she would play next, for surely they would go and see her.

"Oh! next week, and I am to be the leading lady, and you must be sure to come and come early so as to get good seats. It is a lovely play with lots of fun in it," and her eyes sparkled. "And there are some beautiful dances, just like this." And the lively child jumped off Mary's lap, and commenced to skip and dance, humming a tune at the same time.

She soon got out of breath, and resuming her place, continued: "We are all children you know, the oldest is not yet fourteen and we cannot play like grown folks, but it is very nice all the same and the theatre is always full. We have one little fellow, William Tueslay, who always amuses the house, he is so funny. He is just so high," showing off with her hands, "and

he is so fat, just as fat as can be, with big red cheeks, and when fixed up he looks oh! so important. Oh! my! to see him strut about one would think he owned the whole house. People cannot help laughing at him, but he don't know it, and he has so much dignity he never even smiles." With a sigh. "I wish I could keep from laughing, but I never can. If I look at the audience and I see some one I know smiling, I am sure to smile also. Too bad, isn't it?"

And she looked at Mary with such a pitiful face that Mary could not help laughing herself.

"There," she said with a pout. "You are laughing at me now. I do not believe I'll like you one bit." But her moods were like April weather. Rain and sunshine chased each other so fast that neither of them held sway very long.

"Oh!" and her face was all smiles, "but the music, it is delicious, and all young boys too. It is the Juvenile Band of Spencer, and no one is allowed to remain in it after they are sixteen years of age. But they play beautifully all the same. And Thomas Lest, he is nearly fifteen, and he leads the band. He is a darling, I tell you." And her eyes fell and she assumed the demure and modest expression of a young girl who casually mentions her first beau.

"Ah!" said Charles, "does the wind blow that way? I want to see that Thomas, I know I shall be jealous of him. But bah! He may be a good musician, but I know he is as plain as plain can be. Now, come, he is not nearly as good-looking as I?"

Rose looked at Charles critically, as if taking stock of his good points. "I don't know," she said. "You are a good-looking man." Charles stood up and made her a bow, and then straightened himself as if for inspection. "But Thomas is not plain at all."

"O! come," said Charles, "you know he has got no mustache," twirling his own with that self-satisfied air which the possessors of that hirsute appendage know so well how to assume. "And a boy without a mustache, pshaw! they are as insipid as an egg without salt."

Rose was evidently divided between her appreciation

of Charles' good looks and her affection for Thomas, who, if the truth must be told, was not distinguished for beauty. What was fun for Charles, was pretty serious business for her young and inexperienced heart. Finally her affection got the better of her and her eyes filled with tears, and turning to Mary she nestled close to her breast, and said: "I don't want him to make fun of Thomas and he shan't do it while I am here. I am going home." And she would have jumped off her lap if Mary had not held her, and Charles seeing that he had carried matters a little too far, quickly made his peace by assuring her he had no doubt Thomas was the nicest boy in Spencer, for he had heard of very nice boys who had no mustache, though it did not happen often.

Rose was easily pacified, and the time passed so pleasantly that all at once, as she heard the clock in the tower strike nine, she jumped off Mary's lap, and running for her hat and exclaiming she would call again soon, disappeared almost as quickly as she had come.

Soon after, the Morrils made the acquaintance of her parents and an appointment was made for them all to go together to the theatre the next time Rose should appear on the boards.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE THEATRE.

According to previous engagement, the following week Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield came early in the evening to our friends' rooms, to escort them to the theatre. Rose had gone ahead some time before, so as to dress and otherwise get ready for her part.

Mr. Mansfield was an odd character. Tall, standing over six feet in his stockings, broad of chest, fat and of almost gigantic size, for he weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds, he was good nature personified, and his merry blue eyes shone with a most benign

expression. His large round face, covered with a heavy growth of beard which he was too careless to remove, denoted the character of the man.

Easy-going, without ambition, ever ready to enjoy life and to improve every opportunity to pleasantly spend his time, yet he was, as Charles soon found out, a well-informed and intelligent man.

Socioland just suited him. In the competitive and stirring atmosphere of the United States he would have been miserable, for his was an exceptionally peaceable disposition, and he thoroughly disliked to have to struggle against his fellow-men. Even here, he had not achieved as much success as he deserved, and was satisfied to live out his days in a City Home, working moderately to supply his wants. But on the other hand, the many opportunities offered by the Commonwealth for intellectual enjoyment and social intercourse satisfied his mind, and if he had not accumulated worldly wealth, he was a happy and well-informed man. His was the encephalic-lymphatic temperament—intellectual and indolent—and it was delightful to a man of his character to be able to turn over to society a part of the burden entailed upon mankind by the problem of the struggle for existence.

As is usually the case, he had married a woman of an entirely different temperament, and it was easy to see where Rose had got her quick and changing disposition. Mrs. Mansfield was tall and slender, nervous and impulsive, with restless and expressive black eyes. They were a well-matched couple, for each was the complement of the other. He perfectly satisfied in all circumstances, forever preaching to her the gospel of enjoyment and the advisability of easy adaptation to all our surroundings, while she, more difficult to please, often chafed against his indolent nature, but yet in her inmost heart admired him as a wise man and a deep philosopher, and could but acknowledge that if she was more like him she would be happier, and their life much more pleasant.

Rose was her father's darling, and he was proud of her and of her acting, and it was a great pleasure for him to take our friends to see her play. If he

was not ambitious for himself, he was for her, and it gratified him deeply to see her appreciated.

It was early when they made their appearance at the Morrils, for they wanted to reach the theatre in time to secure good seats, and they knew that many would be of like mind. Mary was not quite ready when they arrived, for her work that week was in the afternoon, and she had been busy with the supper. The Mansfields had not visited them yet in their rooms, but Mr. Mansfield was not a man to stand long on ceremony. He had no sooner shaken hands than he fell in a chair, which not used to such treatment, creaked under him.

"Ouf!" he said, "I declare I do not know what I am coming to. I believe I am getting heavier and lazier all the time, and it is getting pretty hard work to carry so much fat wherever I go."

"Now, now Henry, how you do talk," remonstrated Mrs. Mansfield. What will Mrs. Morril think of you?"

"Keep cool, Sallie," retorted Mr. Mansfield, "and do not ask me to put on company manners. We are not making a formal call. Our friends will soon find that there is not much style about me, and you need not try to hide it from them. But," with a shrug of his shoulders, "what else can you expect of such a big specimen of humanity. Ah! how I deceived you Sallie. Too bad, isn't it?"

And turning to Mary who was showing Mrs. Mansfield to a chair: "I hope your husband will not turn out such a fraud, Mrs. Morril. When Sallie and I married, I was a tall, slender youth, not bad looking either, and she thought she was making quite a match. Poor girl! I soon began to grow fat and lazy, and it almost broke her heart. But I did not do it on purpose, I assure you. Ah! these men, these men, there is no trusting them." And he chuckled to himself.

Mary excused herself for a few minutes, and soon reappeared ready for the evening, and they all started to walk to the theatre which was not very far from their lodgings.

Charles was attracted by Mr. Mansfield, and walked with him, conversing on the way. Once seated, he

found himself in a spacious building, with comfortable seats, and all the conveniences found in first-class theatres. As his eyes roamed over the building, Mr. Mansfield who was seated next to him remarked:

"Pretty nice building, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Charles. "And I must say that I am surprised to see it so handsomely decorated. It must have cost a good sum of money, and it does not seem to me in accord with what I understand to be the policy of your people to spend so much for ornament. I had an idea that here you were all for comfort and nothing for show."

"Oh! you are mistaken. We like to have things look nice as well as anybody. What we object to is to have only a few be able to have nice things. So, as we are not all rich enough to have fine houses, it is on our public buildings that we gratify our tastes and we never grudge the money for them. Otherwise the love of the beautiful in architecture would soon die out, for we have no other chance to cultivate it."

"That is true," remarked Charles. "You have no citizens rich enough to build million dollar houses, as is done in other countries. And come to think of it, you have no churches even, those monuments of the taste of the most aesthetic of other nations."

"No, we have not, but our theatres take their place. Do you know, Mr. Morril, that in a sense they are our places of worship?"

"Oh! no, not that," rejoined Charles. "I can understand that they are places of recreation and of social enjoyment, but surely you do not connect them with any religious devotion. Unless," and his eyes twinkled a little, "you agree with some of our ministers that the theatres are the portals of Hell, and are devoted to the worship of His Satanic Majesty. You do not believe any such doctrine, I suppose?"

"No, not much," answered Mr. Mansfield. "But according to our belief theatres are places of worship all the same. You see, we worship happiness here. The more happiness the better. Then if we build houses especially devoted to enjoyment, are they not places of worship? To be sure they are."

"Yes, that's so," replied Charles. "I had not thought of it in that way. At home, you see, religion and every-day life are kept so strictly apart that we never think of connecting religion with worldly pleasures. A church is the temple of God, and a theatre the house of the devil. The saints manage the church and the sinners manage the theatre. It is true things are getting a little mixed, even there, and it is every day becoming more difficult to tell a church from a theatre or a saint from a sinner."

"Hey!" said Mr. Mansfield, looking at Charles quizzingly. "The theatres getting holy, and the sinners reforming themselves?"

"No, not that I know of," rejoined Charles. "It is the other way. The churches are aping the theatres and stealing their best drawing cards and the saints are beginning to act dreadfully like the sinners. I do not know" and Charles' face assumed an appearance of unusual reflection "but that the worship of happiness is extending even there, and that the main difference between them and you is that you acknowledge it openly, and follow the pursuit of happiness more honestly and intelligently."

While they were talking, a good deal of noise could be heard on the other side of the curtain. Shrill girls' voices, exclamations of surprise and delight, merry laughs, mixed with words of reprehension, as if some older person was trying to bring order out of confusion. But slowly the noises were hushed, the youthful musicians filed in their places, and soon the opening strains of the music filled the building.

The play was a light comedy, with but little plot and no exciting scenes, better calculated for the display of merry dances and bright songs than to call out emotional excitement.

In the first scene, which represented a country kitchen, Rose acted the part of a housekeeper, getting ready for the reception of some friends just from the city. In a short dress, with sleeves rolled up, and assuming a demure expression, she looked real pretty and sweet. As she came in, her eyes roamed over the house, and as she met those of her parents and friends,

two dimples formed in her cheeks and she cast her eyes to the ground, but she soon recovered her composure and entered into the spirit of the play.

Half a dozen actors played the leading parts, while twenty or more took part in the songs and dances. One little girl, disguised as an old woman, made a very funny appearance and caused much merriment. William Tueslay was there as a young dude from the city, and Charles had a special eye for Thomas the musician, who proved to be a heavy built, sturdy lad, evidently much enamored with Rose, and who had some difficulty to keep his mind properly balanced between his admiration for his lady-love and his devotion to his music in which he seemed quite proficient.

While Charles enjoyed the play, he could well see that it was not fine acting as the art is understood, and he wondered if first-class acting could be attained under the system adopted by the Commonwealth. So when the curtain went down, after a few words to Mr. Mansfield complimentary of Rose's playing, he asked him if he thought that Socioland had brought out as high a class of actors as it would have done under the system adopted in other countries.

"You ask me a hard question, Mr. Morril," he replied, "for we have no data for comparison, and it must be a matter of guess work. But even supposing that we had not, there are many other things to be taken into consideration, and we have many reasons for preferring the plan we have adopted.

"It is our policy here to make all kinds of enjoyments as free as possible, so as to bring them within the reach of all. Just as you open your churches to all comers, so do we open the doors of our theatres and concert rooms, and if we had to hire private companies at high prices our entertainments would be much curtailed. Thus if your system induces some persons to devote their whole life to acting, and if they can reach a higher degree of perfection, it also prevents a large portion of the public from witnessing their efforts and reaping benefits from them.

"And the result is that you have a large portion of

the population who have never seen a first-class play in their life, and have only attended the lower class of public entertainments, while here all our citizens are familiar with the best plays which have been produced in all other lands. Is it not better to have a little less excellence and to have the advantage of dramatic representation diffused through all the people, than to aim so high for the benefit of a privileged class?"

"Yes, it is true," answered Charles. "And I for one can find no fault with your policy. In New York we could seldom go to the theatre, and then had to take the poorer and cheaper seats. I tell you, Mr. Mansfield, it often vexed me sorely when I went with Mary, and she was eager to hear and see the play, and we had to take back seats while the best places were taken by persons to whom play-going was such an old story that they paid little or no attention to what took place on the stage, and even acted sometimes so as to keep us from hearing what was said."

"I can understand that," continued Mr. Mansfield, "but there is another objection to the system of other countries. Acting being there a money-making business, your successful actors command high salaries and make large amounts of money. That cannot help but have a debasing influence on persons of genius. You have read, I suppose, Mr. Morril, of those times when authors and actors fawned upon kings and noblemen, that they might receive pensions or other rewards for the work of their brains. Your civilization has reached a point beyond that, and your authors no longer dedicate their books to men in power to insure their success. But you measure all things by money, which is nearly as bad. A great singer's reputation is measured by the price of the tickets, and a lecturer's fame is worth so many dollars a night.

"To us it is prostitution and nothing more, and the men or women who sell their genius in any form are looked down upon with the same contempt as the woman who sells her favors. You may say that these persons must live, which is true, but to live they must exchange their time for a living, and not their genius

for a fortune. The lecturer, for instance, who says: 'I must be paid for my time and trouble, and it is worth ten dollars, but on account of my genius you must pay me one hundred dollars,' sells his genius for money and puts a low and demoralizing estimate on it.

"Mr. Morril," and here Mr. Mansfield's expression became entirely different from what it was in ordinary conversation, and showed the philosopher and the earnest man which underlay his usual carelessness and good nature, "I really believe that if your greatest actor should come here and try to play on the same terms on which they usually star it around the world, he would not be able to get an audience. The idea of the man thus making merchandise of his great gift would so disgust us that we would not have anything to do with him, while, probably, if he would come here and play for us, not for the sake of the money, but to enable us to appreciate his wonderful genius, he would find the most appreciative of audiences, and reap a much higher reward than would be possible for him in other countries."

As Mr. Mansfield stopped, the curtain was rising for the second act, and showed an entirely different scene. Rose and her friends were enjoying themselves in the country. A truly festive scene it represented, and the youthful actors seemed to enjoy it as much as if it was real. Songs, dances, games that seemed taken out of real life, delighted the eyes of the spectators. Rose was in her element, and with laughing eyes and bright smiles, was the life of the entertainment. A little by-play between a country admirer and William Tueslay, the city dude, furnished the wit of the scene and gave Rose a chance to display her fine acting powers. She played the flirt to perfection and as if to the manner born, and Charles got there a slight insight as to her real character. Thomas was also a study, and if not exactly jealous, would evidently have preferred to be an actor at that precise moment. Some of the dances were charming, for young children dance with so much more grace than grown folks. There is an abandon and self-forgetfulness which charms far beyond the precision of maturity.

The third act ended in the utter discomfiture of the city dude, who was entrapped by his country rival in one of the awkward positions which are easily found on a farm for those not used to an out-door life. Rose's heart had certainly not been affected by the elaborate attentions of her city admirer, and she seemed to enjoy his downfall as much as any of her friends.

Charles and Mary enjoyed themselves very much, and so expressed themselves to their new friends. It was not the acting, nor any special merit in the play, although both were good, indeed much better than they had expected, but it was the gaiety of the actors, the true enjoyment they seemed to find in their work, that gave it its greatest charm. It seemed to them that they had witnessed a real children's frolic, and could not persuade themselves that it was all acting.

As they left the theatre, Rose joined them and walked back in their company to the Home. She received the congratulations on her acting in a semi-bashful, semi-proud manner, and soon after they started, sided up to Charles and putting her hand in his, walked thus with him all the way.

Charles bantered her a little about her admirers, but she did not seem inclined to talk. In fact she was tired, and the reaction from the excitement had come upon her and left her somewhat out of sorts. She nestled to Charles because his strength rested her, and unconsciously she was seeking the tonic her nature craved. As they parted at the door, after the older people had shaken hands, and bidden each other goodby, Rose kissed Mary, and of her own accord went up to Charles and held up her lips for the coveted caress.

This simple act of the child affected him deeply. It was done in such an innocent and confiding manner. It was no longer the young flirt he had seen an hour before, but the little girl craving the affection of a friend.

CHAPTER IX.

MARY'S LETTERS.

II.

Spencer, Socioland, Africa.
September 26, 19—.

My dear Amy:

I would like very much to make you see all our surroundings just as they are, so I am going to try to describe everything to you as well as I can, that you may know better than I have yet told you, how we live in this new place which is every day getting better known to us, and where we already have made several friends, besides a number of pleasant acquaintances.

I am sure if you could take a peep at me now, in my cozy sitting room, you would say that our lines have fallen in pleasant places. It is a delightfully warm and genial day, with a soft breeze from the lake blowing in at our French windows. I can see from where I sit the white sails of many boats, possibly some of them are fishermen's boats, for fish is abundant. I have before me a vase of sweet scented flowers, reminding me of you, and all around the room are little knicknacks brought from home, making the place cheerful and inviting, where Charles and I spend pleasant evenings when we don't go elsewhere.

But I ought to tell you first how I began work here. When I went to the kitchen the first time, there was a number of women already there, washing dishes and cleaning up. Mrs. Ward was giving directions about something, but came to me and said pleasantly: "Well, Mrs. Morril, have you come to help us in our kitchen duties? Although as you see we have plenty of help, we are always glad to take more." I told her I was ready to begin and quite willing to undertake anything that was required of me. And then she said: "I am very glad you and your husband have chosen to come and eat with us, for my friends here"

making a motion of the hand toward the women "and myself are very anxious to hear all we can about the United States. It is not often that people from your country come here, and when they do they generally prefer to keep house by themselves." "Yes," I said, "that's the way in America, as soon as a young couple is married they want to go to themselves. Homes like this are unknown." "Well, I hope you will like it among us," she went on, "and I don't think you will find the work hard, for there are many of us to do it, and we change about every week so as to avoid tediousness in what we have to do."

And then she told me how part of the people work in the morning and part in the afternoon, and the following week the order is changed, the morning workers taking the place of the others who in turn discharge their duties in the forenoon, thus affording each one a chance to have morning and evening leisure.

I was still in the kitchen where the work had been going on all the time, when the baker's wagon drove up and a quantity of bread of different kinds was brought in. I inquired what they had to pay for bread, expecting it would be cheaper than in the United States, for in all our purchases we had found their prices very low, but what was my astonishment when Mrs. Ward replied: "Nothing." "Nothing!" I echoed. "What do you mean?" "Why, just that. We don't pay for our bread, the Commonwealth gives it to us," she answered. "I suppose that is the government," I said rather puzzled. "Well, yes, in a way it is," she said. But it was such an unheard of thing that a government should give the bread to its people, for it seems that the whole country gets it free, that I had to express my astonishment again and again.

"So you had never heard that our bread was free?" asked Mrs. Ward. "Then perhaps it will also be news to you that all our laundrying is done without charge to us, the Commonwealth bearing all the expenses."

Now Amy, what do you think of that? All of one's washing and ironing being done away from home and not one cent to pay, isn't it nice and easy and convenient? "Indeed Mrs. Ward," I told her, "all this is

news to me, I don't see where you'll stop if you do so much for the people without their paying anything." "Oh! we haven't stopped at that," she said, "there's a good deal more that the Commonwealth does for its people, but I can't tell you of it now for I am needed elsewhere, but if you come down this evening to the reception room I can tell you more of our customs and you'll tell us of yours."

"And look here, Mrs. Morril," called out one of my fellow-workers later on as I was leaving the kitchen, "about the washing, have your clothes ready by Tuesday morning, that's the day the laundry wagon comes to this Home, and you'll have them back on Friday as clean and sweet as you could wish."

So thanking her, and with my mind full of wonder at what I had just heard, I went back to our rooms to do my own tidying up and await the return of Charles who had gone out. How different everything from what I was used to! No washing or ironing to do, no breadmaking, why life must be rather easy here, I thought; and when I told Charles, he said yes indeed, these people are wonderful. And do you know, I found out to-day they have Club Houses for women as well as men, a place where they meet to talk or visit, or to be quiet and look on, and where the people seem to be as much at home as if it belonged to them. "How do you know all that?" I asked, "have you been there?" "Yes," he answered, "as my work does not begin till to-morrow, I walked about the town and came across a fine building on which was written Club House. People kept going in and out, so I went in too, no admittance fee, and found some very comfortable rooms. But you'll have to go yourself and get a better idea of what a Club House is."

And before many days I did go in company with Mrs. Mansfield, one of our neighbors. I found as Charles had said some very nice parlors, well furnished with inviting chairs and lounges, tables for books and games and knicknacks, mirrors and pictures on the walls, and what I should have mentioned first, a large entrance hall and cloak room.

Mrs. Mansfield introduced me to some ladies who were there with their children and their fancy work. "What do you think of our public reception rooms, Mrs. Morril?" asked one of them after a while. "It is a very fine place," I answered. "But what is the need of it?" "Why, don't you see? We can do all our visiting here, and we don't have to keep up a parlor at home for that purpose. Besides we can see so many more people at one time than if we went to their houses or waited for them to come to us. The Commonwealth builds our Club Houses and furnishes them and keeps them up, and all we have to do is to make use of them for our pleasure and benefit."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mansfield. "I know many people who come here just for a little recreation, and one is almost always sure to meet friends here any day. All classes are alike made welcome, and from the way in which they are patronized I know these Club Houses are a good institution."

And now that I have been there a few times I say so too, and I do believe that everything is done to please the people that can possibly be done. For even theatres are free, also concert halls and lecture rooms, so that without any expense, one may have all the recreation and enjoyment that one needs and cares to have. And we appreciate all this you may be sure, and make use of all these privileges gladly, for we have more leisure to devote to our pleasures than we ever had before. The days when I have my afternoons free, Charles and I take long walks together in the Parks or by the Lake.

He always comes home early from his work and we can stay out till dark getting back in good time to eat supper without disturbing the arrangements of the Home. Those walks are a real pleasure to us, in the Parks we meet a great many people out like ourselves for an airing. Some who may have been there all the afternoon have hung their hammocks and are swinging in the shade, others have books and knitting and all around children are playing in a happy way.

Once we came upon a picnic party where were two

or three people that we knew, who invited us to join them at their supper spread on the grass. We accepted willingly, and Charles right away went to sit by the prettiest girl in the crowd and began to make her laugh by his funny sayings. I took a seat by an interesting boy of fourteen or fifteen years. He had his arm in a sling, but jumped up to wait on me and supplied me with more sweet things than I could eat. "I suppose it's because you like sweets so well yourself that you load me with them?" I said to him. "Yes," he answered. "I like anything sweet to eat or kiss. Can't you give me one after all the goodies I brought you?" Was there ever such impudence? And that too when he had never seen me before, and yet he wasn't a bold boy. But I didn't answer that and asked him what was the matter with his wrist. And he explained that he had hurt it playing base-ball. "But I don't mind," he went on. "My side won so I can stand this, and besides it will soon be well and I shall play again."

And then he asked about American games, and I told him of our life there, how different it was and all that, until I heard Charles say what a good time he was having, adding: "It is really a treat I haven't often enjoyed." "Why?" asked one of our hosts, "don't you have picnics in America?" "Oh! yes," Charles answered, "but my work generally kept me from joining such parties. Mary can tell you that she has more than once gone to picnics without me because my duties were such that I couldn't leave them."

"Well, you will have plenty of chances to make up for lost time," said our friend. "And by the way," he continued, "I haven't yet seen either of you at our dances. Don't you dance?" "Oh! don't we," replied Charles, "you just try us. See how Mary's eyes sparkle at the mere mention of a dance." And it did certainly make my blood run faster to know that we might go to dances where we would meet pleasant people without having to consider the expense.

And on the way home, walking with some of the party, we learned more and more how much is done for the people's enjoyment, that they have a chance

of spending their leisure hours pleasantly, and that it is their aim to live happy.

I believe I haven't told you yet that we have electric light all over the building, and hot and cold water in every apartment as well as in the Home kitchen, so you see everything is convenient.

The Manager, whom we meet every day, is a kind and thoughtful man. I hear him often inquiring of the different lodgers if there's anything that needs to be seen to by him, in their rooms. He has the management of the whole house, rents rooms, receives payments, makes all purchases, directs the apprentices, and settles any difficulties that may arise between the members of the Home.

Often after supper, or when I meet him in the hall or gallery, he says in his cheery way: "Well, Mrs. Morril, how about a game of cards to-night?" And as I am always willing, he comes up to our room, or else we go down to the parlor, and have a real good time playing cards with him and any others present who care to join.

The Manager likes us and likes to hear us talk about our past life in the United States, but does not care to pattern after its inhabitants, and really they know how to manage things better here, so we cannot praise our country as we would, but only wish they would improve their ways and give work to everybody, and also let them have amusements free, as they do here.

And now, dear Amy, I must close this letter which with all its news carries messages of love from Charles and myself. I hope to hear from you soon and remain

your affectionate,

Mary.

CHAPTER X.

A LESSON IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A few months after our friends had settled in Socioland, one Saturday afternoon, Charles came home in his usual high spirits, and entering the room where Mary was at work, and still whistling the refrain of a merry waltz, picked her up around the waist and swung her laughingly around the room.

"Stop that, you bad boy," cried Mary as half pleased, half vexed, she tried to arrest him in his mad career. "Stop, I say, don't you see how you mess my work all up?"

But Charles paying no heed to her entreaties, carried her along until out of breath he set her back in her chair, and pinching her cheek, said:

"There, little woman, it will stir your blood and do you lots of good. Do you know you are getting lazy and need a good shaking up?"

"Well, I got it this time. You are a regular bear."

"Is that so? Pretty good at hugging, you mean. You recollect that girl we read about who got hugged by a bear once in the mountains, and said no boy could please her after that? Had got spoiled by such a splendid hug. Guess I could have satisfied her, hey!"

And Charles laughed a good hearty laugh, at the same time stretching himself to his full height, and extending his arms with clenched hands in the pride of his manly strength.

"You are getting awful strong, that's a fact," said Mary dubiously as if undecided if it was to be desired. "And the worst of it is that you are getting headstrong also. I shall soon be getting afraid of you."

The fact was that Mary's gentle, placid nature was sometimes disturbed by these outbursts of vitality which carried Charles away. Drawn together by opposite temperaments, as lovers usually are, in the everyday contact of married life, these differences in character sometimes created little jars and disturbed the even current of their lives.

Charles, full of life, bold, energetic, would have desired to meet with more appreciation and comradeship in Mary, and she was half afraid of his ambition and dreaded his exhuberant vitality, never knowing where it might lead him and if some day he would not embark in some foolish enterprise which would result disastrously for their success in life. Charles, perhaps unconsciously, would have desired a wife who in such a wild romp as he had indulged in, would have entered into the spirit of the thing, and met him half way, instead of being reluctantly carried along, while Mary would have preferred a more quiet expression of satisfaction with his enjoyment of life, and all the time had an undefined feeling as if Charles was an highly charged machine which, if not kept quiet and cool would surely explode with more or less disastrous results.

"You needn't be afraid of me, my dear," said Charles. "I will not hurt you. I may hug a little hard I know, but" with a sly wink, "you do not always object to it, do you dear?"

Mary smiled and was easily pacified, for these two really loved each other and their disagreements never lasted long or went very deep.

"By the way, Mary, here is my money," and Charles pulled out a roll of bills from his vest pocket and handed it to her. It was the amount of his weekly wages which he regularly gave to Mary every Saturday, for she was the treasurer of the firm and kept the money in her own hands.

Mary took it, and as she placed it with their other savings, remarked: "Charles, do you know that we are accumulating our savings pretty fast here? We have quite a nice little sum already."

"Is that so? See how much we have, Mary."

Mary counted it, and aside from the change—glassware they called it—found that they had nearly two hundred dollars in nice, clean Commonwealth bills.

"But," said Mary, "I do not like to keep all this money here. It is too much risk. What if the house should burn? Besides it ought to be earning something."

Mary was not very enterprising, but of her nature

she was a pretty good financier. Had she been a man she would not have speculated, but she would have known how to save and invest, and probably would have been quite successful in business. Her character was constructive and conservative, while Charles was a man of enterprise backed by a splendid physical organization, but lacking the cool judgment which is the principal element of business success.

"That is true," said Charles. "I had not thought of that, I think I had better take it to the Bank."

"But Charles, do they pay any interest at the Bank, and can't we use our money to better advantage?"

"They give two per cent. at the Bank," said Charles.

"Only two per cent.!" exclaimed Mary. "Why! that is nothing. Certainly we can do better than that. Two per cent. won't pay us, I am sure. And you told me that was such a good country."

"Ah! Mary, I guess you are like a good many people. You would like to eat your cake and keep it too. You want to sell high and buy cheap at the same time. It cannot be done my dear, at least not until a man can raise himself by his boot straps."

"What do you mean by that, Charles?" remarked Mary looking at him with astonishment, not at the wisdom of the remark, which she could not appreciate, but at hearing him talk in such a way. For Charles had never before said anything which savored of political economy, and it was as unexpected and incomprehensible to her as if one of the pilgrim fathers had quoted evolution doctrine to his family. Mary had a good head on her shoulders, but of what use are brains that are never filled? With equal chances she would probably have mastered the science better than Charles, but she had never heard it even mentioned before, and it was all Greek to her.

"I mean, Mary, that I hear lots of things at the warehouse I had never heard before, and I am learning to understand many questions to which I had never paid attention, but which have much to do with our success. You see they manage things differently here from what they do in the United States. There everybody is trying to get rich and the government

is left to the care of the politicians who are trying to make all the money they can out of it, while here it is the other way, they want the Commonwealth and not the individuals to become rich, so that the whole people may be benefited by it. Now, you see, little woman, if we could get big interest on our money, everybody could do the same. Suppose we had one thousand dollars to loan and got six per cent. it would make us sixty dollars instead of twenty, and it looks at first sight as if we would be that much better off, doesn't it?"

"Certainly, it would make us forty dollars more a year, and that is something," answered Mary who could look only on one side of the question, as all persons who are ignorant of the subject discussed.

"Yes, that would be something, but we would have to pay six per cent. on all we use," replied Charles, "and that would not be quite so pleasant."

"You mean we would have to pay six per cent. on all we borrowed. Yes I understand that, but as we do not borrow any money, it would not make any difference to us."

"Yes, that's all you know about it," retorted Charles proud to ventilate his newly acquired knowledge and to show his fancied superiority to a member of the weaker sex, "and that is all I used to know about it myself, that is, supposing I ever thought on the matter, which I am afraid I never did. But I know better now. We pay interest on all we buy, all we use, in fact.

"It is nice to pay so little rent for rooms in comparison to what we had to pay in New York, isn't it? Well, it is low interest that does it. Money is worth three per cent. here, at least that is what the Commonwealth charges for its loans and what it expects to get on its investments. It is worth seven in New York, and that difference alone will make a house worth two thousand dollars rent there for one hundred and forty dollars and rent here for only sixty dollars. Do you see?"

Mary knit her brows together and hesitatingly said: "Yes I see, but I had never thought of that. I believed that our low rent was due to the fact that this Home was government property."

"That is you believed that it is here as in the United States, and that public institutions are supported in part by taxation. But it is not so for there are no taxes here and this Home is a paying investment. But that is not all. In New York the renter must pay interest on the land as well as on the house. In a favorable location a lot is worth a large amount of money, which means that a large amount must be added to the rent. Seven thousand dollars a year for a lot worth one hundred thousand dollars, simply for the privilege of building upon it. Now, here the Commonwealth owns the lot and has no interest to pay. Besides there they have taxes, two per cent. Here no taxes; in their place a profit on public business which pays the current public expenses.

"Now see if you can take it all in. In New York the renters have to pay a big interest on the land and the house, taxes, gas, water, repairs and a profit besides if it can be exacted. Here a nominal interest on the land, three per cent. on the house, no taxes, no gas or water bills, these expenses being paid by the profit on public business remaining in the possession of the Commonwealth instead of passing in the hands of private individuals. Now which do you believe is the best for us, to loan our money at a high or low rate of interest?"

Of course Mary had nothing to answer. It was the first time that such ideas had been presented to her. As all good little girls in the United States she knew her catechism and could recite glibly many verses of the Bible, but had no idea of the relation between economic problems and the price of rent or the ability to buy food or raiment. To her it was a question dependent upon the amount of wages which she received when she had to earn her own living, or that Charles was able to gain, after they were married and he became her protector.

It could not be expected that she would take it all in at once, but it opened her mind and led her to realize that these questions have an importance that she had never supposed.

"Do you know, Mary," Charles continued, "that

these people do many things here, that if I had heard of them before I would have thought they were crazy, but I can see now that from their standpoint they are right. Take for instance that question of loaning money. Aside from placing it in the Banks, it is very hard to invest it. We could buy land, but we could only buy one piece and it would be very difficult to rent it. Of course if we want land for our own use we could buy it, but I mean as an investment. If we lent our money there is no way to secure our loan. There is no law in this country to compel a man to pay an account or to return borrowed money. The land cannot be mortgaged, for the law does not recognize it, and there are no stocks or bonds to invest in."

"That is very strange," remarked Mary. "What do the rich people do then?"

"Nothing," said Charles, "for there are no rich people here. That's one of the things I meant when I said I'd thought these people crazy. They do not want rich people, and do all they can to prevent men from accumulating wealth. It is the Commonwealth they want to become rich, not the private citizens. The Commonwealth can collect debts, it lends all the money, it accumulates property, it owns railroads, street cars, factories, goods of all kinds, etc., but the individuals can only secure a fair amount, sufficient for their needs. They can appropriate all they can use, all they can personally take care of, but whenever they try to amass wealth and invest it, all kinds of difficulties stand in their way, and it brings them more disappointment than satisfaction."

"Well," said Mary, "I do not know much about these things, but I suppose these people are right, for they are very nice, and there are no poor, no rowdies, no drunkards here, but" practical like "the question is, what shall we do with our money, and what do we save it for? We might as well spend it as we go if it can only bring us such poor returns."

"It all depends," said Charles, "on what we intend to do. I do not intend to spend my days working for others. It is all right for Mr. Mansfield to grow old in the harness, and enjoy his easy way of living,

but I want some time to be my own master and have more breathing room. Do you remember our plans, Mary, of a farm in the country, of horses and cows and chickens? Why should we not do the same here?"

Mary's eyes brightened. "Indeed I do," she said, "and I would like it. This way of living here is very nice, very easy and pleasant. Too easy, it may be, for I do not know but what I am getting lazy, as you hinted a while ago, but I know I would prefer a home in the country and to take care of the milk, and to churn our own butter, and work in the garden, and have hens and chickens. Oh! Charles, let us find out what it will cost and save it as fast as we can."

"Tut, tut, my dear, how excited we are," laughed Charles who really enjoyed to see Mary so interested. "Keep cool, as you so often tell me. Take a little of your own medicine and see how it tastes, it will do you good, I assure you. Who would have believed that you could take fire so easily.

"Well! I believe a farmer's life would suit me also, especially in a new settlement. I hear that new Townships are often thrown open to the people, and I have an idea that I am just the man for a pioneer. But Mary, it will take two or three thousand dollars to start us nicely, and we must make up our minds to live as we do for several years. But you know," and he looked at Mary in such a way as to cause her cheeks to mantle with a gentle blush, "we do not want to go so far in the country all alone, but must take some one to live with us. Not a houseful, oh! no, that would never do here, but say a couple of children, a nice girl to help you in your work, and a sturdy boy to go about with me on the farm."

To these silly remarks Mary deigned no reply, but the picture they brought to her mind was certainly not unpleasant, for without saying a word she went to her husband and sitting on his lap, kissed his cheek and stroked his hair in the motherly way usual to such women, and whispered to him that he was a much wiser man than he seemed to be and that probably they had better remain where they were a few years longer.

To which remarks Charles replied that he was not nearly as foolish as he seemed to be, but that he was surprised that she had not found it out before.

Mary was not a witty woman, but sometimes she could hold her own. Rising from his lap, she made him a deep curtsey and said:

"You are mistaken, my dear. From the day you asked me to be your wife, I came to the conclusion that your looks are very deceiving and that you are a man of taste and judgment. But" she slyly continued "your bump of self-esteem is so well developed that I think it best to keep my opinions to myself and dole out my praises in very moderate rations."

At which Charles jumped up, caught her once more by the waist, and swung her around the room till Mary had to beg pardon for her impudence and to promise to behave better in the future toward her lord and master.

Charles then proposed a walk to the Park, to which Mary assented, and they came back late at night, arm in arm, and what further confidences passed between them, and what new plots were concocted concerning the future population of Socioland, this veracious historian is not informed and thus cannot impart to a too curious public.

CHAPTER XI.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.

Unknown to himself, Charles was feeling the influence of his environment, and his ideas on politics and government were undergoing a change. In the United States he had taken quite a part in the local politics, not because he understood the questions that nominally divided the several parties, but from the force of association, and the spirit of combativeness and rivalry which is the ruling power under competition. He worked for his party and antagonized his opponents with the same unreasoned feeling which

makes Frenchmen and Germans hate each other and lead them to fight battles where both sides are losers, no matter which one wins the victory.

Charles was becoming less of a politician and more of an economist, and the change was due to the tone of the conversation of his associates and to the character of the reading which fell into his hands.

He soon found that there were no political parties in Socioland. There were differences of opinion as to the best public policy to be followed, but he never heard, as he used to hear in New York, of certain measures being advocated because they would strengthen the party, or of a certain man being preferred because he was an efficient party worker. All his companions seemed intent only in finding out the line of conduct which would best promote the interests of the country, and the tone of their discussions showed that they were well informed as to the scientific principles which underlay political economy. The nature of rent, interest and profit, and their relation to production and distribution, seemed perfectly well known to every one of his comrades, even to the youngest of the apprentices, and the relative merits of public or private accumulation of wealth were discussed with an acumen which showed that the speakers were well informed and understood the importance of the principles involved.

Thus by a simple process of absorption, such as he had unconsciously often witnessed in America, where foreign emigrants of royalist tendencies are slowly transformed into American citizens, Charles was leaving behind him the narrow and personal ideas which predominate in American politics and replacing them by the broader and more scientific views which obtain in Socioland.

Charles was not enough of a philosopher to become conscious of the change which was thus taking place in him, neither would he have been able to determine what was the cause of this great difference between the politics of Socioland and of America.

It was due in the first place to the superiority of the citizenship, not that any of the Sociolanders were

more intelligent or better educated than the corresponding class in America, but because they had got rid of the dregs of the population, of the class which enables the politicians to thrive and prevents the remainder of the community from rising above its present level. Then their practical system of education has much to do with it. In a country where every one is taught manual labor and is in a position to feel the necessity of a constant struggle against the forces of nature, the importance of a proper knowledge of the truths of political economy is better recognized than it can be in countries where a large and influential portion of the population is in a position which raises them above the necessity of the struggle for the means of existence, while another portion is sunk so low as to be unable to give any thought except to a hand to mouth fight against a constant danger of starvation.

Besides, their system of government by direct legislation has a great influence in the same direction, for it gives each one the right to vote directly upon any proposed measures and thus does away with the need of parties to have those measures enacted into laws or to see that they are enforced.

After the discussion reported in the preceding chapter, Charles and Mary often recurred to such topics of conversation. Charles explained to Mary that in Socioland it was her privilege to vote, and that she ought to take as much interest as he in questions which had such an important bearing upon their social success. Mary demurred at first, for she said that she could not see that it was woman's place to meddle with politics, but Charles had by that time become sufficiently indoctrinated with the ideas of the country to explain to her that, so long as politics meant war and protection to life and property, it might be argued that as women did not want to fight, it was probably best that they should not vote, but in these peaceful times, and in such a law-abiding country as Socioland, and at a time when politics meant more than ever the organization of society for purposes of production and distribution, women have as much interest

in the results as men, and that it was their right as well as their duty to take part in the direction of the government.

