

THE
Dwellers in Vale Sunrise

HOW THEY GOT TOGETHER
AND LIVED HAPPY
EVER AFTER

A SEQUEL TO "THE NATURAL MAN"
BEING AN ACCOUNT
OF THE TRIBES OF HIM
BY

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PRICE \$1.00, POSTPAID
PUBLISHED BY THE ARIEL PRESS
WESTWOOD MASS.
1904

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The
Dwellers
In
Vale Sunrise

“It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, as a tree grows. It will not be at discord . . . It will not be always meddling with others or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet, while it will not meddle with others it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us by being what it is. . . It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child . . . Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at for it leaves out the one country at which humanity is always landing. And when humanity lands there it looks out, and seeing a better country sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias.”—OSCAR WILDE.

THE TRIBES OF THE NATURAL

CHAPTER I



HE traveller picked his breakfasted teeth on the front piazza of the "Rippleford Hotel." A worn, rather sad, yet kindly face and shrewd eye gave interest to his inconspicuous figure.

"A quiet place, this," he said, with a glance down the hot, still street, banded by the cool, broad shadows of maples.

"Ya-as, middlin'," from the leathery-faced tavern-keeper, raining tobacco juice on the steps below.

"My health is not good, and I've been

advised to live in the country, and I believe this might suit me if I could get some place in the hills, near here, where I could board."

"Mebbe ye kin. They ust to take boarders up at the Red Farm, but now they've all jined the Tribe I dunno what the chance'd be. But if ye don't mind queer folks I reckon they'd board ye at the Tribe."

"The 'Tribe?' Indians?"

"White Injuns."

"What do you mean!"

The leathery one spat, opened his mouth to speak, and then held up his hand.

A sound of music, singing, and the trampling of horses hoofs came down the street from the westward.

"Them's them!"

At that moment, around a slight bend in the street, there poured into the vil-

lage a motley cavalcade of horses, riders and dogs that made the traveller stare.

What were they? Indians, Gypsies, masqueraders, or a circus company?

They were certainly mostly white people, and their faces intellectual and refined, tho sunburned like sailors.

But all of them, men, women and children, wore on their faces the same expression — something so vividly untamed, free and care-free, frank and glad, that it affected the traveller like a breath from another world. He had never seen that expression on a grown-up person before.

A herd of romping deer in the forest might look that way.

And there were several deer, running among the horses as a part of the procession.

A young hound, seeing them, sprang up and made threatening start, but the

dogs of the procession met him with such a rank of gleaming fangs and bristling backs that he fled cowering.

The horses were beautiful, with much the same proud, wild, glad look as their riders, groomed till they shone like glass, curvetting yet gentle, fantastically decorated and caparisoned, according to the fancy or affection of their owners, with little bells, plumes, fringes, tassels, woven saddle-cloths, horsehair bridling and carved leather-work.

And the riders were dressed, each after his own humor, in costumes that seemed more to express the wearer than any fashion or style. Some were severely plain, some neutral in tints, but not one was dressed conventionally, and brilliant colors, artistically blended, and strange, barbaric ornamentation, consisting mainly of profuse but exquisite embroidery & fringe-work prevailed. The

originality of many of the costumes was remarkable & struck the eye at once.

And a wild, half-savage freedom expressed itself in all. Bare heads, arms and feet were common, bare throats were universal, bare chests and bare legs were there. The full beard was almost invariable, with the men, many wore long hair, & many of the women had their locks loose and streaming or in long braids down the back.

But there was little jewelry, and a critical eye might have noted that their theory of ornamentation seemed rather to consist in the loving decoration of useful things by artistic handiwork, than in the wearing of useless or cumbersome things purely for effect. It was free, exuberant, glad delight in beauty, not ostentation.

A strong suggestion of Indian taste, freely adapted, was discernible in all their dress and trappings.

The women rode astride, like the men, and seemed equally at home on horseback.

It was evidently a holiday pageant; a singularly childlike, un-American abandon moving them all, and there was much fluting and luting and singing of gay songs.

Just as they neared the hotel they were singing this part-song, with a spirit and *élan* that stirred the care-worn listener like a trumpet.

SONG OF THE FREE

O the winds are free—

And so are we!

The waves are free—

And so are we!

The woods are free—

And so are we!

Sons of the Wood are we!

Merrily, merrily, Comrades,

Sing we the Song of the Free!

O the flowers are free—

And so are we!

The birds are free—

And so are we!

The clouds are free

And so are we!

Sons of the Wild are we!

Merrily, merrily, Comrades,

Sing we the Song of the Free!

O the stars are free—

And so are we!

The hills are free

And so are we!

The trees grow free—

And so do we!

Hoh! Hoh! Hoh!

Comrades!—

Liberty! Liberty!

Forever we are free!

· · · · · ·
“Them’s them. Them’s the Tribe.”

CHAPTER II



Y dear Hillford:

I have found the
Place at last.

A week ago I came to this little out-of-the-way town of Rippleford, I hardly knew why, except that I was tired of wandering, felt myself a broken man financially and in health, and had to stop somewhere. I sounded the hotel-keeper as to where I could board, and he told me that perhaps "The Tribe" would take me in. I was about to pump him as to the meaning of these mysterious words when a fantastic cavalcade came dashing down the street—a procession of men, women and children, horses, dogs & tame deer. I thought

it was a circus. But it was my answer. This was "The Tribe."

I had never seen people like this before, and I thought them Arabs. They were, it seems, celebrating their anniversary, & a morning ride to town was part of the sports of the day. While they were scattered about the village I made acquaintance with some of them. To my surprise they proved the most refined and cultured of people, with gentle voices & most courteous manners. Yet they looked more like Indians or Gypsies than civilized beings.

I met their chief, if you can call one such in a Society where none obey, and all claim equality, and individual initiative is the first and favorite principle.

He was a magnificent, athletic man, with the brow of a philosopher, a restful, gentle voice, serenely child-like look and the eyes of a mystic. Imagine

such a man without clothing, except sandals, short breeches (about like swimming trunks) of fringed buckskin, a sleeveless unbuttoned vest, or Bolero jacket, of embroidered leather, a wampum belt, fringed pouch, and an owl feather in his hair, and you will guess something of his company, tho no two were alike.

There was a female leader, too, a dark beautiful woman named Earle. She wore a scarf turban-wise on her coiled hair, divided skirt, leggings and moccasins; all in nut-brown and almost utterly without ornament, tho of richest material and perfect fit. But no simplicity could lessen the queenliness of her presence. She was high-bred from eyelash to feet.

The man was Forrest Westwood.

Their eyes were singularly alike, deep, mystical, penetrative, but child-

like and unworldly. I felt they were judging me by new standards & felt very strangely. I told them my needs. They seemed hardly listening, only looking *into* me. Suddenly the man put forth his hand and clasped mine.

“Brother,” he said, “you were never at home out there, and that is why it sickened you. You will find your own among us.”

I was thrilled, tho I hardly knew why, but he looked at the woman.

“You are right,” she said, “he will be one of us,” & she gave me her hand.

I did not wonder at the influence of these two. A sort of god-like dignity and health seemed to hang about them; they were as messengers from another world.

But indeed something of the same I find among all of these unique people. Perhaps it is because each lives his

own life, absolutely, without interference from the others. To do as you please is what everyone requires of you. There seems no other policy (tho they cooperate beautifully) except to encourage each other's differences in ideals. They are as pleased with difference as people in the world are with conformity.

Well, when they returned I went with them.

Comrade Forrest, as they call the chief, insisted on my taking his horse, and when the others went fast he took hold of the stirrup-leather & ran beside me like a deer, saying, and apparently with truth, that he enjoyed it.

The horses were all pets, coming to call like dogs, beloved like those of Arabs.

I have now been here a week and feel I have just begun to live.

Your saved friend,

Felton.

CHAPTER III



Y dear Hillford:

“The Tribe of the Natural,” lives among the hills & mountains westward from Rippleford; including in its domain the farms of some former dwellers in that region and a goodly parcel of wild, rough acres which they bought.

Their village, scattered about among the hills and valleys, is called “Vale Sunrise,” after the original name of Forrest Westwood’s place.

The founders, it seems, were Forrest Westwood; a fair neighbor and friend of his, whom I have never heard called by any other name than “Mabel-of-the-Morning-Light” (a most beautiful, gen-

tle, dreamy-eyed woman whom everybody loves and talks about as if she were somehow a little apart and sacred) who brought in "The Red Farm;" Theodora Earle, a famous artist, who bought most of the land; Saxon Ward, the now well-known author, then editor of the local paper, and his cousin, Edith Lyle, a pretty, saucy woman whom at first you think pert and shallow, but whom a closer acquaintance reveals as possessing some really surprising depths of thought and feeling, and whose conclusions can be relied upon always to fall on the radical side.

These all live in the original "Vale Sunrise," not far apart, in picturesque and artistic homes, and form a little inner circle of love and devotion whose center is confessedly this grand demi-savage, Forrest.

Forrest has several children, too,—

three stalwart, manly boys and a beautiful little girl, and it is delightful to see the reverence and love they show their father.

The land was gotten at different times and in different ways, but now nobody owns it individually exactly as they do in the outer world, but it belongs to the Society, collectively, and each individual has what he thinks he can use, as long as he can use it, but cannot buy it or sell it or give it away as his own, having however the privilege of transferring his usufruct right to another actual user. A good deal is held in common, for these people, most of them, are semi-communists and some entirely communistic.

The names of the country people for them, "The Tribe" and "White Indians," and their own titles, "The Tribe of the Natural," or the "Society of the Simpli-

cists," reveal a good deal, as I have learned that they actually have modeled a great part of their social life after that of Indians, Eskimos and other savages, whose social relations they seriously contend are superior to the white man's. Their ideal is a simple, natural, child-like life. There are some real Indians among them, too, and people of all colors, even one Chinaman. I never in my life, before, was in a place where "a man's a man for a' that" so truly as here. But to my surprise I found that most of these wild people were artists; musicians, poets, painters, sculptors, or writers; and some of them of world-wide fame. It reminds one of Brook Farm, that way.

One of the most interesting groups is a Japanese family, artists all of them, who in their dress, and in everything about their house & home, carry out

all the ways and customs of Old Japan.

But a proportion of the villagers are quite illiterate, simple, old-fashioned country people, drawn by an attraction easy to understand, for here the "good old times" have not yet gone out of respect.

The utmost childlike *camaraderie* prevails.

The separating lines regarded so important in the outer world are considered vulgar here.

Yet no one intrudes on the privacy of another & you can be a hermit, if it so suit you, with the full approval and sympathy of all.

There are two pillars or gateposts of granite at the entrance to this domain and on one is chiseled:

"This is the Land of Equal-Do-As-You-Please;"

and on the other:

**"We Would You Lived Your Own Life In Your
Own Way."**

On the reverse side of one is the single word "Liberty," on the reverse of the other the word "Comradeship."

I know not how it would seem to you, but these mottoes thrill me like a divine voice.

Only one thing nobody will tolerate here: To attempt to dominate, dictate, interfere with or coerce anybody, for any purpose whatever, or to treat anybody with disrespect, would bring down the boycott of the whole Tribe upon you. The one thing that drew these people together, and which seems to unite them, is a common enthusiasm for a larger, more natural and more beautiful human life, founded on the individual's own ideals. They dream above all things of a society wherein everyone attains the evolution and fru-

ition of Self, believing this the road to the Ideal Happiness.

"What is happiness?" I asked Forrest one day.

"When you were a child, how did you define it?"

"Why I used to think that if I could do just as I wanted to I would be perfectly happy."

He nodded and smiled, and went on with his work as if there were no more to be said.

And that reminds me that the way these people treat children is extraordinary. They act as if, concerning many of the deep things of life, children were wiser than grown-ups and could be their teachers. They treat them with tenderest care and most respectful politeness. A neglected child, or an abused one, is impossible here. Every adult feels as a parent to every child; an orphan is

the beloved charge of the community. Children are never slapped, suppressed or insulted. And the effect on the children is just as wonderful. Perhaps it is just because they are never treated rudely themselves and never see rude behavior between their elders; but be it what it may a rude, mischievous insulting child seems as unknown here as in Japan. Yet all the respect with which they are treated does not spoil them one bit. And they are the happiest children I ever saw. Here adults are like children, and children wise & polite from their cradles. And I notice one wonderful thing, beside. No child has that morbid longing to be grown up, so familiarly seen outside, and no grown-up here has the equally unnatural desire to be a child again. I wonder why?

But to resume.

“Why do you people all seem so hap-

py?" I asked Theodora Earle. (Whom everybody calls by her first name, as there are no titles here.)

"Because we are all children in the woods" she laughed.

Knowing there was no necessary agreement of ideas in this place I went to others. I asked an Indian who was cutting a tree. He was a Carlisle graduate, but proud of his blood.

He looked around at wood and sky and tapped his breast with a graceful gesture:

"Because they are like Indians, like trees and clouds—*wild*."

A gray and wrinkled old negro had been a slave. He looked thoughtful:

"I reckon, suh, hits because dey aint no big folks hyeah, suh. Hits 'nuf to be jes' plain *man*, hyeah, suh."

"We live the poet-life!" a long haired German told me.

Itso, the Japanese, gave me his gentle smile:

"They have learned the lesson of Old Japan. Art is the atmosphere of daily life."

"I'm afther thinkin," Pat Ginnis said, tapping the stone he was laying with his trowel, "that we're happy because there's nobody to sthop us," and he winked and whistled.

After all, when I compared these different replies, I thought they said about the same thing.

As ever,
I am your true friend,
Ben. Felton.

CHAPTER IV



DEAR Hillford:

Well, I've joined the Tribe. I am one of the "Natural" and the "Simple" now; not a full member yet, because there is a term of probation, but I am sure I shall never leave them; and they all tell me they are sure of it too. But I must stop writing "they" and proudly substitute "we." Well, then, my dear fellow, it is one of *our* basic principles so to balance employment and labor that we form a self-sufficient community, or are capable of being such, able to supply all our necessities by an exchange of labor and labor-products among ourselves. We claim that every normal

man should supply his own needs by his own labor, either directly, with his own hands, or indirectly, by exchanging his work, or its products, for those of others—that naturally his work and wants balance. Every man, here, does the work that pleases him, & the residue of unpleasant work, that nobody cares to do, if any, is divided equally among us; for we hold that each should do his fair share of the dirty and disagreeable work that must be done.

We are semi-communists. (At least that is the rule, tho exceptions are not at all disallowed.) Work is roughly divided among us into necessary and artistic work, tho we try to carry the poetic touch into all work so far as may be and mostly succeed. In the forenoons we all work together in common, under unanimously chosen leaders, or superintendents, to do the necessary

work. In the afternoons we do what pleases us, or do nothing if we please. There is nothing cast-iron about this, you understand. The leaders do not *order* or compel, they only direct and advise. Work is elective, but if enough do not choose a necessary work volunteers are called for, and it is considered an honorable and comradely act to volunteer, & in case of specially disagreeable or dangerous work there are various compensations and rewards offered — public testimonials and thanks, honorable mention in the historical records, public and private gifts, longer hours of leisure, etc., etc. Some have their personal time in the forenoon and do necessary work in the afternoon, or later, because some work must be done then. And in times of emergency, harvest time we'll say, all hands work communistically all day, or as long as necessary.

This is balanced by holidays and sick leaves and other special exemptions. But ordinarily the half-day does the necessary work, and the rest of the day you rest, or study, or amuse yourself, or do your own work.

The artistic element is so strong, here, that most of us spend our individual time in the doing of beautiful work just for the joy of it. Even as I write, this pleasant afternoon, I know of a violinist who is composing a waltz, a poet polishing verse, a stone-cutter chiseling flowers on his cottage wall. Nobody ever fancied bald-headed, melancholy old Ben. Felton had any artistic longings, did they?—and he certainly never would have confessed it had not these people encouraged him to be fearlessly himself. But the fact is I have always had such cravings, and now I am going into wood-carving with passionate

enthusiasm. Forrest, who is quite a carver and sculptor himself, and who seems to like my company, is giving me many points, and encourages me right along.

"What is the use!" I said, "I am too old to ever do any really worthy work."

"You do not see it right," he replied; "Art is for the artist. It is love in the work expressed in the ware. If you are happy in the making, and the made reveals it, it is enough. Other people's critical estimate of it, in the light of their ideals, is their own affair and another matter altogether. True critics, those who feel what the artist felt, and judge the work by his ideals, are rarer than diamonds, and they will understand and be pleased anyway. The first passion of a true artist is to express himself, not to please the public."

"But is there not a Perfect, some-

where, to which all Art must turn as the final arbiter?"

"Yes, but you, by virtue of your individuality, have a private road, all your own, to travel on toward the Perfect. To take another man's path, against your desire, is to be traitor to Art and your own soul."

It is an axiom here that the artist should never work for pay (tho he may sell his work), or force himself, or be forced by others, in his work. He should only do it because he longs to do it, and while the passion for creation is upon him. He must be utterly independent & above his work. However, as much as possible, these people are artists in all they do and make. Art is, as Itso said, the atmosphere of their daily life. They delight to interweave the quaint, the picturesque and the beautiful, if only with a few sug-

gestive touches, in all their work, so that all becomes pleasing and interesting and not mere drudgery.

The art of Forrest is very original. The walls, furniture and timber-work of his strange dwelling, "Cave Gables," (half cave, half Gothic hall) are replete with carvings and chiselings, and all his tools & accoutrements are more or less adorned in the same way. He delights to catch a suggestion from some knot or root or grain in timber, or line or corner in stone, and bring it out with a few knife-cuts or chisel-strokes. The result is half-Nature, half-art, so blended that you can hardly tell where one begins & the other ends, or whether man's hand or Nature's growth is most responsible. His work is seldom finely finished or polished, often it is rude and grotesque, but it is intensely stimulating and suggestive to the imagination, and frequently weird and mystical in effect.

As an illustration of how Art (often with a humorous touch) pervades the lower lines of work here, I will just speak of one thing which struck me as soon as I arrived and which is commented upon by all visitors.

Now with you, no man who has any pride in his appearance dare wear a patched garment—"it is premeditated poverty"—and good clothes are constantly thrown away because torn or worn. Not so here. As long as a garment can be used it is used. There is a large & well-appointed laundry, with cleaning and repairing room attached, and the moment your garment is soiled or defaced you send it there—not only shirts and underwear but all garments of all fabrics. Every garment is inspected and put in complete repair before sending it home—cleaned, sponged, pressed, patched, darned or whatever

may be necessary. Consequently the people of the Tribe (as this is all communistic work and costs nothing individually) are the best-dressed & cleanest working community in the world. They simply have no excuse for wearing dirty or torn raiment. But tho there are no rags, patches are common and worn shamelessly by all—and this is what struck me—not only are they common, but they are made *ornamental*.

Perhaps by form, or by agreeable contrasts in material or color, or by excellence of needle-work—someway the result is ingeniously attained, and the patchers are certainly artists in their way, and their work a constant source of amusement & pleasure to the people. Here you see a moth-eaten blue coat patched with silver stars; there an Oriental looking garment has a patch like a crescent; that buckskin tunic has a patch

on the elbow in the familiar Indian sun-pattern; that stone-mason's overall has a patch on the knee like a trowel; yonder jovial shoemaker has two eye-spots on his seat; that little girl's torn apron is adorned with a "pussy-cat" (to her infinite delight)—and so it goes. A multitude of patterns are kept on hand, and you can choose yourself if you wish, or they will be made to order, or, of course, if you prefer, the patch will be made invisible; but few ask that. Most people enjoy the patches, & they certainly are exceedingly picturesque.