As Mary had never given the subject any thought, her objections were not due to practical reasons, but to the conservative turn of her mind and the influence of her early education. Once these overcome, and she understood the importance of the questions involved, she took quite an interest in economics, and was in time able to understand and appreciate the arguments brought for or against any proposed line of action.

The most important result of this new interest was the influence it had upon her character. It broadened her views and greatly extended her mental horizon. Instead of limiting her thoughts to the narrow range offered by the kitchen and housekeeping and the idle gossip which occupies the mind of too many American women, she was enabled to take a much wider range and thus learned to judge of many things from the standpoint of accurate reasonings as to their results upon the welfare and development of society, instead of allowing herself to be guided in her conclusions by inherited tendencies and such narrow views of life as she had received through her very limited experience.

Thus both Charles and Mary were unconsciously changing, and through the influence of their new environment they were slowly taking a much more correct view of life, and not many months had elapsed before they had reached a mental stature which probably they never would have attained if they had remained in New York.

Another important factor in the same direction was the change in the reading matter which helped them to pass their spare moments. In New York they had read mostly the newspapers, with all their sensational news and their reports of crimes and accidents. In Socioland, that class of papers was unknown, being destroyed by the loss of support from advertisements.

With all the wholesale trade in the hands of the Commonwealth and their perfect system of distribution,

advertising had become a lost art, and its place taken by catalogues freely distributed. The newspapers deprived of that important revenue, had gradually fallen into the hands of the Townships, which, having a large number of apprentices under their control, were enabled to publish at little expense, and had adopted the policy of printing daily papers which were furnished free to all those who wanted them.

These daily papers, no longer obliged to cater to the love of excitement of their patrons and controlled by some of the best citizens, were looked upon not so much in the light of dispensers of news, as of agencies for the spread of useful information. In fact they were looked upon as part of the educational system, and were fostered and controlled with the same care as is given to schools and academies.

All important events all over the world were faithfully chronicled, so that the people were kept well posted on anything which happened which was worth knowing, but they were not treated to sensational reports, and the doings of society people and murders and disasters were not given the most prominent places in the paper. All the debasing influences which make the American paper as much a curse as a blessing were weeded out, and only that which was calculated to instruct and elevate retained. These papers served also for political arenas where all sides of public measures were freely discussed, and different opinions on all subjects were always published.

To further help the spread of useful knowledge among the citizens, the Commonwealth published an immense number of books in cheap paper covers and gave them away to all who desired them. To a large extent these books took the place of the American newspapers. That is, much information, or stories, or anecdotes, or travels, which in America are distributed through the land by the newspapers, were scattered in Socioland in that cheap book form.

By this method, scientific books on all subjects were also placed in reach of all persons, and an immense amount of useful knowledge thus spread through the land. Some of the seed thus sown could not fail to

fall on good soil and to bear valuable fruit for the progress of the community. In the public libraries were found well bound books and copies of all the leading magazines, but the free distribution of these cheap books took the place of circulating libraries, and under the conditions answered much better.

Charles availed himself to the full extent of this privilege, and as in the course of conversation he would hear of some reliable author, he would procure his works, and by these means he became acquainted with some of the leading minds of the world, and slowly became transformed from a practically ignorant individual into a well-informed man.

Both he and Mary were benefiting by the better views upon education which prevailed in Socioland, which induced the people to eschew much useless teaching, and instead to spare no efforts to place before every one that form of knowledge which helps the Commonwealth to attain the highest prosperity.

CHAPTER XII.

PALMETTO CAMP.

As the time advanced toward New Year, the days became longer and the heat considerably increased. Spencer, while surrounded by mountains, is not high enough above the sea for the heat to be much diminished, and has a climate which can almost be called tropical.

The Home where the Morrils lived was much cooler than the tenement they occupied in New York, being more isolated, better ventilated and surrounded by grass and shade trees. All their rooms had outside windows and a good draft of air, so that on the whole they stood the temperature pretty well. Yet at times the atmosphere was oppressfve and Mary especially longed for a breath of fresh air.

It was at the end of one these long, hot days that Mr. Mansfield made his appearance in their rooms,

coming in wiping the big drops of sweat that rolled down his fat face, and declaring he was not going to stand that heat much longer, and he was going to flee the city and take to the mountains or camp by the lake.

"We want you to come with us," he said, "I told Sallie I was going somewhere, and she said she was willing if you both would come with us."

"I am sure we would like it of all things, Mr. Mansfield," answered Mary, "but Charles has got his work and I don't know if he could leave."

"Oh! bother the work," replied Mr. Mansfield, who never let such a trifle as work stand in the way of his enjoyment. "Don't you know Mary"—for by that time it was Charles and Mary with him and no longer Mr. or Mrs. Morril—"don't you know Mary, that here in Socioland we can get a vacation any time? Charles knows it well enough. I bet they have hands enough at the warehouse to spare him, and if they have not they can get them somewhere else. What would be the use of our improved methods if a fellow could not get off when he wants a little outing?"

"Oh!" said Charles, "I believe I can get off easily enough if I ask for it, and I must acknowledge that I would like to go. But where do you want to take us and what is it you propose to do?"

"I'll tell you," answered Mr. Mansfield. "If you two will come with us I advise we go and camp near the lake. I know a fine place some twelve miles from here where we have spent some time before. Good bathing, good fishing, and I think a pretty good place to hunt, although I cannot tell exactly as I do not care for that kind of sport. But it is a cool place and we can take it easy and have a good time generally."

Mary took to the idea at once. If she had to wait several years before her dreams of country life could be realized, such a project would be just the thing and a partial realization of her desires.

"Mr. Mansfield," she said, "you are a darling and you have splendid ideas. Charles can come or stay as he chooses, but I am going with you anyway. I would not miss this chance for anything, for I have been

aching for such a trip all my life. But if there is any hunting to be done you may be sure Charles will manage in some way to get off, for you ought to hear him talk about his hunting expeditions when he was a boy on the farm. Why, to hear him tell it the mighty hunters of the western prairies were nowhere in comparison to him. I suppose Rose will come too?"

"Of course Mary, of course. You do not suppose we would leave her behind, do you? You have no idea what a tomboy she will turn out to be when we get there. She is just crazy to go and hurried me out here this hot afternoon, without any pity for her old father. So I guess that's settled and we will all go to Palmetto Camp. That's the name we called the place when we were there before. I suppose we will find our old shelter in pretty bad shape, but we can soon fix it, and we don't want much cover to be comfortable in this hot weather."

"Yes," said Charles, "if I can get off, and I guess there will be no trouble about that, we might as well go."

And so the thing was settled. Charles obtained leave of absence without any trouble, and preparations became the order of the day.

It was decided to hire a boat that could carry the five of them, but not so large but that it could be easily managed by one person. Charles wanted a sailing boat, but the women vetoed it. They said he was no sailor, and they did not want him to experiment on them, nor did they want to feel uneasy about him every time he went out and the wind blew a little harder than common. He needn't feel so proud because they were solicitous for his personal safety, for really he was not much, but he was a little better that nothing, and they did not want to risk losing him until they could see their way to get a better man in his place. To which Mr. Mansfield added that if Charles should get turned over and drowned, he would not only find it a damp piece of business, but that it would put a damper on the whole party, and that for one he was going out there to have a good time and he did not believe it would add to his

enjoyment to have to attend his funeral. So having been properly sat upon and made to realize his insignificance, Charles had to submit, which he did under protest, only half pacified by the promise of as much rowing as he could desire until he should have his fill of boating.

It was further decided that as they must take over blankets, some cooking utensils and provisions, besides tools, fishing tackle, guns and ammunition, Charles and Mr. Mansfield would go down first with a load and get the shelters ready, and that Charles would come back and bring the women the next day.

So about one week from the day when Mr. Mansfield first broached the subject of camping out, early one morning the two men started on their trip. Although they had taken only what would be strictly necessary for a stay of a few weeks outside the reach of civilization, they had the boat pretty well filled and the spare room was all occupied.

Mr. Mansfield first took the oars, for he was an adept boatman, and pulled the boat out of the harbor and the river, till they reached the lake, when he was glad to give up his place to Charles, who under his direction soon pulled a very fair stroke and did not suffer from the unusual exertion.

A few miles after leaving the city the banks of the lake became low and swampy and unfit for cultivation, but after rowing about three hours, they reached a place where a spur of the hills ran down almost to the water. On the other side of this spur, the lake extended inland into a pretty little bay into which flowed a small creek that wended its slow course through a narrow valley almost entirely filled with tropical vegetation.

After rounding the point of land projecting into the lake, Mr. Mansfield directed the boat toward a sandy beach where they landed, and making fast they started to explore and see in what condition they would find Palmetto Camp. After walking a couple of hundred yards upon rising ground, they found themselves into a beautiful palmetto grove, such as Charles had never seen before. The land, perhaps fifty

feet above the lake where they stood, extended toward the hills, ascending in gentle undulations, and as far as the eye could reach, magnificent palmettos reared their slender trunks and tufted heads above the surrounding shrubbery.

Charles had seen plenty of palmettos since his arrival in Africa, but a wild palmetto park like this was a new sight to him and one he could not fail to admire.

Just on the brow of the hill, in full view of the bay and the lake beyond, they found the remains of the camp, but it was in a dilapidated state and in bad need of repairs. So without losing any time, they unloaded the boat and carried the cargo to the camping ground, and then went to work to repair the damages.

The plan upon which their shelter was constructed was a very primitive one. A long pole, fastened about eight feet from the ground to the trunks of two palmetto trees, held up the ends of shorter poles, the other ends of which rested upon the ground. Lighter poles were laid across these transversely, and upon this last set a roof of palmetto leaves was constructed, the long stems being woven in and out, and the broad leaves thus laid in successive rows, lapping over each other like shingles upon a roof. By this method a strong, water-proof shed was quickly erected. This cover, open to the sides and front, was to be their parlor and sitting room, while the kitchen, a few feet to one side, was a much more primitive affair, consisting of a long pole, held up by two crotched sticks driven into the ground.

As they were two families, different sleeping rooms had to be provided, which was done by building smaller shelters, one on each side and a little in the rear of the larger one. Brush was set leaning against the ends to secure some degree of privacy, and the ground covered with small twigs, which with a blanket thrown over them was to be their resting place.

The two men worked faithfully for several hours, Mr. Mansfield alternately directing, grumbling in a good-natured way, and working with the skill of a

man who makes it a point to accomplish the largest amount of result with the least expenditure of labor. Toward the middle of the afternoon the work was sufficiently advanced to insure its easy completion the next day, and Charles started back for Spencer so as to bring back the women the next morning.

Mr. Mansfield watched him pull out into the lake with the zigzag motions usual to new beginners when no one is at the tiller, and called out to him:

"Say, Charles, what makes you travel all over the lake that way? Keep in the middle of the road, my boy. You will hit the fences if you don't look out. Don't you get lost, now, but keep the beaten track and be sure to take to the left when you come to a fork in the road."

"All right," Charles answered back. "I'll try to remember your directions. But be careful of yourself and do not work too hard while I am gone."

Charles must have heeded his instructions and made his way safely, for he returned with the three ladies in due time the next morning, Rose holding the tiller which she managed with considerable skill. Mary had been a little nervous at first, when she found herself on the broad lake in such a frail conveyance. She could not swim, and it seemed dreadful to be so far from the shore with only a thin plank between her and the deep water. But the day was beautiful and the lake perfectly calm, so that feeling soon wore off, and she enjoyed the pure air and the light breeze made by the motion of the boat pulled by Charles' sturdy arms.

They had started early, and as the sun rose and began to tint the distant mountains, all other feelings were lost in one of admiration, which reached its climax when they arrived at the camp.

"Oh! Mr. Mansfield," Mary exclaimed. "Isn't this beautiful! What a lovely place indeed!"

And she did not know which to admire the most, the lovely bay at their feet, the beautiful trees, or the grand scenery of the lake encased in its frame of wild and precipitous mountains on the opposite shore.

Mr. Mansfield seemed to appreciate her unaffected

delight, for he was a devoted admirer of nature, but his longer experience and his phlegmatic temperament prevented him from giving such open expression to his enjoyment.

As for Rose, she was quite excited and wanted to be in a dozen places at once, and if it had been possible, would have tried to go in bathing, or started out fishing, or induced Charles to go hunting, all at the same moment of time. But she had to content herself with running around and getting in everybody's way for the time being, as all the older ones had their hands full in perfecting their arrangements. That first day was all spent in finishing the work commenced the day before, and making themselves as comfortable as the conditions warranted.

It was only after the supper had been eaten that all five went down to the lake, and entered the boat for a short ride on the water. They rowed around the bay, even trying to go up the creek, but could not go very far on account of fallen trees and overhanging vines. By the time they had reached the other extremity of the bay, night had fallen and the moon lighted them on their return across the waters. Silence fell upon them until Mr. Mansfield broke it by starting a song. Soon all chimed in, and their return was accomplished slowly to the accompaniment of their voices blended in sweet harmony.

How grand and solemn the scene in the weird moon-light, as in this perfect solitude the little party glided over the silent waters! It impressed them all and filled them with feelings of a religious and devotional nature, and it was with a sense of restful peace in harmony with their surroundings that they accomplished their return to the camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE AT THE CAMP.

It took Mary a long time to fall asleep that evening. All her surroundings were so new that she could not compose herself, but laid thoroughly awake on her leafy couch, enjoying the unwonted scene and wondering at the changes which a short year had brought to her. Less than twelve months had elapsed since she slept in the crowded quarters of a tenement house in New York, and now she found herself in the heart of Africa, sleeping, or trying to sleep, under a palmetto roof in what seemed an unbroken solitude. To a person of her unadventurous disposition and timid character it all seemed very strange, and it is not surprising if it had a disturbing influence and prevented her from getting her usual rest.

But nature asserted itself at last, so that in the morning she did not hear Charles when he arose, nor was she in the least disturbed by the active preparations for breakfast going on around her, and it was only after repeated calls that she opened her eyes to see the sun shining brightly above the trees, and it took her a little while to bring to her mind the recollection of the changes of the day before and to recognize her new surroundings.

Once fairly awakened, she hastily made her morning toilet and stepping out of her tent, found Mr. Mansfield before a bright fire, with a frying pan in hand, engaged in the prosaic work of making batter cakes, which he would at the proper time dexterously flop high in the air so as to turn them over, and catch them again with a skill worthy of an expert juggler. He was quite a cook, as our friends discovered before they had been many days in camp, and took both pride and pleasure in exercising his skill on these summer excursions. When Mary made her appearance, he called out to her:

"Ah! Mary, here you are at last! Taking it easy,

are you? That's right. Take it easy"—aisy he pronounced it, mimicking an Irishman—"Take it aisy if you can, and if you can't take it aisy, then take it as aisy as you can."

Mr. Mansfield was fond of sayings and proverbs, and had many at his command which he would bring forth at proper and improper occasions, all calculated to sustain his favorite doctrine of a philosophical enjoyment of the good things of this world.

"Well! Mary, did you enjoy your first night in camp?" inquired Mrs. Mansfield, who was busy helping her husband, and probably noticed that Mary did not have that refreshed appearance which ought to follow a sound night's rest.

"Not very well," said Mary. "I could not at first go to sleep, and I had just dropped off, it seemed to me, when I heard you calling. But I will soon make it up, do not be afraid."

"Ah! Ah!" chuckled Mr. Mansfield. "You are not used to this life yet and the novelty of the thing was too much for you. Never mind, you'll soon get over it, and to-night you'll go to sleep as soon as your head touches the pillow. Now, breakfast is ready," dexterously flopping a cake in the air and catching it as he spoke, "run down to the lake like a good girl, and call Charles and Rose. They have been down there more than one hour trying to fish. Hold on," he called out as Mary started. "Take that pail down with you and have Charles bring it full of water as he comes up."

Mary started at a run down the slope, and when at the shore soon espied Charles sitting on a log fish rod in hand, but she could see nothing of Rose, though to her great surprise she saw a boy sitting near him. Somewhat abashed by the presence of a stranger, she walked in their direction and was going to call when the boy turned toward her and she recognized Rose dressed in boy's clothes.

"Why Rose!" she cried. "I could not think who had come here and was with Charles. What possessed you to dress yourself in that fashion?"

Rose came to her laughing and blushing and giving

her a good hug, drew back a step and standing for examination, remarked a little shyly:

"Don't you think I make a good-looking boy, Mary?"

And Mary had to acknowledge that she did look real well. A boy's cap set off her curly hair and expressive face, and her slim figure, lithe and straight, and her natural and graceful motions showed to much better advantage in boy's clothes than in the nondescript toggery worn by girls of her age.

"You do look well," said Mary, "and I have no doubt you will find it much more convenient here than a dress and skirts."

"I know I shall," answered Rose a little deflantly. "I am going to hunt and fish with Charles, and I do not want him to think he has got a baby girl with him. I know I can walk as well as he if I am dressed as he is. Mamma did not like it much, and said I was getting too old for such pranks, but papa said it was just right and that I could dress as I pleased."

They had met with the usual fisherman's luck and had caught nothing, which was not to be wondered at from two such impatient and mercurial characters, so Charles meekly filled the pail and they returned to the camp.

The table, consisting of a long plank held up by stakes driven into the ground, was ready for breakfast, and each one drew up his four legged stool that did duty for a chair and sat around the festive board, which was presided over by Mrs. Mansfield who had been chosen as head housekeeper by general consent.

After breakfast, a short council of war was held to decide upon their next movements. Charles and Rose alone felt inclined to go very far and soon left in the boat on a hunting expedition. Mr. Mansfield relieved himself of one of his ponderous maxims. "Never stand" he said "when you can sit down, never sit down when you can lie down," and proceeded at once to put it in execution, while the two women expressed a decided preference for a quiet chat while attending to their light housekeeping duties.

The question of bathing was discussed at length, and it was decided at Mr. Mansfield's suggestion that

the afternoon should be devoted to social pleasures, chief among them a regular bath which was to take place between three or four or thereabout, and that while each one should be free to spend their mornings according to their individual pleasure, all were to hold themselves ready to join the afternoon diversions, which were to include not only the bathing, but boating and walking excursions.

Charles took the oars, Rose held the tiller, and they started across the bay, hoping to find ducks on the other side of the point of land. Rose took her gun with her, a light single-barrel breech-loader, but she explained to Charles that it was doubtful if she could hit anything at first, as she had no practice since the last time they camped out two years before and she was then too young to shoot much, but she intended to learn, for she was going to hunt in earnest and meant business; but for the present Charles would have to do most of the shooting.

No ducks presented themselves to their sight until they had rounded the point of land and came to a piece of shallow water on the other side. Then Rose called out excitedly:

"Here they are, Charles. Look! Look!"

"Sh. . . . ." whispered Charles, "don't talk so loud, you will scare them."

And turning round carefully, he spied about half a mile from them a flock of ducks on the edge of the marsh, feeding in the shallow water.

Charles dropped his oars and with his gun stepped to the end of the boat, while Rose picked a paddle and slowly and almost imperceptibly guided the boat in their direction. Nearer and nearer they got, but the ducks managed to keep out of range, and when Rose increased the speed of the boat so as to give Charles a chance, the whole flock arose and circling around once or twice, settled back in the water further from them than when they were first seen.

This happened twice, when Rose finally said:

"Charles, it is no use, we never can come up with them this way. We will have to try something else," and showing him a point of land that jutted

a little way into the marsh, she continued, "I'll tell you what we had better do. I'll land you, and you make your way there and hide behind the bushes, and I'll try to drive them toward you."

Charles was reluctant to leave Rose alone upon the water, but she told him he need not be afraid for her as she was used to it, and go he must, for she wanted them to kill some of these ducks if it took all day to do it. So Charles landed, and Rose made a wide circle and seeming to float idly on the water, gradually drove them in the right direction. It took a long time as it seemed to her, but finally she got them in range of the place where Charles was hidden and he let both barrels off in their midst, having the pleasure of seeing a couple of them remain floating on the water when the remainder flew away,

With a shout of exultation, Rose hurried to the place and drew them into the boat, and then tried to make her way to where Charles stood, but the grass and shallow water prevented her getting very near, so that he had to wade out to her which he did not mind in his hurry to see the result of his hunt.

By that time the sun had got high in the heavens and they made their way back to camp feeling very proud of their success, and Rose making numerous plans as to what she was going to do. One thing was certain, when she could shoot, Charles would have to do some of the driving and she would do her share of the killing.

Bathing was one of the pleasures Mr. Mansfield had promised them. Provided with proper suits, it was to be enjoyed in common and be the social event of the day. At the point of land, just in sight of their camp, the sandy beach extended into the water, with the smooth bottom and gentle slope so dear to beginners, and to that spot they all repaired that afternoon in proper attire, more conspicuous for ease and comfort in disporting in the water than for style or æsthetic display. In fact, Mr. Mansfield's vast circumference did not show to advantage as he waddled toward the lake in his scant costume, but it was a great help to him when he struck the water.

The whole Mansfield family were expert swimmers, Mr. Mansfield feeling more at home in the water than on land, and his wife and Rose were not far behind him. Mary had never bathed in the open before and could hardly be persuaded to go beyond the shallow water. Whenever it reached her knees, she would sit down and paddle about, and she enjoyed it on that hot afternoon, but neither Charles' entreaties nor his good-natured sarcasms could induce her to go very far from the land. Of course that feeling soon wore off, and even that first day she got over her timidity so far as to allow him to take her where the water reached nearly to her armpits, and to make some trials at swimming back to land, efforts which usually ended in her feet getting the better of her head, when she would helplessly flounder, and sputtering and coughing make her way back to the shore. Charles could swim a little, but needed practice before he could disport himself in the water to his heart's content.

They had taken the boat with them and anchored it in about ten feet of water, where it became the play ground of the Mansfield family. Those three seemed to have gone wild, and what with swimming, diving and racing, kept up a perpetual motion and unending merriment. Charles could not resist the temptation of joining them, but it made him feel very awkward in comparison, and he became a fair target for Rose who could outswim and outdive him and was nothing loth to make him feel her superiority. In a few days Charles made such progress that he could easily hold his own, but Mary, while she soon became capable of swimming to the boat and climbing into it, never felt at home in the water and had to be satisfied with enjoying her bath in a quieter way.

The afternoon bath easily became a much appreciated institution, not to be omitted except for important reasons, and they naturally fell into a pleasant routine, breaking up into small parties after breakfast, each going their several ways, reuniting for dinner; after dinner a rest during the heat of the day, then

the bath, usually followed, if the day was fine, by a boat ride from which they would return thoroughly dried and ready to enjoy their supper.

Charles and Rose spent all their mornings hunting. Rose was as good as her word. Not only did she practice with Charles during the afternoon siesta until she became as expert as he with her gun, but she proved strong enough to stand long walks and kept up with him in their hunts without difficulty. In fact, in donning a boy's clothes, her whole manner seemed to have changed, and it is doubtful if Charles long remained conscious that it was a girl and not a boy who was tramping the woods with him. She was no longer the girl-friend of Spencer, or the flirt of the theatre, but she came as near as possible, taking in consideration her size and age, to be a hail-fellow, well-met comrade, ready for any sport, and never lacking for pluck and endurance.

If Charles had been inclined to treat her as a girl, she would not have allowed it. At first, when they came across water, or steep places to climb, he offered to help her, but she resented his offers and he soon was made to understand that she was able to take care of herself, and, as I said before, he soon forgot that she was a girl and treated her as he would have done a boy under the same conditions.

But if the difference of sex was practically ignored in their relations, they became very good friends indeed, for they had much in common in their character and enjoyed each other's society. They were not very good hunters, lacking that patient perseverance which is the chief element of success and were only moderately successful. Rose hunted for the same reason that she flirted, because she loved the excitement. She did not flirt because she loved the boys, for she was not of a voluptuous nature, but for the fun it gave her at the time, nor did she hunt for the sake of the game, but for the sport of the chase and because she enjoyed her tramps. Flirting and hunting for sport are more nearly related than is usually supposed, for both are followed for the excitement of the chase and not for the sake of the results, and both flirts

and hunters are perfectly callous to the sufferings they inflict to the beings who furnish them sport.

Charles hunted because his nature required an outlet for his physical energy, An inactive life was intolerable to him, and the novelty of the thing made the tramps a real pleasure. Rose's society added to his enjoyment, and these two thus became very good friends, the more so that, as I have explained, no thought of the difference of sex intruded itself between them.

As for Mr. Mansfield he was in his element. A little cooking, a little fishing, plenty of lying down under the trees, a bath every day and cool air every night, what more could any sensible man want?

Mary and Mrs. Mansfield had a very pleasant time together, doing but little work and spending most of the morning in front of the camp, making a pretense of reading or of keeping busy at some of the fancy work which is always women's last resort when they want to pass some idle hours. In these many weeks they became well acquainted and many confidences passed between them, although Mary's feelings received quite a shock on the second day of their sojourn, from which it took her a while to recover.

Mary, as I have tried to explain, was not religious or straight-laced, but she was conservative in character and rather set in her opinions. While there was nothing puritanical in her nature, she was one of those persons who accept as right whatever is taught as such, never doubting that what public opinion endorses is best, and that what it disapproves ought to be avoided. So when it came out in the course of conversation that Mrs. Mansfield had not always lived with Mr. Mansfield, but had had another husband, and when further inquiries on Mary's part elicited the fact that the man was not dead and that Mrs. Mansfield had never been divorced, it would be no exaggeration to say that she was mildly horrified.

She certainly was horrified, for Mary had all the prejudices of the women of her station in America, who only one degree removed from the horrors of prostitution, recoil in disgust from those of their class

who enter into irregular social associations. According to her moral code, she could understand a widow marrying again, she could also understand a woman getting divorced and taking to herself another husband, but she could not understand how a woman who had any self-respect could leave her husband and take up with another man without due process of law. And yet here was Mrs. Mansfield doing that very thing and seeming in no way ashamed of it. Talking in fact about the man she had formerly lived with as unconcernedly as in the United States a widow would talk of her late husband.

And yet she was only mildly horrified, for she was not of a censorious nature and was always ready to excuse what she considered the failings of her friends. Besides she had seen so many new things and heard so many new ideas of late, that she had lost some of the satisfied assurance in the correctness of her own opinions which is the underlaying cause of conservatism in persons of her temperament.

Then Mary liked Mrs. Mansfield, and had always respected her character and could not associate her in her own mind with any disreputable conduct, so that, while she was certainly shocked, she felt very different than she would have done in the early days of her married life, had she met in her neighborhood a woman living in what she considered irregular sexual relations. There she would certainly have broken with her at once and would have looked upon her presence as little less than contamination. But here she could not do that, and the first feeling soon wore off until she became reconciled to the new idea as we all do when compelled to come in close contact with those who uphold them. And yet she could not rest satisfied until she had a little spat on the subject with Mrs. Mansfield, and a few days after something coming up to bring it to her mind, she took the occasion to remonstrate with her friend.

"Sallie," she said, "I cannot understand how you could do such a thing."

"Could do what?" answered Mrs. Mansfield who had no idea how Mary felt on that subject.

"Do what? Why leave your first husband and take up with another man, even if he was as good as Mr. Mansfield. How could you do it?"

"How could I help but do it, you mean. What else could I have done?"

"You could have lived with your first husband, so long as you had married him."

"And why should I, I would like to know, when we found we couldn't get along together? After the first month or two we did not have a happy moment. We were not suited to each other and the best thing for us was to part. Now if Charles had turned out a bad husband for you, you would not have lived with him, would you?"

"Certainly I should. Thousands of women do in the United States."

"And how do these wives thus tied for life feel toward their husbands? Do you think they can have such feelings as ought to exist between a married couple?"

"I don't know. Many of them feel pretty bitter, I suppose, but very few say anything about it. They have made their bed and now must lie in it."

"Well! Mary," replied Mrs. Mansfield, "I do not know much about your ways in America, and from what I hear I do not think much of them, but here we think it a thousand times better to leave a man if we no longer love and respect him, and if I had been compelled to live with Jim"—her former husband—"I know I would have wished him dead long before this.

"Your ways are awful, Mary, when you come to think of it. To have to live with a man that you do not love, to work for him, to sleep with him, to bear his children, and to feel all the time that he stands between you and happiness till you grow to hate him, that is slavery Mary, not marriage."

Mary was at a loss for an answer. The fact was that her views, unknown to herself, were based upon ancient religious beliefs which made the wife the inferior of the husband and taught that marriage was a sacrament. Had she been properly educated in

religious knowledge, she could have explained to Mrs. Mansfield that Christianity taught that marriage was a religious ceremony ordained of God, and that once the words pronounced which gave the wife into her husband's possession, the twain were made one and no power on earth can part them; and how this belief sustained many a man and woman in enduring a relation where all the sweetness had turned to gall and all the happiness to misery.

But Mary knew nothing of these things. To her marriage was a custom, and she had an unbounded respect for it acquired by education and association. So, unable to answer Mrs. Mansfield directly, she fell back on the first step in freedom, one which is now countenanced in America, though really a departure from christian morality.

"But Sallie," she said, "if you could not live with your Jim, why not leave him without taking up with another man? You could have left him and taken up your old life again."

"And why shouldn't I marry again?" retorted Mrs. Mansfield a little fiercely. "For what reason should I be compelled to spend my life single because I made a mistake in my first choice? I am not a criminal to be punished. I have done no wrong to any one. When I married the first time I was young and inexperienced and did not know what marriage was. I had no idea what kind of man was suited to me. Jim was very pleasant while he was courting, and we thought we could live happy together, but it did not last and we quickly jarred upon each other. I was probably to blame as much as he, but we had both made a mistake and when we found it out we did our best to undo it.

"But Mary, tell me, is it true what I hear about other countries? They say here that in your parts a man and a woman, no matter how ignorant, or degraded, or diseased, can always marry without any objection being made, but that once two persons are married if they find they have made a mistake, no matter how intelligent they are, they must have the judge's permission to break the bonds between them."

"Yes," said Mary, "they have to get a divorce, as we call it. Divorces are quite common nowadays, and then a woman can marry again and yet be looked upon as quite respectable."

"Now your ways are real queer," remarked Mrs. Mansfield. So that if I had lived in America, when I first married, not knowing what I was doing, there would have been no law to prevent it, but when a few months of married life had taught me some sense and I wanted to be free again, the law would have stepped in, and unless I could have been able to show such reasons as it recognizes, I would have been compelled to live with Jim whether I wanted to or not. I really do not see how women dare to marry under such conditions.

And Mary recollecting the many wives who regretted the step they had taken, said nothing in reply, for it dawned on her mind that there is probably two sides to all questions.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISCUSSION AND AN EXCURSION.

If the days passed pleasantly at Palmetto Camp, the evenings had a charm of their own not to be overlooked. After the evening meal they would gather in front of the camp, and by the light of their fire, would while away the hours in those desultory conversations which are one of the great charms of close association. Visiting, even among the best friends, has always a tinge of formality and more or less restraint, and conversation is often kept up as much from a sense of social duty as for spontaneous enjoyment. But campers as well as travellers meet on different ground, and while they avoid much of the friction of complete communism, yet are brought so near together as to invite confidence and abolish restraint.

They all loved music and Mr. Mansfield was a very

fair performer on the violin and had come provided with his instrument, and as the shades deepened around them would draw it from its case and soon launch into music, gay or sad, merry or solemn, according to the mood of the moment. Then if the spirit moved them all would join in song, and many an evening did they make the woods ring with their voices, sometimes exultingly defiant and at others almost plaintive in their solemnity.

Mr. Mansfield was undoubtedly an uncommon character, only possible in a Commonwealth such as Socioland, where the individual is largely released from personal responsibility. Such men as he exist everywhere, but under competition are weighted down by the struggle for existence and cannot bloom out in their full perfection.

One of Mr. Mansfield's mottoes was that "time well enjoyed is always time well spent," and he had lived up to its strict interpretation. He was not a selfish man, on the contrary, his big heart rejoiced in the happiness of others; he was not an ignorant man, for he had delighted in storing his capacious brain with all kinds of useful information; he was neither lazy nor idle, for whatever he had to do he accomplished easily and with good-will, but he was utterly lacking in the fighting or competitive faculties. Had he lived in the middle ages, he would have found a refuge in the seclusion of the monastery, had he lived in Europe, he would have drifted in some department bureau, in the United States he would have been trodden down in the mad race for wealth, but in Socioland he had bloomed like a rose, cultivating whatever could increase his enjoyment.

He was far from perfection, and a community of such men as he would probably have met with poor success, but he was a delightful companion, and Charles and Mary soon appreciated him at his true worth.

Those evening conversations naturally drifted in many directions. Charles was led to tell about himself and his struggles in New York, and many comparisons were made between the social conditions in the United States and Socioland.

One of these conversations relating to the suppression of crime may interest my readers, and I will repeat it here.

Charles had been telling his friends about the slums and the thieves and murderers who congregate in them, and remarked that such places did not exist in Socioland, and probably they had no such degraded character as he had seen no policemen in Spencer and was informed there was no jail in Socioland.

"How is it, Mr. Mansfield," he asked, "that you can dispense with them? Life and property would not be safe with us an hour if we were to do away with what we consider necessary adjuncts of civilization."

"We did not always get along without them," answered Mr. Mansfield. "When the country was first settled we had some guardians of the peace and some place where we could confine public offenders. But we have learned some things we did not know before and gradually guardians and prisons have become things of the past."

"I see they have," rejoined Charles, "and 'seeing is believing', I suppose, but I cannot understand it. It has always been a puzzle to me how there could be so much security from thieves in Spencer, and yet so little precaution taken against them. Do you think it is because the people are more honest than in other countries?"

"No, I do not believe that. I suppose we are all made out of the same stuff, all descendants from Adam, as they used to say. But I believe we act more honest because we have more inducements to do so. The saying 'Honesty is the best policy', is more true than in other countries, and so our people are more inclined to live up to it.

"Now I'll ask you a question, and it may help you to understand what I mean. You have read enough of history to know that there was a time when no rich man in Europe would have dared to live in an open house in the country, unprotected by high walls and strong gates and without a guard of armed men. Do you suppose that if one of these noble men—for

all rich men were noble then—had been told that the time would come when an open house without retainers would be safer than their walled castle, do you think they would have believed it?"

"I don't know," said Charles, "but I doubt it."

"No they would not. They could not, in fact. They could have no idea of any other condition of society except what existed then, and that was such as to make walled cities and castles necessary for the protection of life and property. It was beyond their power to represent to themselves society as it exists now in civilized countries. And do you believe that men are now more honest than they were then?"

"I suppose so," answered Charles, "otherwise property would be no safer than it was then."

"That's where you are mistaken, and that is what we have learned here. If we wait for men to become honest to do away with thieving, we shall wait for ever and never attain our ends. No, men do not become more honest, they act more honest, which is a very different thing. And they act thus because the surrounding conditions have changed, and it is more to their interest to act honestly than dishonestly."

"Oh! come, now, Mr. Mansfield," retorted Charles. "You have too poor an opinion of human nature. To hear you talk one would believe that you think that men are only honest from self-interest."

"Pretty hard doctrine," chuckled Mr. Mansfield. "Hard to swallow when you first hear it. Something like the idea that man is descended from a monkey, it makes a fellow feel pretty humble, hey! doesn't it? You will get used to it after a while and come to see that it does not matter so much why a man respects your property so he does respect it. I would prefer to live in a country where the people believed that honesty is the best policy and acted upon it, than to live where the people try to be honest from principle and where I would have to keep all my property under lock and key."

Charles had to acknowledge that it would be preferable, and that as the saying is "the proof of the pudding is the eating of it," but Mr. Mansfield had

got fairly started, and he was not going to stop so easily.

"You see, Charles," he continued, "we do not believe that men are honest or not according to their own sweet will. What we believe is that man, like everything else in the Universe, moves in the direction of the least resistance. Now in those conditions of society where men can enjoy life the most by stealing from their fellow-men, they are going to steal and no amount of preaching will keep them from it. In the old times of which we were just now speaking, the conditions were such that the highest positions were attained by plundering those who could not defend themselves, and from kings down to outlaws they all strove to see who could plunder the most. But when society improved its organization so that open violence ceased to be profitable and the resistance to acquisition by force had sufficiently increased, it became the easiest method to acquire property by lawful means. Thus security within the law was established, and one step toward honest actions taken.

"But this was only a partial step. The law thus enforced became the measure of honesty, and within the law were found means to accomplish nearly the same results that were in the past attained by open violence, and to-day, in all other countries but this, the highest accumulations are still in the reach of the men who prey on those who cannot defend themselves, and from the millionaires down, every citizen is trying to get the better of his fellow-men.

"But as under such conditions many men cannot attain the position they desire within the means sanctioned by law, they resort to unauthorized methods, and act dishonestly from choice or necessity.

"Your policemen, your judges, your courts, your prisons, are obstructions to dishonesty, and prevent its degenerating into the open violence of former times, but cannot overcome the tremendous pressure caused by the great inequalities in the possession of property. So long as you have unlimited competition you will have millionaires and paupers, and so long

as you have men who have more property than they can use, and other men lacking the means of enjoyment, there will be some men found ready to try to equalize the injustice of your present civilization by means not sanctioned by the laws."

"So you believe," "queried Charles, "that all our social crimes are due to defects in our civilization?"

"Yes, I might say all, if we take in consideration that our present character is the result of past civilization. Dishonesty may be said to be inbred in us. Appropriation of other people's property has been practised so long, formerly by violence and now by due process of law, that it has become a second nature and will have to be bred out from future generations. Napoleon once said: 'Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar', and I say: 'Scratch an honest man and you will find a thief'."

"You go too far," remonstrated Charles. "There are plenty of persons who would not steal under any consideration. I would not, nor do I believe that you would."

"You wouldn't, eh! I'd like to see you tried. Come, have you never taken an apple in a strange orchard?"

"That's not stealing," retorted Charles. "Everybody does it. No one would see any harm in that."

"Not stealing! I would like to know how you make that out. Isn't it appropriating property that does not belong to you without the owner's consent? Everybody does it. No one sees any harm in it. That is precisely what the freebooters of old used to say when they looted a house, and that is what your millionaires say now when by lobbying they steal a franchise or raise the price to consumers through trusts and combinations. But now, Charles, tell the truth and shame the devil. When last year you tramped the streets of New York in search of work, don't you know that if it had come to the worst and you had seen Mary starve, you would have stolen food before you had seen her die of hunger? Of course you would, and yet you are an honest man as the world goes. The scratching would have had to go pretty deep, but we would have found the thief at last."

That was a knock-down argument, and Charles was utterly routed, but he was not quite convinced, for "convince a man against his will and he is of the same opinion still."

"I won't say any more about that," he said. "I suppose I am no better than the balance of them, but if we are all thieves at heart, how are you going to reform the community? I have heard it said that it takes nine tailors to make one man, but I never heard that nine thieves would make one honest man."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Mansfield. "Pretty good, indeed. No, we go at it another way. I'll take you again for an example, I like to bring these things home you know. No offense meant, just a plain illustration. You are a thief, that's understood, no going back on that. You will steal if you have to. Now do you think that as long as you had plenty of work at good wages, and a fair prospect of getting along, you would be likely to sneak out, and take a coat here and a loaf of bread there, and try to make a living that way? Of course not."

"I think not," answered Charles. "If I know myself nothing short of the hardest necessity would make me act dishonestly."