Yes, and while I think of it I will tell you of something else which may interest you, at least it did me, intensely, as showing how co-operation & a little ingenuity can, in a very simple way, overcome some great evils. What can you imagine more wasteful & disgusting than the usual closet and scavenger system

of civilization? Our water closets are clean, but sweep millions of dollars worth of wealth annually into the sea, and carry the deadly peril of sewer gas. And the methods in small towns and country places are simply unmentionable. How different here. The Tribe has a great sand pit. The sand is kiln dried and thoroughly impregnated with a cheap, non-poisonous, yet very powerful disinfectant and deodorizer made here. Every resident is provided with common mode pails, with tight lids, and all he can use of the deodorizing sand. Twice a week a man drives around in a great quaint wain drawn by six mules and loaded with clean pails full of sand. Pails are exchanged at every residence and when his round is completed he drives to the community farm & empties his load into a great roofed-over pit. Here a drove of hogs thoroughly work over

and compost the contents, for the disinfectant is harmless. These hogs are never eaten by man, but breed, live & die in the pit, and when dead are devoured by the others. All garbage, gathered by the same methods, goes into the pit to improve the compost. The pails are placed in a vat & cleansed by hot steam.

Now see how cheap, clean and simple the whole plan: there is from first to last no odor or disagreeable suggestiveness about the whole business. The hogs cost nothing and do all the work of composting. The scavenger (they call him "The Waste Man" here and he has more leisure time than almost anybody else because of the supposed disagreeable suggestiveness of his duties) wears a big white smock-frock about his work & is as clean as a baker. His wagon is picturesque, and his mules

tinkle with little bells, and the people treat him with gratitude & respect. And the fertilizer obtained pays all expenses and leaves a big profit for the farm, for nothing excels it in manurial value.

Speaking of cleanliness reminds me that I want a bath. There is a public bath-house free to all, with attendants always ready, and you can have a hot-air, steam or water bath, as you prefer, or all of them, with any desired hydro-pathic variation.

Clean clothes all the time, and a first-class bath whenever you want it— isn't that luxury for a working man— wealth?!

Happily—

Felton.

CHAPTER V



Y dear Hillford:

You want to know more about our "Indian idea"? Well there is a side to this which is very serious and fundamental. We claim that the Indians, and indeed most savages, by the simplicity, communism and brotherhood character of their tribal arrangements secured a beauty, health and sanity of social life infinitely superior to that which most white men know. We are all free to do as we please, and none of us are hypnotized by this idea, but as a matter of fact, in both larger and minor matters, we have accepted a great many Indian ways.

Take first our integral polity: It is really anarchistic; individual liberty is as absolute as it can be in conjunction with an equal freedom of all. There are no governors, laws, masters, servants, jails, policemen, judges and, I may add, no criminals. The principle of Natural Leadership, derived from the Indians, takes the place of government. The wisest & most capable advise and set the example, and the others accept the advice and follow the leading so far as seems right to them, for there is no compulsion of any kind. These leaders & wise advisers are called chiefs, but the title is an honorary one & rests wholly upon merit and personal influence. Nothing that a chief directs can be enforced by him, and indeed any attempt to enforce would be unanimously resisted—everything rests on free consent. If you cannot work agreeably or

conscientiously under a leader you withdraw and do some other work; but to unkindly criticise a leader, or endeavor aggressively to take away the confidence of others in him, is not favored or considered comradely, for like the Indians these people are most dignified and courteous. Having no laws, ideals and customs grow very strong and public opinion is potent. To quarrel, to abuse, to revile, to slander, all these things are against the prevailing ideal of dignity and brotherly courtesy.

They have a custom to chisel, on every Tribe Day, (which is the 1st of June, their anniversary) a motto on the face of some rock on a public road or other place often seen. The one this year reads:

**"To Speak an Unkind Word is Unworthy of
a Man. If You Cannot Agree With
Your Brother Leave Him."**

And this principle of Free Secession, or the Boycott, they carry out in everything. It is practically the only weapon and purely for defense. The six month's probation is mainly to test your ability to co-operate kindly & peacefully with your comrades. The quarrelsome, contentious, man, however generous, is only admitted on condition that he live and work apart, and if he prove treacherous, jealous, a scandal-monger & strife-breeder, he is refused utterly; but the effort to govern and dominate is the most unpardonable sin.

As a consequence, and in spite of or because of their utter liberty, (as you choose to look at it) these people live and work together with a harmony I never saw equalled.

But if anything is to be done involving mutual expense, say the erection of a public building, only those who vote

for it are expected to pay for it. It is considered simply fair that the minority be exempt from contributions, tho as a matter of fact they often do contribute. Perhaps you do not quite see how such independence is possible in communism, so I will explain. Communism here is only partial and rests on individualism, that is, is free, & may be seceded from if unsatisfactory. On all matters on which all agree expenses are equally assessed, and at stated times profits are divided, the individual having full control of his dividend. But if there is disagreement on any work the minority withdraw and have neither expenses or profits to share, the majority assuming both. However, if this is a public structure, as is usually the case, the minority are not excluded from its use because of non-contribution, it being considered that the privilege of use is only a fair

compensation for the disappointment of not being permitted to have it made as they wish. And if the majority build one structure and the minority another, for similar use, but on different lines, then the privilege of use is courteously extended from each to the other.

You have no idea what an immense amount of wrangling, bitterness & political trickery this estops.

As I say, the wisest and best of the Tribe come to be regarded as chiefs, but this is not often by formal vote or ceremony, but by individual admiration, acclamation and following. The king is the one who *can*, who knows best, and his work is his proof. The foremen who direct the communal work are chosen by unanimous vote.

If two tribesmen cannot agree they do not reproach, insult or beat one another, but carry the matter to mutually

trusted comrades, usually chiefs, for arbitration.

The Society, as I have said, is only partially communistic, like the Indians, like a family. We work together on mutual matters; on private matters we stand alone. But this, too, is custom & not law. A few members are wholly communistic, dwell in community buildings, do only community work, & claim and have no private property. Another few are pure individualists, some mechanics, several artists, a few farmers. The communistic feature of tribal life is then a separate enterprise, into which you enter as deep as you please, and from which you derive a profit in proportion to your investment. There are quarter-time, half-time & full-time communists—almost all of us being in the half-time class as before explained.

Among most Indians the love rela-

tions are matters of private agreement, with more or less tribal congratulation and rejoicing. Here the prevailing spirit is more than Indian-like in its simplicity. All such matters are considered utterly private and personal, and it is universally considered ill-bred and indelicate to publish, comment on or take any notice of them with reference to particular events or couples. It is universally agreed to, too, that legal interference here is impertinent, invasive of private right, and injurious, but as we live in the U. S., and do not wish trouble with the authorities, it is usual for two members who wish to live as mates to go thru with the simplest ceremony the law will accept. That is all. As to the Tribe itself the whole matter is silently accepted or, if you will, gracefully ignored. There is no ceremony, no one offers congratulations or gifts, except

perhaps the most personal friend in the most private and delicate manner, not a word by any chance appears about it in "The Council Fire," the tribal paper, which is usually considered a history of current events. If the Tribe ever has its way all questions of love, parentage, marriage and divorce will be settled altogether and alone by the private agreement of the parties concerned. And if their silence is deep concerning love-unions, it is like oblivion itself concerning all trouble between lovers tending to separation. They simply will not discuss it.

I really believe these people think it infinitely more immodest and indelicate to reveal or take notice of love-joys and sorrows than to expose the person. In fact I know it is so, for nakedness is almost as indifferent a matter here as in Japan. And I confess that the more I think of it the more I think they are right.

In consequence a wonderful freedom and affectionateness prevails in all relations between the sexes here. You can hardly imagine how heavenly it seems, my dear fellow, to live in a community where there is no gossip, no sense of ownership or financial dependence between the sexes, jealousy is the general horror, low, suggestive jests never heard, & love never mentioned in a personal sense.

Yet impersonally, as a scientific, medical, ethical matter, I never knew people discuss love and the sex-relations so much, yet always with the same respectful care, as touching the most serious and sacred things. I have not heard a smutty story or an obscene laugh since I came here. Think of such an atmosphere for the young.

An Indian-like custom prevails in the matter of names. When a child

is born a name is given it which is wholly temporary and is called the "given-name." At any time later the child may discard this name, if he wishes, and name himself, choosing which of his parents' names he prefers as a surname, or using both with a hyphen. This is usually done somewhere about the age of twelve. At any later time the name may again be changed, if desired, by giving public notice. This is the "taken-name" or "self-name." But beyond this is the "tribe-name," which is a nick-name given because of some striking characteristic, adventure or exploit. This is given, like all nick-names, by general informal consent & usage, and is usually poetic, descriptive or comical, tho these people are too kind to give a name that would embarrass or pain. Sometimes the tribe-name is much or altogether

used, sometimes but little. Thus we have "Mabel-of-the-Morning-Light;" Forrest "The Runner;" Edith Lyle, "The-Bird-that-Talks;" "Saxon Sledgehammer;" Theodora, "The Wise Lady;" "The Red-Farmer;" "The Horse-Jumper;" "The Iron Artist;" and so on.

But all the "given" and "self-names" here are preferably meaningful & poetic, and there is quite a revolt against Hebrew & other conventional names. Here are some of these I have gathered up to amuse you: Ardor, Cloud, Cliff, Rock, Dark, Oak, Granite, Quartz, Gem, Gayheart, Greatheart, Gladheart, Freebrain, Candor, Westwind, Birch, Cone, Cornsilk, Pine, Elmwood, Pinecone, Brook, Fountain, Stone, Hillstone, Vinestone, Violet, Oriole, Iris, Woodbine, Clover, Zephyr, Hazel, Gladness, Hedgebloom, Grassfield, Azalia, etc.

I like that.

And I am very proud of the "tribe-name" they have given me. One day I was sitting near Forrest, who was talking to some friends, and, having a bit of clean board handy, with my pen-knife I traced a sketch of him and then carved it into the wood. I worked idly, almost without thought, being engrossed with his talk, but one of the tribesmen it seemed overlooked me and motioned to others, and when I had finished there was a general shout of admiration from the little group behind me. Then Forrest had to see, & asked me to give it him, and professed great admiration for it, & turning to the others said, "I have a name for our new brother now. We will call him 'Picture-Knife.'" Then there was another shout, and that has been my name ever since.

It pleases me greatly, for it seems a recognition of me as an artist, beside

it is an unusual compliment to give a "tribe-name" to one not yet a full member.

Another Indian-like feature is the general solidarity. The whole tribe is as one family. The trouble, loss, helplessness, sickness, pain or danger of one is the concern of all, and not to do all in your power for a fellow-tribesman in distress is considered monstrous. This brings in a wonderful mutuality of love, confidence, security, trust, helpfulness & cheer. I never saw people in the outer world, not even children, so utterly care-free as these.

But in a thousand and one minor matters, which I have not time to catalogue here, these people resemble Indians & savages. I will tell them as I think of them, or you will gather them from what I write. I find I am still obliged to say "these people" for, altho

I am one of them, I am still so new a member I am forced to feel like a pupil or a spectator.

I am making this letter too long, but there is one thing so important, and at the same time so Indian-like, that I ought to tell you of it here.

There is a gently sloping hill on the eastern side of the tribal land & rather in the south-east. This hill is very steep on the west but eastward drops gradually all the way to Rippleford. The view is wide and superb. This is "Council Hill" and a splendid grove of ancient hemlocks, oaks & chestnuts on its summit & western side is known as "Council Grove." This the great gathering-place of the Tribe for all social and deliberative purposes. It is so high and dry that mosquitoes seldom annoy, and on fair, dry nights of summer & fall the people come here and

sit around tiny fires & talk & sing and play harps and violins and tell tales & recite poems. Part way down the slope a sort of terrace forms a convenient arena & on holidays there are all sorts of races, games and dances there and displays of strength & skill.

In Council Grove is "Council Lodge," or "Council House." The most striking building in the village, it deserves description. It is an oblong structure with a gothic roof & a wide veranda on all sides. The posts of the veranda are peeled tree-trunks, the walls of the edifice are of rough field stones, and the floor of all is a mosaic of bits of broken rock and pebbles forming pictures of trees, flowers, birds, animals, all distinctively American. All about are many tall, narrow windows or glass doors, hinged & reaching to the floor. The panes are of clear glass, but set in lead,

of tree & vine forms, with branches. The door-posts are tree-trunks and the wall between is painted to represent forest vistas. Overhead branches spring everywhere from the rafters and tie-beams and interlace with such art that the effect is like the arches of a winter forest, the ceiling above being sky blue.

At one end of the room is a dais of rough rock work, holding a chair carved out of a single log, with a great skin thrown over it. Another cut of the same log, on end with a stone celt or tomahawk lying on it, forms a stand.

Here, on "Council Nights," an old, white-bearded man, who by his tact & wisdom has held the office for many years, sits as "Council Chief."

In the center of the hall is an altar-like block of rough stone, on which, when in council, the Tribe keeps a little fire burning of fragrant woods,

leaves and nuts—"The Council Fire."

The rest of the hall is occupied by seats—short cuts of trees, on end, turning on pivots let into the floor.

Indian curios hang about the walls, and over the dais are two large calumets, or peace-pipes, with long elder stems plumed with squirrel tails & the feathers of wood-doves & song-birds.

I have attended one Council and was much impressed. When a tribesman spoke he stood up in his place and all wheeled their seats facing him. Each is allowed so many minutes to speak, and then the Council Chief strikes a blow with the tomakawk on the block beside him. If he seems not thru, and any wish him to go on till finished they rise and stand, and if a majority thus express themselves no further stopping is attempted. If this is not done, however, he must stop as soon as he fin-

ishes his sentence. Fortunately I had a chance to see what would be done if the Chief's signal were disregarded. One young member, carried away by his eloquence, tried to speak on after the gavel fell.

"My brother!" said the old Chief, in a tone of surprised reproach, rising to his feet.

But almost before he had done this a remarkable demonstration had occurred. Hardly had the speaker gone one sentence beyond his time before every seat in the room was wheeled, every back turned squarely upon him, and every ear covered with a hand. Not a word was spoken, & for a moment it seemed you could have heard the wink of eyelid. The speaker was arrested with his mouth open and his hand in the air. It appears he is a new member & had never seen this before.

For an instant he wavered, gazing from my astonished face to that of the reproachful Chief, & then sat down with a suddenness that almost made me laugh and hid his abashed face in his hands. At once the speaking was resumed & all went on as before.

To me it was a wonderful lesson in the force, dignity and effectiveness of the secession or leave-alone policy. Thruout the whole meeting I was constantly reminded of the Indians by the gravity, dignity and courtesy of all, whether speakers or listeners, and even by the constant use of nature-derived metaphors in their speeches.

But I have written you a long, long letter & must stop.

Your friend.

“Picture-Knife.”

CHAPTER VI



Y dear Hillford:

I am full of a remarkable ceremony which I have just witnessed.

It was a funeral.

A few days ago an old man died. It seems it is often the custom here to have a private funeral at the home of the deceased, with such music, religious or other ceremonies and speaking as may be desired, and after that to have the public or tribal funeral. But in this case the tribal funeral alone was held, & of this I will tell you.

Friends bore the body on a bier to the Council Lodge and there laid it on

a table. There was no coffin, no pall, the dead man lay in a restful attitude, as if asleep, his head on a pillow.

One by one the members of the Tribe gathered, for it was afternoon, the leisure time, and each one carried a spray or twig of evergreen & was dressed in his best attire. As soon as he entered the Council Lodge each one became silent. When I entered the chiefs were already gathered about the corpse and stood there, grave & quiet, regarding the dead. The silence was profound, only the scrape of a moccasined foot or the rustle of a garment as some one entered & took a seat broke it.

At last, when all seemed there, Forrest, who stood at the head, laid his sprig of hemlock on the dead man's breast & in his deep, gentle voice said:

"Farewell, Brother! Living or dead we do not forget you!"

Then he stood aside.

Not another word was spoken.

One by one, the chiefs first, the people came up & laid down their sprigs of green till the corpse was buried deep in a fragrant pile of hemlock, cedar, pine, birch, lycopodium, sweet bay and spice-bush.

When all had done, the chiefs took up the bier, and bore it, at the head of the silent people, down into the valley to the crematory, a plain, stone structure in a side hill, over the door of which these simple, suggestive words were deeply cut in the rock:

"Change Peace Hope"

And then the people dispersed to their homes.

Afterward, I am told, the chiefs took the ashes to Council Hill & scattered them in the Grove, from a poetic feeling that the dead should not be separated

from the gathering-place of the people, but their ashes help to make green & shadeful the trees over the living.

Of course there is no necessary agreement or similarity in any ceremony here, but I am told that this, which I had witnessed, was the usual form of funeral.

It made a deep impression on me. ¶ I think I never witnessed, in all my life before, anything so simple, poetic, significant.

Think of it, no coffin, no black robes, no music, no flattering, tear-drawing speeches,; nothing but the few touching words, the eloquent silence, & the evergreens so symbolic, if you please, of continued life and enduring remembrance.

Do you not notice that it fits any life, or belief or unbelief?

Your rejuvenated brother—

Felton.

CHAPTER VII



Y dear friend, Hillford:

You complain that it is a long while since I wrote you? That is true, & I may as well make a clean breast of it. I have fallen in love, and did not know how to tell you about it and yet could think of nothing else.

Do not laugh, please. I know I am small & weak & insignificant, and no longer young, but I am loved, at least, and in that consciousness I envy no man alive.

I must tell you about Her. You know I have always been conscious that I was

homely & unattractive, and while I have worshipped woman at a distance I have kept the secret locked in my own heart, because they did not seem to notice me, and I was too sensitive & timid to risk repulsion. And so in late years I had grown accustomed to singleness, and thought myself contented, and ignored the sex.

But on the Tribe Day when I rode up from Rippleford on Forrest's horse, I noted, by an attraction I could not explain, a woman who rode in the cavalcade. Perhaps it was because she seemed so tall and strong, like a man, just such a man as I would like to have been. A grave, quiet woman, with plain, strong features & long braids of tawny hair. Her eyes were of auburn-brown, (my favorite color) and once or twice I thought I caught them fixed on me. She rode her horse like an Amazon

and seemed very silent and reticent.

In spite of myself I was curious about her, and little by little gathered facts. She had joined the Tribe in the early days, and no one knew her previous history. In receiving applicants the Tribe never asks credentials, but goes altogether by the test of probation. If you act like a man desirous & capable of living a helpful, brotherly life the Tribe will receive you, no matter what your previous life has been. I am told that many a good man here was once behind the bars.

A curious thing was her name, Planer Heartwood. And not a tribal-name, either, but the one she herself had given. I felt it was an assumed name because she followed the strange trade (for a woman) of cabinet-maker. No man in the Tribe could excel her in making massive artistic furniture and

in the use of the plane. Forrest Westwood is a name that fits the man, yet came by chance, but her name, I felt sure, was no chance.

Moved by I hardly know what impulse, I got board, during my probation, with the family next south of her on the ridge on which she lived, which is next west of Council Hill. I could pass her cottage, then, every day. She lived all alone in a most curious place. A square two-story structure of stone, with a flat, battlemented roof, was first; the lower part her living room, the upper part her chamber. The rest of the house, a long, low, one-story wing, with many odd, old-fashioned windows. This was her shop & at the end of it was her horse's stable. The whole structure, to the casual view, like a quaint little church.

She kept much to herself & talked little.

Her recreation was to wander alone and study natural history. ¶Only when a baby was sick would she cast aside her reserve, and go at once & tenderly nurse it, and the mothers, who loved her, tho a little in awe of her, used to say her very touch was curative. And the children all loved her, tho she usually only smiled at them as she passed. But the men left her alone, mostly, as one unsocial & too man-like. Nevertheless she was so wise in council that in times of emergency her advice was always asked, and she was accounted one of the chiefs. Theodora Earle seemed her only intimate friend.