"And do you think you are better than other men? I hope not. That's one of the Christians' mistakes to believe that they are the saints and the balance of the people are sinners from whom no good need be expected. But we hold to no such doctrine here and believe that all men are made pretty much of the same clay. And just as you prefer to live an honest life if you have the chance, so do we believe that every one does the same, and that it is only necessary to give them that chance to make them act honestly. Now Charles, I have got to where I can tell you what we have found and why we have no longer use for jails and policemen.

"We have found that the way we hold so much of our property in common enables us to give every one that chance, so that the overwhelming majority of our citizens lead honest lives without the need of compulsion from society. We have found that it is

better to help the unfortunates than to let them suffer, and have taken from them the necessity for petty thieving, and thus the remaining incentives to dishonesty outside the law have been destroyed.

"We have found also that the same policy has done away with stealing within the law. The thousand and one occasions for swindling which under private capitalism demoralize the rich do not exist in Socioland. Our church deacons do not corner our produce, neither do our Sunday-school superintendents gamble in futures and options. Speculation is unknown among us, and there is no way by which our shrewd men can get rich from the labor of their fellow-citizens.

"Thus the temptation to dishonesty has been greatly reduced, and to that influence has been added the force of public opinion. When once a people becomes thoroughly impressed with the advisability of a certain line of conduct it becomes a form of religion. In a quarrelsome nation, peaceful men are forced to fight duels against their will, for life is not worth living when branded as cowards, and in peaceful nations, quarrelsome men settle their differences peacefully, for no other method would be countenanced. So here, honesty has become the fashion, and our jails stood empty and our policemen became useless ornaments. We have few quarrels and they are settled by arbitration. Wife and husband murders are unknown, for all married people are free to leave their partners. Among our citizens, I might say that all violations of the law are due to aberration of the mind, and the offenders are sent to the asylum to be cured, if possible, or cared for where they no longer endanger public security."

"You claim then, Mr. Mansfield, that you have got rid of the criminal element and are no longer troubled with it?"

"Yes, practically so. It would be too much to say that it does not give us any more trouble, but we have made such progress as to dispense with repressive institutions. Our greatest difficulty comes from the emigrants. With all our care, some come here who fail to realize that freedom does not mean license,

and who cannot resist the temptation to appropriate the property which seems to lay within such easy reach. But they are soon discovered. A thief among us is like a black man among white people. He can't find any place where to hide his stolen goods or any person to help him dispose of them. And I must acknowledge that real bad characters are sometimes pretty roughly treated, and in some aggravated cases men have suffered death at the hands of an offended community.

"We are more than a nation, Charles, we are a Commonwealth, which means a much closer relation. Socioland is not only our country, it is also our home, and we no more allow unwelcome intrusions into it than a right-minded citizen would allow in his family.

"Some men come here from other countries and criticize our ways. Too much freedom, they say when they see that we have so few laws and no courts and prisons. Too much restraint, they decide, when they find how limited is the scope of private competition. These men judge us by what they know. Out of competition they have evolved certain standards of morality, certain ideas as to the proper limitation of freedom, certain beliefs as to the proper sphere of government control. They apply these standards to us, but they do not fit, because our greater community of goods has evolved other standards and other opinions. We have our own standards and live up to them as near as we can. We are a people set apart, as the Jews were among the Gentiles, but we have no desire to proselyte among other nations. We do not claim to be our brother's keeper, and believe that all tubs must stand on their own bottoms, and that peoples, like individuals, must each work out their own salvation."

Having delivered himself of this long homily, Mr. Mansfield exclaimed: "How you have made me talk, you rascal. I hope you are now satisfied. Pass me that fiddle and let us change the subject." And the next minute his mind seemed to be absorbed in the music and he was deep in the midst of a Scottish song.

The walking excursions did not prove much of a success. The land around the camp was either low and marshy or steep and rugged. The spur ran back into the hills and was abrupt. By following it about two miles it led to the highlands which were partly under cultivation. It furnished good hunting ground for Charles and Rose, but neither the two ladies nor Mr. Mansfield cared to explore it to any extent and much preferred the boat excursions.

About four miles up the lake stood a group of islands, some of the largest under cultivation, but the smallest ones untouched by man's hands. To these islands they often resorted after their bath, taking some provisions with them and finding good fishing grounds in the vicinity. Mr. Mansfield was a successful fisherman, gifted with unbounded patience, and the faculty of knowing how, he seldom came back with empty hands, and when they rowed to these islands they largely depended for their evening meal on his success. While he enticed some of the denizens of the deep to grace their table, Charles, with some of the ladies, would visit some of the plantations on the inhabited islands, and forage for fruits and vegetables, and on their return an impromptu meal would be prepared which would often have tempted the palate of a real connoisseur.

These short excursions made a pleasant change in their life, but did not satisfy Charles' adventurous disposition, so after much consultation they decided upon one worthy of the name and which demands a more lengthy description.

The lake opposite their camp was nearly ten miles wide, and the other side showed plainly against the sky. As I have before stated, the south side of the lake was very different from Socioland, for the mountains came down to the edge of the lake, and rose abruptly high into the air. Our friends had often admired them as the sun illuminated them in all its splendor, and Charles had made many inquiries from Mr. Mansfield as to their comformation, and often expressed the desire to visit them some day. Rose, of course, supported him, but the others felt disinclined

to undertake such a long excursion, but, as is usually the case, the more enterprising and energetic carried the day, and as the weather was fine, it was decided that they should all cross over, and that some of the party would make an attempt to climb some of the bold promontories that showed so plainly from where they stood.

Accordingly, a few days after, they all started early one morning, with provisions enough to last them a couple of days if that length of time should prove necessary to the accomplishment of their object. The passage over was accomplished without any adventure worthy of record. By that time Mary had got used to the water and felt no fear even at a great distance from the land. They all understood how to handle the oars and could relieve Charles, Mr. Mansfield holding the tiller all the way.

As they neared the opposite shore, a scene of grandeur and desolation spread itself before their eyes. The rocky cliffs seemed to tower above their heads for thousands of feet, and running straight down into the water, looked as if they would prevent any attempt to land. But after skirting them for a mile or more, they saw what appeared as a break into the wall, and found to their joy that a small stream ran down the rugged sides and emptied itself into a small bay carved out of the rock, and that at the extremity of the bay a few acres of comparatively level land nestled at the foot of the mountain and offered them a safe landing ground.

It was a lovely spot. The bay was nearly perfect in form, making a complete circle, and was enclosed on both sides by steep rocky walls, broken by narrow ledges where trees and shrubs had effected a scanty lodging. At the back, the cliffs were rent by a narrow valley which offered a prospect of climbing to the heights beyond, while at the edge of the water, on the bit of level land, stood a group of stately palm trees.

A landing was soon made and the boat pulled up in a place of safety. The sun was shining warm over head, but there was abundant shade and Mr. Mansfield

had soon selected a cool resting place, where murmuring to himself "never sit down when you can lie down", he stretched himself at full length, gazing all the while good-humouredly at the others who were dispersing in all directions, anxious to explore every nook of their limited domain. But seeing Rose disappear up the valley, he called her back.

"Come here, Rose," he said. "But first tell the others I want to talk to them too." And when they gathered in answer to his call he addressed them thus:

"See here, do you know what you are doing, or what you are going to do? You must not scatter in all directions. Remember this is not Socioland, and we do not know if wild animals or natives may not be lurking in these hills."

"But papa," remarked Rose, "we are not going to remain here all day. We want to climb one of these mountains. Don't we Charles?"

To which Charles assented, and furthermore said that was what he had come for and what he was going to do.

"That's all right," said Mr. Mansfield. "I am not going to prevent you. Only you must use some judgment and not scatter as you were doing a little while ago. Now who is it that wants to go?"

Mary said she was going. She was getting a little jealous of Rose and did not relish the idea of her being Charles' constant companion, while she always staid behind. Mrs. Mansfield wanted to go also. She enjoyed climbing, and if one of these heights could be reached she wanted to see the view and how the country looked.

"Well," said Mr. Mansfield, "some one has got to stay here and take care of the boat, and I suppose I might as well be the one. I am hardly built for climbing, so I guess it will be just as well. But take it aisy as you go up, and if you find you can not take it aisy, then" with a quizzical look at the mountain's rugged side, "take it as aisy as you can.

"But look here, I want you all to promise that you will keep together and run no unnecessary risks. Charles my boy, we want no accidents and you must remember these women are under your protection, and if you

find that you cannot get to the top without danger, you must be sure to give it up and make no attempt."

Charles gave the required promise, and Mary, nothing loth, pledged herself to see that he should keep it. So, after preparing themselves by eating a collation, they started on their voyage of discovery.

They did not intend to scale the mountain, which towered above them several thousand feet, but thought that they could reach the top of a spur which jugged in front of the main range and stood out as an advanced guard. That spur, abrupt and inaccessible on the lake side, seemed to be connected with the main body by an abutment and probably would be of easy ascent.

Charles led the way and they disappeared up the valley, which while it proved quite steep, offered no special difficulty. The vegetation was scant and the ground rocky, yet easy enough to walk upon, but when the end was reached and they found themselves confronted by the mountain, their real hardship commenced. They had to climb in earnest, sometimes on hands and knees, to reach the lower end of the spur which was to lead them to victory.

Yet if it was slow and toilsome, there was no real danger, and with their goal in sight they had no idea of returning. Only one real bad place they found. They had almost reached the last of the steep ascent and could see the spur within touching distance, and furthermore could easily ascertain that once reached it would lead them nearly to the top of the projecting point, when Charles was confronted by a steep rock wall some seven or eight feet high, which he could neither turn nor scale. It would be too bad if they should have gone so far and have so nearly succeeded and yet be compelled to turn back baffled.

As they gathered on a narrow shelf at its foot an animated discussion took place. Mary wanted to return, Mrs. Mansfield was neutral, but Rose was determined and would not listen to a retrograde movement.

Charles said if he had a rope he thought he could climb with their help and pull them up in turn. Whereupon Rose said they had suspenders and

handkerchiefs and could work them into shape. No sooner said than done. A rope was soon improvised, and Charles was pushed up by the united feminine strength, and Mrs. Mansfield and Mary partly pushed and partly pulled to the top, while Rose's light weight made it but child's play for Charles, and they soon all stood where no serious obstacle seemed to present itself to their further progress.

But disappointment awaited them at the last. They reached nearly the end of the spur, when a wall of a much more formidable character barred their further advance. Charles made an effort to overcome this obstacle and to proceed to the edge of the point, but found it too dangerous for the women and came back to them. But even if foiled at the last, they felt well repaid for their exertions. At their feet, and it seemed so near that it looked as if they could step down into it, stood the little bay where they had landed, and they could see their boat and Mr. Mansfield to whom they signalled their success. In front was the lake, clear, calm, shining in the bright sun. Spencer and the cultivated land showed plainly beyond and they could see the boats and the railroad trains which gave life to the picture. Back from them all was wild and desolate. Rocks upon rocks, arid, naked, desert.

But they could not linger very long, for the ascent had taken more time than they had calculated, and the point which from below had seemed so near, was really quite a distance from the water, so with a long-drawn sigh of regret at leaving behind this beautiful panorama, they retraced their steps, not without some trouble and danger, for it is the descent from mountains which always offers the most difficulties.

At the rocky wall Rose was let down first, then the ladies followed, and Charles did not find it an easy matter to reach them in safety even with their help. From there to the head of the valley, much care had to be taken to prevent falls which might have resulted disastrously, but they finally reached sound and safe their temporary camp. Mr. Mansfield

had not been idle, but had found good fishing ground, and a savory mess awaited them to which they did full honor, their appetites being well sharpened by the unusual exertions.

It was nearly dark when they left bay Dimple, as they unanimously named their stopping place, but the weather was fine, and if the moon did not shine upon them, the stars did their best to replace it and twinkled merrily in the clear sky.

Four weeks did they spend at Camp Palmetto, and all too swiftly did they pass away, and when Charles and Mary returned to Spencer and took up again their regular life, they could honestly say that these four weeks had had crowded into them more of pure enjoyment and hearfelt satisfaction than they had ever experienced in their whole previous existence.

CHAPTER XV.

AN OLD FRIEND.

As Charles was going home one afternoon, a few weeks after their return to Spencer, he saw ahead of him what looked like a familiar form. Hastening his steps, he soon overtook the man, and found to his joy that he was not mistaken, but that it was his well-remembered friend of the vessel, Mr. Proctor.

"Don't you know your old friends, Mr. Proctor?" he said as he came up to him.

Upon hearing his name called, Mr. Proctor turned, and grasping Charles by the hand, shook it warmly.

"Certainly I do," he exclaimed, "and I am real glad to thus meet you. It does a traveller good to see a well-known face when he is alone in a strange land. I was just going to look you up. And how are you? But I need not ask, for you look the picture of health. And how is Mrs. Morril?"

"Mary is well, thank you, and will be real glad to see you, for she has not forgotten your kindness to her during the voyage. We have often wondered if

you would remember us and pay us that promised visit in Socioland."

"Oh! I had not forgotten you, but I could not come any sooner. I have had pretty hard usage since I left you and I have much need to recruit."

And Charles then noticed that Mr. Proctor seemed weary and in poor health.

"You are coming to us," he said, "we are well settled here and can keep you during your stay."

"We will see," answered Mr. Proctor. "I am going with you now if you are going home and will see Mrs. Morril and we can talk it over. I had started to look you up. Some man at the wharf told me that a man of your name lived in Spencer, and I am thankful for this meeting which is quite unexpected."

So they walked to the Home, Charles relating his success and explaining his position in the Commonwealth. When they reached their rooms, Charles called out to Mary:

"Come here quick, Mary, here is an old friend."

Mary came running into the room, expecting to see one of their Spencer acquaintances, but at sight of Mr. Proctor she stopped suddenly, the blood rushed to her face, and then receding, left her white and trembling. She recovered herself quickly, however, and greeted Mr. Proctor quietly, but without the display of feeling manifested by Charles, which caused him to chide her for not showing more pleasure at seeing her old friend. He had not noticed her slight confusion, but it had not escaped Mr. Proctor's more experienced eye, who attributed it to the true reason.

Mary was not sentimental, but she had a large and generous nature and a great capacity for affection. She had a true love for Charles, but it was more the love of a mother for her child, and there were depths in her character that he had never stirred and latent possibilities in her which he could not call forth. While she appreciated all his good qualities and had never repented of her choice, yet unconsciously she felt that she was superior to him in many respects. Mary had been raised among the lowly, for her parents were poor and earned a precarious existence, but

her instincts were far above her station. She had inherited from some of her ancestors a refined nature, and would have graced any social condition.

She was not conscious when she married that Charles lacked her finer perceptions, and comparing him with her everyday associates, considered herself lucky to have secured such a good husband. But since she had left America her character had developed, she had come in contact with persons of more culture and refinement, which made her more sensitive, so that Charles' words and actions would often jar upon her. Her affection for him was certainly not diminished, but he did not stand quite so high in her estimation.

In the close contact of the sea voyage, Mary had often been thrown in Mr. Proctor's society. He not only had been kind to her, but he had been attracted by her possession of more than average intelligence, and had enjoyed conversing with her somewhat more freely than is usual among passing acquaintances of a day. She was, as he might have expressed it, a diamond in the rough, and as a skilful teacher he took great pleasure in calling out and developing the best that was in her.

In so doing, Mr. Proctor had no after-thought. He was not in love with Mary, nor was he a male flirt to pay court to her to enjoy a passing hour, and had he been so inclined, he was too true a gentleman to stake the false coin of meaningless attentions against the pure gold of a true heart's affection. To him she was a pleasant acquaintance, who gradually merged into a valuable friend, uneducated it is true, but with refined perceptions and good intellectual capacity and he had found much pleasure in her society. In their conversations he had often been led to speak with the freedom of a friend, but nothing had led him to believe that her feelings were in danger, and it was with dismay that he noticed her evident emotion at their unexpected meeting.

It would be too much to say that Mary had fallen in love with Mr. Proctor, but their intimacy had sown seeds not calculated to increase her peace of

mind. He was a revelation to her, and gave her a glimpse of an intellectual atmosphere which she could understand and appreciate, and which she had felt in no other man's society. He was her superior, but it was a superiority she could realize, and which gave her a desire to follow in his footsteps and climb to the heights he had reached. In his society she felt all that was best in her develop under his influence and her mind expand in new directions.

No thought of comparison between Mr. Proctor and Charles had entered Mary's mind during the long journey and had Charles been intellectually her equal Mr. Proctor never would have been more to her than what he aspired to be, her valued friend. But Charles could not understand these new thoughts which were entering her mind, and would often unconsciously chill and repress her unknown aspirations. Charles was very good and kind, but he was of the earth, and held Mary to the ground when she wanted to soar.

It is not strange then, if under the circumstances, many times in the last year Mary had unwittingly instituted comparisons between them, and absence lending its help, Mr. Proctor's image had often been present to her. She had made a hero of him and woman-like, what little romance was in her had been called out, and if not in love, she had very tender feelings toward him. Take it altogether, my readers will see that Mary was on very slippery ground and now that Mr. Proctor had come, needed all her wisdom and strength of character to prevent the growth of feelings which under the conditions could lead to no good results.

What increased Mary's danger was that she was utterly unconscious of it. She was entirely inexperienced in affairs of the heart, and never dreamed that the feelings she had for Mr. Proctor might prove the entering wedge for a love which would take entire possession of her. Mary was a true woman, and had she realized her danger, would have schooled herself back to wifely affection for her husband at the cost of whatever suffering it might bring upon her. She was surprised herself at the emotion she felt in meet-

ing Mr. Proctor unexpectedly, and if the truth must be told, it is because she got a glimpse into her own heart that she at first treated him so coolly.

But this feeling of danger soon wore off, and before the evening was half over she had become again her old self, and the pleasant feelings engendered on the vessel being renewed, she saw once more in Mr. Proctor only a valuable friend, and joined her entreaties to those of Charles for him to remain with them during his sojourn in Spencer. So it was decided that he would occupy one of their rooms and board in the Home, and the next day saw him fully installed in his new lodgings.

One thing had great influence on Mary in inducing her to urge him to stay with them, and the same reason finally decided him. His health was really bad and he looked miserably. The privations he had encountered and the days he had spent in fever-infested lands, had proven too much for his constitution, and he felt that he needed the good nursing that he knew he would receive at Mary's hands. And as she became herself once more and treated him on the old familiar footing, without undue shyness or special eagerness for his society, he concluded he had made a mistake and put a false interpretation on her emotion. As for Mary, his bad looks and evident need of care aroused all the motherly feelings in her nature and as women will do, she forgot all other considerations in the presence of suffering and the need of ministration.

Charles was overjoyed at Mr. Proctor's decision. He had a sincere regard for him and highly esteemed his character. He had no suspicion of Mary's feelings, and would not have understood the subtle bond that attracted her to him, for it was due to feelings he could neither experience nor appreciate. He was far from jealous, and once Mr. Proctor definitely established with them, it gave him sincere pleasure to see his friend enjoy his wife's society, and he did all he could to enable her to make his time pass pleasantly.

Mr. Proctor did not seem to improve much in health, yet he managed to hold his own, and as exercise in the open air seemed to help him they made many excursions. Mary took him all over the city and its vicinity, and when Charles could join them they took longer trips. Thus they took him to Camp Palmetto and the Islands and to other points of interest on the lake and in the country.

Of course they introduced him to the Mansfield family and his presence decided them to put in execution an old project of a visit to the Highlands.

Mrs. Mansfield had a brother, George Otis, who was a farmer near Woolser, a manufacturing Town some thirty miles from Spencer. The Mansfields were in the habit of visiting him every fall, and as he was very hospitable and fond of company, they had asked the Morrils to join them that year. The invitation was thankfully accepted, and now was extended to Mr. Proctor, who upon being assured of a cordial welcome and that one more added to the party would not inconvenience their host, gladly agreed to join them in the trip.

Autumn was upon them, the summer heats were over, and no better time could be desired for a visit in the country, so it was decided to wait no longer, but to put their long-talked-of plan in execution.

The Mansfields usually went by rail, but as their friends were not acquainted with the country, and they all fancied the pleasure of a long ride, it was decided to drive over, and one bright morning found them in a three seat spring wagon, to which were hitched a pair of sturdy bays, which gave promise of safe conveyance to their destination.

Charles held the reins, and Rose, no longer the boy hunter of the camp, but a bright little miss fully conscious of her charms and once more ready to try their power over the opposite sex, announced her intention to help him drive and took her place by his side with many little airs very different from her independent ways of the hunting expeditions. She accepted Charles' proffered help with the grace of a young lady, and stepped to her place as daintily as

if she had been a recognized belle in fashionable society. Mary and Mr. Proctor sat next, which excited no comment, for it was understood that he was under her special charge, and that she nursed him with a watchful care which he accepted gratefully. Whatever may have been Mary's feelings by that time, she made no sign except to manifest an open and sincere enjoyment in his society. Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield took the back seat from which, as he said jocosely, he could watch if they behaved properly.

"That's all right as far as it goes," remarked Mr. Proctor who still enjoyed a joke on religious subjects, "but the Bible says we must pray as well as watch and who is going to do the praying is what I want to know."

"Rose, I suppose," answered Mr. Mansfield. "For I know of no one who can beg harder when she wants anything, nor" with a chuckle "who is more likely to get it either."

So it was decided that Mr. Mansfield should watch and that Rose should pray, and feeling that the religious rites were duly provided for, they set off on their journey.

Back of and around Spencer the country is level and tropical in character, but they soon reached the hills and rose rapidly to higher levels, so that when they had gone nearly ten miles they found themselves on the Highlands, a broken plateau extending quite a distance and rising gradually toward the mountains beyond. These Highlands are well cultivated and dotted over with thriving cities. Their altitude considerably moderates the heat and renders them suitable for the crops of temperate countries. The land is rich, and the policy of the Commonwealth preventing the acquisition of large farms, was much subdivided.

Mr. Proctor, who had travelled a great deal, said it looked more like some parts of Europe than like American farms, although the lay of the land and the nature of the crops reminded him of some central states of the Union.

Mr. Proctor was very much interested in Socioland and let but few things escape his practised eye. He especially noticed how good were the roads and how

well they were laid, which, as Mr. Mansfield explained, was the result of Socioland being scientifically developed, the roads being laid out and constructed before the Townships were started. They had learned, he said, from the experience of other nations, and did not allow chance or private interests to control one of the most important interests of the country. Competent engineers had the matter in charge, and thorough surveys were made before any permanent settlement was permitted.

The way was so pleasant that they felt in no hurry to reach their destination. In climbing the hills they often stopped to enjoy the view, which increased in beauty and extent as they ascended. The road ran through the woods which had been left growing on the hill side, and as it wound gracefully around would often bring them to a short turn, where no obstacle intervened to obstruct the view of the plain below. Then Charles would stop the team, and they could leisurely enjoy the sight and seek to recognize well-known land marks or point to each other objects of interest. About half way up the hill they came to a small stream fed from a spring a few feet above the road, and which emptied itself into a watering trough. Some magnificent trees overshadowed the place, and it looked so cool and inviting that a short halt was called, and while the horses refreshed themselves all but Mr. Proctor and Mr. Mansfield got out and rambled around. It was against Mr. Mansfield's principles to ever exert himself uselessly, and Mr. Proctor felt the need of saving all his strength for the journey. Mary, in her character of nurse, brought them water from the spring, while Rose and her mother gathered flowers and Charles hunted for nuts which were beginning to fall.

Travelling thus slowly, they had accomplished but little over half the journey by noon, and decided to stop and eat the dinner they had brought with them, at the first desirable place. Not long after, they reached a small stream at the edge of a village which nestled among the trees. The limpid river and well-shaded banks seemed to invite to repose, and driving

their team under the spreading branches of a large oak tree, they all alighted and proceeded to make themselves comfortable for their noon rest. Charles unhitched the horses and watered and fed them, Mr. Mansfield prepared the dinner and soon had a fire burning, for he must have his hot coffee, while his wife and Mary selecting the most available spot, spread blankets and rugs and unpacked their provisions, but Mary had first seen to it that Mr. Proctor had a comfortable couch, bringing the cushions from the seats for him to lean upon.

Rose finding herself alone and unnoticed went and sat down by him, not that she cared much for his society, for his poor health and sedate spirits had but little attraction for her. The very weakness which appealed so strongly to Mary's sympathies, had the opposite effect upon her, and she much preferred Charles' society, which always increased her vitality. But Charles was busy in the commonplace occupation of a hostler, and for the day at least, she was playing the role of a young lady. It was quite in keeping with her design to sit by his side ,and drive the horses whenever she could coax the lines out of his hands, but it never would do to follow him and help him to take care of the team as she would have done while they were at the camp. So to keep up her role she went and sat by Mr. Proctor and tried to converse on the usual topics of the day.

It amused Mr. Proctor immensely. He was quite a judge of human character, and was at no loss to understand the motives which prompted her. Rose was in the moulting stage, passing from the little girl into the young lady, and the chance he offered to try her new role was too good to be neglected. As a kind-hearted gentleman, he did not laugh at her, but helped her to carry on the conversation. Why should she not learn to hold her place in society? It is true she was very young and a little precocious, but it is natural for girls to love to please and he was not the man to put obstacles in her way. His kindness was not put to the proof very long, for they soon all drew around the meal and the conversation became general.

That noon rest was a success, and they enjoyed it much more than if they had stopped at a hotel. They were in good spirits, the long ride had made a change pleasant, and the fine weather and the warmth of the mid-day hour helped them to appreciate the cool shade and the lounging under the trees. As they had time enough, they did not feel hurried, but when the meal was over, they read, conversed or slept as each one preferred.

But everything comes to an end, and they had to leave this pleasant place and continue their journey. The road was nearly level and lined on both sides by substantial farm houses, surrounded by orchards and ornamented by green yards, dotted with flower-beds and shade trees. Every few miles they passed villages which sometimes reached the dimensions of a city. Everything denoted a rich country and well-to-do inhabitants, and Mr. Proctor was not surprised to hear that the Highlands were the backbone of Socioland and considered its most prosperous portion. What surprised and pleased him was to see that it was not only an agricultural country, but that many of the Towns had extensive manufacturing establishments, and he learned besides that all through the land much of the work was done in private houses, which in other countries is done in the cities.

The aim of the Commonwealth, as he learned, was to prevent the centralization of labor which in other countries create such unhealthy conditions, and just as Charles had found that great commercial centers were no longer needed in Socioland, so Mr. Proctor found that large manufacturing centers did not exist there, and that manufacturing was carried on all through the land. Mr. Mansfield informed him that Woolser Township carried on extensive woollen mills, and that he would have a good opportunity to learn from Mr. Otis how the business was conducted.

So they travelled, talking and looking, and it seemed to them that it had been but a little while since their noon rest when Rose informed them that before long they would see her uncle's house, which she pointed in the distance from a low hill which over-

looked the valley where the Township of Woolser is situated, and the sun was just sinking behind the hills when they reached their destination where they were received with heartfelt hospitality.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TOWNSHIP OF WOOLSER.

Mr. Otis was a nice old gentleman who owned and cultivated a farm of forty acres, nearly one mile from the Town of Woolser. Like his sister he was slim, wiry, quick of motion and not slow of temper. His wife was a well-proportioned woman with easy, pleasant manners, of even character, and who could accommodate herself to all kinds of circumstances without ever being seriously disturbed. They had five children but only two were at home at this time. A married son who helped his father to cultivate the farm, and the youngest, a boy not quite old enough to serve his apprenticeship. Their house, which stood on a little rise about fifty yards from the road was rambling, of plain appearance, but could, like its owners, prove hospitable to any number of guests.

When Charles turned the team into the well-laid drive which led to the house through the shaded lawn, Mr. Otis was sitting on the porch and as he saw them come in he went out to meet them.

"Welcome to our home, ladies and gentlemen," he said with old-fashioned courtesy. "Alight and come in. These are your friends the Morrils, I suppose?" as he was helping Mr. Proctor and Mary to get down from the wagon.

"No, this is Mr. Proctor," replied Mary blushing slightly. "This is Charles, my husband," she continued, as Charles walked around the team to be introduced.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Morril", said Mr. Otis, shaking him by the hand. "And this gentleman is one of your friends, I suppose."

Here Mr. Mansfield, having succeeded in reaching

the ground in safety, duly introduced Mr. Proctor and explained that he had taken the liberty to bring him, knowing he would be received as a friend.

"Certainly, certainly," exclaimed Mr. Otis in his quick, nervous way. "Delighted to see you sir, would have been real sorry if they had left you behind. Walk right in, all of you. Ah! Rose, here you are. I had almost forgotten you. Come here and give your old uncle a kiss. What a big girl you are getting to be!"

And bustling and talking, he soon had them all in the best room.

"Here, sit down and make yourselves at home while I call Sarah and Henry. They will be real glad to see you. You came a little earlier than we expected."

"You stay, uncle," said Rose, "I know where to find them." And she ran out, followed by Mary who was so anxious to see all about the farm that she could not stay in doors.

Mary and Mrs. Otis soon returned, leaving Rose behind, for at sight of her cousin Henry, who was a great chum of hers, she had dropped her young lady's airs and had gone off with him to see his new rabbits. Mrs. Otis made the party comfortable and with the help of her daughter-in-law soon had a bountiful meal ready, Mrs. Mansfield and Mary also making themselves useful, and divested of their finery, and with gingham aprons on, taking hold of whatever their hands found to do, thus helping to relieve the family of some of the extra work they occasioned.

Mr. Proctor felt quite tired and had to retire early, but a good night's rest refreshed him and the next morning he walked out with his host upon the farm, with the purpose of interviewing him upon the system of land tenure of Socioland.

No greater contrast could be found than between Mr. Otis and Mr. Mansfield. Mr. Otis was a sharp-featured, quick-eyed, pushing, energetic business man, eager, ambitious, wanting to see the work done, and ready to accumulate property to the extent of his ability. His motto was "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day", while Mr. Mansfield had twisted the same motto to read "Never do to-day

what can as well be done to-morrow". Mr. Proctor had seen plenty of such men in the United States, where the unlimited facilities for land ownership develop in them an inordinate appetite for the acquisition of soil, and they become regular land sharks, swallowing farm upon farm to the detriment of their less enterprising neighbors. To a certain extent such a man was not in his element in Socioland, for he could not exercise his inherited tendencies for accumulation, and it interested Mr. Proctor to see if Mr. Otis had been able to adapt himself to the new conditions, and if their peculiar system was enough elastic to give him room to use his surplus energies.

The first thing he found was that Mr. Otis being limited to a forty acre farm, the largest tract of land allowed in that Township to a married couple, and unable to extend his possessions, had turned his abilities toward improving his land and putting it in the highest state of cultivation. His stock was of the best, his buildings large and commodious, he had all the best machinery at his command, and Mr. Proctor could but acknowledge that, measured by results, Mr. Otis was a more successful farmer and had found a better field for his business ability than the majority of the American owners of unlimited acres, which are either poorly cultivated or left to the care of tenants.

One thing Mr. Proctor had noticed on the way. It was the almost complete absence of fences, nor did he see on Mr. Otis' farm any pasture land.

"How do you manage about your stock?" he asked. I see you have no pasture on your farm. Surely you do not keep them in the stable all day?"

"Oh! no!" answered Mr. Otis. "The Township owns lands which are reserved for pasture. I believe our plan is an imitation or adaptation of the Swiss commune, with which you are surely acquainted."

"Yes," said Mr. Proctor. "I have travelled in Switzerland, and now I can see that your Townships and the Swiss system have many things in common. So you have lands which are common property?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Otis. "I own this forty-acre lot and I can cultivate it as I choose, or sell it or leave

to my children, and the same is true of all the land owned privately in the Township, but we have besides a large amount of land which is owned in common and which we use as pasture. This Township contains ten thousand acres, of which about two thousand have been set aside and cannot become personal property. This has been reserved since the country was first settled and is held in four tracts to make it convenient to all our farmers. Thus you see we need not fence our land, and we can, if we wish, put all our farms under cultivation."

"Yes," said Mr. Proctor, "your plan is the same as that followed in the Swiss communes, but there it is only practised in purely agricultural communities. I understand that the Town of Woolser is quite a large place, and I do not see how two thousand acres can furnish the pasture needed by all the inhabitants."

"No, it does not," rejoined Mr. Otis, "and our methods have been changed even during my time. I can recollect when we had pasture for everyone, and it was entirely free. But as the population increased, more stock was kept than we could pasture, and we had to make new regulations. Now we pay so much a year for pasturage, and the money goes to the public fund. Some keep less cattle, others are so situated as to pasture their own land, and thus the commons are no longer overstocked and it brings us some income in the Township treasury."

Charles was an interested listener to the conversation. As he intended some day to become a farmer, he was glad to get all possible information. With Mary and Rose he had that morning, long before Mr. Proctor went out, visited the stock and together with Henry they had taken the cows to the commons, and now had joined Mr. Proctor in his walk on the farm.

"I do not see," he remarked, "if you must charge for the use of the common land, what special advantage there is for the Township to keep it. If it is simply a question of common ownership, why not sell it to persons who would improve it and make it more productive and put the proceeds in the public treasury.

As I understand it you have one fifth of your land which cannot be settled upon. If it was sold, you could support a much larger population."

"I would know by your talk that you were not born here," answered Mr. Otis. "It is curious how these two ideas seem to posses the people of other countries. One is to crowd as many persons as possible on a piece of land and the other to get as much money as you can into your own hands. Now here we are all the other way. We want to distribute the people all over the land, so that they may enjoy at the same time the advantages of the city and the pleasures of the country. It is largely to prevent this centralization that we hold on to our public lands. We do not want Woolser to become a large city or the land to be all cleared. See what is taking place in Europe and in America. The forests all cut down until the government has to interfere to protect them. The cities buying back land in their vicinity at fabulous prices to plant it in trees for parks for their own citizens.

Now here we would have the same results if we had the same policy. Look at my farm, Mr. Morril, I have forty acres, and not one is left wooded. Why? because it pays me better to cultivate them, and all my neighbors have done the same, but within half a mile of me is a tract of public land which is kept uncleared by common consent.

"It does not pay the Township to do it from a money point of view, but it enables public wisdom to counteract the evil results of private interests. I am no philosopher like my brother-in-law, but I can see that while I am not willing to cut down my profits by keeping part of my land in timber, I am willing that the Township should hold these tracts in common, even if we lose some money by it."

"What you say about your feelings on the subject," remarked Mr. Proctor, "reminds me of a thing I have often noticed in the United States, and that is how often men will surrender their share of personal profit for the public good if all their neighbors will do the same. I believe it is due to an unconscious feeling that all such transactions re-act to their benefit.

"If you will allow me, Mr. Otis, I will put your case this way. You feel that it would be best for you if a certain amount of the land of this Township was not cultivated, but if you should save one fifth of your land for wood and pasture, while your neighbors cleared all their land, it would be a useless sacrifice for you. So having no assurance as to what your neighbors will do, you would run no risk and kept no woodland. But when it becomes a question of common ownership, you cheerfully support that policy which your judgment tells you is the best."

"I suppose you are correct, Mr. Proctor, I can't tell, but this I know that while I have cleared all my land, I would not like to see the Township sell our commons, and I believe all our inhabitants feel the same way. It seems as if they were part of my property, and if they were sold and passed into private hands, I would feel as if I had lost something. Now all the inhabitants are interested in them and have a voice in their management. We discuss among the neighbors how we can improve them, we notice the trees and watch their growth, and the children gather the nuts and play under their shade. But if they were sold it would only be so much more money in the Treasury, which we do not need, and we would all feel that we had lost something that money cannot replace."

"Do you know," said Mr. Proctor, "that this feeling of ownership which you describe is an important factor in the success of your experiment? As you state it the extension of public ownership must increase the amount of interest in the success of enterprises instead of decreasing it, and one of the greatest objections to nationalization is overcome if your statement should prove of general application."

They had been walking as they talked and came to a field of Indian corn which was just ripening, and the size of the stalks and the weight of the ears showed the result of good culture and a rich soil.

"Farming must be very profitable here," remarked Mr. Proctor, after admiring the pleasant sight, "for you raise large crops, and I am informed receive good prices for your products."

"Oh! it pays well enough and we have no cause for complaint, but no private individual can make much money in Socioland. If I could buy land and hire help as they do in other countries, I could make it pay well, but I cannot add to my property and wages are too high to leave any margin of profit. I think sometimes I would like to live where things are different, and when I read of your big farms and of all the chances which an energetic man has in America, it seems to me I would prefer it if we had less restrictions and if I could do more as I would like to. But on the other hand when I think of your taxes, your private corporations, when I hear of your trusts, your strikes, and your tramps, then I realize that if we cannot accumulate much, we are more secure in our possessions. Your big fishes eat the little ones and if I should be able to grow a little larger than I could do here, I might get swallowed in my turn. We can not have everything our own way, so the best we can do is to adapt ourselves to our surroundings."

"That is true wisdom," exclaimed Mr. Proctor. "You may not be a philosopher, but you never got hold of any better philosophy than that remark of yours. Yes, Mr. Otis, men like you might make more money in other countries, but if you could see the misery and degradation of the lower classes, you would willingly forego your prospects of aggrandizement for the sake of those who do not possess your business ability.

"But if you will allow me to say so, I begin to feel tired and I think I have seen as much of your farm as I desire, so if you have no objection we will return to the house where we can continue our conversation. I am very much interested, but you must excuse an invalid, for I must be careful to escape illness."

"Nothing to excuse," rejoined Mr. Otis. "It is I who ought to have been more thoughtful, but I am just that way, when once I get interested and begin to talk, I forget everything else. Let us go to the spring, it is cool there and we will find good seats, and can talk and rest at the same time."

When they came near the house they met Mary who was looking for her charge, and chided Mr. Proctor

for going so far away. So they all went down to where the spring gushed out, pure and limpid, from under the rocks, and sat themselves under the shade trees. Near by was an apple orchard yet partially loaded, and a cider-mill gave promise of something stronger, if not better, than water. Mr. Otis' cider, which he insisted on bringing to his guests, was like everything on his farm, of the best. Made from choice apples, boiled down slightly, and just old enough to be sparkling, it made a splendid drink.

After all these preliminaries had been gone through with, Mr. Otis who, as he said, liked to talk and who held a place of trust in the Township, referred again to the subject.

"You said, I believe," he remarked, addressing Mr. Proctor, "that you would like to know more about our manufactures and how they came to be in the hands of the Townships?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Proctor. "There are some features of your system which are entirely new to me. Your owning land in common is a return to the old Communes, but no other country has gone as far as you in community of business interests. Your Townships replace our large capitalists, for they own and control enterprises which in other countries are left to the moneyed men of the land, and they must be successful or they could not do so much for the people without having recourse to taxation. Now, tell me, how did your Townships acquire their property?"

"They got it, I suppose, where all capitalists do. They accumulated it out of the profits of their business, they appropriated to themselves some of the natural resources of the country, to which must be added the increase in value due to the growth of population. But do you understand, Mr. Proctor, why it is that we want the Townships to own so much property?"

"Yes, I believe I do. It is to prevent the monopoly of advantages and the concentration of wealth which causes so much inequalities in other countries."

"Precisely, but it is not as easy a matter as one might suppose. Theoretically, what we desire cannot be done except through complete communism, that

is, by entirely abolishing personal property. But although it might be proven that such communism is desirable, it fails to work in practice, and could only be partially adopted.

"You see, I want to control my house, my farm, my stock, and I am not ready to own them in common with my neighbors, but it suits me very well to own my pasture in common with them, if I can thus keep the country from being too thickly settled or all the timber from being destroyed. So it suits me to own in common with all the inhabitants of Socioland our railroads, post-offices, banks, telegraphs, etc., but there are other enterprises that I prefer to own only with the inhabitants of the Township. Thus I do not want the people of Spencer to meddle with our water-works, or street-cars, or electric lights, or with such manufacturing enterprises as we choose to undertake. You see we are not so numerous in the Townships but that we know each other pretty well and our interests are the same, so we find that we are better satisfied to own these enterprises among ourselves than to leave them in the possession of private capitalists who would care nothing for our interests, and besides would probably live away from here and spend their money where they lived."