When resting, or in holiday attire, she wore a long, plain gown of olive-green or perhaps old-gold tint, falling ungirdled to the ankles, open at the throat & with flowing sleeves, her heavy hair in two braids down her back.

When at work, or out exercising, she coiled her hair on her head and wore bloomers & in the shop a workman's apron.

One afternoon I had gone alone to Council Grove, and was sitting apart under a great hemlock, carving a picture-frame. It was a curious design of my own making—a slender panel picture for each quarter of the frame—a glimpse of landscape on either side water & lilies below, & branches atop. I was working away with quiet pleasure when I heard the light step of a sandal, and, looking up, saw Planer standing beside me. My heart gave a great bound & I blushed, I know, tho I was very glad. She looked like a Greek goddess to me, so tall & majestic, with her heavy braids & sandalled feet, and the old-gold robe bordered at the hem with a Greek pattern in olive-green.

I don't know what I said, but she sat down calmly beside me.

"You do beautiful work," she said, quietly.

"Oh no!" I stammered, "but I want to."

She reached out her left hand (and I noticed how strong & shapely it was) and running her finger appreciatively along the lines of the design said simply:

"That is beautiful."

I was thrilled, but did not know what to reply.

After a few minutes she asked me:

"Do I disturb you?"

"Oh no, indeed!" I hastened to say, "I am glad to have you here."

Again there was silence, & then she said, "I wish I could draw and carve like that, but I can only work by rule & measure. I never could do free-hand work."

"But how perfectly you do your work!" I cried. Look at the mitres on this frame! I am ashamed of them! I never could make anything straight or square!"

"Bring it to my shop, tomorrow," she said, "and I will fix them for you."

I blundered out my thanks, & then there was a long silence, while I carved and she watched me. Then in her calm, passionless voice she asked me:

"Are you happy here?"

"Oh very happy!" I said, "I never knew what happiness was before. Are not you?"

"No!" she said, suddenly rising, and I thought for once there was a little quiver in the even tones. "I am lonesome," and she walked away, leaving me churned about by the most conflicting emotions.

I could not carve any more that day.

I could not sleep that night. I knew now that I loved her. And what did she mean by seeking me out & talking to me in that way?

The next day I went eagerly with my frame to her shop. The door stood open, and she nodded & smiled to me from her bench as I entered. She took the frame apart with skillful fingers, & while with smooth, clean strokes of her plane she adjusted the mitres I looked about the shop.

It was a long, sunny room, scrupulously clean for a work-shop. The floor, of hard wood, was littered with sawdust & fresh shavings. You could look way up into the steep roof & see the rafters and ridge-pole, while on great beams, reaching from plate to plate, lay planks and sticks of the timber from which she worked out her chairs and tables. The walls were panelled and

wainscoated from floor to plate, and hung with glittering tools. And all up and down the room, on both sides, & up in the roof, were windows; windows large & windows small, round & square and pointed; bay windows, gothic windows, dormer windows; with single panes, square panes, lozenge panes, painted panes; windows that lifted with weights, windows that slid on rollers, windows that turned on pivots, windows that opened on hinges as casements—it was an exhibition of windows. The effect was strangely cheerful and picturesque.

A tame robin hopped in & out of an open casement and on to her bench, the head of her horse looked in over a Dutch half-door from the stable, kittens played in the shavings, doves cooed on the roof, and at the upper end of the room I looked thru an open door into her living room.

After the frame was finished, with smooth invisible joints that made me envious with admiration, she took me into that room & showed me the plain, massive table, antique seats, hardwood floor and panelled walls.

"This room is all my own work," she said, proudly, "I laid the floor, finished the walls and ceiling, and made every wooden thing here, even the mantel & mirror-frame."

I noticed that the only ornament was the beautiful grain of the woods brought out with plane and polish. There was not a picture, or a bit of bric-a-brac, not a sign of carving, or a moulding, or even a line of bead-work. All was massive wood and polished grain, matched with perfection of the joiner's art.

"How do you like it?" she said.

"It is beautiful," I said, "beautiful exceedingly, and unique, but—"

"But you think it a little severe and cold" she interrupted. "Yes, it suddenly looked that way to me lately. But what could I do? I wanted everything here made by my own hand, & I do not like conventional, pretty things. I cannot carve, I cannot draw like you. I can only plane, & so I did the best I could."

I had not meant to criticise, only to suggest a few appropriate ornaments, & I tried to reassure her, but she would not be comforted. She looked around with deep dissatisfaction.

"It is too hard!" she said.

Suddenly she broke out again:

"Are you making that frame for any one in particular?"

"No."

"If you will give it to me I will hang it on my wall, and I will make a chair for you, just such a one as you will choose."

"My dear friend, I will not only give you the frame, but every bit of carving I have that you may like, if you will put it here. But I do not want you to make me things in exchange. I want to *give* you the carving."

She smiled, the first smile I had ever seen on her face except some faint one of salutation, & it made her beautiful.

"My dear friend, I did not offer the chair in exchange. I want the pleasure of making *you* a gift," and she placed her large, warm hand in mine.

I was so pleased that I bent over & kissed it, then looked up a little frightened at my own daring. She took her hand away & colored slightly, but did not seem displeased, tho she was silent.

We were both a little confused, and to cover it I said:

"But you wanted nothing in this room but what you made yourself?"

She not only smiled this time but laughed, & it was very pleasant to see.

"A friend is the best part of yourself," and again she held out her hand and this time I was not afraid to press it warmly.

"But what will you put in the frame?"

"I will have my friend draw me a picture."

Suddenly a rush of power and confidence came over me.

"I never drew a portrait in my life, except that sketchy thing of Forrest that I scratched with my knife-point on a board, but if you will put on that gown I saw yesterday and sit on the roots of that big tree out there I will draw your picture for the frame. I will go home & get pencil & paper while you change your dress."

"You are very good," she said, and gave me another of those heavenly

smiles, & then I left her & rushed home.

When I got back she was sitting calmly beneath the tree with the gown on and her long braids down. I did not say a word, but sitting down I drew as I never drew before. I felt serene, strong, confident, & wondered, yet exulted, at the firm, clean, delicate strokes of my pencil and the feeling and accuracy of my work.

It was like watching the work of another person.

When I had finished and showed her the picture a light came into her eyes, and she looked at me in a way that thrilled me.

"I am proud of you, my friend," she said, "you are an artist."

Again I kissed her hand.

"*You* are my inspiration," I said.

"I shall put this picture in the frame and the frame and picture will be

the dearest treasure of my house.”

But I am writing you a tremendous letter. I will stop and tell you the rest another time.

Happily—

Felton.

CHAPTER VIII



Y dear Hillford:

You are very good, old man, to be so interested. I will try not to write you such a volume this time.

Well, I was in heaven when she accepted my picture, and until the next day at noon. But when the next afternoon I rushed to her shop, to my dismay all was silent. She was not there and her horse was gone, too. My heart sank, but I waited until the next afternoon—and again she was gone. I could not stand it—she was avoiding me, & why?—had I offended her? I must find out. I peered in the window of her

living room and there on the wall hung my picture. No, she was not offended, but something was wrong. I resolved to go & get a horse and ride too, till I found her. But on my way home I saw a boy who had come across from Council Grove. I knew Planer sometimes got him to do errands for her & asked him if he knew where she was.

"Yes," he replied, "she is down there," pointing behind him into the ravine-like valley between the two ridges.

"What is she doing?"

With all the innocence of a child he looked up at me, as if a little puzzled by something half forgotten, and said, "She is sitting under a big tree, crying."

I said no more, & let the child pass on, but the moment he was out of sight I hurried into the glen, which was narrow and rocky and shaded by great hemlocks. I turned off from the path

when I came to the stream & went up a little way and saw her horse standing there tied. And near by she sat, under a tree, with her head bowed and her face in her hands.

I could not stand that, but, springing forward, caught her in my arms and drew her to my breast and let my love and tenderness flow out in a torrent of words that astonished even myself and sounded in my ears like those of another person.

She did not resist me, or speak a word, but lay back in my arms like a tired child till I was done, only a great sob, or a sigh, shaking her at intervals.

When I was thru she was quiet a few moments, while I waited in suspense, but full of the joy of holding her, and then, slowly releasing herself from my embrace, lifted herself to her feet and faced me with a look of inexpressible sadness.

“Dear friend,” she said, “I love you even as you love me, but you do not know me yet. When you know all, your love may die. I am going home now. Please do not follow me. I will not keep you waiting. Let the end come quickly. I will tell you all and soon.”

And going to her horse she mounted and rode sadly away, without a glance behind, leaving me amazed at her words.

The next day a heavy envelope came to me & I found it contained a confession from her.

It was a sad story.

She had been born in England, her mother dying in her infancy, and had been raised & cared for by her father, a cabinet-maker.

She spent her childhood in his shop, playing among the shavings and with his tools, and he had delighted to teach her to plane and saw and hammer. She

grew up a strong, healthy, headstrong girl, fond of helping him at his work by day and of reading to him at night.

Then came a time of bliss, followed by an age of pain. A young gentleman, who had been her father's patron, courted her and she, loving & trusting him as an innocent girl will, was betrayed and then abandoned. When her child was born her father loved her still, but felt deeply the social stain. Meeting the betrayer one day there were words and blows, and the rugged old man struck down the dastard with a broken jaw. He was arrested and imprisoned for murderous assault. He was not sentenced severely, and was not long in jail, but his spirit was broken, a prison-caught cold ended in pneumonia and he died. Then his daughter, whose real name was Grace Bedford, said to herself:—"My name is *Disgrace*

now, I will go off somewhere & change it and lead a new life."

And while she planned it her baby died of scarletina, and in her sorrow and bitterness she said she would no longer be a woman, and selling her cottage she came to America and took the dress of a man, the name of Planer Heartwood, and set up a cabinet-shop of her own.

And so she lived for years, holding her secret, until getting acquainted with Theodora she confided in her and was persuaded to join in the Tribe experiment in her true guise as a woman. But her old name she would not resume. And here she had lived ever since. But her sorrow and loneliness had never left her and lately had rather increased.

And then she wrote of her feeling for me and that was the dearest part of her letter.

She had felt, she said, from her first look at me that I was not like other men. I was not so strong, and not confident in my own powers, and I, too, had suffered and was sad.

But she felt (she said) that I had a beautiful & loving nature, & was sympathetic and intuitive and yet lonesome. And she felt I would understand a woman and be good to her. And so she came to think about me and wish I might be her friend. But she had never thought of more than friendship. And she felt, somehow, that I liked her too, but time went on, and I did not approach her, & she saw I looked happier & less lonesome all the time, and so at last she grew desperate & resolved to make advances herself.

And after that all went with a rush & before she knew it she found I was loving her and she me. And then she

had resolved to avoid me, because I had come only lately from the world, and would be sure to feel as people do there, and hold her a thing despised if I knew all, & she had hastened to confess that the agony might soon end, and now I was released from all, and she would say good bye.

It was a pitiful epistle, simple and sad, and stained by many tears, and it made me cry to read it.

Well, Hillford, you may be sure I did not waste much time after that. What did I care if she had been the mother of six love-babies! Nothing could "ruin" a nature as sweet as hers. She was *good*, & that settled it, and I loved her above all the women in the world and never could do less.

So I went straight to her shop and found her in this time. And I opened her door without a knock and went

right in & took her in my arms and said:

“Well, Dear Heart, I have come to stay this time. You are a good joiner, suppose you join me?”

That is all for this time.

Felton.

CHAPTER IX



DEAR Hillford:

My mind has been so disturbed lately that I have neglected to tell you anything more about the ways of my brother Simplacists, but now I am steadied again I will resume.

Nothing strikes me more here than the Nature-love of the people. That is indeed, when you come to notice it, their most Indian-like characteristic. They love Nature, wild Nature, more than anything else and seem to want a wide margin of it about everything they do. Each member is allowed an acre of ground to set his house on & almost invariably, I notice, instead of clearing

and artificializing this spot as the "world's people" would do, the tribesmen change its wild look just as little as possible. The house stands there, usually, among the trees, bushes & rocks as if it had grown there, like a tree, itself. The wild runs to the very doorstep and often the house itself is saturated with it. Great pride is taken in a home that corresponds to its wild environment. As an extreme example let me tell you of the home of a very ardent disciple of Forrest, designed by himself.

It looks like a conical pile or peak of rocks, tapering up on all sides from a broad base, irregularly, to a sharp pinnacle in the middle. The cement joints are cleverly hidden, the rocks are covered with moss, lichens & vines, and even the doors and windows are like irregular embrasures or cave-openings;

some of the upper windows having crag-like balconies. It is really a tiny two-story cottage, most comfortable and weather-proof, and charmingly unique and beautiful.

Exotics are little prized here, but the beauties of American flora are appreciated to an extreme. The roads all over the settlement are very good, and made with great care, but they are never formal & rectangular, but wind up and down the hills and in & out the valleys as if seeking the most picturesque nooks and romantic vistas, which is indeed the case. On each side of the road is a graveled footwalk, separated from the road by a wild hedge four feet wide, & another such hedge, of similar width and wildness, separates the path from the adjacent fields. These hedges are most beautiful and interesting and the delight of the people. If you criticize

their economy, they will tell you that wild birds as insect killers are the most valuable stock a farm can have, and a wild-hedge the ideal breeding place for a bird. In brief these hedges are dedicated to birds and botanists.

Here & there a tall tree is permitted in them for picturesque effect, but usually all tall-growing trees are half-severed, when about twenty-five feet high, and bent down & pleached into the hedge. This is all the interference that is made, except to prevent the invasion of the fields and the choking of the path. For the rest, whatever shrub, flower, briar, weed, moss or vine finds rooting there grows undisturbed by man unless some special vista needs to be kept open.

To walk along one of these shady footwalks on a summer's day, with the shrubs arching overhead (an endless

lover's lane) and peer into these strange wild hedges on either side, which change in appearance & vegetation with every turn, is to me a perpetual delight. They are full of birds' nests, and the birds so tame that they build or sit within reach of your hand with perfect fearlessness. I have seen a dozen people standing about a nest in the hedge, watching the bright-eyed mother calmly sitting there with never a tremor. The people do not pet a wild thing; they say, you spoil its wildness so, we want to see it wild and natural.

I wish, my dear Hillford, you could walk along one of these footpaths, *inside a hedge* one might say, and see the flickering rays of sunshine falling on leaf & flower & moss, see squirrels or rabbits hop fearlessly along before you, and robins, catbirds, thrushes singing everywhere or flitting across or

peering at you from nests on either side. Especially is it lovely in early morning or late afternoon, when the level sun-rays pierce the hedge and fall in bars across the way.

This spirit is everywhere, & it would rejoice Wilson Flagg to see how every field is bordered by its hedge or its stone-wall. These people clear their fields, or cut their trees, or build their houses with an apology to Nature, so to speak (as some Indians kill bears) and make the offence in every way as little marked as possible. Therefore as fruit-growing occupies a great part of their attention, and orchards are everywhere, a semi-forest look hangs over the whole domain. And not content with all this deference to Nature they have set apart a certain section of their lands as sacred to her. This they call the "Sanctuary." It is a wild ravine,

beginning just above the crematory & running away to the southwest corner of their tract. A chaos of rocks, trees, streams and bogs, and practically irreclaimable for culture. This is sacred to wild nature. No tree is ever cut here, no flower plucked, no stone quarried, no animal hunted, no sign of man's handiwork permitted to remain. This was Forrest's idea. The effect is already sublime and I love to go with Planer and wander in its primitive recesses. It is like a trip to another world.

There are many other ways in which this love of Nature is shown.

In the summer time, on fine nights, sleeping out of doors is the usual custom; wrapped in their gay blankets, you will find these people everywhere, on the ground, or in hammocks, or on flat-topped houses, or in open wagons, sleeping under the stars.

Much of their eating is out of doors, too.

Many of them move out of their houses altogether, when warm weather comes, and live in tents & wigwams.

The same love of Nature peeps out in their dislike of the restraints of clothing. Were it not for the surveillance of American law & American custom I cannot tell to what lengths some would go. Certainly there is nothing in public opinion here to prevent one from being as naked as one might in Japan, tho probably the majority would not personally desire it. In warm weather the babies usually go entirely naked and up to the age of ten years all the children wear the least possible clothing—a single tunic perhaps, or a loin cloth like Forrest wears. And quite a clique of enthusiastic young men are special disciples of Forrest and follow his example in nudity very closely.

Sandals on bare feet are almost universal in hot weather; few of the men then wear anything below the knee, & it is common to see workmen stripped to the waist. Throats are generally open at all seasons and more than half the people wear no hats.

I wish I had the ability to tell you of all the strange, striking, picturesque garments these people have invented, but only a series of pictures could do it. But perhaps you can understand that a community of thousands of artistic people, who have utterly emancipated themselves from convention and are a law unto themselves, would achieve remarkable results in costuming.

I will only say that almost all the fabrics, woven or knitted here, are in mesh of greater or less openness so that air gets freely to the skin.

With love always— Felton.

CHAPTER X



DEAR Hillford:

Yes, of course you want to know how we all make a living here, and I will try to give you some idea. In the first place remember that we are to a great extent communists and the community plan permits more economy than any other social form. A great amount of expense is saved by our co-operating as partners in one firm. We are on an agricultural basis. There are individual farms & gardens, but most of the farming and gardening is done on the community plan, and even where a man runs his bit of ground on his own lines it is often included in the community

farm—that is they let him do the work, but share expenses & profits with him. Many mechanics work that way, too, Planer for one (while others work in the community shops) and almost all the professional artists & literary workers.

The community has a communal farm, with orchards, pastures, meadows, grain-fields, poultry-yards, gardens, granaries, barns, stables; a communal boarding-house, or “Unitary Home,” with communal kitchen, dining-hall, dairy, butcher-shop, weaving looms, etc., etc., etc.—in brief a very complete and practically self-supporting, self-supplying, agricultural & industrial commonwealth. ¶ There is a fine tannery and whenever an animal dies or is killed, even to a dog or a cat, it is skinned by a professional flayer and the skin tanned. The quality of the work is celebrated. Most of the smaller skins are tanned after the Indian manner and

come out like buckskin, soft, velvety, smoky, and are much worn by the people, especially for winter clothing. Some are tanned with fur on. Leather and skin-work is a prominent industrial feature. The skins of lambs are worked up into vests, jackets & caps, with the wool on, like Astrachan goods; dog and goat skins are made into fur overcoats; calf-skins, chosen for their beauty, with the hair on, are made into vests and tunics. There is much making of sandals, moccasins, buskins, leggings, leather-breeches; much "Mexican" carved leather-work, and a great deal of harness-making and saddlery, especially the manufacture of a saddle invented here, without a wooden-tree, very soft, easy & safe, and with original stirrups.

A great many sheep and long-haired goats are kept, and the fleeces are all

woven here, on hand-loom, into cloth, blankets and rugs, or knitted into caps, socks, shirts. The Navajo blanket is copied with great success, and various Oriental weaves also, and colored by vegetable dyes made here. Two kinds of socks are made and sold largely to outsiders. One is straight on the inside of the foot, so as not to cramp the great toe, and the other has a special pouch or "stall" for the great toe, so it can be worn with a certain kind of sandal. All rags that can be used are worked up into rugs and rag carpets; old leather garments cut into strings; horsehair woven into cinches, saddlecloths, quirts, bridles, watch-guards, neck-ties.

There is a basket shop, already famous, whose specialty is artistic work. Indian patterns, freely adapted, are used, with rich & barbaric dyes, and an infinite variety of graceful shapes.

There is a brick-yard, and fine bricks, roof-tiles and art-tiles made. Also a pottery, producing unique & celebrated work.

These people are enthusiasts about the evolution of an American art, and all their art forms & patterns are preferably drawn from American sources—American plant and animal forms predominating—with free adaptation of Indian suggestions.