"That," said Mr. Mansfield, who was always on hand where there was plenty of shade and cider at discretion, "is the perpetual conflict between Individualism and Communism, the two ruling principles that govern the economic world. The motto of Individualism is 'get all you can, keep all you get,' while that of communism is 'from each according to his ability, to all according to their wants,' and all that can be said for Socioland is that Communism has been carried a little further than in other countries."

In delivering himself of this bit of social philosophy Mr. Mansfield held his empty glass in his hand, and when he got through, he raised it in the air and looking at it with the quizzical expression he knew so well how to assume, he continued: "For my part, I am both an Individualist and a Communist. Here, Mary, the pitcher is near you. Fill this glass, for 'from

each according to his ability'. Hold on," he exclaimed, "fill it to the top. 'Get all you can', don't you know?" And as he raised the glass to his lips, "'keep all you get'," and surveying his somewhat extensive proportions, "'to all according to their wants'. You see, ladies and gentlemen, that both principles have their merits and that they can be made to suit all occasions with a little ingenuity."

"Yes," said Mr. Proctor, when they got through laughing at Mr. Mansfield's practical illustration of these two opposite principles. "I think that Mr. Mansfield is correct and that all peoples are both Individualists and Communists as they find it for their interests. But there is no doubt in my mind that Communism is growing in favor, and that Socioland will never retrace the steps it has taken in that direction. But we have wandered from the practical to the theoretical, from facts to philosophy. So we will trim the wings of Pegasus and bring him back to the ground. Now, Mr. Otis, please tell me how the Township makes its money, and what it does with it?"

"I will tell you with pleasure, Mr. Proctor. First you must know that the Commonwealth makes a profit on its business, and that a share of that profit is divided every six months among the Townships pro rata with the number of inhabitants. Then Woolser has some profitable manufactures. As you have seen the Highlands are well watered, and the river which runs through the Town has some good water powers. We did not sell them, but kept them as public property and started some woollen mills. They have prospered, and as the population increased we added to them, till now the water is no longer sufficient and we have to run them partly by steam. From making cloth, we have been induced to manufacture clothing, and now it gives remunerative work to a good many people and brings us some money. When this business was first started it was done by private individuals, but it was not long till efforts were made to cut down wages, and we soon found that the same influences which cause what you call the sweating system would operate here if left to private hands."

"Yes," said Mr. Proctor, human nature is the same everywhere, and capital is ever ready to oppress labor. There is much agitation caused by that unavoidable result of the present system, and many remedies are proposed, most of them advocating legislative interference, but the more I look into it the more I am led to believe that the principle of 'get all you can, and keep all you get'; which our friend here has so aptly illustrated, is at the bottom of this social dissatisfaction, and that it is only by the application of the opposite principle that any improvement will be attained. So long as men's interests are different, so long will some be tyrannical and others oppressed."

"I have no doubt that you are correct," rejoined Mr. Otis. "The experience of both Commonwealth and Townships is that as soon as a man gets a little power he is sure to use it to his own advantage and usually it works badly for the community.

"But to return to the ways by which our Township makes its money. It is somewhat like a private business and fluctuates with different years. Sometimes we get more from the Commonwealth, sometimes less. Our mills and other enterprises pay some years better than others, but we always have enough to face all our public expenses and something left over for permanent improvements. A Township's business can not be cut and dried any more than private business and is managed on the same plan.

"The Commonwealth does its best with what it controls, and the profit goes to all the citizens. That profit is handed to the Townships which use it in addition to that of their own enterprises for the benefit of their own inhabitants. Then each individual manages his own affairs as well as he can. But whether he succeeds or fails, he is always sure of his share of the public profit."

"And have you any idea, Mr. Otis, of the proportion that the public business bears to that left to the individuals? I mean," continued Mr. Proctor, "how much of your living is derived from what you hold in common with your fellow-citizens and how much is derived from what you hold individually?"

"No, I have not," replied Mr. Otis. "I have never thought about it, but if I was to make a guess, I would say that one half of our business is held in common. But there is no way by which we can get at a correct estimate, because so much of what is done for the public is of such a character that it can not be computed in money."

"That is true," said Charles. "The longer I stay in Spencer and see how business is done there, and contrast it with what I have seen in New York, the more I appreciate a policy which prevents the concentration of business in one or two large cities. The advantages to health and comfort are very great, but they would make no show in statistics which only dealt with money."

"Yes," said Mr. Proctor. "It is easy to see by what takes place in this Township, how it comes to pass that in Socioland the manufacturing interests are scattered all over the country. It is competition that brings together the mass of people which congests the great cities. Just as war draws men together to increase their fighting strength, and peace scatters them again all over the land, so competition compels men to congregate wherever there is a place of vantage and combination relieves them of the pressure, and enables them to settle where they find the greatest attraction. Large cities are strategic points and when the economic war is over, they will lose their importance and slowly disintegrate."

At that juncture Rose came running down the hill, ringing a bell and exclaiming: "Come to dinner! Come to dinner!" at which welcome sound they all jumped up and made their way to the house, Mr. Mansfield bringing up the rear and soliloquizing: "Such is life and such is man. A most interesting discussion all broken up by a little girl ringing a bell and these wise sociologists turned in a minute into so many hungry animals! Ah! what fools these mortals be!"

Which did not prevent him from finding himself one of the first at table, and allowing Mr. Otis to provide good cheer according to his ability and satisfying his own hunger according to his wants.

The afternoon was warm and Mr. Proctor did not feel like leaving the house, but the others took a ride through the country. Henry went with Rose in his father's buggy to visit a married sister who lived in the next Town, and Mr. and Mrs. Otis took the vacant seats in the spring wagon. Mr. Otis sat on the front seat while his wife sat with Mary. Both our friends were very much interested in all they did see and having confided to their hosts their intention to some day settle on a farm, found them ready to impart all kinds of useful information. Mr. Mansfield wanted to stay, but his wife persuaded him to come, for she said he was getting so lazy he ought to be ashamed of himself. So he duly obeyed her, like the man of peace he was, having found, as he said, that in his case submission was the wisest policy.

They visited Woolser, which Mr. Proctor would have found entirely different from the typical manufacturing city. Instead of the few fine houses of the capitalists and the row of tenement houses for the laborers, he would have seen comfortable homes set in large yards, broad streets well kept and well lighted, a fine theatre where everybody went, a large and handsome bank, a large warehouse where goods of all kinds could be bought as cheap as in Spencer, a good system of street cars at nominal prices and all the other conveniences of a large city.

Above the Town the stream was dammed and covered a large tract of land, and both sides of this pond were reserved for public use and had been carefully improved. Five hundred acres had thus been preserved, and our friends rode through this park, and over the bridges and back again, returning home early to enable the ladies to help about the supper.

The Mansfields were to remain several days with their relations according to their usual custom, but Charles and Mary refused to extend their stay, for they had to return the team within a stated time. So they returned the next day with Mr. Proctor, and arrived safely home, nothing unusual having transpired on the way.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARY'S LETTERS.

III.

Spencer, Socioland, Africa.
April 12, 19—.

My dear Amy:

I can at last sit down to answer your letter which I was so glad to get. I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but somehow I have let my leisure be taken up in other ways which I will tell you of directly. A while ago as I was hurrying with my work of washing dishes and setting tables, one of the girls said: "What's the matter Mrs. Morril? You seem to be in an awful hurry." "I am," I answered, "for I want to go and write a long letter to my best friend." So, as soon as I was done I ran up stairs, not willing to wait for the elevator which was somewhere above, and then as I got on our gallery Rose Mansfield called out: "Oh! Mrs. Morril, do come here." She was down in the yard, but as I knew what a mischievous little body she is, I leaned over the railing instead of going down and inquired what she wanted. "Please tell her what a good girl I am," she said. "What do you mean? Tell who?" I asked. "Why your best friend," she answered. "Tell her how good I am, that's all." "I won't even mention you to her, Miss Impudence," I said, rather provoked at being delayed just then, "that'll be your punishment for stopping me for nothing." But now that I have gone and mentioned her I will add that although she is always ready to play her pranks on whoever is handy, she is also a good, kind hearted girl to whom Charles and I are much attached.

But now for my piece of news. You remember I told you that we had two rooms to spare for friends if they should ever come to see us. Well now one of them is occupied, and by whom do you suppose? I am afraid you cannot guess, so I must tell you that it is our old friend and fellow passenger of the vessel,

Mr. Proctor, with whom Charles was so taken up and who was so kind to me on board. He came to us quite unexpectedly, and I am very glad indeed that he is stopping at this Home. It seems like old times to have him near us, he is the same pleasant and thoughtful man, and though there is no need now for taking care of me, still he is always very kind and often reads to me out of his own books when I sit upstairs with my sewing. And then he explains what he reads if I don't understand it and talks on a lot of subjects that I like to hear about, and he teaches me a great many things that I want to know and can't always get at.

But one thing I am sorry is, that he is almost sick though he tries to keep well. I do what I can to help him and then he says: "Don't, Mrs. Morril, you will spoil me if you go on so. I haven't been used to such care." "More's the pity." I tell him, "if you had been better taken care of you wouldn't be in your present weak condition." For which I get him to lie down and take all the rest he can. And it is for that, and bringing him an extra pillow for his head, or a cooling drink when he comes in tired from walking that he says that I spoil him. But I only want to show him that we are pleased to have him with us and intend to nurse him back to strength.

He is very much interested in the people of Socioland and in all their doings, so I was very glad that he had the opportunity of seeing a big festival which was held here lately, with a view of pleasing and encouraging the young people in some of their accomplishments, and giving them a chance to exhibit their talents.

The first hint we had of anything unusual being undertaken was through Rose rushing into our sitting room in her usual impetuous way, where Mr. Proctor and I were quietly talking, and saying: "Well! it is all settled and we are all going." "Going where? Rose, what do you mean?" I asked. "Oh! we're going to have some big doings where everybody'll go, and I am so glad, so glad." And as she said this she danced in the room in her happy way, stopping suddenly quite

abashed when she found herself in front of Mr. Proctor, for in the twilight she had not noticed his presence, and now didn't know how to wind up her frolic. But as Mr. Proctor only laughed and said encouragingly: "Never mind me, Rose, tell us all about it, for I know I shall want to go," she rallied quickly and said: "Why it's a festival we're going to have, and I thought you'd like to know, and any way I wanted to be the first to tell you." By this time Charles had come in and said: "What! Rose, more singing and dancing and picnicking? Aren't you having too much dissipation?" "No sir," said Rose with plenty of emphasis. "Not a bit more than what I like." So after a little more talk we all went down together to supper, and there learned from Mr. Mansfield, who was one of the managers in the affair, that it was to be a festival in which the young people of the Town were to take part, and from that time to the day of the performance there was kept up in every home an unusual bustle and excitement which made us expect great things. And we were not disappointed when the time came.

That morning dawned as lovely as one could wish. A day when all nature seems to be happy, and as Mr. Proctor said: "A day when one is glad to be living." We drove with the Mansfields to the Park where the festival was to be. As we neared the place, we could see the pretty banner of Socioland, blue and white with its gilt motto "In each other we trust," floating 'way above the trees, and all along the road were people in their holiday clothes, to all appearance as happy as ourselves and all going the same way. Charles was our driver and seemed in unusually good spirits, and once turned round to me who was on the seat behind him, and asked: "Mary, doesn't this remind you of going to the circus? Listen to the music over there, they're drumming the people in, I'll bet you." And he laughed merrily, and we laughed too at the idea of people in Socioland having to be teased and begged to go to any entertainment, when everything is free to them all the while.

Well! we drove on amidst the gay pedestrians and

the numerous carriages and soon reached the place chosen for the exercises. It was a large grassy plot of ground, generally used for base-ball playing, and pretty well surrounded by woods which afforded a grateful shade in the middle of the day. Here we left our spring wagon, Charles made the horses fast to a tree and we all together proceeded towards the centre of attraction, which was the seats built in amphitheatre in the middle of the open space and capable of holding several hundred people.

Mr. Mansfield and Rose, however, had left us as soon as they alighted, for they took active part in the entertainment and Rose was all excitement, and eager to join her playmates. "Goodby, Rose," called out Charles, "let me know if you get scared, I'll help you out." "I shan't give you the chance," she answered. "Do you suppose I get scared so easy?" And away she went running far ahead of her father.

A great many people were already seated when we entered the arena but we soon found comfortable places near some friends, pretty high up on the seats, where we could command a good view of everything.

The whole scene was lively. Flags were flying all over the Park; here and there we could see the officers of the day, noticeable by a badge of ribbon over their left shoulder, walking about busily and giving directions right and left. And all the time the crowd kept pouring in, and occasionally we heard strains of music from neighboring tents, which added to the charm of our surroundings.

But we did not have long to wait before the many rows of seats were filled by an eager audience, gaily dressed and in high spirits, to judge from their talk and joyous voices, but who quieted down suddenly when the signal was given for the exercises to begin.

The first thing was music by the brass band. The musicians entered and walked around the arena playing a tune well known here. They were dressed in a uniform of light blue and gold, and were mostly young people who seemed to put their whole soul into their music. When they had gone around the circle once, they made a graceful curve and wound

their steps towards the centre, still playing, and there they stood in a ring, back to back, and facing the audience on every side. Then the music stopped, and a dozen girls dressed in bright homespun goods came in singing the weaver's song, and walking around the arena. In the chorus of their song came the words "we weave our cloth", when they all made the motions of weaving, while the band joined in the singing. Then after going round once they turned their steps towards the centre, still singing, and as they went they waltzed around and separated so as to form a circle around the musicians.

After the girls came some boys, dressed in dark goods with red favors. They were the sowers and made the motions of scattering seed. Their song explained their actions, and was like the girls' and every one that followed, always taken up in the chorus, and sounded beautiful and cheering. Music is so much cultivated here that very little practice enables the children who have at all an ear for music, to take part in singing exercises.

The next that came were the dairy maids, dressed in soft colors and green ribbons. As they walked and sang they imitated the motions of milking and churning, and seemed to enjoy thoroughly their part of the performance. I found that there was meaning and character in all those costumes, which is the reason I mention colors that you may guess at it.

Then came the boys dressed in white with buff ribbons and straw hats. Their song was that of the reaper, accompanied by his motions, and after going once around the arena, they, like the others, took their places in the centre, where boys and girls kept up a swaying motion during the singing, so that there was nothing of stiffness in the group.

Next to the last in this series of representative workers were the bread-makers, girls dressed in white with light brown sashes and same color of ribbon in their caps. Their sleeves were rolled above their elbows, making a pretty display of fair skin and dimpled arms, of which Rose who was in this crowd seemed quite conscious. "Just look at her," whispered

an acquaintance at my side, "and the girl next to her. Don't they look pretty?" "Yes they do," I answered. "And they know it also."

And the last thing was the entrance of the woodcutters, whose costumes were the most varied of any, and they cut and sawed wood, to judge by their motions, with hearty good-will.

When these workers had also taken their places with the others, a band of smaller children came in, all gaily dressed and happy-looking. They divided at the entrance, half going one way and half the other, and while they sang the musicians joined this time from the first. After they had met and crossed over, they mingled with the group in the centre, and they all scattered over the enclosed grounds and, led by the band, began an exercise of calisthenics quite varied and interesting, and with many new features in it well calculated to develop every muscle in the body, as well as the lungs of every performer. I tell you they looked warm after that performance, but if cheering and applause was any sign of appreciation, and was any compensation for their exertions, they got their full share of it from the whole audience.

"They keep improving in their exercises," I heard one man say to another. "It is as good as gymnastics."

But now all these youthful actors were allowed a rest and grouped themselves to one side to make room for eight young people, four girls and four boys, who were to sing two quartettes; two of each sex competing against the four others in their singing.

The competitors wore a knot of ribbon on their breast, four white against four pink ribbons, and real well did they acquit themselves of their task. It would have puzzled me to have decided which quartette had performed the best, but the judges, who were leaders in orchestras, awarded the prize of a beautiful bound book of vocal music to the wearers of the pink bows.

As soon as that was over, and the singers there yet, a signal was given at which the band struck a lively tune and the whole crowd began a dance which was a series of evolutions, graceful windings in and out,

curtseying and chasseing, and in fact everything bewitching you can think of in the way of motions, quite new to me, and yet reminding me somewhat of dances I have seen on the stage in New York. They kept that up a while, then paired off and waltzed around the circle two or three times to the cheering of the spectators who, I am sure, would have delighted to join them; and then as each couple reached the entrance they danced out and away, and we heard them laughing like children released from school.

All this seems to take a long time in the telling of it, but was not really so, anyway there was no tediousness for the spectators. As soon as the dancers had left, some men came to put up poles and things for gymnastics, and when all was ready the performers, boys and girls, who had donned their gymnastic suits, came in and gave us a fine exhibition of their strength, agility and gracefulness. "Mary," said Charles to me, "do you notice how spry those girls are and how much muscle they develop? Don't you want to join a class?" He added teasingly. "No," I said. "I don't, but all the same it is a good thing for girls as well as boys." "You're right there, ma'am," said a man's voice above me, "and as you see we train the girls in nearly all the same sports as the boys."

Well, these performers were also enthusiastically applauded by the spectators, and then came the last performance of the morning, which was a song composed for the occasion, and sung by all who had taken part in the exercises of the day. About twenty young people sang the verses, and the whole crowd of them joined in the chorus which was:

"May Peace, Plenty and Health,
Bless our Commonwealth,
Our happy, happy Land,
Our ever glorious Socioland."

It sounded beautiful in the open air, and they made the echoes ring over and over again with their "glorious Socioland."

When the singing was over and the singers had been loudly cheered, Mr. Mansfield appeared and announced

that the exercises for the day were over. He also thanked the audience for their attention and appreciation of what had been done, etc., and then wound up by saying: "I hope friends that you're all well provided with a good dinner with which to recruit your failing energies. For my part I feel so much in need of something to stay me inwardly that I'm sure you'll excuse me if I don't make you a better speech. So let's all to the woods away!"

And such a hurrying and scampering of the crowd, amid the "hurrahs" of youthful voices, I don't believe I ever saw or heard. Everybody seemed to be ready for their midday meal, and quite naturally families united to eat together. We set our cloth on the grass with some friends and were soon joined by Rose in as wild spirits as ever. "Well sir!" was her first greeting to Charles, "didn't I tell you I shouldn't get scared?" "No," he answered, "you were too busy trying to make conquests to think of being afraid." And through the whole meal the late proceedings were discussed in detail.

After that, and when our lunch baskets, not nearly as heavy as when we opened them, had been safely put away, we separated, each to go where he pleased, and Mr. Proctor and I walked about to see what was going on. Everyone seemed to be merry and enjoying themselves fully. Those who tried to climb to the top of the greased pole, or run a race against, through and over obstacles, as well as those who looked on. "Just see Rose's little friend," I said to Mr. Proctor, "how discouraged he looks, he slipped down three times on that greased pole." "Yes, but I don't give up yet," he called out, having heard what I said. "That's right, my boy," answered Mr. Proctor. "Try, try again is a good motto. Don't give up while you have a chance, or you'll never make a successful man." Further on we found Charles having a game of ball with the boys, and as happy as any of them, while at some distance a number of young people were dancing quadrilles on a bit of smooth ground. And so walking and talking, and resting and looking on, the afternoon passed away pretty

much as it might at one of our picnics in the United States, and by sun down we were ready to start for home, preceded by some and followed by many others.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Proctor as we neared home, "I have thoroughly enjoyed the day, and though tired I wouldn't have missed going. This picnic ended more favorably than one I attended in our northern states some years ago. Shall I tell you about it?" "Oh! do," I said. "Well, it was to be a grand affair, hundreds of people had gathered together. Speeches were to be made, chorus sung and the whole day devoted to festivities. But suddenly clouds began to obscure the bright sunlight, and a storm was threatening, and for fear the bountiful and appetizing dinner which was spread on long tables in an extensive grove should be spoiled by the rain, it was decided to eat before speaking or going through any of the exercises. But alas! for faulty calculations! Before half the crowds had appeased their hunger the rain poured down in torrents, forcing the little ones to take refuge under the tables, while the matrons crowded under the same shelter the best cakes and meats which as yet were untouched. But rain or no rain people went on eating what they could get hold of, and after all were satisfied, and as there was no prospect of the weather clearing up soon, though the heaviest rain was over, the Managers let it be known that there would be no doings that day, and that we had all better go home.

"Which we did, our leader who had ridden his horse in the morning with shoulders thrown back and head erect, now rode homeward very meek and limp in his wet clothes, and not in the least disposed to give orders or to make himself conspicuous. Looking for all the world like a rooster seen after a shower, with drooping and draggling feathers!"

At which we laughed heartily and thanked Mr. Proctor for his story. And so ended our festive day which made me write you a long letter which I hope you won't get tired of reading before you get to the end. Goodby from your affectionate

Mary.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. Proctor was not getting any better. He was gradually losing strength, and becoming more adverse to leaving the house. The disease that was preying upon him was gaining the upper hand, and he became a confirmed invalid and the doctor had to be called in. He pronounced it malarial fever, and said his system had been poisoned by the deleterious emanations of the swamps and could not throw off the disease without a strong reaction. The companionship of his friends and the good care he had received at Mary's hands had enabled him to ward off the crisis, but it could not be avoided now and he must expect to be seriously prostrated for several weeks. The doctor assured the Morrils that there was no immediate danger and he hoped that with some medicine and good nursing he would come out all right, but they must be patient and do all they can to cheer and strengthen their friend.

The doctor's opinion proved correct, and before long Mr. Proctor had to take to his bed where he staid nearly one month, utterly prostrated, fighting the battle of life, slowly and painfully getting rid of the poison he had absorbed during his travels. Mary became his constant nurse, even giving up her work in the Home that she might devote all her time to him. Charles was but little help to her during the time Mr. Proctor was confined to his bed. His will was good and if he could have restored his friend to health by physical exertions, he would have undertaken almost any task with hearty good-will, but he was a poor nurse, having no gift in that direction. What is needed is untiring care, attention to little details, sympathetic feelings which recognize the needs of the patient before they are expressed, as well as a never-failing cheerfulness which buoys up the sufferer and cheers him without any conscious effort on his part.

Good nurses are born, not made, and Charles was not born that way, while Mary was naturally well qualified for the task and entered into it with hearty good-will due to her affection for the patient. So it came to pass that gradually Charles did not see much of Mr. Proctor during his illness, while Mary was thrown into somewhat intimate relations with him.

And now we have come to a crisis in Mary's life which tended toward the strengthening of her character, and while it caused her many unhappy hours, yet had a salutary influence upon her, broadening her mind, extending her views of life and eventually adding to the bonds which united her to her husband.

The weeks which elapsed between Mr. Proctor's arrival in Spencer and the time of his complete prostration, were probably among the happiest of her life. The shock she had felt at her first sight of him had a beneficent effect upon her, giving her warning of the dangerous nature of the ground she was treading upon. That warning and the daily association had driven the romance and sentiment from her thoughts, for Mary had a healthy mind and took a healthy view of life. Had she been romantic and weak the result would probably been different, for her imagination once set to work a morbid feeling would have been engendered which might have culminated in an unhealthy passion, inducing her to see in stronger relief than ever Charles' deficiencies, and to exaggerate Mr. Proctor's partial superiority. But Mary was neither weak nor sentimental and her clear judgment had soon enabled her to see that Mr. Proctor was but mortal, and that in many things Charles compared favorably with him.

So, having divested her affection for him of all unhealthy tendencies, and feeling once more at peace with herself, she had enjoyed to the full Mr. Proctor's constant society, and had enjoyed it the more because she had greatly developed since the sea journey and could better appreciate the wealth of his mind and the extent of his information. Add to that the pleasure of serving as cicerone to an interested visitor, and the satisfaction of showing to a friend all those

little attentions required by a person in poor health, and it will be easily understood that no element was lacking for a time of true enjoyment.

I have said that Mary was happy because she was at peace with herself, for during all that time she felt that her interest in Mr. Proctor did not in any manner detract from her affection for her husband. He was their mutual friend, and as often happens, the happiness of her life reacted favorably upon their marital relations. She was brighter, more full of life, and her somewhat slow nature was quickened in a way which reminded Charles of their early days together.

But during Mr. Proctor's illness all these conditions were changed, and unconsciously to herself Mary was placed in a position where nothing but a clear and positive knowledge of her danger could save her from an increase of tender feelings for Mr. Proctor, which was the one thing she dreaded, for it would destroy that peace of mind without which no happiness was possible to her.

The danger was the greater because it came in an entirely different form from that which had threatened her during her first acqaintance with Mr. Proctor. Then it was the intellect and the æsthetic faculties which had been awakened. A new and attractive horizon had been opened to her and she had, womanlike, associated the man with the enjoyment he had made possible to her. Of this she was now conscious, and prepared to resist, but this new danger came from a quarter entirely unexpected, for it was through the kindness of her heart that she was assailed. It is so natural for the friend to act as nurse, and for the nurse to become attached to her patient. It is not possible for women of Mary's disposition to come in hourly contact with those who need their care without becoming attached to their charge, and if the patient is a valued friend, and a sympathetic bond already exist between them, the probable result is that the attraction will increase until it oversteps the boundaries which custom places between a married woman and any other man but her husband.

Under the conditions I do not see how it could have been prevented, for Mary had none of the safeguards which might have diminished her danger. She had no children to divide her affection, no household duties to distract her attention. The patient was under her roof, placed under her special care, and her husband only too ready to leave him entirely in her hands, while Mr. Proctor's physical weakness prevented him from watching over her feelings as he would have done had he been in good health.

So Mary entered into her duties without any afterthought, and established herself as the devoted nurse of her friend. As he got worse and spent his days moaning and tossing on his bed, she sat at his side anxiously watching his every motion, and she could often quiet him and procure him some sleep only by holding his feverish hands in her own or by placing one of them on his brow. For she had the magnetic power of all successful nurses, and in her desire to help imparted to him much of her strength.

And when the crisis was reached, and Mr. Proctor had succeeded in getting rid of the poison which had threatened his life, and he lay weak and exhausted, needing only good care to complete his recovery, then Mary no longer the faithful nurse, became the sick man's devoted companion, striving to amuse him and enliven the slow passing hours. And how could they help but become very confidential, these two friends, and what could keep them from drawing closer together? Especially as Mr. Proctor, all unconscious of Mary's increased feelings, would sometimes take both her hands in his own and express to her his gratitude for all her care and friendly attentions.

And if at such times Mary's eyes would brighten, and she would look at him with such an expression as to temporarily startle him, he was too weak for much reflection, and he enjoyed her society too highly to allow any disturbing thoughts to mar the pleasure of their relations. Besides, no act had ever passed between these two that could have awakened his suspicions. With all their intimacy and confidence, no kiss had ever united their lips, or any words been

exchanged they would not have been willing for Charles to hear.

But all the same Mary's relations to these two men were undergoing a change. Her heart was drawing her closer and closer to Mr. Proctor, and Charles was passing from the husband into the friend. She could not help it, and was not even conscious of the change. At first she thought that her growing interest in Mr. Proctor was due to his sickness and need of care, and that it was the invalid and not the man who thus engrossed her mind. Then as he got better there was no lack of excuses for her continued interest in him. Was he not alone in a strange land, and was it not her duty to amuse and cheer him? He was so grateful and patient that it was a pleasure to do all she could to entertain him during his confinement.

So it came to pass that it was only after Mr. Proctor had recovered his health and they all fell back into their old way of life, that Mary found to her dismay that he had become an important part of her life and that the bare thought of his leaving Spencer sent a cold chill to her heart. Poor Mary! it came upon her with the force of a blow, that she had allowed herself to entertain feelings for him unworthy of her wifely standard, and that, as she expressed it to herself, she was in love with a man who was not her husband.

When the knowledge first forced itself upon her, she blushed with shame and humbled herself into the dust. She had until now held her head so high and had such a good opinion of herself. Who was she to find fault with Mrs. Mansfield? Was she not a thousand times worse than her friend? She had not even waited to have left her husband to fall in love with another man. — Left her husband! The thought gave her a shock. Could she leave Charles, kind, good-natured Charles, who had always been so good to her and had such confidence in her affection? No she could not leave him, and happen what might she would remain true to Charles, and in sorrow and silence bear the penalty of her fault.

Poor Mary! she was very unhappy in those days,

for she was deeply impressed with the sentiment of her guilt. She had, as I said, passed the boundaries which custom places upon the affections of a married woman, and custom was her standard of right and by it she judged all her actions, and now she was paying the penalty of her ignorance and false education. For really she had done no wrong, except to unconsciously place herself in a position which must inevitably increase feelings which were contrary to her views of the marriage relation.

What she did not understand was that while these feelings were natural under the circumstances, and seemed to have taken full possession of her, they would gradually die out with a return to former conditions. But for the present it was very real to her, and it is difficult to tell how it might have ended, and how it would have affected her married life, had not Mr. Proctor come to her assistance.

Mr. Proctor was about forty years of age, a widower, having within a few days lost his wife and only child by an epidemic of diphtheria which had raged in the city where he lived. Fondly attached to his wife and devoted to his child, their sudden loss had left him practically alone in the world, and for several years he had travelled in every country, partly on business and partly because it gave him a certain amount of distraction. While he no longer mourned his loss, it had left its imprint upon him, and his whole demeanor showed the man who has known sorrow, but has not allowed it to overmaster him. His acquaintance with the Morrils had done him good, awakening feelings which had been benumbed by his solitary life. He had conceived a deep affection for them, and felt toward both as he had not expected to feel again. Old and experienced beyond his years, there was something fatherly in his affection for them, and if his relations with Mary were more intimate than with Charles, it was not because she was a woman, but it was due to her character and to her care of him during his sickness.

When he had recovered his health and was once more in full command of his faculties, it did not take

him very long to detect Mary's feelings for him, but the discovery did not give him the pleasure that a less worthy man would have experienced. On the contrary, he was really sorry and blamed himself for the unconscious part he had taken toward bringing about the unhappy result.

His first thought was to leave Socioland as soon as possible, trusting to time and absence for the cure they surely effect, but upon mature reflection he concluded that with a person of Mary's strength of mind and under the peculiar conditions which had affected her conduct, it would be better for him to speak plainly to her before he left, and to give her some advice which he thought she needed and which would enable her to recover quicker from a morbid condition.

Acting upon that decision, he made it a point to speak at the first opportunity. Mary no longer sought his society as she did in the past; she was sad and despondent, and often her eyes were red as if she had been crying, though she always strove to appear cheerful when Charles was present, but could not keep the mask with Mr. Proctor who seldom left the house; and of late she showed evident signs of avoiding being alone with him.

But Mr. Proctor having made up his mind to speak was not to be easily put off and the next day compelled her to listen to him. As he entered the sitting room where he knew she was at the time, Mary rose hastily from her chair and made a motion as if she would leave him.

"Can't you stay a while, Mary?" asked Mr. Proctor, walking up to her and detaining her by the hand. "There is something I want to tell you."

Mary turned her head away and muttering some words Mr. Proctor could not understand, tried to release her hand with the evident intention of avoiding the interview.

"Come, Mary," continued Mr. Proctor with more authority than he had ever used in speaking to her. "You must stay and hear what I want to tell you." Mary passively took the chair which he handed her, and sat before him, her head and eyes downcast.

"Mary," pursued Mr. Proctor, gently stroking her hand, "you are unhappy and I am afraid I am the cause of it. Tell me, is it not so?"

Mary answered not a word. Shame, humiliation, sorrow, all had taken possession of her, and had she dared she would have broken from him and fled to the refuge of her room. Mr. Proctor felt the pain he was inflicting, but he knew that the result would be good, and that nothing but a frank avowal of her feelings for him would enable him to speak plainly and help him to cure the evil he had unwittingly done.

"Mary, my child," he continued, "do not be afraid to confide in me. Tell me the truth, is it not your feelings for me that make you so unhappy?"

Mary could stand it no longer. She had been crying when Mr. Proctor entered the room and her attempt at flight had been partly due to an effort to conceal her tears, and since Mr. Proctor had commenced to speak she had been struggling to regain her composure. His kind voice, the gentle touch of his hand, added to the nervous strain to which she had been subject of late, proved too much for her, and hastily snatching her hand away and covering her face, she cried as if her heart would break.

Mr. Proctor let her cry knowing that it would relieve her, but when the paroxysm was ended and her convulsive sobs had ceased, he again took her hand and urged her to open her heart to him.

"Oh! Mr. Proctor." said Mary. "I cannot, I cannot. I am so unhappy. You cannot help me."

"Yes Mary, I think I can help you. Listen to me. You know I would not do anything to increase your trouble, but I must speak plainly. What gives you so much pain is your affection for me."

Mary's eyes, which when he had commenced to speak she had raised up to him, went down again at his last words and she blushed painfully.

"You need not be ashamed of your feelings, Mary. You cannot help it if you have a kind heart, and there is nothing wrong or sinful in it. Come, look up, and do not act as if you were guilty."

Mary looked up at him and met his eyes frankly

and in them read nothing but the kindness of the friend and the honest purpose of the man. This look, which brought back to her mind the recollection of the time when he was to her only a valued friend, acted upon her almost instantly, and in that moment she lost the vivid consciousness of the new feelings which had grown in her heart, and he became once more the trusted teacher and adviser of the past.

Mr. Proctor could read her feelings and interpret them better than she herself could, and saw that he had regained her confidence, and that the barrier that she had tried to raise between them during the last week had been broken, and that she would trust in him unreservedly. He had accomplished his purpose, for he believed that the result they both desired would be more easily obtained by a perfect trust and a complete explanation than by the tacit estrangement to which Mary had resorted to conquer her rebellious heart. And now she had discovered that he still was her friend, and that instead of seeking to take advantage of her feelings or of upbraiding her for her weakness, he was ready to help her.

"Mary," continued Mr. Proctor, "don't you see I am still your friend? You have confidence in me, have you not?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mary. "You are the best friend I ever had and" with a half sob "that's what's hurting me. What shall I do when you go! Oh! what am I saying and what will you think of me?" And her eyes went down and her hands went up to cover her blushing cheeks.

"You may be sure I will not think the worse of you, Mary. I am sorry you should feel so badly about my going, but there is nothing to be ashamed of. These feelings will soon pass off and you and Charles will be as happy together as before my visit."

"Oh! Charles," gasped Mary. "But Mr. Proctor, do you not understand that it is because of Charles that I am so unhappy? It is because I am married to him that I am ashamed to be so awfully sorry to have you go. I no longer love him as I used to. I married him and meant to be a good wife to him, and

now I no longer care for him as I once did." And Mary's words ended with a sob, and she could with difficulty restrain her tears.

"Yes you do, Mary," replied Mr. Proctor with conviction. "That is where you are mistaken and what I wanted to tell you. You are so upset that you do not understand your own feelings. You may not love him with the same love you had when you were married, but you love him enough to be a true wife to him and you will soon feel again toward him as you used to."

"Oh!" said Mary, "if I could only believe it, for it is killing me to think that while he is so kind and so good, and looks upon us both as his friends, I should have taken advantage of his confidence to allow myself to think more of you than I do of him. Oh! Mr. Proctor, why do we change so? Why is not Charles to me what he was when I first married him? I thought so much of him then, and we were so happy together, and now, now. . . . . "

"My poor girl," said Mr. Proctor compassionately. "You are learning the lesson we all have to learn. Perfect happiness does not exist here. The mother sees her darling baby grow out of her reach, my wife and child left me never to return, husband and wife too often draw apart. We all change and no power on earth can prevent it. Why do we change so? Why, when we think we have secured the desire of our heart and are ready to drain the cup of happiness, is it so often withdrawn from our lips? Who can tell? All I know is that while the changes are sometimes hard to bear it is best for us to meet them bravely.

"You are a strong woman, Mary, and you will fight a good fight and win the victory. The change may not be pleasant, but if you will accept it in the right spirit, you will find that it will lead you onward and upward and leave you better fitted to fill your place in life. Charles may never again be the lover of your youth, you may recognize that he is not the perfection you once thought him to be, but he will become more and more the trusted companion of your life, the partner of your hopes, the faithful supporter of

the family, and as you travel together through the constant changes of this life, you will learn every day to appreciate better all his good qualities."

Mary heaved a long sigh, for a new light was dawning upon her, and Mr. Proctor's words were taking hold of her and restoring her to her normal condition. "How good you are," she said, "and how glad I am that you spoke to me. I hope I shall be strong. I know I shall feel dreadfully sorry to have you go, and I shall miss you more than I can tell, but I will try to bear it cheerfully, and do my duty by Charles, showing him all the affection I can still have for him."

"That is right, Mary, and spoken as the true woman I know you to be. Be strong, do not let your feelings overcome you. It is because I feel certain that you will do what you think is right that I have in a manner forced this conversation upon you.

"But, Mary, there is something else I wanted to tell you. You have judged yourself too harshly because you have a wrong idea of what marriage really is. Your self-condemnation, which weighed so heavily upon you, would have been right enough if Charles had been your master as well as your husband. You thought of the marriage service and all you promised at the time, honestly I have no doubt, but without any idea of what you undertook to do. But, Mary, the marriage service is only a form that law and custom imposes upon you, while the true promises are those that the parties make to each other. What were your intentions at the time? Was it not to be a true helpmate to your husband, to work with him, to do your best for you both to live happily together? And have you not fulfilled your intentions as near as you could? Are you not a good wife to him, are you not ready to do all in your power to help him to succeed? Listen to me, Mary. You have not even wronged him in your thoughts, for if it was true that you loved me better than you do him, he would have no cause to complain, for it would be because he had not known how to retain your affection. If it was true and I was so circumstanced as to make you happier than you are now, my advice would be very

different. But I know you better than you know yourself, and I am certain that Charles is in many ways a much better companion for you than I ever could be. You have so devoted yourself to me of late that your feelings for me have gradually overshadowed every other sentiment, but your old affection for Charles is there all the same, and when I am gone it will return in all its strength. You see Mary, there are so many ties between you and Charles which do not exist between you and me. There are the memories of your married life, pains and pleasures you had in common. Together you have planned your future life, and you have hopes that belong to you both and from which neither of you can be left out.

"Ah! Mary, how foolish this habit of looking upon the marriage ceremony as the bond which unites husband and wife. It is the united life that binds them together, the blending of their hopes, the pains borne in common, the mutual confidence and the joint aspirations. If these are lacking, they will draw apart and pursue separate lives under the same roof, separate existences under the same name, and then their marriage is a failure, the ceremony a mockery, and the sooner the unnatural tie is broken the better for them and society.

"But this is not the case with you. You have grown nearer to each other every year, so far the storms of life have drawn you together, and you will not let this passing cloud keep you long apart."

Mary sat quiet and listened attentively to what Mr. Proctor was saying. Once more new ideas were entering into her mind, and she could but acknowledge the truth of what she was hearing. Yes, she could feel how many ties were uniting her to her husband, and she wondered at herself that she could ever have thought that her duty to him could alone keep her by his side. While Mr. Proctor was speaking a flood of reminiscences of all they had been to each other passed over her, and drove all other thoughts from her mind. What he said about the false views she entertained on marriage had little effect at the time upon her. Raised with entirely different ideas, and

inclined to self-condemnation, she could not forgive herself so easily for allowing her fancies to wander from the true fold, but her hopeless despondency as to her future happiness with Charles was entirely dissipated, and even while Mr. Proctor was speaking, she was resolving in her mind to conquer herself, not as before by patient submission to unmerited punishment, but by regaining her old feelings for Charles and thus becoming again the happy wife of the past.