Then there is a great deal of furniture made in solid, massive, old-fashioned style, of honest hard-wood and good leather, built to last.

There is a communal grist-mill and saw-mill, and a communal wood-yard. And a printing shop where the papers are printed and fine artistic book-work done. They bind most of their books in Indian-tanned buckskin, or similar leather, with Indian designs on the

cover, or in thin boards of real wood with grain beautifully polished, or in paper printed in birch-bark or other bark-patterns. The characteristic touch of the Tribe comes out in all they do. Some very quaint and original books are made, one style being all in leather.

Everything here, you know, is made on honor, with the greatest honesty & artistic skill. And all work is marked with the worker's name or private mark, as far as that is possible. If sold to the outside world a good price is asked, for we have nothing cheap in any sense. And a brisk trade of this kind is growing. The mail-order business is large, and visitors come from far and near, almost every day in the year, and few want to leave without a souvenir of Tribal work. The object of all work in the settlement is first to supply local need—only the surplus being sold. But

everything must be good, and as beautiful as may be according to the maker's ideal. And such a reputation has this honest and artistic work attained that there is never any trouble about sales. Usually orders are far ahead of production. Practically every man in the colony is an artist, in his own line, and does his work well & beautifully for the love of it. That is the ideal here—not quick work or cheap work.

“Not the cheap, but the good.”

“Take your time & love the doing.”

“Have your conscience in your hands.”

“True work is true art.”

“Build yourself into your work and you build yourself by your work.”

“The joy of the worker is the cut of his tool & the color of his pigment.”

“Art is for the artist.”

“Your work is your credential.”

“Work is the written word of the inner voice.”

These are a few of the many mottoes which you will find in every shop, or chiseled on stones & rocks, and all breathing the same inspiration to sincere and self-expressive work. ¶ These people make their life a poem.

Most of their work, as you notice, is hand work, but they are beginning to use machinery for work that is mere drudgery or repetition, but even here everything is done to make the work attractive and the worker happy.

I had always heard that in socialism, the spur of acute necessity lacking, men would grow lazy & poor workers. On the contrary, here, work is the joy of life, and after working for the community all the forenoon the majority spend the afternoon also in the enthusiastic doing of some bit of private work

that objectifies the ideal. Make a tour in the afternoon, or leisure time, & you shall find one writing a poem, another carving, another modeling or chiseling, another painting, another in deep study, another practising music, another beautifying his home. The mere production of things to sell, the mere lust of possession, the mere accumulation of tiresome luxuries these people indeed despise. Their joy is in living a beautiful life, taking pleasure in their labor and the fruit of it as they go along & their wealth and their luxury is that everything about them should suggest the attained ideal. But too-much is a nuisance & so, while as esthetic as Greeks, they are as simple as savages, avoiding pomps and conventional cares.

One source of revenue, which I had almost forgotten, is the thurobred stock. By agreeing among themselves never

to keep poor stock, and usually only one breed of a kind, the Simplificists find purity is much easier secured and guaranteed, as every breeder can see.

Thus all their horses are thurobred Morgans carefully bred & trained and petted like children. The very best are never sold and every new member of the Society is presented with a horse or colt (his own choice) on the day of his admission, to remain his in usufruct so long as he retains membership and treats it kindly. He may exchange this horse with another member, or give it to a member, but may on no terms part with it to an outsider, and is expected to care for it as long as it lives. And every child of twelve is given one on the same terms. Therefore a large herd is kept. The surplus ones go with no difficulty, as there are always more applications than horses to supply.

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It is so with all stock kept. The sheep are all pure bloods, and one flock of about one hundred are all pure black sheep, perhaps the only flock in the world, and their wool, woven without dying, is made into a black cloth held precious.

There is a herd of beautiful asses, bred from a trio brought from the Orient.

They are unusually tall, swift and clean-limbed, and some members have chosen them for riding animals in preference to horses. From these and the Morgans, by crossing, comes a splendid grade of mules, much used for the farm-work.

On the community farm they have a breed of shepherd dogs, kept for herding the animals, and Forrest breeds a strain of famous beagles, bearing his name. But most of the Simplacists keep St. Bernards. Only those three breeds are kept, and all very pure.

There is even a pure breed of cats here and none others are kept. These are all tortoise-shell in color, and peculiarly tall, slender & leopard-like in outline, very gentle and intelligent, but great mousers. The strangest thing is that all kittens are reared for several months in an aviary, so that they get used to birds, squirrels and rabbits as playmates and never afterward molest them. When these cats die their skins are made into beautifully spotted winter coats and sleigh-robos.

There is only one breed of hens kept—Golden Wyandottes. It seems Forrest had a strain of these bred for eggs, when the Tribe began. An expert in poultry was one of the first members and he took this strain and began to develop it. He had a theory that if several thousand hens were kept under normal conditions and bred constantly for vigor

no fresh blood would be needed. And his theory proves true. Almost everybody here keeps a small flock of these beautiful fowls, amounting to thousands in the aggregate, but no chickens are ever hatched except from matings made by the expert, the parent fowls being selected for health above everything, next eggs, then beauty. By this means there has been a constant improvement in the stamina and practical value as well as beauty of the strain, and a fine business is done in selling eggs and fowls to outside breeders.

The uniform rule of stock-breeding here is never to breed from any animal, of either sex, that has been even slightly sick. They claim in-and-in breeding is harmless if this rule is strictly observed.

Gracious! another long letter.

As ever—

Felton.

CHAPTER XI



Y dear Hillford:

You ask about education? Well, education is original here like everything else. Now with you a child is compelled to go to school and obey the teacher and swallow and digest all set before him, willy-nilly. Here there are a number of teachers & schools, more or less differing in methods, and the scholar makes his own choice, elects his own studies, goes to school or stays at home, as he pleases. Teachers and parents respectfully advise him, but nobody thinks of compelling him. His natural desire to know & to equal his fellows is supposed to be enough, and

the teacher who cannot make his lessons so attractive that the scholar would rather attend than stay away is regarded as a failure. Anyway to force a child, or even overpersuade him, is regarded as outrage and crime.

In bad weather lessons are in a school room, but if the weather is pleasant teachers & scholars are usually out-of-doors wandering about the Tribe-land, in the fields or woods. These general teachers, in what you might term the grammar-school grade (also that below) have to possess an all-around capacity. They are born teachers, enthusiasts in their profession, gifted with extraordinary personal magnetism and powers of conveying knowledge in attractive ways and unforgettable words.

Since your question came I went one day with a teacher just to study the system.

We started out just after breakfast, taking lunch in our hands like picnickers. We went to the woods, and on the way the teacher asked questions & answered them at every step. What was the name of this flower, and that bird, and yonder rock? What is this wood good for? Who can tell me what poet describes a scene like this? The questions and answers flew back & forth like a weaver's shuttle, but mostly the pupils questioned, and the teacher could hardly talk fast enough to answer the eager young voices.

At last we came to the little lake Forrest had made by damming a brook in Vale Sunrise, and here, in a grove, the true school-work began. Maps, books, etc., were pulled out of knapsacks and the school seated itself on logs, stones and the ground.

First was a lesson in geography. A

map was hung on a tree and for five minutes by my watch every scholar looked at that map as if his soul were in his eyes. Then it was reversed and each pupil took his sketch-book and began to draw the map from memory. To my astonishment some of these young artists almost perfectly reproduced the map which they had that morning seen for the first time. The pictures were now compared with the map and by the criticism of the whole school the best reproduction was declared winner and a medal hung on the neck of the one who made it. Tomorrow, the teacher said, they would try again, and so on for several days till one had made a perfect map.

It seems each study has a medal & there is competition for it every day, the winner being allowed to wear it till the next day in sight of all the Tribe.

The next day some one else may win it. At the end of the term the one winning it the most days keeps it permanently. It is usually of carved wood.

Now the winner is called to the tree and asked to describe the country he has pictured; its climate, soil, productions, inhabitants, etc. The others listen, and when he is thru, one by one, according to their number on a roll call, they rise, like men in council, & praise his accuracy or point out his errors, also freely criticising each other. When all had done the teacher reviewed the whole criticism.

Then came history. The teacher read a chapter from a book and then the pupil whose turn it was (they followed the roll in this study) rose and tried to repeat from memory what the teacher had said. All the others had been writing rapidly while the teacher read, and

now I found they had been reporting the reading in shorthand for one at a time they now produced their notes & criticised the memorizer, and each other, and even the teacher, till the lesson was over. Everything was criticised, style, accuracy, articulation, grammar, the moral bearing of the lesson itself—everything that any critic might notice. At the end a vote was taken and it was decided that the history memorizer of yesterday had surpassed this one, and could keep the medal for this day, too.

The teacher now wrote three sentences (quotations from ancient philosophers) rapidly, on the blackboard, rubbing each one out before writing the next. All now copied these from memory. Then one was called to read his version. Before he had read many words many voices called out “wrong!” He turned to the teacher, who smiled

and nodded, and he sat down. The second one called got the first sentence right, but he gave a wrong authority. The third was downed on the second sentence, and so on. But three were correct, and these "pulled off the tie" by copying other sentences until only one remained, who won the medal.

Now there was an hour's recess, with the usual school-child fun, and then again school reopened.

Now a boy rose, and walking to the middle, repeated with much grace and fire, a really spirited little poem. To my surprise the teacher told me it was his own composition. The others took it down in shorthand and then sharp criticism followed. But I was glad when they finally voted him the medal.

Then a boy wrote a poem from memory on a blackboard and his memory, writing, spelling, grammar, etc., were

criticised by all. The teacher explained to me that those exercises were usually in verse because that was considered better training for the literary faculties than prose: "Few good prose-writers can write good verse, but all good verse-writers can write good prose."

And so it went on all day.

The lessons proper began at 9 A. M. and ended at 4 P. M., but there were generous intermissions of one hour each—one for lunch.

But the teacher joined even in the plays, and I marvelled at the tact with which even the sports were turned in the direction of knowledge. The teacher seemed the favorite comrade & play-fellow and was continually called from one part of the play-ground to the other to assist, admire or decide. And advice, instruction or gentle correction were working in all the time a moral and intellectual influence.