Mr. Proctor judged that he had said enough, and rising from his chair he closed the conversation.

"Mary," he said, "I am glad I spoke to you. I felt I could not leave without an explanation. Now we are the same good friends we were before, are we not?"

"Yes," said Mary, and she looked frankly and thankfully at him, a very different woman from the sobbing girl of a little while ago. "You are too good, Mr. Proctor, and I shall never forget your kindness to me. I feel strong now and I hope I shall succeed and that Charles will never know how bad I have felt for the last two weeks."

"I hope he will not," said Mr. Proctor, "for it would not be of any help to you. Charles is not like you, Mary, and on such an occasion you must look to yourself who are the stronger of the two. The day may come," and Mr. Proctor took Mary's hand in his and spoke gently but with a certain emphasis. "The day may come when he will need your help, do not refuse it. Be kind to him, whatever may happen."

Mary looked up startled, but asked no questions, and Mr. Proctor offered no more information, but went out of the room leaving her in deep reflection.

Mr. Proctor did not stay long in Spencer after this. His sickness had detained him longer than he intended, but before he left he promised his friends that should he ever come back to their part of the world he would visit them again. He had been much impressed with Socioland, and expressed himself as desirous of making it his home at some future day.

As for Mary her demeanor toward him had changed from the day of his explanation. If the shock had been severe, it had a salutary effect. Her imagination

no longer dwelt upon her fancied disloyalty to her husband, but her mind was turned toward strengthening the ties which still bound her to him, and putting all her will into the task, the broken threads were soon united again, and this episode in her life slowly faded away, till the memory of it lost its bitterness and nothing was remembered but the pleasure of the visit of their friend.

But it left its mark upon her. Slowly the unheeded words of Mr. Proctor entered into her mind, and she formed a better idea of her relations to her husband. The romantic idea of a life of devotion and of semi-adoration to the object of her choice, to be repaid by the entire possession of the love of the only man qualified to make her happy, which is so strongly fostered in the mind of the American girl, was gradually replaced by the strengthening of the union of heart and soul which alone furnish a secure foundation for happiness in a life partnership between equals. The ideal she set up for herself and Charles may have been not quite so high, but it was within reach and left her better satisfied. She was learning this important lesson, that to enjoy the greatest happiness we must not expect too much from ourselves and others, and that mutual forbearance in marriage is the best guarantee of its success.

It made her more charitable also. Having gone to the brink of the gulf were so many persons wreck their happiness, and realizing that she had been protected by the high character of the man who may have been said at the time to have held her destiny in his hands, she felt her own weakness under temptation, and lost that "I am holier than thou" feeling which is but too common among women who, protected by character or circumstances, have never been tempted to leave the beaten paths of respectability.

Mr. Proctor wrote often, and as Charles was a poor correspondent, Mary took it upon herself to keep him informed of the current of their lives, and the interchange of letters filled in some measure the void he had left.

So, many months had not passed before the tempest his presence had evoked in Mary's heart was stilled, and she felt more truly united with Charles than she had ever been before Mr. Proctor's visit to them. And then an event happened which drove away all other thoughts from her mind. Mysterious bundles commenced to make their appearance in her work-basket, and all her spare time was spent in preparing garments that evidently were not calculated for Charles or herself to wear. And when Charles would come home from his work he would find her with a happy look in her eye, and she would triumphantly hold up some tiny article of apparel all embroidered and challenge his admiration. Then Charles would laugh at her, and make her blush with some allusion to the coming stranger, and many a quarrel did they have over the name they would bestow on him or her.

For on that point they could not agree. Charles wanted a girl and Mary wanted a boy. Mr. Mansfield who often visited them, being present at one of these friendly quarrels, advised them to wait and not worry, for said he, he had seen cases where women no more experienced than Mary had done so well that both girl and boy had been forthcoming, and if they should not meet with such luck, why, "what was put off was not lost", and the one who was disappointed could call for a new deal.

Mary had her way this time, which was probably due to the emancipated condition of the women of Socioland, and she gave birth to a bouncing boy. And a happier couple could not be found, and for a time this little stranger not only ruled them both with a rod of iron, but so filled Mary's heart that Charles stood in much more danger of being driven out of it by this new arrival than he had ever been by Mr. Proctor.

But Mary felt no remorse this time, which goes to show that circumstances alter cases, and that custom and education have queer results.

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIVIDUALISM AND COMMUNISM.

I will state here for the benefit of those of my readers who have not seen Samuel Balcom's account of the institutions of Socioland, as described in his book entitled "The Future Commonwealth", that the aim of its founders was to equalize the distribution of products. How well they had succeeded can be gathered from the fact that the Morrils had been able to procure, at once and by moderate labor, all the comforts and many of the luxuries of existence, besides laying up every year a very fair sum to enable them eventually to change their condition.

But the people of the Commonwealth understood well enough that all the desirable improvements had not yet been accomplished, and that several changes would have to be made as they progressed in the desired direction. Many of these changes had already been adopted, but at the time of the arrival of the Morrils, a question of more vital importance was pressing for solution. While it presented itself under the form of a change of policy, really it was a question of principle which was involved, for according how it would be decided, it would commit the Commonwealth to an increase or decrease of common interests.

Ever since its organization, the nation had been steadily increasing in wealth. The policy of the first settlers had been to foster the accumulation of public wealth, so that the increase had been mostly retained by the Commonwealth, which had accumulated much capital, while the Individuals had only acquired a comfortable competency. But of late the tendency had been the other way. The public had demanded their share of the profit, for as they argued, it was for their benefit that the business was conducted, and it had gradually come to pass that the tables were turned, and that the share of wealth held by the citizens was becoming larger than that retained for common

ownership. For several years past the Public Managers had been reporting a comparative diminution of public funds, and claimed that the income of the Commonwealth was barely sufficient to maintain the present public enterprises, and did not justify them in incurring such expenses as would be necessary to keep up the original policy of the first settlers. The tendency was away from Communism toward Individual property.

The question had been for some time past extensively discussed, for there was not lacking in Socioland a conservative element who, as elsewhere, was constituted of the most successful citizens. These men argued, as they do in all countries, that the Commonwealth was already doing enough for the public, that the tendency of public ownership is to encourage incompetency by reducing the rewards offered for individual management, and that besides it was not just or honest to deprive in a measure the most enterprising from the reward of their greater exertions.

In a word, they used to the best of their ability the stock of arguments used in other lands to prevent an increase in the scope of government ownership, and they had had sufficient influence to cause doubt and indecision, and had prevented up to that time a change in the public policy, and the same causes which operate in other lands had brought about the same results, and public wealth had comparatively diminished, while individual wealth had increased in undue proportion.

It had been the object of the founders of the Commonwealth to establish a proper equilibrium between public and private wealth, as the only means to secure at the same time a fair distribution and a sufficient field for individual energy, but this equilibrium was being destroyed by natural causes, and could only be restored by increasing the public revenues at the expense of individual benefit. And now the crisis had been reached, the Advisers had decided to ask for instructions from the citizenship, and that was to be obtained by a popular vote to be preceded by a thorough discussion.

It was generally recognized as a turning point in the economic policy of the Commonwealth, and as a conflict between Individualism and Communism, and that according as the question should be decided, so would probably for a long time be the public policy. Economic conditions never remain the same, but always tend in a given direction. Should the present policy be persisted in, the tendency would be to an increase of the share of wealth which would pass into private hands, and as that share would not be distributed equally, the most thrifty receiving the largest amount, the economic conditions of the Commonwealth would gradually approximate those of other nations.

But on the other hand it was also recognized that if the present conditions justified a change, and measures were taken to increase the share of business that fell to the Commonwealth, it would not be very many years till the same arguments would be used to sanction a further encroachment upon private enterprise, until it seemed to many persons that the final outcome of the proposed policy would be that in the far off future every enterprise would pass under public control and nothing be left for private activity. This was the opposing argument which had the most influence with the community, and made them hesitate to endorse a policy which might eventually stifle all individual activity.

As the time advanced the discussion became very earnest, but there was nothing of the excitement of a political campaign. There were no political prizes in the shape of fat offices to be distributed, no changes to be made in the personel of the government, but a pure question of public policy on which the people were asked to give their opinion. The aims of the supporters of the different policies were to spread information, and to furnish evidence of the beneficent results on general prosperity of the practice of the principles they advocated. It was truly a campaign of education, carried on in a courteous spirit, by men capable of securing the respect of their audiences and of appealing to their better judgment.

Charles took great interest in this public discussion

so different in spirit to the political campaigns which at frequent intervals excite the passions of the people of the United States, impairing instead of enlightening their judgment, and he attended many Lectures, given with the special object of helping the people to obtain a clear view of the situation.

I will reproduce here, for the benefit of my readers, one given by Mr. Caltor, a leading Adviser in the Commonwealth, upon the comparative sphere of Individualism and Communism, as viewed by those who favored an increase in the share of wealth retained by the community. It was delivered in the evening, before a large audience of both sexes, at the Central Concert Hall, the largest public room in the city. Charles was present, but Mary had preferred to stay at home and take care of her boy, who it must be acknowledged, engrossed a large part of her time and for the present had driven politics out of her head.

"Ladies and gentlemen," commenced the Lecturer. "It is my sincere desire to present to you to-night a fair and candid argument in favor of the principles we advocate. It has ever been the proud boast of our Commonwealth that its citizens have at all times sought for scientific knowledge to control their actions and that instead of appealing to the passions of the moment, or the personal interest of individuals, it has always relied upon the sober judgment of the people, and promoted a careful investigation of the fundamental principles which ought to guide the citizens in controlling their combined interests.

"I shall then present to you this evening a brief review of the underlying motives which lead to Individualism and Communism, well assured that once you understand their mutual object, and the different methods by which they strive to accomplish the same results, you will choose that line of action which, in your estimation, offers the greatest advantage to the Commonwealth, regardless of previous prejudice or of personal interest.

'Individualism, my fellow-citizens, is that form of action followed by undeveloped organisms to secure self-preservation. In the lowest order of animal life,

you find the individual striving to preserve his existence regardless of the welfare of others, intent only upon the gratification of his desires, whatever may be the result upon his surroundings. This instinct of self-preservation is found to permeate all living organisms from the lowest plant to the highest development.

"Far be it from my intention to revile Individualism, for it is the safeguard of existence and the motive power of progress. It is because man is gifted in a high degree with that desire of self-preservation and strives effectually for the increase of happiness, that he has progressed onward and upward till he has reached the high position which he occupies to-day. Individualism is the foundation upon which is built our social structure and the root through which it draws its nourishment, and as such is to be carefully fostered. Nay, more, Individualism is the only excuse for social existence, for it is not society as a whole which can enjoy existence, but the individuals of which society is composed.

"I start then from this position. Individualism or the preservation of self—which includes the acquisition of all that which makes life enjoyable—is the cause of social existence, and organization is only successful in so far as it increases the power to gratify individual or personal enjoyment.

"And now let us pass to the consideration of Communism as a form of social organization, and inquire how far it will fulfil the desired conditions.

"Communism is the blending of individual interests, the merging of the man into the community, and the first question which presents itself for our investigation is: Is it possible for men to thus merge their individuality? This is a crucial question, for if there is something in nature which prevents us to so unite our interests in common, Communism is a mistake and all our efforts to establish it will be vain. But on the other hand, if we do possess such a faculty, we must study how far we can exercise it and to what extent it increases our chances of success.

"The position that I take before you to-night, ladies and gentlemen, is that we do possess this ability, and

do exercise it, and that this faculty can be cultivated and increased to our great individual benefit. I claim that it is as natural for men to unite their interests under certain conditions as it is natural for them to strive against each other under other conditions, and that whether they shall unite or whether they shall compete is decided by their self-interest.

"We are sometimes induced to this union of interests through the sympathetic side of our nature, which thus impels us to help the weak members of the human family, and at other times because it offers better chances of success in the pursuit of individual comfort and enjoyment. Thus the individual, either compelled by an increase of sympathy, or induced by a better knowledge of the means to attain desired ends, sets aside for the time being the selfish modes of action, merges his interests to those of others, thus developing from the Individualist into the Communist, the change becoming the more complete as we rise in the scale of organization.

"I think I can do no better, to clearly explain the line of argument I am trying to use, than to present to this audience some examples of community of interests as found among animals. Many such could be adduced, but I shall present only two to-night, selected because they are typical of the two motives that lead all sentient beings—man included—to community of action.

"The first is one where the motherly instinct is the force which overcomes the instinct of self-preservation. Look at the hen with her young brood. No longer intent upon the care of self, all her care is concentrated upon her progeny, and no sacrifice is too great to secure their comfort and safety. In other birds this feeling is participated in by both parents, but in all cases there is a surrender of self and a community of interests due to the exercise of parental sympathy.

"The other case is where animals unite to increase their chances of success. A pack of wolves, as we all know, will join their efforts to run down their quarry. Their actions show that it is not a simple co-incidence of a number of animals all running in the same

direction, but that they follow an intelligent plan to enable them to attain a definite object. Each individual in the pack surrenders his separate pursuit for the sake of the greater efficiency attained by a community of interests.

"And here my friends, I must call your attention to the difference between what we call the direct and the indirect mode of action, because it has an important bearing upon the adoption of communism and its claims cannot be properly appreciated unless we clearly understand the great advantages gained by the indirect mode of action.

"The most simple mode of action is the direct gratification of desire. The first impulse of the plant, the animal, the child, the man, is to reach straight for what they want, regardless of obstacles and ultimate results. But experience shows that often a more devious course ends more satisfactorily, and when the capacity for storing experience becomes sufficiently developed, the individual resorts to the indirect mode of action. Thus the individuals comprising the pack of wolves who, instead of each separately trying to run down the prey by superior endurance, take advantage of their numbers to circle around it and hem it in all directions, pass from the direct to the indirect mode of action.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, there is probably not one among you but will praise the sagacity of the wolf, who resists the individual instinct to run down its prey and unites his efforts with those of the pack to achieve more certain results, but there are yet many in this land who believe that it is better for men to strive alone to attain their ends, than to unite their efforts with those of their fellow-men.

"For mark my words, and remember this well. Individualism is the direct and Communism the indirect mode of action. Both have the same end in view, the preservation of life, the achievement of happiness, the attainment of all that makes life worth living. The difference is in the method, and which method shall be adopted depends upon the degree of development attained by the citizenship.

"If they have developed sufficient ability to profit by past experience, and if they have become sufficiently sympathetic toward the weaker members of the nation to seek to make them partakers in the increase of comfort and enjoyment, they will gradually surrender the direct and selfish method of Individualism and adopt the indirect method and broader-minded aims implied by Communism. No longer satisfied with the selfish gratification of his own wants, the Communist seeks to distribute products equally over the land, not by an undue reduction of his own share, but by co-ordinating the productive forces and thus so increasing production that his own sympathies shall no longer be wounded by the sight of avoidable destitution."

After this explanation of the difference in the methods and aims of Individualism and Communism, the Lecturer had a few words to say about Co-operation which he characterized as a compromise between the two leading modes of action.

"Co-operation," he said, "is an union of efforts toward a given end, with a division of results on the principle of Individuality. It is Communistic as to production and Individualistic as to distribution. It is Communism with the heart left out. Like Individualism, it keeps strict account of services rendered and of benefits received and distributes results according to merit and not according to wants.

"It is not, however," he continued, "my aim this evening to bring objections against co-operation. I have no doubt that like Individualism, it has proven an efficient factor in civilization, and will probably persist in some form in an advanced state of society.

"But the question now before the citizens of this Commonwealth is not whether we shall discard Individualism and Co-operation, for no such demand is made by any of its inhabitants, but whether we shall foster a greater union of interests and persist in the indirect mode of action, or if, retracing our steps, we shall rely more for an increase of happiness on personal or disconnected action.

"And how shall we decide this question except by

looking into the past and ascertaining what, up to this time, have been the results of Communism upon society? Making use of the scientific method of applying the known as a guide to the unknown, I will now present a few facts for your consideration.

"Communism has given us the degree of political equality that we now enjoy. What are kingdoms and empires but the result of individual power? So long as individuals contended separately for their political rights, so long did the strongest rule their weaker fellow-men, but when the individuals had progressed sufficiently to unite their political interests, the reign of kings came to an end and the government in common, of the people for the people was inaugurated.

"Individualism and landlordism have ever gone hand in hand, and it is to individual greed that is due the iniquitous system which permits exorbitant rents. In Socioland, Communism has intervened and limited the ownership of land. Compare the results we have attained here by retaining a community of interest in our land, only transferring our common rights to private owners where experience shows that it is for the advantage of the Commonwealth, to what takes place in those countries where the Individuals are allowed to gain unlimited control of the land.'

"What upheld human slavery? The laws enacted by individuals to protect them in the pursuit of private gain. What caused its abolition? An increase of sympathy which extended the protection of the nation to all the oppressed in the land.

"When did war flourish? When each nation strove for its own individual advantage at the expense of the welfare of other nations, but as greater knowledge permeated civilization, and commerce established more community of interest between the different peoples, peace gained the ascendency, and we are justified in claiming that every advance in Communism is a warranty for the complete pacification of the world.

'Did Individualism ever establish schools where education would be free to all, or asylums for the blind or insane, or hospitals or other charitable institutions? No, they are a late development of Communism,

which is due to the increase of the sympathetic bond which leads us to help one another.

"What of the contrast between Individualism and Communism as managers of public interests? Have you ever heard of Individuals relinquishing their profits for the benefit of the community, or investing their capital except where it will return them the biggest interest? Look at the large fortunes that have been made out of the people wherever Individuals have been invested with the power to manage the enterprises of the community.

"I could go on and point out to you example after example where an increase of Communism has been followed by the most satisfactory results, but I have said enough to substantiate my claim that as man progresses, he surrenders the individual or direct mode of action and adopts the communistic or indirect method for the sake of obtaining better results. The experience of nations bears me out in this statement. Not only in Socioland, but in all other lands, nations have advanced through the citizens being compelled to use their abilities for the public interest, and the further this merging of the individual into the citizen has been carried, the more prosperous the community has become, and the greater has been the equalization of comfort and enjoyment.

"It is the law of progress, the application of the indirect method to the advance of civilization, the price we pay for the development of the social organism, the obligatory result of the inter-action of the component parts.

"The discussion in which we are engaged was commenced at the dawn of civilization, and probably will last yet many generations. The march of social progress has ever been the same, and will probably be so to the end. Support of Individualism by the strong, because it enables them to reap the full benefit of their strength, and slow, but progressive advance in Communism among the lowly, as they realize more and more the truth of the adage that 'in Union there is Strength'.

"Of late Communism has gained the support of the

sympathetic persons among all nations, for they find in it a possible remedy for sufferings and misery that society has not been able to alleviate under the individualistic dispensation.

"Communism has until now been reviled by those in possession as destructive in its tendencies and unjust in its application. Such a belief could but obtain in a state of society based upon Individualism, and where the strong and the cunning had fostered themselves upon collective ignorance and mismanagement. But this belief is passing away, and we now recognize that the principle of Communism contains latent potentialities which intelligent efforts will develop for the great benefit of humanity.

"Such was the belief of our ancestors, of the founders of this Commonwealth, and so far the results have justified their faith, and I hope that we shall follow in their footsteps and not allow private interests to overshadow those of the community.

"And now I will leave this part of my subject, and say a few words as to the best method by which, in my estimation, we can increase the proportion of public wealth. We propose to do this by increasing the amount of profit levied on public business. If the public shall so decide, they can direct the Managers to increase five per cent. the profits on the wholesale trade. Such an increase would add several millions annually to the public revenue, and be an indirect tax on private accumulation. An increase on charges for railroad transportation, or on the rate of interest on loans, would have the same result, and practical experience will soon teach us how much we ought to increase our charges and where the increase ought to be made to best accomplish our ends.

"The time may come also when a tax upon inheritance will have to be levied. For a long time the right to dispose of property after death was never challenged, and yet there is no factor more potent in creating a privileged class or in fostering inequality of distribution. The right of succession is the legitimate child of Individualism and has so increased its cumulative powers that, in self defense and in direct

contradiction to the principles in which they claim to believe, all nations have had to enact laws to confine it within safer limits. I hope that what other peoples have done directly, we will be able to do indirectly, both by preventing the accumulation of wealth in private hands and by the growth among us of more correct views and more public spirit. It may not be too much to expect that if our citizens are sufficiently enlightened, they may voluntarily so dispose of their property that it will not after their death lead to such accumulation as would endanger the welfare of the community. This hope may be vain, and the agitation which is now taking place here shows that there are some yet among us who look with favor upon an increase in personal possessions, and we may have to resort to an inheritance law to prevent them from accomplishing their object.

"But sufficient unto the day is the work thereof, and we hope that the increase of revenue we ask for, and which we believe you will grant, will enable the Commonwealth to pursue the policy which so far has proven so beneficent.

"One word more and I am done. There are some among us who favor the measures we now propose and who would even support a law restricting the right of succession, but who are afraid that these measures may prove the entering wedge for a series of others which would destroy all Individuality.

"A thorough discussion of this phase of the question would consume too much time, or I might show you that within Communism there exists a specific field for the exercise of Individuality, but I shall only present to you this thought for your consideration.

"Individualism, Co-operation, Communism, are only means to an end. The aim of society is the increase of happiness of its separate members. To-day in the pursuit of that object and in answer to our own experience, we are slowly passing from Individualism to Communism, but it may well be that our children will think we have gone far enough and will change the trend of their policy. That will be a question for them to decide and which we must leave in their

hands. Let us avoid the too common mistake of legislating for future generations. Let us legislate for ourselves, and trust our successors to solve their own problems according to their own judgment.

"The past is gone beyond recall, the future does not belong to us, let us live for the present.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to thank you for your kind attention. I realize deeply the difficulty of the task I have undertaken to-night, and I hope you will excuse my rambling talk in consideration of the great complexity of my subject. I hope, however, that what I have said may help some in this vast audience to come to a correct conclusion."

Such Lectures, supplemented by earnest discussions, bore their expected fruits, and when the decisive day arrived, the people had got thoroughly enlightened, and with that sturdy common sense which is always displayed by the masses when aroused to investigation, gave an overwhelming support to the proposition of the Advisers, and measures were taken at once to put it in execution.

CHAPTER XX.

MARY'S LETTERS.

IV.

Spencer, Socioland, Africa.
March 22, 19—.

My dear Amy:

Your last precious letter has come to remind me that I have been a very bad correspondent of late years. But how could it be otherwise with the care of my little family constantly on my hands and thoughts? Even now it seems to me that every moment is occupied doing something for them. Charles does not like it, I can see, and I sometimes believe he is actually jealous of his own children. "Mary", he will say occasionally when he comes home to supper, "can't you leave the babies with Mrs. Mansfield and go out with me this evening? Seems to me you

think of nothing but them." Now of course that is exaggerated, though naturally most of my time and thoughts are spent on the children. But still I don't want Charles to think I neglect him, so I do accompany him sometimes to a concert or the theatre.

But you know very well how it is, Amy, as long as the children are young, and mine are not much more than babies, we can't quite live the life we used to before they came into the world. Georgie was three years old last month and little Amy will be one next week, and real sweet children they are. She is a little brunette, but Georgie is fair like me, though strongly built like his father. I wish you could see them now playing together on the floor like two kittens. Georgie is very fond of his little sister and pets and amuses her as well as he knows how, and is often of help to me in watching that she does not get into mischief, for the little darling now crawls all over the floor.

She is just beginning to stand up alone and to take a few steps by holding on to chairs, and Georgie in his pride and delight at his little sister's feats, keeps moving the chairs along to prolong her walk until the little thing falls exhausted, but joyous and expectant, sure of getting the fruit or cake with which Georgie has been bribing her on.

It is no news to you that we think our little son a bright boy, of course not, but he is persevering too. This morning I found him driving nails with his little hammer in a piece of board, when he would almost invariably hit his finger, and of course hurt himself and cry, but still hold on to the nail and say: "I will put you in, I will, I will," and go on hammering until the nail was where he wanted it. I tried to make him desist, or let me show him, but no, he was bound to have his own way. A few days ago I slapped his fingers for meddling with things on the table, and said: "Now George, remember, you musn't do so any more or I'll slap again". He understood so well the meaning of the punishment that not long after as I was putting away his playthings, he came and hit me on the hand. "What is that for?" I asked

thinking he was playing, but no, he was very serious and said: "Mama musn't do it, me slap again." Just think of that for a little fellow three years old! And all because he wanted his playthings a little longer before going to bed. Charles who was by thought it a capital joke and laughed so that my explanation of right and wrong was quite lost on Georgie. But on the whole he is a good boy to mind when he is told.—I mean George, not Charles.

You know we have been keeping house for some time, though in the same Home where we first settled. "I suppose you will be wanting to keep house before long?" said the lady manager to me a few months before Georgie was born. "Yes we will," I answered, "but I'll work with you yet awhile." And I did, though at the same time I got our kitchen in readiness for use, and spent a good part of the day over my little outfit, making many a garment too small for my big boy, after a few weeks wear. You see I felt rather shy of asking advice in that line. I couldn't well borrow patterns for my sister, as I knew some of my New York friends had done, so I was left to my own devices until Mrs. Mansfield kindly volunteered to show and help me. Oh! how glad I would have been to have had you with me then, dear Amy, and not only then, but later on. So much was yet strange to me that sometimes I was quite bewildered with all the new knowledge that was constantly crowding upon me, especially when I'd find children talking on subjects that would certainly be forbidden them in our country. For instance Rose startled me one day saying: "Mary, where will you put the cradle when you get it? It'll be crowded in this room." And I had never said a word to her of the coming baby! I declare that girl used to make me quite nervous when I'd meet her before others, for there was no telling what remark she might make. And when I was laid up, and Rose and other girls from the Home came to see me, they spoke and asked questions in such a manner as showed that they had been well taught in physiology and anatomy. It amused me to listen to them, but often when I showed reluctance to satisfy

them in what seemed to me nothing but curiosity, and tried to evade a direct answer, Rose would check me by saying: "Oh! you needn't mind, I know all about it."

I once spoke to Mrs. Mansfield on the subject. "Don't you think," I said, "that it is giving the children a great deal of information of which they will have no use for many years?" "I think not," she answered. "We teach them gradually and only as fast as they can understand it, all that relates to their bodies, and surely sex teaching is as important as any other; more so perhaps, for from what you tell me you Americans leave your young people in ignorance of what they should know long before marriage or parenthood, and thereby cause a great deal of misery and unhappiness." "It may be all right," I said, "but it seems so strange."

Now of course I understand better about their ways and see the wisdom of their teachings, and I feel differently on the subject, and agree that children should be taught correctly and without mystery, as they grow up, all that they should know as fast as they can make use of the knowledge, and none better as teachers than their parents.

Rose was about fourteen years old when our first baby came, so she soon had to go and serve her apprenticeship, but she was in our rooms a great deal before she left the Home, to nurse the baby as she was pleased to say, for I had let our girl go as soon as I could dispense with her services. But though Rose was sometimes very useful to stay by little George while I went out on an errand, I became shy of leaving him long with her alone after I found her once trying to make him drink water out of a cup, which of course he couldn't do, and was being drenched in the performance. "Why Rose! Are you crazy?" I exclaimed on seeing that. "Don't you know little babies can't drink that way?" "Well!" she answered, "don't you know that everybody needs water as well as fresh air? I should think a little baby would enjoy it too." "Why yes," I told her, "but only a little at a time out of a spoon. I'm sure you mean right Rose,

but please don't try experiments on Georgie." And I don't think she did, but she was too independent and fun-loving to be easily restrained in her wild moods.

But oh! Amy, you would have laughed I know, and sympathized too, could you have seen me bathe and dress my baby boy for the first time. Such an undertaking as it was! I was afraid he might slip through my hands and fall, or that in turning him over I might break some of his little soft bones. And what if a pin should come loose and prick him? Oh! dear, dear, I was in such a state of excitement and anxiety that big drops of perspiration started all over my face. And when after a considerable time my unusual exertions came to a satisfactory end, I was the proudest mother you ever saw. By the time little Amy made her appearance, I was cooled down and initiated in that line, and after my first experience it has been a real pleasure to bathe and dress my babies.

When Georgie was three or four months old Charles suggested our getting a little carriage for him. "I don't see that you can well get along without," he said. "For you'll often want to take baby out when I can't be with you to carry him." "I know that," I answered, "and I have already thought about it, but then it's quite an expense." "No," he said, "not so much as you think, for I expect I could do a good deal of the work on it myself, any way the upholstering part which I'm sure we would enjoy to do together." "Why that'll be lovely Charles!" I exclaimed. "What a good idea you've had! Won't you order everything soon? I feel as if I wanted to work on it right away." But of course I had to wait several days and then with Charles' help we made a real neat, comfortable and even stylish little carriage where master George took his first ride one Sunday afternoon quite unconscious of all that had been done in his behalf. Quite unconscious also of all the attention he and his carriage attracted, and of all the praise that was bestowed upon it. We got leave to keep it downstairs, on the groundfloor gallery for convenience sake; but the convenience sometimes degenerated into an annoyance when on my getting

out of the elevator with George in my arms no carriage was to be seen in its accustomed place. "Are you going out this afternoon, Mrs. Morril?" Rose had asked that day on coming in my room and seeing my preparations. "Yes, I'm just getting ready," I answered. "Well then I won't stay now." And after hugging the baby a few times, and taking a peep at herself in the glass, she had left, slamming the door behind her. I remembered all that as I stood looking around for my carriage, but was not long left in suspense as to who the offender was, for a shout of triumph followed by an amused laugh came from Rose who now stood on the gallery of the first floor.

"Why Mrs. Morril!" she said. "What's the matter? You look so funny." "Rose," I called out, "bring back the carriage in its place. No one else can have meddled with it but you, I know." And then remembering that she was much more accessible by coaxing than by commands, I added: "Come now, there's a good girl. I want to go." And what do you suppose she had done. Actually carried up stairs that carriage, entirely unmindful of annoyance to herself, and she was so kind and loving to the baby when I put him in it that I couldn't scold her. "You know it was only a little joke, Mrs. Morril." Only her jokes were legion, but I will do her the justice to say that she kept herself at hand to rectify any mischief.

Well, in writing about George I musn't forget your sweet little namesake. She grows like a weed, and also like a weed she can do lots of mischief young as she is. Sometime this summer I made some very nice guava jelly and marmelade, and put my filled glasses and jars in the very middle of the kitchen table, thinking them perfecly safe from the reach of little fingers, and intending to leave them there till next day. But toward evening, on coming in after an absence of only a few minutes what do you suppose I found? Master George sitting on the table, a pot of jam between his knees, and regaling himself with its contents, his fingers taking the place of a spoon, and as much of the sweet stuff going on his face and clothes as in his mouth, while little Amy was standing

before a chair close to the table, crowing delightedly at the same time that her little hand played in a glass of jelly! "Oh! George," I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that? Don't you know that you have no business there? And baby too!" "Why mama," he said, "she wanted some, and I give it to her." "But you naughty boy, she wouldn't have wanted it if you hadn't first taken some." "But it's good, mama, it's good," he repeated, trying to propitiate me in his winning way. Well! I knew it was good, but in this case too much good might become evil—in their little stomachs. So you see there is a constant call on my time, thoughts and energies, to be exercised for the children, and I don't mind as I used to, if I stay so much at home.

I musn't forget to tell you that George has now discarded dresses and has donned the garb of a boy; a blouse and knickerbockers, and he looks so cute in them. The first time he went out with us dressed in his new clothes he carried his head high and took long, steady steps, trying hard to imitate his papa, and only once in a while, on the sly, would he look down at his legs as if to make sure that his new belongings were still there. I tell you it was too comical for anything to see him strutting along and patronizing his little sister in her carriage. And then we met friends who would say: "Halloa! George, they have made a man of you at last!" "Yes," he would answer, "I'm a man, 'most as big as papa." And if they laughed and doubted his assertion, he resented it and appealed to me. "Ain't I mama, see!" and measured himself against his father, quite sure he was almost as tall. But I see I've gone on telling you about our little ones and not much else, but I know you will like to hear about them as well as I like to write of them.

And now I must leave you for there is Baby clamoring for her supper, and Georgie seems to think he has been neglected quite long enough for one afternoon. He always looks for the coming home of Charles in the evening, with great glee, for they then always have a good game of romps together,

and though Charles is shy of showing it, I know he is proud of his little son.

And now good bye, dear Amy, excuse my long silence, and write soon to your affectionate,

Mary.

CHAPTER XXI.

FAIRY LAKE RESORT.

And now I shall pass briefly over a period of time when no event worth recording happened to our friends. Some of my readers of the gentler sex may claim that the birth of a daughter is worthy at least of a passing mention, but I can safely plead that all that was necessary to be said on the subject has been mentioned in Mary's last letter, and that it is but reasonable to suppose that she is much better qualified than I can be to write of an event in which she took a personal interest and I might even say such an important part.

Yes, to that extent a change has taken place, that while Charles and Mary arrived alone to Socioland some six years ago, now by some process of addition, or multiplication, or division, as the reader may prefer, they have increased to four, and Charles is doing his best to assume the sober mien and respectable appearance which should belong to him in his new character of the father of a growing family. But he meets with poor success, for he is still full of animal spirits, and if he no longer picks up his wife around the waist and dances her around the room as in the days gone by, it is not because the wish is lacking, but because Mary will no longer submit to such treatment, and that the children are in the way. His play with his children becomes sometimes so boisterous that Mary has to interfere, and tells him he ought to have more judgment. At which he laughs at her, and holding baby just out of her reach, eludes all her efforts to rescue her from her perilous position.

Mary has changed more than Charles. She has grown stouter, and is no longer the girl-wife who accompanied him to Socioland. For the last four years she has only lived for her children, and it has left its mark upon her. Intellectually she has remained at a stand still, and for all development except of a motherly nature, these few years have been lost to her. Her whole energies have been concentrated upon the two children she has brought into the world, for she belongs to that class of women whose whole desire, for a period of their life, seems to be to obey the command to fructify and replenish the earth, and while so engaged have no thoughts except for their offspring.

This motherly devotion has reacted upon her relations to her husband, and it cannot be said that it has brought them nearer together, for the new interest they have in common in their children does not unite them so closely as the old interest which in the past they had in each other. Charles feels it more than Mary, for his affection for his children does not so completely fill his heart, and if he does not regret the advent of a family, he does sometimes regret the times that are past when Mary's thoughts all turned toward him, and contrast them with the present when her thoughts are all for her children.

For I may as well acknowledge it now, Mary has made a mistake but too common among women of her disposition. She has allowed herself to fall in love with her children, to the complete exclusion of all other affection. Maternal love is highly eulogized and is worthy of all the praise which is bestowed upon it, but it also has its dangers, and if allowed to take such complete possession of the mother's heart as to make her forget what she owes to herself and to her husband, the result will be bad for them both as well as for their children.

This complete transformation of the wife into the mother, which so often takes place at the birth of the first child, is, with many women, the breaker on which they wreck the hopes of the complete union which they anticipated in their married life. The

bonds which courtship and a brief period of married life has created between them and their husbands, have not had time to become permanent when the arrival of a child diverts the mother's thoughts in a new direction and makes large drafts upon her affection. The father on his side is compelled to greater exertions to support his growing family, and has less time to devote to the companionship which made the charm of their early married life. If the family keeps on increasing and these influences remain at work for fifteen or twenty years, it is not strange if gradually the lovers become transformed into the parents, for practically they spend their lives apart, and the mutual attraction which led them to unite their lives is replaced by a growing interest in their family. And when in the course of time the children leave them to seek their own fortunes, they find to their dismay that they are strangers to each other. They have increased and multiplied, they may have been successful from a money point of view, but they have failed in the realization of the hopes with which they entered their married life and barely tasted the happiness which they expected to enjoy to the end.

Charles and Mary did not run so great a danger. They had spent five years of happy married life before their first baby was born, and every day of that time had strengthened the bonds that held them together, but of late these bonds had been subject to quite a strain, and it was much better that no more children should come to weaken them further still.

Charles was yet working at the warehouse. His pay was the same, but he held a more responsible position. They had by this time accumulated a snug little sum which was deposited in the Spencer Bank. They were still talking of settling on a farm, but Mary is no longer impatient. She would still prefer to live in the country, but dreads the discomforts they must experience in a new settlement with two little children. On the contrary, Charles is only waiting for a favorable chance to put their project in execution. He is waiting for a new Township to be opened as preferable to buying in an old settlement.

Socioland was not thrown open indiscriminately to the public as was done with the United States. As soon as possible after its organization, an accurate map of the land had been drawn, and careful surveys made in all directions to ascertain the best locations for public roads and steam railways. Once this much decided, a force was kept at work constructing these roads, commencing at Spencer and diverging in all available directions, and as fast as these roads extended through unoccupied lands new Townships were laid out and made ready for occupancy. The first thing done was to select a site for the Town, open streets and roads, establish a saw-mill and clear a portion of the land. When so much had been accomplished, and everything made easy for permanent settlement, and the railroad completed as near to the locality as comported with the general plan governing their construction, a careful plot of the Township was made, a portion of the land reserved for public purposes, the remainder laid out in suitable tracts for buyers, and the Township opened for permanent occupancy.

The land was not sold at an uniform price as is done in the United States, but a minimum value was placed upon each tract according to its special advantages, and as soon as forty or more reliable citizens had expressed their intention to buy each a tract and settle in the new Township, the tracts selected were put up at auction and awarded to the highest bidders. After the sale the new settlers would organize and elect officers, and the control of the new Township would pass into their hands. This control would not only include the land they had bought, but the whole tract allotted to the new Township, as well as the money they themselves had paid which remained in their hands as a public fund to be used for their own benefit. By this course the new Townships were placed pecuniarily on a par with the old settlements, and with their pro-rata revenue from the earnings of the Commonwealth, they commenced their new life under very different conditions from those which fall to the lot of the pioneers of the United States, who too often have to borrow the

necessary means from the Eastern capitalists at exorbitant rates of interest. The limitation in the ownership of the land, and the other restrictions placed on private enterprises, prevented the new settlers from using these great advantages for their personal interest and compelled them to work for the success of the whole Township. From the very start they had an important interest in common, which fostered a strong public spirit.

These new Townships were not open to the public very often, the policy of the Commonwealth being to do its work thoroughly as it went, husband its resources and develop the older parts of the country before opening new settlements, and instead of the general scramble and hap-hazard policy, with its devastation and waste of resources which has characterized the development of the United States under individual effort, a wise and enlightened policy had been adopted, calculated to render individual effort as effective as possible and to foster the greatest amount of general prosperity.

Large tracts not available for farming were reserved as timber lands by the Commonwealth, and among them were many places which had great natural attractions, and in several of them Summer Resorts had been established where apprentices were sent to rest and recuperate. The object was to give those young people, many of whom were kept busy at work in offices and shops a large portion of the year, a pleasant change and a chance to breathe the pure air of the country. These Resorts were under the care of a Manager, who with his wife resided there all the summer and were expected, not only to make the guests comfortable and assist them to pass the time pleasantly, but also to improve the place and make it as attractive as possible. Very little assistance was given to them, for it is not held in Socioland that complete idleness is desirable, and the apprentices were expected to do the largest part of the work, both in and out of doors. Their studies were also not entirely stopped, for a Professor of Geology and of Botany was always found connected with the Resort,

who managed to impart much information on those subjects during the rambles which consumed a large part of the time accorded to the vacations. There was nothing formal or obligatory about the pursuit of these studies, but most of the young people were interested in them, and it was too good an occasion to teach under the best conditions to allow it to be neglected.

The life at these Summer Resorts was of a very primitive character. The buildings were rough, with but little of the conveniences of civilization, and very little time was spent in the preparation of the food. But the young people did not object to plain living, and enjoyed the change, so that there were always numerous applications for entrance, and all through the season these Resorts were kept full to the extent of their capacity.

Although established mainly for the apprentices, it was found necessary to have some older men and women to help the Manager and his wife to control and direct all these young people intrusted to their care, and Charles, learning that near Fairy Lake Resort was a new Township nearly ready to be opened for settlement, thought that if he could get a vacation from his work, and be sent to the Resort as a Helper for a few weeks, it would afford him a pleasant outing, and at the same time he would be able to visit the new place and see whether it offered him the desired opportunity.

For the pleasant days spent at Palmetto Camp had not been repeated. The next year Mary was in no condition to leave Spencer, and Charles had no desire to go without her at such a critical time, and after the children had put an end to such vacations. Mary did not mind it, for it mattered but little to her where she spent her time, so long as she was with her children, but Charles had missed the change and inwardly chafed at the enforced privation. At first he had accepted cheerfully what he could see was the obligatory result of the advent of a family, and the novelty of the thing and a very natural fatherly pride helped him to accept those little trials willingly.

But of late his active nature was asserting itself with more force, and it soured him a little toward his wife to see her so taken up with the children as to give no longer the same heed to himself and his desire for enjoyment.

The father's love is not as enduring as that of the mother, and while he may submit willingly to see the first baby break through all the rules and habits of his home, and drive from his parents all thoughts except those conducive to his own comfort and entertainment, when the thing is repeated a second time, and kept up till he feels that he is becoming a cypher in his own family, then men of Charles' character are apt to rebel, and if their efforts to regain their place meet with poor success, they seek elsewhere the diversion their home no longer affords.

This is precisely what took place in the Morril family. Charles at first had been as much taken up with his child as Mary, and had encouraged that complete devotion which still possessed her. No trouble and worry was too great to secure his boy's comfort, and he found it entirely natural that staying at home or going out, attending theatres or concerts, or any other actions of theirs relating to their own pleasure, should be decided by its effect upon George's rest or amusement. They made him their ruler and for a time Charles proved an obedient subject, but when little Amy came he was ready to rebel, while Mary remained the same willing slave, only increasing her exertions to satisfy both her children.

Unhappily Charles was not wise enough to show Mary her mistake, and not able to advise her, in stead he found fault and reproached her, with the usual result of bringing on recrimination. So, gradually a kind of estrangement was taking place which Charles was not wise enough to prevent, while Mary, all taken up with her children was hardly conscious of it.

How long was this estrangement to last? No one could tell, for so much depended on future conditions. In some couples it lasts all through the remainder of their married life, especially if they have a large family. But with our friends, if no more children were

born to them, then whenever George and Amy would have grown so as to assert themselves and be independent of their mother's care, Mary's affection would turn to Charles once more, and if his love for her had not died from sheer starvation, the old relations would soon be re-established. For really there was no actual change in their feelings toward each other, and the same attraction which had united them in the past was ready to unite them now. But just as Mr. Proctor's acquaintance and friendship had disturbed the even intimacy of their lives, so Mary's engrossing care of her children was having the same result.

My readers may notice that on both occasions it might seem as if Mary was to blame, but I think it would be a false construction. The real trouble lay in Charles' inferiority to her, and in her ignorance of the workings of her own heart. She meant well and was doing her duty according to her lights, but she had no knowledge of the subtle influences which have so much to do with the happiness of the married relations. United to a man every way qualified to make her happy except in his intellectual inferiority to her, she had in her ignorance struck every rock that came in her way. Her fate was that of thousands of others who embark on the sea of matrimony with only the most crude notions of the difficulties they will encounter.

Had Charles been as much Mary's superior intellectually as he was in physical energy, none of this would have happened, because she would long before have learned to lean upon him and they would have consulted together, thus creating such a strong bond that neither Mr. Proctor's influence nor the children's could have weakened.

And thus it came to pass that Charles' application having been granted, he left Spencer to go for a few weeks' sojourn at Fairy Lake Resort, sorry, of course, to leave his family behind, but with a sigh of relief at the prospect of having a pleasant time, spent in a society where everything was not done with the sole object of pleasing the children.

Fairy Lake was a neat little sheet of water, as cool as ice and clear as crystal, which nestled in a narrow valley in the hill region, at the foot of the mountains, nearly four thousand feet above the sea. On a bit of level ground, in full view of the lake, the Summer Resort had been built. The main buildings, consisting of a large dining-room with kitchen attached, and a sitting-room and dancing-hall, stood fronting the lake, while the sleeping cabins had been built behind on the side of the monntain, and were scattered around in graceful disorder wherever a bit of land sufficiently level offered an opportunity. The side of the mountain had been left wooded, but the underbrush had all been cleaned out, and those little houses, partly hidden among the trees, greatly added to the picturesque appearance of the locality.

The Resort had been established for many years, and had already been greatly improved, losing much of the wild appearance it once presented. The lawn, extending from the main building to the lake, was kept closely trimmed and was laid out in walks and ornamented with beds of flowers; good roads had been built in all directions, and rustic bridges spanned the stream at available positions. The surroundings were varied and pleasant. The lake was fed by a small stream which came rushing down from the mountain, rippling and tumbling among the rocks by which its course was plentifully obstructed, and the same stream passed out of the lake to the regions below through a narrow gorge, which if not remarkable for its depth and extent, was noticeable by the variety of its scenery and had a subtle charm of its own which imparted a sense of subdued beauty, so that if the beholder was not entranced by its grandeur he could not refrain from exclaiming: "How lovely!"

The country all around was well suited for pleasure excursions. The sides of the mountains were wooded and sufficiently broken to repay the wanderers venturing among the glades and hills. By following the valley the way led to the high mountains beyond, and within easy reach were several lower heights which afforded extensive views of the main valley of

Socioland, and to these places paths had been made and at the top of the heights all the trees had been cut which obstructed the view beyond.

Charles arrived at the Resort early in the afternoon and as the hack which every day brought the passengers and the mails from the nearest station approached the house, quite a crowd, as usual, collected to see the new arrivals. Charles had just stepped to the ground when he heard a voice exclaiming:

"Why! if that isn't Charles Morril, as sure as I live!" And turning around, he found himself face to face with Rose Mansfield, standing among a group of girls.

Charles was delighted at the meeting, for it was a pleasure he had not expected. Rose had left Spencer two or three years before, and of late Charles had seen very little of her and knew but little about her movements, Rose being the same wilful and erratic personage of her earlier years, and had so emancipated herself from her parents that even they could not always keep track of her.

Rose had changed some, and as far as appearances went had changed for the better. She had grown and had filled up considerably, and was now a well-built and well-proportioned girl, somewhat taller than the average, but still lithe and supple, and with that ease and grace in every motion which was her chief charm when we saw her on the stage or in her hunting habiliments. Her face had remained the same, the eyes perhaps less changing in their expression and a little bolder, denoting greater steadiness of purpose, but still with that half-inquiring, half-defiant look which is such a weapon in a flirt's possession and that Charles remembered so well. Her hair was still curly and worn short as a boy's, and taken altogether she was a very pretty girl with a dashing look about her sure to challenge admiration. And yet she was utterly lacking in womanly softness, and thus was wanting in what many persons consider a girl's chief attraction.

"Is that you, Rose?" exclaimed Charles. "I did not know you were here," and he shook her warmly by the hand, at the same time making a slight forward motion as if he would kiss her. But Rose drew back

from him and turning to her friends, introduced him as one of her old acquaintances, and after a few questions as to Mary and the children, soon left him to hunt up his new quarters.

Charles was disappointed at his reception, for he thought Rose could have shown him more warmth and cordiality. To him, Rose was still the little girl of Spencer, and it was as natural for him to kiss her at this unexpected meeting as it would have been several years ago. But Rose was no longer the little girl of his thoughts, and kisses had an entirely different meaning to her. She was a young woman now, and while she might not object to be kissed by a handsome young man like Charles, it was not to be done before a crowd, and especially not before the eyes of her girl friends. For Rose had reached the age of consciousness, and the promise of her eyes had not been belied; if she had not developed much of woman's softness, she had arrived at the age when the passions are stirred and her thoughts often wandered in odd directions.

Of that Charles had sufficient proof during the evening. After supper all the inmates assembled in the hall, and soon dances and plays were in full sway. Charles, who felt hurt by Rose's behavior toward him, was inclined to treat her coolly and to make himself pleasant to several other girls, but Rose sought him out, and laying herself out to please, practiced her arts so successfully that before long he felt as friendly as ever. They danced several times together and finally strolled outside for a solitary walk. Charles, in whose breast Rose's tacit refusal of his kiss still rankled, reproached her with the coldness of her reception, and intimated that she might have granted him the desired favor. Rose did not answer in words, but a little nearer clinging to Charles, whose arm she held, and a certain supple motion of her whole body, conveyed to him the idea that if he tried again he would not be repulsed, and he made so bold as to put his arm around her waist and to press his lips upon hers.

This time he was not denied. On the contrary, her

warm lips met his for an instant with all the intensity of her impetuous nature and of repressed passion. For an instant only, for she quickly disengaged herself from him and changed the conversation, nor could Charles, upon whom that kiss had acted as an electric shock and whose whole body was set tingling with passion, succeed in breaking her determination. Rose manifested no displeasure at his efforts to kiss her again, but simply eluded him, and he was compelled to confine himself to conversation upon topics which he would have preferred to keep for a more public occasion.

But Rose always had a will of her own, and when Charles retired that night, it was in a state that boded no good for his faithfulness to his marital relations. That kiss was a revelation to him, for it contained more passion in that brief instant than he had known in his whole married life, and new ideas had entered his head which had never before taken possession of him.

CHAPTER XXII.

MOUNT OMAR.

Charles found a very nice crowd at the Resort, and even if Rose had not been there, he would have had no trouble to enjoy himself thoroughly. The mornings were usually spent in attending to the several duties necessitated by the needs of the establishment, but the afternoons and evenings were comparatively free and given up to all kinds of amusements.

His duties were not very laborious and only added zest to his leisure hours, for he had been put in charge of a band of boys, and directed them in fulfilling the tasks the Manager requested at their hands. Sometimes it was cutting wood, either at the house or in the forest and drawing it home, or they would work on the lawn or in the kitchen garden. At other times, and it was their favorite occupation, they would

beautify the surroundings of the Resort, cleaning the underbrush, making roads and giving little artistic touches wherever it would increase the attractions.

But whatever task occupied them, it was not looked upon as work so much as a pleasant diversion, each one doing only what he felt like accomplishing, for no compulsion was used. Charles, on account of his age and position, had a little more sense of responsibility, but really he felt as a boy among boys, and did not put much restraint upon them.

After dinner no work was done but what was absolutely necessary, such as running the hack to the station four miles distant, and taking care of the stock, and for the girls putting things in order and preparing a plain supper. The time was usually devoted to out-of-door games, boating on the lake and excursions among the hills. There was also a piano and music was not neglected, and dancing formed the usual diversion of the evening.

As may be supposed, among so many young people of both sexes thus thrown in such close relations, there must have been a tendency to love-making and for many couples to get attracted to each other, but really there was less of such sentimentality than might have been expected, which was due to the fact that they were used to such freedom by the constant association of the sexes resulting from the mingling of the apprentices at their work, which had inured them to each other's society. Many pleasant acquaintances were made, some ripening into friendship, and probably some of these culminating into marriage; but if my readers picture to themselves these young people acting in as silly and foolish a fashion as would girls and boys who have been carefully kept apart and are suddenly thrown in each other's society, they are entirely mistaken and have not yet learned that judgment grows with responsibility.

I do not mean to say that an increase of freedom and daily contact in the avocations of life had destroyed the natural attraction of the sexes for each other, for undoubtedly there was no small amount of hand-pressing and of kisses exchanged, and probably

some among the number overstepped what is recognized as the limit of sexual morality, but I mean to say that on the whole, experience had shown that these youths could be trusted, and that they knew how to conduct themselves without abusing of their liberty.

And here I may say that the standard of sexual morality in Socioland was somewhat different from that in other countries, and whether it was a change for the better or for the worse, my readers must judge for themselves.

Women having attained a position of equality with the men, both sexes were placed on the same footing as regards sexual purity. Social condemnation followed the men who supported the brothels as well as the women who made them their dwelling place, and this fact, joined to the liberal pay received by all workers, had entirely destroyed the social evil. Born from a one-sided application of the standard of sexual morality, and of woman's financial dependence, it had died a natural death when the conditions were changed.

The marriage relation having lost its religious character, and become a free contract between equals, to be entered into and broken at will, the awful social punishment inflicted on the girl who becomes a mother had been removed, and the same charity which now it is found convenient to extend over her male partner was also extended over her in Socioland. The safeguards against illegitimate births which a cruel and ignorant generation had erected having thus been broken down, they were replaced by careful education and a greater knowledge of the dangers to be encountered. Sexual ignorance was no longer considered as equivalent to sexual innocence, and young girls were not sent out to meet unknown temptations without a word of warning and only such information as they could gather for themselves from what too often proved very dangerous sources.

The results of these changes were good or bad according as we judge by its effects on personal happiness or according to the views instilled into us by Christian authority. Prostitution was unknown, mar-

riages were happier, and the awful tragedies which too often follow the seduction of young girls never occurred in Socioland, for no stigma attached to illegitimate births. But on the other hand, sexual associations were sometimes formed which strongly savored of polyandry and polygamy, and so far as young girls were concerned, they had lost the idea that they were dishonored if they disposed of themselves without the permission of the magistrate or the priest.

As near as I can make it out the position in Socioland was this. The people practiced monogamy because they believed it to be the best form of sexual association in the present stage of civilization, and they encouraged all the influences which could tend to make marriages happy and lasting, as best for the parties concerned and for society. They also recognized the dangers of promiscuous intercourse and illegitimate births, but instead of relying for the enforcement of their belief upon the laws and upon social ostracism, they relied upon education and an enlightened public sentiment.

With the freedom existing at the Resort, Charles had many opportunities to be alone with Rose, and was nothing loth to take advantage of them, nor did she seem offended at his pressing attentions, only careful to keep him within proper bounds whenever subject to public observation. Charles, eager for pleasure and not very scrupulous in his present mood, would, if not checked, have made his pursuit of her very conspicuous and paid but little respect to the presence of others, but Rose, more careful of her reputation, and probably more experienced in such a position, did not lose her head, and would not let him overstep the limits of a mild flirtation. But their old acquaintanceship made it natural that they should be often together, and in the afternoon and evening they would often stroll to some of the secluded spots which abound in the vicinity. And when alone and free from observation, Rose's manner would change and Charles be allowed great liberties. His arms would then glide around her waist and remain unchecked, and his kisses were often warmly returned.

It would be difficult to say what were Rose's feelings at the time. Probably at first she looked upon Charles as a good subject for flirtation, and she intended to play with him as she was in the habit of doing with every man within her reach who made any sign of falling in her toils. But if that was the case, she had miscalculated her strength, and failed to realize the influence of their old relations upon her present position. She had always liked Charles, his strong personality attracted her, and their old intimacy made it very easy for her to feel at home in his society; nor could she be long distant with such an old friend or be very bashful with the man with whom she used to go hunting alone when a child.

And then Rose was just budding into womanhood, of a wilful and excitable nature which made her keenly sensitive to Charles' eagerness and evident passion. She may have been playing with fire, over-confident in her power to keep him in proper subjection, or her eyes may have been wide open to the nature of the path she was treading and had no objection to the goal which lay at the end, but she certainly did nothing to rebuke Charles' evident intentions, only careful to excite no comments and to keep within the bounds which regulate the conduct of self-respecting girls in Socioland.

As for Charles he was a man in the prime of life and overflowing with animal spirits. Prudence had never been his forte, nor did his character incline him to deny himself what he wanted without first making persistent efforts to attain his ends. He had come to the Resort to enjoy himself, but his meeting with Rose had been purely accidental, and had she treated him on the old familiar footing of their first acquaintance, probably no other thoughts would have entered into his head, and their old relationship would have been maintained. But Rose had changed, she had lost her childish simplicity, and that first kiss in the dark had opened his eyes to other possibilities. So, he was pursuing her with all the impetuosity of his nature, losing sight of all consideration except his own gratification.

It would be desecration to say that these two were falling in love with each other. It was neither the heart nor the mind that was drawing them together, but a purely physical and sensuous attraction. And it must be admitted that so far as temperament was concerned they were remarkably well matched. Charles' impetuous and headstrong nature, due to his splendid physical condition and sanguine temperament, which frightened Mary and which she would check by all means in her power, just suited Rose's more daring spirit and impulsive temperament. And when later, Charles emboldened by her tacit compliance, would take her in his arms, and holding her tight to his breast, press burning kisses on her lips, instead of remaining passive and quickly disengaging herself as Mary was in the habit of doing, no act of hers would indicate that she was displeased, or have a tendency to check the warmth of his attentions.

No, these two were not lovers, and could not have spent their lives happily together, but on a purely physical basis they were strongly drawn to each other, and circumstances being propitious and nothing standing in the way but the fact that Charles was married and that such liaisons are not sanctioned by society, it is no wonder if these considerations were forgotten and full use made of the opportunities offered to them.

The high mountains back of Fairy Lake are a part of the chain which divides Socioland from the heart of Africa. These mountains are not abrupt like those which encircle the Commonwealth on the southern side, but gradually rise in successive chains of hills intersected by valleys and forming what are called the foot-hills of Socioland. The last and highest range is formed of a succession of mounts, some of them elevating their rounded summits eight or ten thousand feet above the sea, and three of these mounts are accessible from the Resort.

Not within very easy reach, however, for the highest, Mount Omar, is some distance to the right, and it is supposed to be a twelve miles' tramp to its summit. Yet many excursions are made to it, and it is a favorite place to visit on account of the extensive

view obtained from the top which towers nearly two thousand feet above its rivals, thus affording not only a fine sight of the valley to the south, but a very complete and extensive view of the whole range of mountains and of the country at the north, with its broad rivers, level lands and numerous settlements.

So anxious are the visitors at the Resort to make its ascencion that parties gotten up for that purpose are always well attended, and hardly ever a month passes during the fine season without a trip to Mount Omar being organized. As might be expected, Charles was on hand at the first one projected after his arrival, and as a matter of course Rose was not to be left behind, so with some forty others, under the charge of Professor Helman, it was agreed to go the first suitable day.

Professor Helman was the residing teacher at the time, and quite a favorite with the young people, especially with the girls. He was over fifty years of age, small, lean, withered, with sharp, ferret-like eyes always in motion, which did not prevent him from being devoted to the sex, to whom he paid the most high-flown compliments, which amused the girls immensely. It was fun to have the little man make fulsome love to them, and feel at the same time that they need not take him in earnest, but could look upon him as an amusing plaything.

He had never married, either because his love was so much diffused that he could never decide between the many objects of his adoration, or more probably because he never could impress any woman with the feeling that he was in earnest, and that his proposals ought to receive due consideration. An opinion that is strengthened by an answer he once made to a lady who asked him if he had ever thought of marrying. He said he had thought very seriously about it and once after courting a girl a long time he had asked her to marry him, when to his great astonishment she had answered she would prefer to be excused. "And," he ended with a sigh, "I was foolish enough to excuse her and thus I lost the best chance I ever had of getting me a wife."

All that, however, did not prevent him from making a good teacher, for in his lessons he knew how to drop his old-fashioned gallantry, and how to compel respect and attention. He never lost sight of the fact that he was sent to the Resort to impart knowledge, and besides he was keenly devoted to his scientific researches, and knew how to teach so as to interest his scholars.

As it is no light task to ascend Mount Omar from Fairy Lake Resort and return the same day, the company made a very early start. Before peep of day Charles and one or two others went around the cabins waking up those who were going, and after drinking a cup of coffee and eating a light collation, the merry crowd started on its journey. The girls were nearly as numerous as the boys, and claimed to be as able as they to stand the fatigue of the day, yet they were quite willing to be relieved of the task of carrying the provisions and leave that to the young men. Charles, whose broad shoulders gave promise of sufficient endurance, took for his share a monstrous haversack, full to the brim with comfort for the inner man. For they had three solid meals to make, not expecting to return till late in the evening, and what they had eaten before they started was only looked upon in the light of an appetizer for the more substantial breakfast which could not be long delayed.

The Professor, brandishing his cane as a sword, put himself at the head of the band, and calling out in a voice remarkably strong and full as coming from such a frail body: "Forward, March!" they all started out, first taking a road which skirted the stream and being well graded for two or three miles, enabled them to travel in a solid body, laughing, jesting, and all in high spirits. The Professor, with the usual admiration of little men for large women had picked out two of the stoutest girls to be his body-guard and aid-de-camp, and every little while he would turn round and walking backwards, survey the surging crowd and issue some words of command.

But the road ended at the head of the stream, which started under some large rocks in a thicket at the

foot of the hills. From there the way led straight among the pines which covered the hill-side for several miles. At this point a halt was called, and they all met in a council of war to decide whether it was not best to eat before proceeding any further.

The question was not so easily decided, for it was part of the programme of the day to eat dinner on the top of Mount Omar, and a long and arduous trip intervened before it would be reached, but on the other hand, they would not meet with another such good place for quite a while, and if they ate now their load of provisions would be that much lightened. But when the final vote was reached, the question was quickly settled. 'Eat! Eat!" called out all the boys together, and without waiting for further orders, they opened their packs and would have carried out their own decision in wild disorder, if the Professor had not interposed his authority and ordered them to turn the provisions over to the girls, who soon had everybody seated and the food properly distributed.

After doing their duty by the victuals, reducing considerably the weight of the packs and at the same time causing an increase of personal comfort —which shows the great advantage of having the right thing in the right place— they commenced the real work of the day. No road marked their way, but straight ahead they went, up, up, among the pines, slipping upon the moss and needles, no longer laughing and jesting, but puffing and panting, and with many a straggler and skirmisher trying for easier paths in all directions. Poor Professor! His orders were no longer obeyed, and his commanding voice only served as a rallying point for his followers, as he gallantly managed to keep ahead, cheering and encouraging them by all means in his power.

Finally, after two hours of hard work, they arrived at the top of the first range of hills and had gone over the steepest part of their journey. In front of them stood Mount Zuma, a lower summit of the same range, while to the right, about seven miles distant they could get occasional glimpses of Mount

Omar. Their way still lay through the pine woods, but instead of assaulting the mountain in a direct line, they marched obliquely, aiming to reach the crest of the mountain at a lower gap which divides Mount Zuma from Mount Omar.

As they rose the vegetation changed, the pines slowly disappearing, being replaced by balsams and firs, and finally arriving beyond the timber limit they found the soil covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, sparkling with flowers of every description, which many would have wandered to gather if the Professor had allowed it, but the time was passing, for several miles had yet to be gone over before the top could be reached, so he marshalled his troop and appointing Charles and another man as a rear-guard to hurry up the stragglers, they pressed on the way.

Once on the crest of the mountain, the walking became much easier and they made good progress, yet it was half past eleven when they stood at the foot of the last ascent, which from their side presented no special difficulty except a long and steady climb. By that time the Professor was getting tired. His excessive display of energy as a commander had quickly exhausted his strength, and his voice had lost its ringing tone and his actions their previous elasticity. But he was an old mountaineer, and his strategy proved equal to the occasion. Summoning his two burly aids, he professed much anxiety as to their ability to sustain the fatigue of the day and ended by chivalrously offering each one an arm which they laughingly accepted, with the expected result that, as each one would have made almost two of him, they half carried half dragged him to the summit.

Arrived at the top his old gallantry returned. "Here we are at last, ladies," he said. "I hope you are not too tired. That was a hard pull, this last one, and I am afraid my arm has been but poor help. Let me make you comfortable, sit down here." And he bustled around, welcoming each arrival in turn.

Soon the whole crowd was reunited, and the first moments spent in contemplation of the grand sight which their elevated position afforded. Most of them

were acquainted with the view of the valley of Socioland which they had seen from lesser heights, but the view of the country to the north was entirely new except to a few, and many questions were asked and answered before the subject of dinner was broached.

Finally the first curiosity being satisfied, the appetites became so urgent in their appeals that they could no longer be ignored, and the packs were once more transferred to the care of the ladies. They stood on the highest point of Mount Omar, a grassy knoll of nearly one acre with rocky ledges cropping all through, and steep rocky sides at the north. Not precipices, or over-hanging rocks, but a declivity that none but an active man would have climbed.

On a smooth place near the center the feast was spread, and gathered in artistic confusion the young people seated themselves all around. The Professor presided at the meal, which was served more elaborately than the breakfast below, and seated on a rock from which he could survey every member of his band, he let his sharp little eyes wander all around, and with short, quick sentences preserved some kind of order.

They all ate long and heartily, but even the appetites of the young will come to an end, and they finally all stretched themselves in the sun to rest their tired limbs. The Professor was happy, for he had left his elevated position and was reclining near a group of girls, basking in their smiles and paying them all kinds of compliments. But he unexpectedly got into a controversy in which he was worsted and had to acknowledge himself vanquished.

Probably strongly impressed with the charms of his position, he had allowed his eyes to roam over the group near him and breaking into a soliloquy, he muttered aloud:

"A fine discovery, no doubt: A great invention."

"What is that you are saying about an invention, Professor?" interpelled Emily Talbot, one of his aids and a special favorite with him.

"Oh! nothing," answered the Professor. "I was

merely thinking aloud. My remarks applied to the girls. It just struck me that the man who first invented the girls must have been a great genius, and that his name ought to have been preserved to posterity."

"In - ven - ted the girls, Professor!" in a tone of surprise and indignation. "In - ven - ted the girls! I am ashamed of you. And I who believed you had such a high opinion of us."

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Emily, I have, and meant no disparagement to the girls. On the contrary, it was my admiration for these charming ladies" bowing to the group the nearest to him "that led to the remark that seems to have displeased you."

"Displeased me. Of course it has. I am most surprised at you. You a Professor and a scientific man. Don't you know Professor, that nothing rises higher than its source and that the inventor must always be greater than the invented? Fie on you! I always looked upon you as a believer in woman's equality and now you place yourself squarely on record as advocating a belief which implies man's superiority."

"Not at all, not at all," replied the Professor excitedly. "You misunderstand me entirely, Miss Emily, I assure you. You see, what you say applies to the grosser physical process, but the imagination and the poetry of our nature are capable of rising far above the reality. The man who invented the girls must have been a poet. His feet were on earth, but his spirit roamed among the stars, and he drew his inspiration from the celestial regions." And the little man beamed all over, and his eyes shone with satisfaction at the neat manner in which he had extricated himself from a difficult position.

"Very well said," retorted Miss Emily, who liked to tease him, "but unhappily unscientific and unworthy of a learned man like you, though quite in keeping with your known gallantry. But your position rests upon the creation theory and cannot be accepted in these days of belief in evolution. No, the true scientific explanation is that girls were not invented, as you would have us believe, but were evolved by a wise provision of nature, which recognizing the

many defects of the men, provided them in the girls with both a model and a subject of emulation. By the help of their refining influence and the increasing capacity of the men to appreciate the girls' superiority, we can hope that they will improve until we all stand on a footing of equality."

At this lucid explanation of the presence of the girls upon this mundane sphere, they all laughed heartily, and the Professor acknowledged himself mistaken and apologized for his error.

Soon after he gathered his pupils around him, and taking occasion of their elevated position, pointed out the different chains of mountains and discoursed learnedly for nearly an hour upon formations, strata, periods, etc., and made himself both interesting and instructive; then he gave them another hour to stroll around and gather flowers and other botanical specimen, which, as he said, would furnish them with a subject for a talk the next day, after which they must all be ready to start back.

Charles and Rose had, up to that time, kept with the others, finding no opportunity for straying away; but when they all dispersed, these two managed to wander by themselves. They followed the northern edge a little while until finding a place where the rocks were not quite so abrupt, they carefully descended to a ledge which overhung the steep declivity. It was a risky undertaking, but just suited to their adventurous character, and Charles took delight in helping Rose in the dangerous descent, and more than once, in pure wantonness, lifted her down bodily in difficult places, while she, nothing loth, abandoned herself to his care in a very different spirit from that which she manifested when hunting with him.

Arrived safely on the ledge, Rose sat down while Charles stretched himself at full length at her feet, resting his head on her lap, and soon she commenced to toy with his hair and lavish caresses upon him. These two did not care for botanical researches or geological formations, but for the time being they dearly enjoyed to get together and play at love-making. I say play at love-making advisedly, for neither of

them was in earnest, and they only thought of making the most of the few days they could yet enjoy in each other's society.

My task, as a veracious historian, is neither to approve nor to blame, but to record as faithfully as I can the succession of events, but I must say that whatever were the failings of these two they were honest with each other or themselves, and made no pretense of anything more than mutual gratification in their present relations. Charles did not talk of ever-lasting love, or of a cruel fate, or of a broken heart, nor did he even pour into Rose's ear the story of Mary's coldness, and Rose did not seem to expect anything of the kind, nor would she have cared to listen to him if he had talked that way to her. No, they had come across a cup full of pleasure and they were drinking it regardless of the fact that it was stolen property, and well aware that once emptied it never would be filled again.

Their actions were the result of their temperaments and their intimacy was just as natural, if more guilty, than the very different result of Mary's attraction toward Mr. Proctor. The same physical attraction that had led Rose to go with Charles on his hunting expeditions, and which made them such good companions, now led her to bask in his presence and enjoy their present relations, and she followed her impulses with the same wilfulness and disregard of outside considerations which she had manifested at Palmetto Camp.

And no doubt she enjoyed it, for at such stolen interviews her eyes would sparkle and her whole body quiver with repressed excitement, while Charles, poor fellow, was like dough in her hands. And if after all it was a fool's paradise, they thought it well worth visiting, if only for a few moments. For an hour passes so quickly under such conditions, and there are so few days in the week, and the weeks follow each other in such quick succession!

So it seemed to them that they had been on the ledge but a few minutes when they heard the noise made by their companions returning to the meeting

ground, and the stentorian voice of the Professor calling his flock together. When they were all reunited, the Professor insisted that before starting all the company sing their national hymn "Our glorious Socioland", which was rendered with great effect, the whole crowd standing around him while he beat the time with his stick, and finally he called for three cheers which were given with hearty good-will.

The character of the line of march for the return was very different from that of the ascent. The dinner, the social tendencies of the occasion, or the botanical researches, had evidently an effect on the young people, and while in coming up they had kept in a miscellaneous crowd, they manifested on the return an inclination to break in little groups of two or three. They were well rested and most of them started at a run, laughing and tumbling over each other. Charles, whose haversack was nearly empty, caught Rose by the hand and they went bounding away with the crowd.

The Professor looked on in dismay, for it was beneath his dignity to join in such capers, but he was powerless to prevent the outbreak, for his army was in a full state of insubordination and paid no heeds to his commands. However the rout soon came to an end, and they all reunited when they reached the pines, and from there marched soberly home, with only a brief halt to finish the provisions, reaching the Resort in due time, tired it is true, but all feeling well repaid for the fatigues of the day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NEW TOWNSHIP.

Everything comes to an end, and the best of friends must part. A few days after the expedition to Mount Omar Rose had to leave the Resort and return to Silna, where she was working in a large engraving establishment. It was quite a wrench for her and

Charles to break up their relations, but her vacation was ended and she had to obey orders.

The public spirit engendered by the economic institutions of Socioland is something remarkable, and showed its influence in Rose's prompt return. For while she had emancipated herself from her parents and, as we have seen, was ever ready to follow her own desires in the control of her personal conduct, she never would have dreamed of disobeying the rules which control the apprentices and unduly extending her stay.

Her departure left Charles free to visit the new Township which had been the special excuse for his coming to the Resort and which his encounter with Rose had nearly driven out of his head. When she was gone the time passed somewhat slowly, and he was glad to put his project in execution. Fordham, he was informed, was the name of the place he wanted to visit and lay directly across the hills, but the way was rough and he concluded to reach it from the main valley.

So, one afternoon, he got into the hack and was driven to the station where he took the cars to Mildred, the next Town on the railroad, where he staid all night, intending to pursue his journey on foot the next morning. Mildred was at that time the last Township opened upon the railroad in that direction and on that account was an important lumber centre, but that part of its business would soon diminish as the iron track was pushed further up the valley.

Charles started bright and early the next morning to walk the four miles to where the new Township of Fordham was to be started. The road, which was wide and well graded and macadamized, soon left the valley and following a good size stream which came from the direction of the mountains, led him toward the region of the foot-hills. He was walking briskly, thinking perhaps more of Rose than was good for him, when he heard a wagon coming behind and a voice called out:

"Say, my friend, wouldn't you as soon ride as walk?"

"I think I would," answered Charles, who found his

interlocutor to be a middle-aged man driving an empty lumber wagon.

"Jump in then, for we are going the same way."

Charles was glad of the chance, more for the sake of the company than for the ride, and soon made himself comfortable by the side of the driver.

"I suppose you are going to Fordham," said Mr. Harris, that being the name of the wagoner. "Going to see how you like it up there, hey!"

"Yes," answered Charles. "I am told it will soon be open for settlement, and I have been for some time thinking of leaving Spencer and going to live in the country."

"I thought so. Just now a good many persons are going to see the new place. And have you ever been about here before?"

Charles told him a little about his position, and how he had staid a few weeks at Fairy Lake Resort, and in return Mr. Harris volunteered some information about himself. He lived in Mildred at present, and had for years been engaged in hauling lumber for the Commonwealth from the mills to the railroad, and was then on his way to Fordham where he was to get his load. He was married and had three children, the oldest, a boy, would soon have to serve his apprenticeship. He was thinking of giving up teaming and settling on a farm and was inclined to buy in Fordham, and that, as he explained, made him specially interested in those who went up to view the country.

"You are then the very man I want to see," said Charles, "for you can give me some information I came here to get."

"I suppose I can," answered Mr. Harris, "for I am well acquainted around here, and a nice country it is, that I can tell you. A little cool in winter, but delightful in summer. Not rich as the main valley, but very fair and a good dairy country."

That just suited Charles who had been raised in a dairy region and who, like all men born among the hills, preferred them to the dead level of the valleys.

But soon the valley they were following narrowed

considerably, and the land got rugged and rose abruptly. The road, however, had been carefully surveyed, and wound in and out on the hill-side so as to ascend gradually, but the stream at their side foamed and rushed through narrow gorges, and it did not look to Charles as if they were getting into much of a farming country.

"See here, Mr. Harris," he remarked, "this is getting rather rough around here, and while I am not afraid of some hills, if this is a fair specimen of the country beyond, I am afraid it would be too much of a good thing and I doubt if it would suit me."

"Oh! no," answered Mr. Harris. "It is not like this, do not be uneasy. We are climbing to the foot-hills, and once on top you will find it very different. I'll tell you how it is about Fordham. We go nearly two miles like this, rising pretty high in the world, but once on top the valley broadens some, not very wide, but enough to have pretty fair farming land, and soon it divides off and there are two valleys running a kind of side ways toward the mountains. It is the brooks which run in these valleys, which after they join make this stream here. Deep Run, we call it. Now the hills between the forks taper off like at the junction and make a nice place where the Town of Fordham is to be located."

"That sounds more encouraging," said Charles. "From the looks of things here I did not know but what Fordham might be something like the country around Fairy Lake. It is real pretty, but no place for farming. So you say there are two small valleys coming together there, and how are the hill-sides, are they very steep?"

"Oh! no. Not exactly the most convenient for farming, but just suited for pasture. But you may be sure Fordham is a good place, or it would not have been opened for settlement, at least not yet. And then the place selected for the Town is real pretty. Just below the fork a large dam has been built, and it makes a nice lake at the edge of the Town, besides affording a fine water-power which runs the saw-mill a little lower down."

"And that is the place where you get the lumber, I suppose," said Charles, "and did the Commonwealth build that mill?"

"Yes, that's where I am going now, and it is the Commonwealth which built the mill. That and the grading of this road were the first things that were done when it was decided to prepare this place for settlement. It has been built now more than three years, and ever since a number of hands has been kept at work, and a big lot of lumber has been cut, I can tell you. Enough, I suppose, to pay for the grading of the road and all the other improvements which have been made for the Town."

"Ah!" said Charles. "Is that the way? It seemed very generous in the Commonwealth to do so much for a new community, but from what you say it is the timber which furnishes the money."

"Yes," answered Mr. Harris, "and it is a very good way. You see, if those valleys had been thrown open without preparation, the settlers would have had no time to get out the lumber, and without good roads and a saw-mill, the most of it would have been wasted. Settlers who depend on their crops for a living, must clear the land as fast as they can, and cannot spare the time to save the lumber. Farming and making lumber are two things entirely different and can not be carried on together, at least to any great extent. Nor would regular lumbermen done any better, for they would have had no interest in permanent roads, nor paid any attention to the future needs of a farming community. They would have put up their mills where it suited them best, and slashed out the timber wherever they could make the most money. But the Commonwealth does things differently, and when you look around you will find that great care has been taken to do everything which can help those who will start the new Town. It is not only the saws, or the axes, or the teams, which have been at work here, but the brains also, and there is nothing like brain work to help a community."

This started them in a discussion as to the different methods of settling new countries, and Charles

could tell his new acquaintance many instances of the defects of the methods employed in the United States. How speculators had made immense fortunes, how the resources of the country had been wasted, and of the hardships encountered by the actual settlers.

Conversing thus, they soon emerged out of the narrow valley, and Charles noticed sure signs that they were approaching the new settlement. They met loaded teams going down to Mildred, and before long came in sight of large amounts of lumber piled on both sides of the road. Mr. Harris explained to him that it was thus stacked to dry before hauling, and as they reached the place where he was to load, Charles left him to explore the country, first agreeing however to meet him in the afternoon so as to return with him as he went back with his second load.

So Charles proceeded on foot, and as he felt that there might be a prospect of the place being their home for many years, if not for life, he was interested in all he saw and kept his eyes wide open. The road went past the mill, which proved to be a large establishment, with as Mr. Harris had said, a fine water-power. Above the mill a high dam had been erected which backed the water to the fork of the stream, and in the pond thus formed floated the logs which were to be worked into lumber.

At the mill Charles found many men at work and some of them pointed out to him in the distance the house of Mr. Lester, the Commonwealth Commissioner, which stood where the Town had been located, and where, he was told, he could get all the information he wanted. The road skirted the pond, then crossed the stream on a substantial bridge leading to the Town site, which Charles found with the streets and squares already graded, and the ground cleared except the shade trees that had been carefully saved.

The place was certainly a pretty one for a mountain settlement. The lay of the land resembled that around Fairy Lake, being surrounded by high hills, and the streams coming down from the mountains; but the valleys were much wider and the hill-sides not nearly so steep. Two streams, as Mr. Harris had informed

Charles, united there, and at the junction a sufficiently large tract had been laid out for the new Town. This had been divided into lots of different sizes, and as he could see, the extreme point at the fork had been reserved as public grounds. The main street, wide and well supplied with shade trees, ran through the centre, intersected by another which united the two bridges which spanned the streams, and where these two streets crossed each other a large public square was laid out. The Commissioner's house stood on that square and was well built and evidently calculated to remain there, but all the other buildings that Charles saw, except the saw-mill, had an unfinished appearance that showed plainly that they had not been erected to remain permanently.

After walking around a little while, going down to the edge of the pond, and otherwise getting acquainted with the locality, Charles went to the office where he was received by a middle-aged gentleman who inquired what he could do for him.

"I suppose you are Mr. Lester, the Commissioner," said Charles, "and as I am in search of information about buying here, I have been told that you are the proper man for me to see."

"I believe I am," answered the gentleman. "For I can probably give you all the information you want."

Charles wanted to know a great many things, but first would like to look at the map of Fordham, which Mr. Lester showed him, explaining at the same time how it had been divided. First a certain amount of land had been reserved to the Commonwealth, for it would eventually need buildings for a Bank, Post-office, Express and possibly a Warehouse, and for these purposes the best location on the centre square had been selected. The house in which they stood had been built on one of these lots and would be made to answer until more room was needed. Then plots had been set aside for the use of the Township organization. It would need many public buildings, such as Halls, Bakery, Laundry, School houses, etc. These were liberally provided for, as well as a nice Park on the edge of the water, as Charles had noticed.

On the slopes of the hills, near the top, and other rugged places, several large tracts of wooded land had been left untouched and right of way to them laid out. These tracts were to remain the public property of the Township for ever, and could not be cleared without the consent of the Forest Inspectors of the Commonwealth, although the Township retained their management and the benefit accruing from them. The remainder had been divided into tracts ranging in size from one acre in the centre of the Town, to thirty acres in the farming section, that being the extreme limit allowed in the Commonwealth. But, as Mr. Lester explained to Charles, the wife had the same right as the husband and a married couple could own two lots of thirty acres each, but no one person could own more than one tract of land in Socioland. These lots were all surveyed, and were marked and numbered on the map, and a minimum value had been set upon them, but they were to be auctioned off before long, when they would be struck off to the highest bidder.

A number of persons had already made selections and their names were written on the map, and Charles was informed that usually at these first auctions there was very little over-bidding done, and that a selection could be considered as equivalent to a purchase. The terms were cash down, and no one could buy without a certificate of good character from the Advisers of the Township where they lived.

"You see," Mr. Lester explained to Charles, "it is done to safeguard the interests of the persons who intend to settle here. As soon as the sale is over, the Township will be organized and every person who has bought a tract will have a voice in the public management. As that will include not only the property sold, but all the land within the boundary of the Township and all the money paid at the sale, it is right that we should be careful as to the character of the buyers. It is for the interest of the new settlers that no dishonest person should get among them, for they will not only be neighbors, but co-partners in the management of a pretty large property. When

once organized, our responsibility ends, and it will be for the new settlers to see that no one gets in among them whom they would prefer to keep away."

Charles had not looked at it in that light before. He had been viewing the country with the same ideas that would have influenced him in the United States, intent only upon getting possession of a good piece of property, and of moving into a good neighborhood, near schools, stores and railroads, but he could see now that it involved much more, for should he and Mary buy together the sixty acres they were allowed to purchase, their interest in the public property of the Township would, at some future time, be nearly as important as their private interest. He could see on the map that aside from the tracts of woodland which had been reserved in perpetuity, there were nearly eight thousand acres suitable for settlement. At five dollars an acre, which was the average price set on the land, it would bring something like forty thousand dollars, and as that money was to be used in business enterprises, it would, if well managed, be a great help to their prosperity.

Charles staid quite a while with the Commissioner and learned many facts about the organization. For the present the Commissioner was supreme, and with the help of competent engineers and managers had controlled the whole business of the Township for the last four years, during which time it had been his task to lay sound foundations for the proposed community. The work was now nearly accomplished and it only remained to erect the structure, which would be done by the actual settlers. A goodly number had already expressed their determination to locate and had made their selection, and after the sale they would elect their own Managers and Advisers, and the whole business of the Township be placed in their hands. Charles was further informed that no charges would be made against the Township for public improvements, but that the movable property of the Commonwealth would either be taken away, or sold to the Township at cost, as they preferred.

All that sounded very satisfactory, and Charles

decided to look around and see if he could find a tract that would answer his purpose. So they looked at the map, and Mr. Lester told Charles that if he wanted to farm, and his wife wished to buy next to him, he thought he had better cross over to the left fork—he had come up on the right side—and by following the road up the valley about one mile, he would come to some tracts which had not yet been selected, which he thought was just what he wanted. He also gave Charles a small map printed for that purpose, which would help him in his selection.

Charles stepped out of the office with entirely different ideas than he had when he entered it. The looking at the map and the explanations of Mr. Lester made him feel as if he was getting acquainted with the country, and the thought that if he bought he would be part-owner in all that property, gave him an interest in all he saw which he certainly did not have when he arrived, and as he looked around and noticed how much work had to be done, and pictured to himself how the place would look after it was improved, it stirred his blood and made him eager to settle in that locality.

But the time was passing, and he wanted to see the land and if suited to make a selection, so he crossed the stream and turning to the right, followed the road up the valley according to directions. With the help of the map he could recognize the lots staked, and was struck with the care of the work of preparation. While a large amount of lumber had been taken out and the labor of clearing the land greatly diminished, it had been done with good judgment, plenty trees being left wherever building sites seemed desirable, and the utmost pains having been taken to do nothing which would injure the property. The valley was not very broad, but the hill-sides were not steep and could easily be cultivated.

Many tracts were already taken up and were so marked, the tendency being very plain to locate as near the Town as possible, but after Charles had gone nearly one mile, he came to land that had not yet been selected. The place suited him well, but he

did not want to decide in a hurry, so keeping up the valley he came to a place where he found a road laid out which crossed over to the other fork, and following it he came down the other valley. He found also good locations on that stream, and in his indecision it finally struck him that Mary had something to say in this matter, and that, if possible, she ought to come and visit the place herself, for he could not tell what would best suit her.

So he returned to the office and stating the case to Mr. Lester, asked him if he might put off his selection a few days longer. Yes, he could, as long as he pleased, but not without running the risk of some one getting ahead of him. As however there seemed to be plenty of suitable locations, Charles decided to wait and return with Mary, if he could persuade her to come. As his time was up, he went back to the mill where Mr. Harris soon made his appearance.

"Well! how do you like Fordham?" he asked when he saw Charles waiting for him.

"Oh! I like it first rate," Charles answered, "and if my wife is willing I think we shall locate here. But I must see her first and talk it over with her. She ought to come and see for herself if it would suit her."

"Yes, that's so, for you don't want to come unless she is satisfied. Now we will load up and you come and stay with us to-night. I have been thinking for some time of locating somewhere, and our talk this morning has set me a going again."

As Charles could not return that evening to Fairy Lake, he was glad of the invitation. He had taken a liking to Mr. Harris, and probably the feeling was mutual. They had a good deal to say on the way back, and after the wagon was unloaded and the team taken care of, Charles followed his host into the house where Mrs. Harris made him welcome, and that evening after supper, they sat upon the porch and had a long consultation. Mrs. Harris seemed even more ready to locate than her husband, and took quite a fancy to the idea that they all visit Fordham together, and if possible that they select adjoining property.

So it was decided that Charles would write to his wife at once, and persuade her to come to Mildred, and as soon as she came they would all go up together, and if satisfactory would settle near each other.

As it was decided, so it was done. Charles wrote a long letter to Mary explaining everything to her, asking her to come to Fairy Lake station, where he would meet her and they would go on to Mildred where they would stay with the Harris. But she must leave the children behind, for they could not think of giving their hosts so much trouble. Mrs. Mansfield would surely take care of them for one or two days, and any way it was just as well that she get used to trusting them into other hands.

This letter took Mary by surprise. Again as when they came to Socioland Charles was hurrying matters faster than she desired. She had no idea when he left for his vacation that he would want to buy so soon, and as he had said nothing about Fordham in his very scant correspondence from the Resort, the subject had almost passed from her mind. And there, at almost a day's notice, she must go and help select their new home, and worse yet leave the children behind. She came near refusing to go, but thought better of it, and reluctantly confiding her darlings to Mrs. Mansfield's care, joined Charles according to his directions.

Mr. Harris had a comfortable conveyance and the trip to Fordham proved very enjoyable, even to Mary who was very much divided between the pleasure of the ride and her thoughts of George and Amy whom she had not seen for a whole day and night. She admired the place very much, and thought that if they wanted to locate they would not find anything that would suit them better, but would have preferred to wait a little longer. But Charles was getting enthusiastic over his new projects, and insisted that they locate at once. So Mary submitted once more, but did it the more willingly that the discussion of the different advantages offered by the several tracts brought back vividly to her mind the pleasures she had always anticipated from a life in the country.

The Harris also decided to purchase, and they all selected tracts where Charles had first been directed.

Charles and Mary each took one, as well as Mrs. Harris who wanted farming land, but Mr. Harris preferred a Town lot, for, as he said, he was a wagon-maker by trade, and while he would enjoy to live on a farm, if he wanted to build a shop, the Town would be a better location than the country.

Charles and Mary returned together to Spencer, where Mary, to her great relief, found her children safe and sound, and to her astonishment learned that they had stood the separation with the most perfect equanimity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RECONCILIATION.

It had been Charles' intention to be very careful in his talk when he returned home, so as to keep his liaison with Rose a secret from his wife, for his ideas on these subjects were such as are usually held by married men of his class in the United States.

Before his marriage, while sowing the small crop of wild oats which he scattered during the first part of his stay in the city, some of his companions had been married men whose families had remained in the country, and from them he had gathered the idea that away from home a man is allowed to conduct himself pretty much as he pleases, provided he can keep the knowledge of his actions from coming to the ears of his wife or family. On what ground such a belief was entertained it would be hard to discover, for these men were careful to keep these privileges to themselves, and would have been the first to condemn their wives if they had adopted the same standard of morality.

And Charles was no better than they. Like Mary, he was the product of his surroundings, and even less than she was he given to reflect deeply. His

close relations with his companions at the warehouse had changed his views on politics and economics, but he had but little taste for ethical questions, and nothing had happened to make him change his views on the sexual relations. The descendant of men who had kept women in practical subjection for centuries, he accepted unconsciously the double standard of morality which passes current in the civilized world, and looked upon his dereliction as a very trivial offense, but if it had been committed by his wife, it would have become a fault not easy to be forgiven.

But in forming his resolution to secrecy, he had failed to understand his own character, or to appreciate the difficulty he would have to keep his first secret from Mary. With all his faults and shortcomings Charles was utterly deficient in deceit, and all these past years he had never kept anything from his wife, so that on their return as she questioned him as to his life at the Resort, and how he had spent his time and whom he had met there, poor Charles, an entire novice in the arts of dissimulation, soon became entangled in a mesh of contradictions, and when Rose was mentioned and she pressed him with pretty close questions, he was so confused as to arouse her suspicion.

Mary was of her nature neither jealous nor suspicious, but she was a woman and a wife, and had some positive ideas as to what she considered her rights. As we have seen she had rather exaggerated notions of her duties toward her husband, and strict views as to the necessity of exclusiveness in the marriage relation, and being thoroughly honest and conscientious without being weak, had no idea of measuring Charles' conduct by a different standard than she would have applied to herself. Her suspicions being aroused, she noticed closely his words and actions, and soon convinced herself that he was trying to deceive her.

And curiously enough, that knowledge was the first step in the work of reconciliation, for it broke the feeling of security which she had in the possession of Charles' affection, and awakened her from her seeming indifference to him which was really the greatest

danger by which their happiness was threatened. It opened her eyes to many little things she had not noticed before, and now that her attention was called to it she could see a difference between his present attitude toward her, and that which he held during the early days of their union.

But at first this discovery did not tend to improve their relations, for Charles felt himself suspected, which did not tend to make him feel more pleasant. Unlike Mary, he was not very conscientious in regard to his marital relations, and felt no remorse for his infidelity to her. He had had a good time while away, but now that was past and he wanted to forget it, and take up his married life where he had left it. But Mary would not let him and was continually worrying him with embarrassing questions, which served only to sour his temper, but brought them no nearer a reconciliation. And Mary realized more and more their growing estrangement, but not knowing how much her own conduct had influenced his actions, she could only feel that their pleasant union was a thing of the past, and had not the least idea of how to go to work to bring back the harmony she so much desired.

In her dilemma she acted as too many wives do, and adopted a course much better calculated to drive them further apart than to bring back their old relations. As Charles was culpable and had sinned against her, the first thing to be done was to make him confess and sue for pardon, then she would forgive him and thus they would be reconciled. To this course there is a grave objection. The man who feels no remorse in being unfaithful to his wife is usually perfectly willing to use deception, and meets her accusations by vague and general denials which fail to carry conviction, and the only result is greater mistrust on the wife's part, for she still feels that she has been wronged, and can no longer have implicit faith in her husband's assertions.

But happily for them Charles was not built that way. His attempt at secrecy was the result of early associations and not due to the promptings of a cowardly

nature, and finally, when one evening Mary charged him directly with unfaithfulness to her, being exasperated by her persistence, instead of denying the charge he boldly acknowledged its truth and somewhat deflantly asked her what she was going to do about it?

Mary was astounded, for it was a denouement she had certainly not expected. Judging of him by herself, she had believed that if once fairly convicted, and compelled by her perseverance to acknowledge the truth of her suspicions, he would plead guilty and thus pave the way for reconciliation. But instead, he turned upon her and accused her of coldness and neglect, and excused himself on the plea of her marked partiality for her children.

From accuser, Mary was forced by his impetuosity to defend herself, a result very different from what she had intended, and which at first roused her indignation. But Charles was obstinate and vehement, and tenaciously clutched at the excuses he had found for his conduct, so their controversy soon degenerated into an open quarrel, the first of their married life, and which boded no good for the harmony of their future relations.

Before long Mary, unable to stem the torrent of words which Charles poured out with all the intensity of his passionate nature, ceased to answer and in silence brooded over her wrongs, while Charles, once his anger spent, knew in his inmost heart that he was to blame and that Mary was deserving of better treatment. But he had too much false pride to make the first advances and sat moodily feeling very blue for a man of his usual cheerful disposition. And when they retired for the night Mary shed silently some of the most bitter tears of her life, while Charles sulked at her side, thoroughly ashamed of his actions.

This outburst of Charles frightened Mary, and showed her the depth of the abyss toward which they were travelling. Charles had never acted that way before; he had been hasty and headstrong, and of late had manifested a growing disposition to fault-finding, but never before had he been harsh or unkind and his failings had only been such as could be

expected from a man of his disposition. But the meaning of his words was not to be mistaken. He had not sought to defend himself, but had assaulted her with unjust words and cruel imputations, and had shown himself in an entirely new light.

Mary had thus unwittingly brought on a crisis in their relations and certainly needed to use all her judgment, for upon her next actions depended largely the future happiness of their lives. The breach between them had so widened of late, that if not soon bridged over it would divide them for ever, if not in body, at least in spirit; and nothing could be expected from Charles who was in no way qualified to cope with the difficulties of the present situation. And what saved them and enabled Mary to choose the proper line of conduct was her past experience with Mr. Proctor and the new light in which he had taught her to view the marriage relation.

Mary, of course, did not acknowledge that there was any truth in Charles' accusation of neglect and indifference toward him. As she looked at it, she had only done her duty toward their children—his children as well as hers, if he would only recollect it—and the change in her conduct of which he complained was not her fault, but the result of the changed conditions of their lives; but she realized, as she had not done before, how strongly Charles had been affected by the change and that he felt it much more than she had supposed.

And the next day, when she could reflect more dispassionately on the events of the preceding night, she recollected how in his anger Charles' main charge had been that she no longer cared for him, or showed him her old affection. And while her mind rejected the charge as false, yet her heart found consolation in the thought that it was her affection' he so much missed, and it greatly strengthened her desire to do what she could to end their unpleasant relations.

Then the words of Mr. Proctor came back to her mind, truly prophetic words which he must have been prompted to speak by his knowledge of Charles' character, and of the temptations by which he would

probably be assailed. "The day may come when he will need your help. Do not refuse it, be kind to him whatever may happen." These words were engraved upon her memory and the time had surely come to profit by them. Did not Charles need her help right now? Ought she not to be kind to him and freely forgive him whatever had happened?

Once started on that train of thought, Mary's views of the whole transaction underwent a change. She no longer brooded upon her wrongs or looked upon herself as the injured wife of an unfaithful husband, but she became once more the loving companion of a man, not perfect it is true, but to whom she was endeared by the most tender of ties and by many years spent with him in a most happy union.

And as these thoughts took possession of her, her heart softened toward him and she could better understand his feelings, and as her old affection, which possibly had lain dormant too long, regained its wonted influence, she began to make excuses for him. And when added to that, she recollected her own affection for Mr. Proctor and her weakness at that time, a complete revulsion took place and woman-like, she went to the other extreme, and felt almost ready to ask Charles' forgiveness for her treatment of him since his return.

As for Charles he was in a very penitent mood and bitterly repented the part he had played the evening before. As a severe thunder storm clears the sky, his outburst had let off all the irritation caused by Mary's suspicions, and allowed him to see his conduct in its proper light. He had spent a bad night and only the fact that he was guilty, and that it would hurt his pride to make the first advances, alone kept him, as he heard Mary's suppressed sobs at his side, from turning around and taking her in his arms, acknowledge his fault and ask for her pardon.

But the next evening, when after the children were asleep these two found themselves once more alone, and Mary, in an entirely different mood from that which possessed her the night before, came timidly to Charles, and as shyly as a new bride, sat herself

on his lap and putting her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder, whispered in his ear: "Oh! Charles, I am so sorry I acted so, can't you love me any more?" he could only put his arms around her, and straining her to his heart, kiss her with such feeling as he had never felt for her before.

For these two, at that moment, were probably more truly united than they had ever been in their life. Their affection had been tried as if by fire, and had stood the test triumphantly. It was no longer the evanescent passion of youth, but the tried affection of a man and woman of opposite natures, mutually attracted and welded together by their co-operation against the troubles and difficulties of life, who felt once more that they could place perfect confidence in each other.

Very few words of explanation passed between them, for really there was very little to explain. Their estrangement had not been the result of a misunderstanding, but was due to the fact that each one had acted according to his nature, without having due regard for the feelings of the other, and forgetful of the fact that in their relation such conduct would eventually react on themselves. Happily for them, when this unpleasant result had finally taken place their mutual affection had been sufficiently strong to bring them back together.

Their old confidence being once re-established, their life became every day more pleasant; for Mary taught by past experience, widened the range of her affection and extended toward Charles that care and consideration to which he had been used, and which for a time she had lavished solely on her children; so that he no longer felt himself neglected and was ever ready, when consulted, to cheerfully submit to sundry privations which used to chafe him when enforced by maternal authority.

The children were also growing and were no longer so dependant upon their mother's ministrations, and before long a change took place in their mode of life which entirely modified their habits and brought them all into new relations.

Not very long after their visit to Fordham the sale took place, and they soon after moved to the country. There Mary led a very active life and was kept so busy that she could no longer spend much time over her children, who, happy to be allowed to roam all over the place, usually managed to make their way to where their father was at work. Then Charles and Mary had much planning and consulting to do, and being both interested in the success of their new enterprise, it brought them much together, so that quickly the discording elements were eliminated, and theirs was truly a lasting reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEW TOWNSHIP ORGANIZATION.

As soon as Charles was notified of the day on which the sale would take place, he made all necessary arrangements to be present, and also to remain away a few days, for he not only intended to take part in the Township organization, but as he wanted to build as soon as possible, he wished to make such preparations as would enable him to move his family either to Fordham or Mildred, according to where he would have the best success in finding a place in which they could stay, until he had put up such buildings on his property as would enable them to spend the winter in some degree of comfort.

The day before the sale he went to Mildred, and the next morning, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Harris, he rode up to Fordham where they found over forty persons assembled, many of whom, like himself, were provided with the necessary authority to buy a tract in their wife's name, and altogether more persons had made selections than was required by the regulations controlling the new settlements.

The Chief Land Commissioner of the Commonwealth was present and conducted the sale, which proved a mere formality, a general feeling prevailing that the

rule "first come, first served," ought to be respected, and that on the whole the prices had been equitably fixed. Probably several of those present would have desired to raise the bids on some of the tracts which suited them better than those they had selected, but they felt that if they should give the first example, it would open the way for a general scramble, and not only cause an unnecessary rise in the price of all the tracts, but create unpleasant feelings among a community which had a special interest in remaining on the best of terms toward each other.

But Charles found subsequently, when the control of the land had passed into the hands of the Township, and the country had become somewhat settled, that the privilege of raising the bids was no longer a mere formality. Then a little different plan was adopted. After a buyer had selected a tract which suited him and expressed his willingness to pay the price at which it had been assessed, the fact was made public, and for the space of two months any one was allowed to raise the bid, when at the expiration of the time, the sale was confirmed by the Land Commissioner of the Township to the person who had made the highest offer. Then sometimes the bids were raised, but the main advantage of the system was to control the Town authorities in fixing the minimum price which was to be first demanded.

When the sale was over, the purchasers were not given their titles, as Charles had expected, for that was to be done by the Township yet to be organized. They paid their purchase money and got a receipt for the same, and they were furnished with a certificate which authorized them to take part in the Township organization.

The next proceedings took place early in the afternoon, and were under the charge of Mr. Lester. When all those on the grounds were assembled, it was found that forty-three persons were entitled to vote, of which eleven were females. The total number of buyers being sixty-two, nineteen of them were not represented, for unlike in private corporations, voting by proxy was not allowed. Townships being political and not

business corporations, although interested in business enterprises, residence and not property constituted the necessary qualification, and the certificates each one had received were not given as a proof of the ownership of land, but as a guarantee of the intention of becoming a citizen.

In a few well-chosen words, Mr. Lester informed the meeting that it was now their duty to elect their Town officers, for as soon as they should organize, the property would be formally turned into their hands. At their request he remained in the chair, and nominations for a Head Manager were made and seconded. Charles felt somewhat of a stranger, and was not acquainted with the persons nominated, but he could see that Mr. Harris, who had been on the ground a number of years, seemed better posted and he let himself be guided by him in making his selections. The choice fell upon Mr. Warddle, a bright, energetic man under forty, who, after thanking the meeting for the trust they had placed in him, took the chair and henceforth conducted the deliberations.

The Township having thus become an organized body, capable of transacting business, the Chief Land Commissioner came forward, and in the name of the Commonwealth of Socioland placed in their possession all the land embraced in the limits of the Township, except that which had been expressly reserved for the needs of the Commonwealth, to be held by them, not in fee or in perpetuity, but in trust, to be disposed of under the rules, and regulations controlling all their landed property, for the benefit of the whole people.

He reminded them also that the old idea of a natural antagonism between the different parts of the country had long been exploded, and that the older parts of the Commonwealth knew that they would be benefitted by the success of their settlement, and he took pleasure, as their representative, in assuring them that they could rely, not only on the heartfelt sympathy of the Commonwealth, but upon substantial help if it should be needed.

Mr. Warddle, in the name of the Fordham Township,

accepted the trust thus placed in their hands, and by a few words of acknowledgment for the expressed sympathy, and of thanks for the proferred help, closed the whole transaction.

The Township having thus been placed in possession, Mr. Lester came forward, and after a few words of congratulation upon their organization, and expressing the hope that they would successfully continue the work he had commenced, explained to them at length the special features of the territory which had passed into their hands and gave them some valuable information. One thing, he said, ought to be decided at once, and he would suggest that they give it their first consideration. It was the transfer of the saw-mill into their possession. The water-power and the dam had been reserved to the Township, and could not become individual property, but the mill itself belonged to the Commonwealth, and if they wished to retain it would have to be transferred to the proper authorities. He advised them strongly to buy it, for their hills were full of timber and a large amount of lumber would be needed. Besides, some time in the future, when they were fairly settled, and they had leisure to develop their resources, their large water-power could be further utilized for manufacturing purposes, and no better location for a furniture factory could be found anywhere in the country.

He knew that at the present many other matters would call their attention, but here was a business already started which paid a good profit, and it was certainly for their interest to get it in their possession. Besides the mill, the Commonwealth owned several small houses which had been erected for the laborers and a large amount of lumber, and he would advise them to buy all the loose property as he was empowered to sell it to them at a low valuation. Should they decline to buy, he wanted to get ready at once to move it away.

This speech caused a very animated discussion, but the general feeling was in favor of adopting Mr. Lester's suggestions. One or two men had something to say about leasing the power to private individuals

and letting them buy the movable property, but their proposition met with little favor, being contrary to the prevailing sentiment. The main objection was that they had for the present no reliable man whom they could put in charge, as most all the new settlers intended to build as soon as possible and could not give their whole time to the business of the Town. But Mr. Lester reminded them that if they elected a man to act as special Manager, he could, as soon as the financial transactions were completed, hire a foreman to direct the work, and in connection with that subject he would state to them that for the last three years Mr. Hillman had given him perfect satisfaction, and he had no doubt would be willing to remain in his present position.

This seemed to strike the meeting favorably, and the next question was to know the approximate value of the property as well as the amount of funds at their disposition.

At this juncture Mr. Harris took the floor and represented to the meeting that there would be many questions for them to decide that would require investigation, and that according to the plan followed in other Townships, it would be well to select from their numbers three persons to act as Advisers, who would be instructed to take the whole question into consideration so as to inform them understandingly as to their financial situation, and to advise them as to the advantages of the proposed transaction. He concluded by making a motion that the Advisers be put in nomination. His motion was seconded without discussion, and two men and one woman were soon elected, Mr. Harris being the first chosen.

This being done, a motion was made that the Advisers be instructed to confer with the Land Commissioner and ascertain the amount of money paid into his hands to their account, and also that they should visit the mill and examine the property offered, and have its value approximately fixed so as to report at the next meeting. The motion was carried and they adjourned to the next day, but first Mr. Cole was elected Land Commissioner of the Township, and was

instructed to take charge of the maps, books and records which were now to pass into his possession.

Charles was to return to Mildred with Mr. Harris, and spend the night at his house, but this gentleman's election as Adviser detained him, so Charles took advantage of the delay to walk over and look at his property. He not only had a natural desire to see his purchase, but he also wanted to ascertain what was the prospect of his finding a house where they could stay. On his first visit he had noticed cabins here and there, which had been built to shelter the lumbermen who had worked in the valley, and he thought that if he could find one in easy reach of his place, he might make his family comfortable in it while he built his house, or at least until a part of it should be finished in which they could live. He had talked it over with Mary and she preferred to put up with narrow quarters than to stop in Mildred where better accommodations could be found, but where Charles would be too far away from his work. He found what he wanted without difficulty. About a quarter of a mile from his farm, between the road and the brook, stood a log cabin which had been abandoned. It was small and rough, but pleasantly situated, and he thought he could repair it so as to live comfortably in it for a few months.

He did not suppose there would be any objection to his taking possession of it for a time, but returning to the Town, he sought out Mr. Cole, whom he found busy in Mr. Lester's office, recording the day's purchases on the maps and in a book furnished him for that purpose by the Chief Land Commissioner.

The peculiar system of land record in Socioland is worthy of a short description. The Township of Fordham had been divided into eight sections designated by letters. A large map of each of these sections had been drawn separately, and it was by the divisions on these maps, and not by deeds, that the location of the property was ascertained. Each section was itself divided into lots of such size as accorded with the regulations of the Commonwealth, and each of these lots was numbered. A subdivision of these

lots was again designated by letters. Thus Charles had bought in section D, lot 13, and Mary had lot 14. Should Charles transfer his right to a part of his lot to another person, the section so transferred would be designated as section D, 13, a, and the new lot carefully plotted on the map.

Instead of the deeds following each other in endless succession, the Land Commissioner entered alphabetically in a book kept for that purpose, the names of all the property owners in the Township and affixed opposite their names the designation of the tracts in their possession, and besides furnished each one of them with an enlarged copy of the plot of their tract as credited to their name on the map entrusted to him, to which copy his official signature was placed. In case of transfer by sale, exchange or death, it was recorded on the book, the certified copies of the plot were surrendered and new ones issued. Every six months a transcript of all the changes which had taken place in all the Townships was sent to the office of the Chief Land Commissioner where a full record was kept, and by these simple means there never occurred any conflicts in titles and a perfect control of all the land transactions was maintained.

This was the work in which Mr. Cole was engaged with the help of the Chief Land Commissioner, who was instructing him in the nature of his functions. He readily granted Charles' request, after ascertaining that the cabin was yet upon Township property. And thus Charles was able to write to Mary that evening informing her that not only they were landed proprietors, but that he had secured sufficient shelter and she must hold herself in readiness to leave Spencer before many days.

The next morning, when the meeting reassembled, Mr. Harris made his report. The amount paid in the day before amounted to nine thousand, six hundred and fifty-two dollars. The mill property, the tools and machinery, the laborers' buildings and the lumber on hand could be roughly estimated at five thousand dollars. It was the opinion of the Advisers that it would be good policy for the Township to buy the

property. They further believed that a special Manager should be elected to take charge of the lumber business, and that his first duty would be to take an inventory and arrive at an exact valuation of what Mr. Lester offered to turn over to them. Then upon hearing this Manager's report, they could, if it still seemed desirable, instruct him to close the trade and take charge of the property.

The report was unanimously accepted and its suggestions followed. There was some difficulty as to the election of a Manager, several persons who were nominated, Charles among the number, declining the position as it would seriously interfere with their present plans. Finally Mr. Hubbard accepted, with the understanding that once the purchase accomplished, the present foreman would be retained, and he would have only a general superintendence of the business transactions.

This much having been decided, one of the ladies took the floor and stated that there was a question of much importance to the women that she would like to have discussed. As they knew it was the custom in all the Townships to relieve them of the drudgery of bread-making and washing, and she wanted Mr. Warddle to be instructed to take measures so that those families who intended to move to Fordham should be also supplied.

The justice of her demand was easily recognized, and the only question to be discussed was as to the best method by which this could be effected. In the older Townships, public bakeries and laundries had been erected, but it did not seem expedient to undertake such a work at present. Mr. Harris thought that some arrangement could be entered into with the Township of Mildred by which their wants could be supplied. The number of persons who would make their homes in Fordham that winter would be comparatively small, and it would be less trouble to run a team between the two places than to undertake to do the work at home. As to the expenses they would be provided for by their share of the semi-annual distribution of the profits of the business of the

Commonwealth. So the result of their deliberations was to instruct Mr. Warddle to enter into negotiations with the authorities of Mildred, and to make such a trade as, with the approval of the Advisers, seemed satisfactory to him.

That important question disposed of, the next thing to be decided was how the money remaining in their hands should be invested. After paying for the mill and other improvements, about four thousand dollars would be left at their disposition.

The proposition which met with the most favor was to the effect that it should be used in the purchase of goods, and that a Township store should be started. In most Towns the Commonwealth kept a wholesale warehouse, and the retail trade was left in private hands, but it was argued that these Townships had a larger population and could support several establishments, while Fordham, from its elevated position, and hemmed in on all sides by mountains, could not be expected to grow very fast, and for many years would not be able to support but one store. If managed by one of their number for his own benefit, his store would not be subject to competition, and it would result in a poor choice of goods at high prices and a tendency to drive the trade to Mildred, to the great inconvenience of all the citizens. On the other hand, if the store was owned in common, it would be for their interest to give it their trade, and there would be no inducements to charge exorbitant profits as they would be their own customers.

They had the money to invest, and as Mr. Warddle must devote all his time to looking after their interests, and must have an office where he could always be found, he might with the help of some hired hands manage the store for them. As a great deal of building would soon have to be done, many things would be needed that a private store would not care to keep, while as it was a part of the task of the Manager to help the settlers to secure these supplies, he would be in a better condition to do it in connection with the store business.

That argument carried the day, and it was decided

that Mr. Warddle be instructed to use the funds that would remain in their hands for the purchase of such supplies as would be needed by the citizens of Fordham, not with a view of making large profits out of them, but with the special object of cheaply supplying their wants.

The question of public schools was also discussed, but it was thought best to leave it for later consideration. If enough children came to Fordham that winter, instruction for them could be easily provided, otherwise they had better make no attempt at schools until the opening of the good season.

This closed the deliberations. A resolution of thanks to Mr. Lester for the manner in which he had managed the work of preparation, and a petition to the Chief Manager of the Commonwealth, to the effect that now that the Township was organized, they were desirous that branch offices for the transaction of those lines of business in the hands of the Commonwealth should be established in their midst, and then the meeting adjourned to reassemble at the end of one week, when the Managers would report and receive further instructions.

And thus Fordham Township was organized. At the end of one week, when the next meeting took place, a fair progress could be reported. Mr. Cole, the Land Commissioner, had his books and maps ready, and the money paid on the day of the sale had been placed in his hands. He had put it in the Bank of Mildred until a branch should be started in Fordham, which event, he was informed, would not be long delayed. He also reported the selection of two tracts by new comers, and that probably the Township would for some time receive a steady income from the sale of land.

Mr. Hubbard, the mill Manager, reported that upon due investigation, Mr. Lester and himself had agreed upon three thousand dollars as the price of the mill and the machinery, that the houses were estimated at five hundred and twenty dollars, and that the lumber on hand was worth sixteen hundred dollars, making a total of five thousand, one hundred and twenty

dollars. The buildings had been valued at the cost of the lumber they contained, for they were not of such a character as to remain permanently and were not rightly located for their purpose, but they would be a great convenience for a time, until more substantial structures could be erected. He was pleased to inform the meeting that Mr. Hillman, the present foreman, was willing to stay in their employ, and would also buy a home in the Township.

Mr. Caldwell, one of the Advisers, followed him. The Advisers had carefully looked over the estimates and were satisfied that it was for the interest of the Township to buy the property. So Charles, who had followed with interest all the deliberations, made a motion to the effect that Mr. Hubbard be instructed to close the transaction, which being seconded was passed without opposition.

Finally Mr. Warddle made his report. The past week had been a busy one for him, but he had something to show for his labors. He had been able to make a satisfactory trade with the Township of Mildred to furnish the people of Fordham with bread and to wash their clothing. The bread cart would come every other day and the laundry wagon twice a week, at less cost for the present than if they were to put up establishments of their own. He had received a communication from the General Manager and their petition would be attended to at once. Mr. Lester had received orders to take charge of the matter, and he was pleased to inform the meeting that they would not lose the services of that gentleman, but that he would remain with them as the agent of the Commonwealth.

As regarded the establishment of a Township store, he had found that none of the buildings now on the grounds would answer for any length of time. He would take possession of one of them and put in a small stock of goods, but it would only be a makeshift. They had the lumber and the land, and he would suggest that he be empowered to select, with the help of the Advisers, a suitable lot and erect upon it such a building as they would require to

carry on the business that would probably fall into their hands. He found also that to enable them to build, and at the same time to carry out the instructions of the last meeting and keep such a stock of goods as would relieve the inhabitants of Fordham from the necessity of going to Mildred for their supplies, it would require more money than would be left in their hands after the mill property was paid for. The deficit, however, could easily be supplied by borrowing the necessary amount from the Commonwealth. He thought it would be wise for them to follow that policy, as the three per cent. they would have to pay would be more than covered by the profits on the sales. Yet the fact that if they built they would need more money than they had in hand ought to be known and taken in consideration.

From the discussion which followed, borrowing money did not seem to be as popular in Socioland as in the United States, but the absolute necessity of providing a suitable location for the store, and the obvious advantage of a large stock of goods, were not to be overlooked, and Mr. Warddle was given the necessary authority.

At the close of the meeting, Mr. Warddle informed those who wanted to build that fall that he hoped in a few days everything would be in running order, and that by the end of another week they could come without running the risk of too great privations.

Before adjourning, it was decided that Town meetings for business purposes, in which all measures calculated to promote the welfare of the citizens should be discussed, would be held all through the winter on the first Sunday of every month at ten o'clock in the morning.

During the week which intervened between the two meetings, Charles had not been idle, but had been busy making the necessary preparations for moving his family. The cabin they were to occupy was built of round poles of about the size of a man's thigh, notched at the end and making a log-pen some eight or nine feet high. At the side fronting the brook a door had been cut, and at the other end a chimney

of wood and clay had been erected. A small window in one of its sides gave it all its light. The space between the logs had been chinked with triangular pieces of wood firmly driven from the inside and plentifully daubed with clay. Not a very cheerful abode after their pleasant quarters at the Home, but sufficient to keep them warm and dry a couple of months, when Charles thought he would have a part of their house ready so they could move into it.

So he went to work to repair the cabin and make it habitable. He stopped the leaks in the roof, laid down a floor, and cutting a door in the side opposite the window, added a room constructed of rough lumber, but which would answer for a kitchen and nearly doubled the space under shelter. When Charles was done, he considered his work with some pride. It was not a palace, but with the large trees overshadowing it, whose leaves were turning and taking the bright autumn tints, and the rippling brook in front, it looked very attractive to him, and he hoped that Mary would be satisfied until they could move upon their property.

While Charles was gone, Mary had made all preparations to leave Spencer, so no time was lost in moving, and ten days from the date of the Township organization found them settled in their new home, and busy as bees at their new occupations.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BUILDING A HOME.

Ever since Charles and Mary had decided to settle in Fordham, they had been planning about their house and gathering all kinds of information. They had saved a snug little sum, yet they soon realized that it would not be sufficient to enable them to establish themselves on a very expensive scale unless they borrowed money, which they could easily have done, but to which Mary strongly objected.

Out of their savings they not only had to pay for the land, but they would have to stock the farm and provide for living expenses until they could get some return for their labor, so that the amount left for buildings was not very large, and a fair proportion would have to be spent in the construction of a large and convenient barn, which Charles rightly insisted was a necessity to a good farmer.

At the high rate of wages ruling in Socioland, labor on their buildings would be one of their most important items of expenses, and if by exercising some patience and good judgment, things could be so arranged that Charles could do a large part of the work, a great saving would be effected. Charles was not a carpenter, but he was handy with tools and he had no doubt that with Mr. Harris' advice, for this gentleman was a skillful workman, he could do most of the work on the house if only they could make themselves comfortable until it was completed.

So they talked, and consulted, and planned, and not only came to some very wise decisions, but drew considerably closer to each other, for Mary had now become as interested as Charles in their proposed move, and was well qualified by her character to assist him to come to a right decision.

The result of all their deliberations was that they decided to erect the frame of a two-story cottage, with an L to it large enough for a kitchen and dining room, and to finish that portion as soon as possible and move into it whenever completed. When that much would have been accomplished, Charles could then go to work on the farm, and finish the house at his leisure later on.

As thus they had their plans all made, as soon as they were settled in the log-cabin, they hurried to put them in execution.

The tract they had jointly bought was a parallelogram extending from the brook to nearly the top of the hill, and was six hundred feet in width by nearly four thousand in length. Between the brook and the road was a space containing about six acres, which Charles decided would be the very thing for a barn lot.

By setting his farm buildings on the edge of the road it would make him a convenient pasture, with both shade and water, where he could turn out his stock.

Mary would have liked it if they could have built their house on the same lot, but the ground was too low, unless they built at the edge of the highway, which would have been very inconvenient and have left no room for a front yard, while on the other side of the road the ground rose in gentle undulations, and they had no trouble to find what they wanted. So they set their stakes on the edge of their property the nearest to the Town, on a nearly level spot some two hundred feet from the highway, and Charles commenced at once the work of construction.

All this was a new experience to our friends, but they derived from it considerable enjoyment, and both entered into the work with hearty good-will. Mary had said from the first that she would take care of the garden and the yard, and though she could not do heavy work, she was not afraid to use the rake and the hoe; and in those times the housekeeping was sadly neglected, and many a day would she, as soon as the dishes were put away and her house in order, come with the children where Charles was at work, and while George and Amy amused themselves as children love to do where building is going on, she would clean up and dig and do all in her power to prepare the ground so that the spring work should not be delayed.

And in time Mary became a fine gardener. At first she had no experience and made many mistakes, but she had a great love for plants, and putting her heart into the task, she learned very fast and soon everything began to thrive under her hands. Nor was she afraid to help Charles whenever she could, and if he would have let her would have even taken the saw and hammer in her hands. While she had no intention to neglect her housekeeping, this out-of-door life was a great pleasure to her, and as her little cabin was not very attractive, she spent as much time as possible where Charles was working, and really did him many a good turn.

As for Charles, the time when he only worked six or seven hours a day was a thing of the past. The days were not long enough to suit him, and he could be heard hammering and sawing from early dawn until night. The weather was still fine, but the nights were getting cool and winter would soon be upon them, and it made him anxious to hurry up his work so that they could move before cold weather set in. And he was progressing finely. He knew nothing about mason's work, and had to hire the building of his chimney and foundations, but he managed the carpenter work without any trouble, and with Mr. Harris' help and advice succeeded to his satisfaction.

Mr. Harris was at the same time building on the adjoining tract, but still lived in Mildred and came up every fair day with his son. It was a great help to Charles to have him so near, and often when engaged on some work one man could not accomplish alone, he would exchange time with Mr. Harris and could also go to him for advice when confronted by some unexpected difficulty. And many times, when only a little assistance was needed, Mary was there to give it, for she was ever ready to render all the help in her power.

It is said that willing hands make quick work, and so it proved in their case, for in less than three months after they moved to Fordham they took possession of their new quarters. Only two rooms were finished, and even they had not been painted or the walls papered, but they were well plastered and would keep the cold out. The fall had proven a fine one, but at that altitude they must expect cold weather and snow even fell every winter. But now they were comfortably housed and dreaded not inclement weather, so that it was with real satisfaction that, on the evening of the day that they moved from the log cabin, Charles and Mary looked at each other. The furniture had been put in order, the stove set up, and the fire was burning cheerily when they sat down with George and Amy on each side of them, to their first meal in a house of their own.

This was the long deferred realization of their hopes

and at that time they felt fully rewarded for their past privations.

After the supper was over, while Mary was putting away the dishes, Charles who had been silent for some time, finally stretched himself as if coming out of dreamland and spoke:

"Mary," he said, "would it be much trouble for you to entertain some company?"

"I don't know," Mary answered. "It all depends on who it is and how long they would stay. What is it you have been thinking about?"

"I have been thinking about the Harris," continued Charles. "They have been real kind to us, and I would like now that we have a house of our own to invite them to spend one day with us. We need not give them a banquet, you know, just a plain dinner, but I think we would all enjoy it."

"That's a good idea, Charles, and I am glad that you mentioned it. It will be a kind of house-warming. No, it will not be too much trouble, and they can come early and spend all day with us. Mrs. Harris will help me in my work, I know, and the children are so little trouble, the little dears! They are out most of the time, and I am sure I would hardly see them during the day if they were not all the time asking for something to eat. It is wonderful what they can put away in their little bodies."

The Harris did not intend to move to Fordham until spring, for they were comfortably housed at Mildred, and as they had a team it was no trouble for Mr. Harris and his son to come up to their work, and they wanted to finish their house before they moved into it. Neither was Mr. Harris in a hurry to clear their farm, for he preferred to work with the team, and calculated to haul logs and lumber the next summer, so farming was for him a secondary consideration. Mrs. Harris was the farmer of the family, and was the one anxious to move in the country, and every few days she would come up to see how the work was progressing.

They accepted the proferred invitation with much pleasure, and the day proving fine, it passed very

pleasantly with all of them, and Mary probably never experienced the pleasure of ownership so strongly in her life than she did on that occasion when she exhibited to Mrs. Harris all her possessions. To a person of her character, brought up in poverty and in a large city, there is a pleasure in owning one's home that cannot be conceived by those who have never lived in rented property. On that day the contrast between her present life and that which she had led for so many years in New York city was very vivid to her, and she felt very thankful that they had made the move which had placed them in their present position.

Now that his family was comfortably housed, Charles turned his attention to making preparations for farming. It was well enough to see that they should have sufficient shelter, but the farm was now of more importance, and it was time to go to work to put it in proper condition. So he stopped work on his house, which presented a queer appearance with its finished portion at the back, while the front only showed a forest of bare scantlings.

But his first need would be for farm buildings, and finding that it would take too long to erect such a barn as he wanted, he put up hurriedly some rude shelter so as to protect the stock he would have to buy. For now he must have horses, and Mary was not going to live on a farm without a cow. Charles was a little hard to please, and several days passed before he made his choice, but finally, with the help of Mr Harris he found a span of horses which suited him, and having bought them felt ready to commence farming operations.

For the present his work consisted in clearing his land and making it ready for cultivation. It had been decided by the Township meeting that the stock should not be allowed to run at large, but that the farmers would have to take care of their animals on their own land. So Charles was relieved from making fences, and all the largest trees having been taken to the mill by the lumbermen, his own work was considerably diminished.

On the upper side of the road, next to where the house was located, was a tract of nearly twelve acres of comparatively level land, which was the richest and most valuable part of the farm, and which Charles decided ought to be cleared first, and in that piece, for a time, the sounds of his axe could be heard from morning till night. All suitable trees he hewed for timbers for his barn and drew them to the place where it would be located, smaller trees he worked into fire wood and hauled it to the house to supply their coming wants, while the brush and the rough timber were piled up in heaps to be burnt. These heaps, when he had made sufficient headway, he would set on fire, and they would burn and glow for days and nights; and for months Charles could be seen after dark among his burning heaps, pitchfork in hand, stimulating their fire, and looking in their lurid glare as an apparition from the lower regions.

That was good work for the winter and it occupied Charles until spring, by which time he had a very fair tract cleared, where he made his apprenticeship at farming and had his patience tried by his first experience of guiding a plow among the stumps.

Mary had her experiences also. At her request Charles had bought a cow which was to be under her special care, for his time was otherwise fully employed. She did not know how to milk and Charles had to teach her, and many a laugh he had at her expense, for as will happen to new beginners, the milk would obstinately refuse to come out of the bag, instead of streaming of its own accord into the pail as it seemed to do under Charles' more experienced hands. Then also, the cow finding that Mary was a little afraid of her and did not know how to manage her, took advantage of it, after the manner of her kind, to have things her own way and cut all kinds of pranks. And churning was not at first the easy process she had expected, but Mary was patient and persevering, and as she gained in experience everything became easier, and the rich and foamy milk which the children so much relished, and the fine butter of her own making which she took so much

pride in placing on the table, were more than full compensation for her temporary vexations.

Then Charles had cleared the ground for her garden, and taking special pains with it, had dug all the stumps, so that when spring came, and the yard where the fine shade trees had been left standing commenced to need her care, and the flower beds had to be made and the garden to be sown, the days were not nearly long enough for all she wanted to do.

Their life was very different from that which they had led in Spencer, for they had but little leisure time and for a while were deprived of many comforts, but they enjoyed it all the same, for they were building their home and it was to them a full compensation. And every day they made some advance and felt that their labors were not thrown away. Every plank nailed brought the building nearer completion, every tree felled helped to clear the land, every seed planted gave them the promise of a coming harvest.

During that time the Township had been perfecting its organization, and every progress it made was of benefit to our friends. Charles was able to attend the business meetings which he could not have done if they had not taken place on Sunday, which was their day of rest. Many measures were discussed and many resolutions passed, all relating to their mutual prosperity and enjoyment. When the store had been completed, the next thing in order had been the school-house, built with a public hall overhead for meetings, lectures and entertainments and soon the local talent was put in requisition, and concerts, lectures and dramatic representations became quite frequent. Then dances were organized, and there was no lack of social enjoyment.

At first Charles and Mary took but little part in those social recreations, being too much engrossed at home with the novelty of their settlement, but when spring opened and the weather became pleasant, they would walk down with the children every Sunday and meet their new friends and spend a few

hours in social diversions. And when Charles had more time and he could no longer excuse himself on the plea of having too much to do, he was pressed into public service and proved quite efficient.

But for many years he was a very busy man. The first summer he managed to raise a fair crop on his land, and at spare time completed his barn so as to have it ready to receive his harvest, but not a stroke of work could he do on his house, and he had to learn to possess his soul in patience when ten months had to pass before he could once more resume its construction. Mary had found time during that summer, in the warm days when they could almost live out of doors, to paper and paint the part they occupied, and in the winter Charles succeeded in enclosing the front, so that by spring, although the inside was untouched, it presented a finished appearance to the passer-by.

Things went on much more smoothly the second year, and from that time they could realize a great improvement. More land was cleared and it became every year easier of cultivation; then as the children grew older they were soon able to do many little things which were quite a help to their parents. Neighbors came in also, the Harris moving close to them the first summer, and gradually the Township filled up, and losing its wild appearance commenced to assume the airs of civilization.

And thus our friends succeeded in building their new home, and while it is not probable that they would desire to go again through the experience of these first years, they always look with pleasure on that period of their life, and refer to it with pride as being worthy of commendation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARY'S LETTERS:

V.

Fordham, Socioland, Africa.
November 25, 19—.

My dear Mr. Proctor:

Your very interesting letter was received some time ago, and as usual read with a great deal of pleasure, and now it is my pleasing task to come and answer it and tell you all about ourselves.

We were so glad to know that you are once more on this continent and in civilized countries, for we can now hear from you often, to make up for your long silence while away in deserts and wild places. And also we have the hope of getting you back in dear Socioland, when we would then be sure of a visit from you, and you know it would be a great pleasure to us to have you come and see us in our new home, which we have been beautifying every year, and where we are so happy.

We are blessed with excellent health, and our children are really good children, full of fun and sun burnt as you please, and very different now from what they were a few years ago in Spencer. Out door life has strengthened and developed them as they never could have been had we stayed in a city.

To tell you something of our home, try to picture to yourself a fair sized two-story house painted a light drab and green blinds, with a large verandah in front, where we spend our evenings after supper, talking and singing, or playing with the children as the mood may be, and where on rainy days the little ones find ample room to exercise their limbs and lungs without annoyance to their elders. Inside all is comfortable without in the least being luxurious. Charles' thoughtfulness and ingenuity are seen everywhere in the number of closets, convenient little cupboards, and shelves in odd nooks and corners.

Outside we have plenty of shade trees, making a

frame and back ground for the house, and winding paths bordered by flower beds, lead from the house to the road. These beds are my pride and my pleasure. There I spend many an hour in summer planting and weeding, helped by the children who also have their own little flower beds which they tend in their own sweet way, and which present a very creditable appearance, even though a weed is sometimes ignorantly and anxiously well taken care of, while a choice little plant may be pulled up and thrown away, and the little owners be none the wiser.

We set out a strawberry bed when we first came here, but having made the mistake of planting too much under the trees, our berries were a failure, until we learned better and moved the plants to a more sunny location. Our raspberry bushes, on the other hand, were a success, we set them near the house the more easily to have access to the berries, and also to keep away the little thieving birds, who always manage to have their full share of the fruit.

My time, as you may well understand, is spent in a very different manner to what it was in Spencer. Besides the care of the garden I have the milking of our cows, in which I am sometimes assisted or otherwise by George who stands on the other side of the cow trying to milk, that he may by and by relieve me of the task. But it is not an unpleasant task to see my pail filling up with rich foamy milk, and know that I can place on the table delicious thick cream, and sweet golden butter which we all relish so much.

As we are some little distance from Fordham, and only go there occasionally as we need to, we depend in a great measure on what we raise, for the table. But it is a pleasure to have it so, in fact sometimes we think it a luxury, for many a dish of fruit or vegetables has cost us more than if we had bought it in the market. But then think of the delight of planting the seed, watching it grow, and at last gathering the fruit of your labor, and you will understand that we are willing to expend time and strength for the delightful results we expect in the end,

besides having enjoyed all along the pure air of the country.

The first thing when we are up in the morning is making fires and getting breakfast, while Charles feeds the horses and cows. Georgie is now responsible enough to have the care of the chickens morning and evening, though of course I see that the work is properly done, and the gathering of the eggs is attended to in the afternoon by the children and myself, a treat which none of us would willingly forego.

Then during the day, which Charles spends at building, or in the fields, or clearing land, according the time of the year or the necessity, I attend to the milking, (first thing after breakfast) churning, always some sewing, and so with occasionally a little visiting, the day goes by and we get together again at its close for a pleasant evening spent with our little ones, whether it is around a bright fire or on the moonlit piazza.

Of course we have not here in the country many of the conveniences we enjoyed in the city, such as a steam heated house, or electric lights, etc., but I am glad to say that we do not miss all that and have adapted ourselves to our new circumstances, even with a good deal of satisfaction. Neither are the advantages of society, entertainments, etc., as numerous here as there, yet we are not without recreations, for the local talent for music, acting, declamation, etc., has been put in requisition and clubs and societies have been formed to bring the people together and afford them all possible entertainment, which we also get occasionally from neighboring towns.

One plan which originated with me last winter I must tell you of. It was to get a few families of the nearest neighbors to eat their Sunday dinner together, at each other's house in turn. When I first mentioned my plan to Charles he said: "Capital! Trust you for getting folks together to eat." So I knew he approved, and next consulted Mrs. Harris who was willing, and we spoke to two other families of our nearest neighbors and agreed that we would all meet at the house of one of the "Club of Four", as we called

our organization, to have a dinner of the host and hostess' providing, and enjoy each other's company in our homes, being free all the same to attend meetings or other social gatherings at other times of the day.

And this plan, so far has worked to the satisfaction of all who attend. As I had been the originator of it, the first dinner was at our house. It was plainly gotten up, though abundant enough to satisfy the cravings of every one. And here I appreciated the rich and plentiful yield of milk from our cows, when besides having supplied the guests with all the milk they could drink, I could bring on the table for our dessert a dish heaped up with whipped cream, and heard the exclamations of delight from the children present, who did full justice to the inviting dish, which to them was a novelty. And to wind up the inauguration of the Club, we drank each other's health and the prosperity of our Township, in hot coffee which was well appreciated.

That first Sunday together was enjoyed by all and pronounced a success, and in that way we are brought informally in contact with pleasant people who are near neighbors.

As a rule Charles attends the Sunday morning business meetings, and unless the weather is very unpropitious, the children and I go with him. I found from the first that those meetings were not only interesting in themselves, but were of personal interest to me as landowner. So many questions are brought up by members of the community which are of importance to each and all, and have to be settled among them, that I consider it but right to attend and learn what is going on, and cast my vote for what I consider the best.

So you see a little what our life is now, quite different from what it was when you visited us in the City Home in Spencer, not the same life of ease we led there, but fuller to the brim of pure enjoyment and happiness. And I want to thank you, dear friend, for the share you had in bringing about this happy state of things. For had it not been for the kind ad-

vice you gave me many years ago, our little home might not be the happy one it now is. So to you is largely due the share of happiness we are enjoying.

And now I must close with many kind regards from Charles and myself, and hoping we may soon see you,

I remain your affectionate friend,

Mary.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

One Sunday afternoon, on the tenth anniversary of the day on which Fordham Township had been organized, Charles and Mary were riding home on the road coming up from the main valley.

They had been out on a visit to Mr. Proctor, who had returned to Socioland five years before, and had been instrumental in establishing a community at Moreton, three miles above Mildred and in the same valley.

Mr. Proctor had some peculiar ideas upon community life, believing that eventually it would replace all forms of individual associations, and as social communism had made more progress in Socioland than in any other country, he had decided to select it as the most suitable place for his proposed experiment.

It was his opinion that state, or compulsory communism, as practiced in Socioland, would in time be complemented by voluntary communism, entered into by individuals forming into families or communities for the sake of reaping the benefits to be derived from association in the most intimate relations.

According to his plan, no form of coercion should control the conduct of the inmates of the community, who would rely upon the innate love of order and the personal interest in the general prosperity, as sufficient to induce all the members to put forth their best efforts for the support of the common family.

It was a very high ideal that Mr. Proctor had set

up for himself and his associates, but there was reason to believe that some degree of success could be achieved, and he was willing, if others could be found to join him, to try the experiment. So with about twenty persons of both sexes who participated in his views and who were disposed to give voluntary communism a fair trial, they had secured a sufficient tract of land, and up to that time had met with no cause for discouragement.

Charles and Mary often visited the community, not only to see Mr. Proctor, but because they met there their old friend Mr. Mansfield, whose wife had died two years before, and whose genial character and love of companionship were peculiarly suited to such an institution. Rose was there also. She had married several years ago, but had soon become dissatisfied and had left her husband, and was now going to try if the greater variety of associated life would better suit her mercurial temperament.

Although now a middle-aged man, Charles has not changed much from the day on which we made his acquaintance in New York city. A little stouter and more sun burnt, it is true, and with an air of substantial prosperity about him very different from the woe-begone expression of those wretched days, but not a speck of gray has yet dimmed the glossy black of his hair and mustache, nor have his eyes lost that look of stubborn determination which was their most noticeable feature, and we can easily recognize in him the hero of our story as he skilfully controls and handles the two high-spirited animals who draw his covered buggy.

For Charles is not only in very comfortable circumstances, but has developed into a successful horse-breeder and the colts he drives are of his own raising. By the time his farm was in good running order and his buildings completed, he had discovered that he had a strong taste for horses, and instead of imitating his neighbors and turning his attention to raising cattle or feed for the cows as he had intended, he secured some good brood-mares, and now rejoices in the possession of numerous horses and colts of all sizes and description.

Mary sits complacently by his side, and manifests no fear at the high pace they are travelling, for she has full confidence in Charles' skill. Country life evidently agrees with her, for she has grown handsomer than ever. She always looked pleasant and good-natured, but the perfect happiness of her married life manifests itself upon her face and gives it a very sweet expression. She has developed late in life, and the responsibility of her present existence has added a new charm to her features which in her youth lacked decision. Charles is very proud of her, and with good reason, for their union is perfect, and all past differences so completely forgotten that this day, when they have seen both Mr. Proctor and Rose, neither of them gave even a passing thought to those episodes of their lives with which they are connected.

Mary looks her best this afternoon, for not only she enjoys her ride, but her eyes rest fondly on a little girl who sits between Charles and herself and who is talking childish talk to a little baby boy who nestles in his mother's lap. For the maternal instinct has twice gained the upper hand since we last saw her, and as her children grew up and Charles' occupations and growing importance in the Township called him often away, the aching void in her heart had to be filled and nature successfully asserted her rights. But if her little ones are her joy and her pride, they have not gained entire possession of her heart, for taught by past experience, she is careful to see that none of her family shall feel neglected.

The road is the same that Charles travelled with Mr. Harris the first time he visited the country, but the aspect of the Township has greatly changed. As they near the mill they pass several large buildings where furniture of all kinds is manufactured, and a number of hands are steadily employed. The factory and mill have proven a highly profitable investment, and every year a substantial dividend is declared which is a great help to all the residents.

The Town itself is a neat little village, and the public square is lined with many handsome buildings. Mr. Lester's office has been replaced by a large brick

edifice where all the offices of the Commonwealth have been located, and just now the Township is erecting a Club-house with Library and Reading room connected.

After going through the village, just on the other side of the brook, they pass some large buildings which deserve special mention. They belong to one of the Township dairies, a new innovation, managed according to Mr. Harris' suggestion, and which has proven both remunerative and convenient. It is an improvement on the cheese and butter factories of the United States, for they have the whole care of the cows as well as of the milk.

It may be remembered that the Township owned, aside from its unsold lands, large tracts which could not be settled, but were well adapted for pasture; and it was as the result of a discussion on the best way to make them profitable that the following plan was adopted. A Township dairy of one hundred and fifty cows was started and put in charge of a competent Manager, who with his assistants took the full care of them. In the summer they were herded on the public lands and brought back every night, and in winter the feed they needed was bought from the farmers of the Township. The experiment proved a complete success. The public pastures were utilized, the farmers and their wives relieved of the care of the cows and the drudgery of bringing the milk to the factory, a good home market was provided for their crops, and after paying all expenses, a fair profit remained to the community. So popular did the system prove after it was fairly tried that two more dairies were established in different parts of the Township, and more than five hundred cows thus kept in common.

As they neared their home the horses accelerated their pace, and Charles needed all his strength to prevent them from breaking into a run, so they swiftly passed the many cottages by which the road was lined, and in a few minutes turned into their yard and stopped in front of the porch where George and Amy were sitting.

As soon as the children saw their parents coming they hastened to meet them, and Amy, a tall, slim girl, who looks more and more like her father as she grows up, holds out her hands for her little brother, who coos delightedly at sight of her, and is carefully handed down by his mother, while George stands at the horses' heads and pets them and pats their necks, keeping them quiet while his mother steps down. Then he jumps in and whispers a few words in his father's ear, being answered by a nod of assent. So George calls to Amy to join them, and taking the reins out of his father's hands, turns the team up the road, intent upon giving them a short spin before taking them to the barn. George is evidently his father's pet and he loves to indulge him whenever he can. And George is a boy to gladden a father's heart, with all of his mother's steadiness, and giving good promise to soon do a man's part.

And the evening being warm and balmy, Charles and Mary sit on the porch side by side, and as they talk over the incidents of their visit to their friends, it brings vividly to their minds the memory of the events which have taken place in their life since they came to the Commonwealth, and Charles in his impulsive way leans toward Mary and drawing her to him kisses her, while she with a sigh of content rests her head on his breast, their hearts too full for words. But each knows how the other feels, and they both bless the day when they decided to come to Socioland.

THE END.

Heredity Cross-Breeding

AND

Pre-Natal Influences,

By

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

Price Ten Cents.

CHAPTER I.

In earlier articles that I have written I have tried to answer some objections advanced against some former statements I had made. I wish now to briefly explain what I believe is the power that we call Heredity, and how it offers to us a foundation for improvement, through cross-breeding and pre-natal influences.

According to the evolution theory—which I fully accept, and make the basis of all my investigations—man is the result of slow development from lower forms of organisms; and this development has gradually evolved more and more perfect organizations by being fixed and transmitted through the power of Heredity. These developments are due to a change of surroundings, calling into play new faculties; and these faculties, improved by use, become fixed in the individual, and can be transmitted to its posterity. Heredity is the chain whose several links not only bind the whole human race, but also unite man with animals and with vegetative life.

This view of the question is usually ignored by investigators, and only its recent manifestations are studied. How the father or the mother influence their offspring is the aim of their research; but they forget, that however great their influence may be, it

is nothing compared to what they transmit, which they had no hand whatever in creating. The shape of man, his internal structure, all that are called the vegetative functions, all that he has in common with animals, have been evolved long before man existed; have been "inherited" from animals, and are now so irrevocably fixed that no process can possibly alter them. The Chinese have dwarfed the feet of their women for countless generations, but the shape of the feet have in no wise been altered thereby; and the children of the Flathead Indians are born with heads of the normal shape.

Heredity is no new power called out by the advance of civilization. It is the corner-stone of improvement by use or development, and alone makes it possible; and, in tracing its influence upon the existing generations of men, we must bear in mind the permanency of all influences, and the immense number of living organisms which have in past ages slowly evolved all the powers that we possess.

It is now recognized that an influence is never lost. A stone thrown into the middle of Lake Erie will change the relative position of the water all through the lake, and will change it for all time to come. In the same way, if one man five thousand years ago, developed a little more intelligence or thrift or cunning, in any direction whatever, the influence has been felt by his progeny to this time, and will be for all time to come. For lack of proper surroundings it may lay dormant but the potentiality is there ready to burst forth at the proper occasion.

The high state of development we have reached has not been attained at one bound. Not only have we all one father and one mother but we have four

grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, and the number of our ancestors would increase in geometrical ratio if the line did not unite every time blood-relations marry; but it is clear that if we accept the new belief in the great antiquity of men we must recognize that every living child has in its organization faculties that have been transmitted to him by thousands if not hundreds of thousands of different persons, besides the faculties that have been transmitted to pre-historic men from lower living organisms.

These attributes that have become thoroughly fixed by an immeasurable length of hereditary descent are beyond our control. Not only the distinct attributes that divide men from animals, but also the difference that divides the different races of men cannot be overcome. No pre-natal influence or changed surroundings will turn a negro into a white man or a Chinese into an Indian. Those attributes which we can somewhat control are those which are only coming now in possession of the race and have not yet acquired a permanent character. They are those that are in process of formation through the influences of an advance in civilization.

Almost the whole make-up of man, that which clearly separates him from animals, his standing posture, the use of his hands, his enlarged brain, etc., is irrevocably fixed. The difference between the races is fixed also except as far as it can be overcome or changed through cross-breeding; but the complete development of separate individualities can, within certain limits, be greatly influenced by pre-natal influences.

CHAPTER II.

It is on account of the exceedingly slow nature of permanent improvement and development that cross-breeding offers special advantages for the amelioration of the human race. Most of the improvements in plants or animals, due to the agency of men, are artificial. They are brought about by artificial surroundings and care, and it takes but a few generations for an improved cow or a cultivated strawberry to revert to its original state, if the influences that have raised it above the wild state are discontinued. But it is not so with man. The progress that he has attained is due to his own efforts, carried on through long ages, and he has not only attained a high state of development, but he has also carried with it the power to maintain a state of perfect environment, in which those improved faculties can flourish.

Evolution has not settled for us the problem of the origin of life, nor told us why man alone, of all creatures, should be able to carry on at this time this process of self-development, but it enables us to understand somewhat of the process by which this development is realized.

An increase, however slight, in the power of the brain, brings an increase of faculties that calls for a change in the surroundings. This improvement in

his environment promotes an increase in brain-power, thus creating an ever-increasing circle of enlarged brain-power and improved environment. But this progress is very soon travelled upon different lines. Even if we suppose that the increase in brain-power should have been the same in pre-historic man, the difference in surroundings would soon differentiate the line of improvement. A tribe living by the sea would use its brain power in a direction different from one living in the mountains, and special faculties would thus acquire greater development in each separate tribe and nation.

Originally, there was but little difference in the possibilities of brain development among individuals of the same tribe. The life of each individual was the exact counterpart of the life of every other individual, and thus, in time, certain special lines of development became fixed in each tribe. It is not long since there has been a chance for diversity of acquirements. Two hundred years ago the son occupied the same position and learned the same trade as his father. The nobles ruled, the middle classes traded or manufactured, and the peasant cultivated the soil. The whole tendency of the past has been to develope individuals in special lines, and to fix this development through long ages of hereditary transmissions.

The march of civilization has brought about a change in the mode of improvement; the facilities for travel, the opening of new countries, are bringing persons of different nationalities together, and the result is a great deal of cross-breeding in the human race, and with its practice comes also an acknowledgment of its beneficient results.

We can easily understand that if a family or nation which has carried on a process of development in a special line, for instance in an aptitude for commerce, but is deficient in those qualities that are developed only by an agricultural or pastoral life, should unite with a family or nation which has specially developed in this line of improvement, the result would be an improvement upon both. The offspring might not possess as high a state of development in either special direction, but it would possess a more even and more useful development, and be better qualified to fill successfully its probable position in life.

We can only appreciate the importance and benefits of cross-breeding, when we are fully impressed with the power of long-fixed Heredity. It is because a man in whom a certain line of development has been carried to a high state of perfection, and fixed in his organization by centuries of slow accretions made by his ancestors, unites with a woman in whom the same powers—but in a different line—have also been developed and fixed, that the blending of the two offers a prospect of great improvement.

That nature favors cross-breeding is very evident by the tendency of sexual attraction. People are usually attracted by their opposites, whose differences of organization are due to a difference in development in their several ancestors.

If cross-breeding exerts a beneficial influence, the United States is especially favored in this direction, and will at no distant day reap the reward of their liberal policy that opened this country to immigrants from all nations.

CHAPTER III.

To more clearly explain my belief in regard to pre-natal influences, I compare life to a game of cards. The deck of cards is made up of all the countless faculties that have been evolved by countless past generations. Out of that deck a hand is dealt to the individual by the act of conception, and the limits of the faculties of that individual are fixed by the potentialities that are thus transmitted to him. But the result of the game of life, like that of a game of cards, depends not only upon the hand dealt, but also upon the skill with which it is played; and that skill is a matter of education which commences in its mother's womb the day of its conception.

During the first nine months of its life, every child passes through a brief epitome of the whole process of evolution, and how far that development will go, and what special direction it will take, is largely dependent upon the influences that reach it through its mother's organization.

While I believe that the leading characteristics cannot be changed, and as I have before stated, that the distinctions between the races are so well fixed as to be beyond the control of such influences; yet, if the child possesses within himself the possibilities of different potentialities, there must be more or less conflict between them, and the life of the mother

must have an influence in deciding this conflict.

If an influence can never be lost, a child must possess within itself the potentiality of all the attributes evolved by his ancestors. But it is very certain that they cannot all develop together. We can compare him to the natural soil, which is full of seeds of different kinds, each ready to spring forth whenever favorable circumstances present themselves. While the seeds are all there, only the strongest, that is, those that are best suited to the present conditions, will take possession and hold it till the conditions change. And I believe it to be just the same with the different faculties of the child. Every one possessed by its ancestors has left its seed in the organization of all their progeny ,and they will develop or not, according to the conditions in which the child or germ is placed. The faculties that man possesses in common with animals, have been so thoroughly fixed, and all disturbing influences have been so thoroughly bred out that there is no conflict, and there is no difference in the first stages of development of the fœtus in its mother's womb; but as it reaches a higher stage of development, when the higher qualities which have been evolved in a later state of civilization are being developed in the child, then they each struggle for mastery, and surrounding or pre-natal influences become of great importance. Honesty, implanted by a long line of strong ancestors, may struggle with cunning or deceit derived from another line of ancestors, and as the mother encourages honesty or deceit in herself during pregnancy, so the child may develop in one line or the other. Or the tendency may be to art or music, or to literature or invention, or to house-

work or handiwork, and as the mother conducts herself, it may and will help one of those tendencies to develop in such a manner as will help it to gain a start over the others that will have a controlling influence in the child's life.

Thus, I believe in pre-natal influences, within the limits of hereditary attributes, and based upon the persistency of hereditary transmissions, which is entirely different from pre-natal influences based upon imagination. One rests upon a long line of brain accretions, fixed into the race, forming a groundwork for us to work from that we can rely upon, our only influence being to encourage one line of development and to discourage another, while the other rests upon the clouds and is about as reliable.

Pre-natal influence is early education, of great importance, because it takes the child when it is yet plastic and under the close influence of its mother's character and life, but unless founded upon sound hereditary attributes and supplemented by a wise course of education after birth, its influences will be very transient and unreliable in its results.

APPENDIX.

WHILE the foregoing chapters were running in the columns of DR. FOOTE'S HEALTH MONTHLY, a discussion arose between writers favoring the Heredity movement and Dr. George W. Keith who was disposed to question the positions taken by stirpicultural writers. Among those who replied to Dr. Keith was Mr. Albert Chavannes, and the publishers of this pamphlet have thought best to add this matter, as it presents Mr. Chavennes' views in a still clearer light.

Dr. Keith, in an open letter to the students of Heredity, gave some remarkable facts coming under his observation in a farming district in New England where he lived long and knew the people thoroughly. It was in the days when everybody used New England rum, and it was not uncommon for a man to drink a quart or more in a day. Well, Dr. Keith cited case after case of men who were recognized as litttle less than sots and who married into families wherein drunkenness prevailed, and still the children of these parents seemed to be industrious, sober and intelligent. Most of these intemperate men had large families and yet their children exhibited no trace of the bad habits of their parents. Of fifty-one children of drunken fathers and of ignorant, hard-worked mothers, four-fifths of these

children lived to make strong, healthy men and women and *not one* became a drunkard, a criminal or a pauper, and most of them were superior to their parents. The doctor related cases wherein excellent Christian men and women had drunken children while the offspring of some, who were not only intemperate but thieving and otherwise vicious, grew up to be exemplary men and women. "Why, my friends," exclaimed Dr. Keith, "I could go on from 'July to eternity' citing cases where temperate parents have had drunken children, virtuous parents vicious children, strong and healthy parents feeble and puny offspring, and on the other hand where drunken parents have had temperate children, vicious parents children of good moral character, and weakly parents strong and vigorous children. There is something deeper than the laws you formulate."

MR. CHEVANNES' REPLY TO DR. KEITH.

If the knowledge that the children of drunken parents often turn out to be sober and industrious were sufficient to disprove the laws of Heredity, there would have been no attempt to study them as a science, for no observer who keeps his or her eyes open can have failed to have known many such cases.

Dr. Keith's statements are not remarkable for their novelty, but for the number of cases that happened at once in a limited neighborhood, and for the ability and skill with which he has made use of them to sustain his own conclusions and throw doubt upon the afficacy of hereditary and pre-natal influences.

But true investigators are not to be turned aside by such obstacles, and that which cannot be explained can be ignored, the different methods by which this is done being faithfully shown by the many answers of your several correspondents.

After reading Dr. Keith's letter, I also desired to say a few words in answer, but you were then publishing some of my articles, whose contents must form the base of my explanations, and I preferred to wait till they had been all printed. Now they are all before your readers and I shall make use of Dr. Keith's statements to show that according to the principles I have tried to lay down, an easy and satisfactory explanation is possible.

My theory, briefly stated, is that the influences of Heredity do not run back simply to the father and mother or to the immediate ancestors, but that they reach back to the very origin of life. That the later developments have not yet become fixed and are exceedingly complex in their nature, and being often antagonistic to each other, the question of which of these influences shall prevail is decided by pre-naal influences before birth, and the influence of the environment afterwards.

Drunkeness Not Inherited.

It must be acknowledged that according to this theory the tendency to drunkenness cannot yet be fixed. One-half of our ancestors—the female portion—is hardly ever addicted to drink, and of the other half—the males—only a very small number drink to excess, so that there is no man nor woman but that must count among their ancestors more

sober persons than drunkards. From this fact I think I am justified in stating that drunkards, contrary to the usual opinion, are not born drunkards, but are usually made so by surrounding circumstances.

From the above I draw two conclusions: First, that the children of drunken parents stand an even chance, at least, to be sober or intemperate; and second, that it will be decided by the surroundings in which they live.

Now, let us turn to Dr. Keith's letter and see what lesson we can draw from it. The first thing I notice is that the drinking generation belongs to a past age, probably born in the beginning of this century or thereabout; and furthermore, that their character was formed at a time when moderate drinking was the rule, and among surroundings most favorable to develop any tendency to drink they might possess. But their children appear to be now in their prime, probably born some forty or fifty years ago, more or less. Now, if at about that time a new influence, adverse to the use of liquor, began to be felt in their neighborhood, we need look no further for the striking change that has taken place.

I believe that there was just such an influence. I know that fifty years ago most extensive religious revivals took place in the eastern states, and I believe that the temperance movement originated at about the same time. I have no doubt in my mind that the children as they grew up, had impressions made upon them that had never been felt by their parents; that they were made to see the evil of an undue use of liquor, that the lessons they were thus taught were strongly re-enforced by the practical

experience of their homes, and that it is to a complete change in public knowledge and public sentiment, and to nothing else, that the change in conduct must be ascribed. My own observation is that the children of drunkards are very apt to grow up sober men if they have sufficient character to develop any manhood at all, because they feel at home in poverty, abuse, discomfort and family quarrels, the evil effects of drunkenness, and it only needs the force of public sentiment to make this influence generally operative. Nor is there anything strange if the children of drunkards belong to the best members of society, for it is often the most gifted men that become addicted to drink and they would naturally transmit to their children their ability; and besides, no boy can overcome the temptations that surround him in his home and educate himself to a position of usefulness under adverse circumstances, without developing the very best that there is in him, and putting himself through a training that will give him a superior advantage in life.

An Explanation of the Drinking Propensity.

The drinking propensity of the children of sober parents can be as easily explained. Besides the fact that they may have inherited from some far-off ancestors some tendencies that made them liable to be easily overcome by the drinking habit, the education of so-called moral parents, founded upon authoritative morality, is probably the worst that can be given to a boy to teach him to overcome temptation. Authoritative morality, based upon the dictates of men, is the antithesis of common sense or

natural morality, based upon a knowledge of natural laws. Under its teachings the "goody, goody" parents, of the kind described by Dr. Keith, raise their children in ignorance of the knowledge they most need, and try to replace by good advice and moral precepts, the knowledge that can only be obtained by actual experience. In the same class are now found the men and women that would keep their children ignorant of all sexual knowledge, and among them are found the greatest sufferers from sexual ignorance. It is not without cause that has arisen the sayings that stigmatize, as a class, minister's sons and deacon's daughters.

I will risk what little reputation I possess upon the prophecy that when morality will mean the knowledge of natural laws and the willingness to obey them, the children of moral parents will not be apt to become sots and drunkards.

A Review of Dr. Keith's Reviews.

From what I have written so far, Dr. Keith will not be surprised if I join issue with him as to some of the opinions expressed in his reply to his critics. I shall take them in the order in which I find them, although it may not be the best for a lucid explanation of my own position.

He closes his answer to Mr. Jones by stating that there are other forces stronger than Heredity. To that I cannot agree. The more I study the question the more I am compelled to believe that the forces of Heredity are the strongest forces in existence, and not to be turned aside by any other known forces. All that men can do with them is to learn to under-

stand them so as to be able to turn them to their own advantage. When Dr. Keith will have found a way to turn a negro into a white man, except through the slow working of hereditary forces, and by the help of cross-breeding, I will be ready to admit that there are stronger forces.

In his answer to Mr. Blodgett, the doctor falls into the very common error of considering man's desires and man's intelligence as something apart from Nature. How does he know but that man is Nature's agent to bring about the very improvement in animals he says might have been accomplished if left to the undisturbed action of natural selection? He will acknowledge, I suppose, that whatever improvement would have taken place in them would have been due to a change in environment, and an unconscious struggle to fit themselves to the change. Now, is not the advent of man upon the earth, and the gradual increase of his desires and of his intelligence, and his appropriation of Nature's forces for his benefit, a change of environment, and have we any reason to believe that this change is not as much under the control of Nature's laws as any other change that took place before man's advent? He says: "Therefore, I cannot accept the experiences of stock-breeders as a basis for recommending similar measures among mankind, who is not enslaved by a superior race of beings, who, viewing us from a stand-point corresponding to that from which we look upon animals, shall conduct similar experiments." I would ask if man, though not enslaved by superior beings, is not under the control of superior forces that compel and control the line of his progress as much as if he were a slave?

Shall We "Do Nothing?"

And this brings me to the objection I have to his conclusion, "Do Nothing." If man, impelled forward by an over-mastering desire for happiness, helped along by an ever-increasing intelligence and knowledge, has one after the other learned how to use the forces of Nature for his own benefit, if he has tamed plants and animals, harnessed steam, confined electricity, why should he stop at the forces of Heredity and let unassisted Nature take its course? If man, as I believe, is only an agent in the hands of a superior force, to bring about a higher state of development that could not be done without him, and if after getting hold of the simpler forces, he should now realize that he can use the force of Heredity, first upon plants and animals and next upon himself, why should we cry: Halt! What argument could we use that could not be turned with the same force against every step that has been taken from the dawn of civilization to this day?

Before I close I want to say a few words in answer to Mrs. Read. I do not believe that the fear of not being born will prevent us from studying Heredity or acting upon the knowledge that we may thus acquire. We all act in that manner, which, according to the intelligence we possess, we believe will result in an increase of pleasant sensations, or happiness. How it may affect unborn generations is hardly ever considered; nor do we often consider how it may affect the very people by whom we are surrounded. But may it not be that, after all, there is such a thing as a Harmony of Nature, and that the happiness of others and of unborn generations

may be best promoted by that which *truly* promotes our own happiness? If it is so, how much it would simplify the conduct of life; for instead of following the results of our actions until they lose themselves in unknown spaces, we should be able to concentrate all our intelligence upon the study of our conduct as it concerns ourselves.

How far we have sufficient knowledge of all the factors of child-making to render it of practical value, is a question that can only be decided by practical experience. In plants and animals we have succeeded in attaining decided improvements. It is hard to believe that the same results will not be obtained in the production of children. Nothing would more increase the happiness of parents than the ability to raise finer and healthier children.

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