The studies seemed all concrete—the pupils knew all the time what they were doing and what they were trying to get at, and applied their knowledge directly. Thus almost all the afternoon was taken in studying an architect's plans & figuring on his estimates. It seems a new & model barn was being built in Rippleford and the teacher had borrowed the plans and the pupils had studied these as they did maps until they had drawn a correct copy and from this copy they were now figuring how many feet of lumber, of what kinds, and how many perch of stone, etc., would be needed to erect the structure, the probable cost, the probable time, and all other estimates made by builders. When each one had made these estimates to his own satisfaction they were all to be compared with those of the architect himself. To my amazement these mere

children knew vastly more about materials, their strength, durability, relative cost, etc., than I did. They knew how to find out how many perch of stone it took to build a given wall, how many shingles covered a given side, how many tiles a given roof, and how the whole thing was builded.

When I went over the matter in my mind that evening I was astonished to find out how much I had learned myself, and how ashamed of my practical ignorance those blessed infants had made me. All day long there had not been a dull moment, or any mere formality or routine. Everything had been practical and interesting. The pupils were happy, all alive & sucking in information at every pore. They had conducted the school themselves & taught each other, so to speak, the teacher being mainly a sort of chairman & referee.

The scholars even took charge of each other's behavior and the last vote of the day was to decide who deserved the medal for that day for the most ideal conduct, and all thus selected received medals.

There had been no scolding, no punishments, no set rules for the sake of discipline. The children were all good, because all at work, all absorbed soul and body in that work & all subjected to the criticism of each other. All day long they had criticised & praised each other in every possible way, but always kindly. Sometimes a good stroke had elicited a round of applause. I found it was etiquette for the last wearer of a medal to surrender it gracefully to the succeeding winner. Quarreling was looked upon as stupid and a bore.

I was impressed with the cleverness of the educational method. All those

influences which in outside schools are usually arrayed against the teacher were here tactfully turned to support him. Books, which active children are not prone to, were but little used. Laughing and talking were freely permitted. All studies were elective, all were concrete, all were attractive & interesting. The teacher was not a ruler, but an older, wiser and beloved comrade, like the chiefs in the Tribe. There was no compulsion, therefore nothing to excite rebellion. I noticed, during the history lesson, that one thoughtful little fellow took a book and went off out of hearing & read, no one interfering. I asked him, while we were going home, why he had done this.

“Because I do not care to hear about those bad old kings and wars,” he said. “Teacher thinks I ought to know about them, but I think my time can be better

spent, so I read natural history during that lesson-time."

I looked down at the resolute, reflective little eleven-year-old face with wonder. Already deciding for itself the path of life. What a man this might make !

The most noticeable feature was that the *esprit de corps* & public opinion, so strong in all schools and usually against the teacher, was here the main-spring of order and education. The scholar looked ever to his fellows for criticism, praise or blame, & the awarding of every prize. The teacher told me privately that he had no right to veto the vote of the school, tho he could record his opinion also, & that the school was prompt to boycott a mean, jealous or quarrelsome pupil.

I tried to recall all the pupils had learned & see how it would help them

in mature life. They had learned to speak in public, easily, gracefully, correctly, with parliamentary decorum; to criticise keenly but kindly everything seen & heard; to remember accurately the sounds of things heard, the shapes of things seen & reproduce them from memory; to understand maps; to draw; to read, write and cipher; to report in short hand, *verbatim*; to compare like *litterateurs* and correct written exercises like proof-readers; to draw & read plans and figure on estimates like contractors; and finally to have clean and reasonable ideas of their moral responsibilities and relations to each other. Incidentally they had gathered a wonderful store of facts about all sorts of things, so interestingly fixed on their minds by all sorts of associations that forgetting was almost impossible.

Their criticism of the history lesson

was a revelation to me. Each spoke as he felt, criticising the lesson and other speakers, but the moral criticism was what astounded me. It was a lesson in English history from a conservative source. But these young radicals went thru it like a whiff of ozone. Kings, they said, had no rights as such, except what the people freely gave them; their only office was to be good servants of the people, advising them, working for them; that they had no moral right to coerce anybody not an invader of other's rights; that war was organized and licensed murder, more shameful than piracy because pretending to more virtue and glory; that no man ought to obey another against his conscience; that no rulers or laws were necessary; that taxation was robbery because it took men's property without their consent, & that, finally history was a chronicle of crime useful only as a warning.

Just imagine children talking that way when we were boys and worshiped Cæsar and Napoleon!

Lessons are every day, except Sunday, but Saturday is usually given up to the study of Nature, usually out of doors & while rambling, & is regarded practically as a holiday. And the pupil, remember, stays home, whenever he pleases, without reproof. And lessons are continually varied so that almost every day affords some change & attraction. There seem to be no formal vacations, but a whole school votes a holiday or vacation. Each school has usually two teachers, who divide the teaching time between them to suit themselves, but so that the result is about half-time work for each. Thus in this school this teacher had taught all day, but next day another would take his place for all day. Sometimes the division is at mid-

day and some teach a whole week and rest one whole week.

It may seem, at first glance, hard on the pupils, this fairly continuous study, but it is all so like real life, so free, unconstrained, interesting, fascinating, so arouses and satisfies that insatiable curiosity all children know, and play-intermissions are so long, that they do not seem to feel it. Beside there is no home study required. And if anything of diverting interest is going on in Tribe-land, like the raising of a house, draining of a swamp, a special Council, etc., the teacher takes them all there and makes the matter the subject of a peripatetic lecture.

The theory is that children, if unforced and unconstrained, do not crave rest, but long constantly to be actively amused & concretely instructed. Book-study and lectures, the Tribesmen say,

are for grown-ups, not these restless little animals.

The indoor study, on dull days, is mostly manual training in art and mechanics.

There are no formal examinations.

Different teachers have very different and original ways, but the spirit of all is the same—to train all the faculties symmetrically and for practical use and to keep the pupil happily interested.

Later on the youth goes to special schools, where some art, profession or trade is theoretically and practically taught, or languages, or literature.

And beside these there are afternoon and evening classes for older people, in all sorts of elementary & higher studies. Tribeland is a sort of university. Nobody's education is supposed to be complete, and nobody is ashamed to acknowledge ignorance or be a student.

While walking home from school that day one interesting episode occurred of which I must tell you. Just as we got into the upland there was a sound of running feet and Forrest Westwood came bounding by, followed by that little band of his disciples whom Tribemen call "The Forresters." Bronzed, bearded, bare-headed, sandal-footed, stalwart young fellows, nude except for loin cloths, carrying books, glasses, herbariums, etc., (for they had been out studying ornithology & botany), they went by at a long, swinging trot, laughing and jesting. Some wore wreaths, and some feathers in their hair like Forrest. I understood why they called him "The Runner" as he went laughing ahead, and the whole scene was like a classic picture. There were several young women among them, too, clad in bloomers & low-necked sleeveless jerseys.

The children cheered as they bounded by, and some young enthusiasts ran with them a ways. There will be more "Forresters" by and by, I thought.

So long!

Felton.

CHAPTER XII



Y dear friend, Hillford:

I have just learned something that it surprises me I never knew before—that this is not the only Society of Simplificists, not the only Tribe of Natural Men. There are, it seems, three more, all offshoots of this.

One man who came here had been reared a farmer and owned by inheritance a large tract of land in New England. He could not sell it—abandoned farms were all about it—and after staying here a while, absorbing the spirit of the place, he returned home and started another Tribe. Partly he went back because his wife pined for

her old home. He had different ideals, too, from the founders of this colony, and naturally his venture took another form. He bought up adjoining farms, got men to join him, and now there is quite a prosperous settlement. The ideal is to revive, as far as may be, the old-fashioned American farm life. Most of them are farmers, but they have a grist & saw mill, tannery, shoe-makers, carpenters, blacksmith, wagon-maker, basket-maker, tailor, and looms for making homespun and for rag-carpets; also a co-operative laundry & Turkish bath.

They raise their food, make their own flour, butcher their own meat, spin & weave their own wool and flax, make their own shoes, dress in homespun and leather and knitted stuff, and in every way possible supply their own wants and copy "the good old ways." A great deal of their work is done on the prin-

ciple of "bees"—husking-bees, log-rollings, etc.

They have a truly "old meeting house" which they bought, but no salaried minister. Every Sunday a sort of union-meeting is held. Each Sunday some family (chosen in rotation) has charge of the services, and a member of the family, or some deputy chosen by it, speaks or reads, setting the program for the day with no reference to any general plan, teaching anything he pleases from Roman Catholicism to Atheism.

They have chosen a lot of hymns, songs and musical pieces that all like, and these they confine themselves to, never using anything that anyone objects to.

There are no audible prayers, but silent periods, in which those pray who wish to and those think quietly who do not pray. And there are no criticisms or debates.

But they have a free "Lyceum," wherein every question can be discussed.

Houses are built on old-fashioned lines, & furnished with rag-carpets, rush-bottomed chairs, "grandfather clocks" and all that.

All this represents their ideal of simplicity.

They seem happy and well-to-do.

Another man who came here had been a Catholic priest, then a Protestant minister, then got too liberal even for that and joined the Tribe.

But he fell heir to large estates, and having an ideal of his own went back to his land, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and started another Society of Simplicists there. ¶ They call themselves "The Brothers of Good Work."

They all live together in a great stone building, with wings and annexes, and,

tho not monastic, a semi-ecclesiastical air pervades everything. They dress pretty much alike, in a simple working garb, & make a religion of doing good and beautiful work. They eat at a common table and are strictly communists in all things. Their sleeping rooms are mere cells, of exceeding cleanness and simplicity, but their public rooms are lavish with art and beauty. They say their only law is the Golden Rule. They are perfectly free, but do not encourage variation, and invite only those to join them who agree with their ideal.

They have a great farm, which they cultivate in a model way, but most of them are artists on medieval lines and print & illumine books (or write them entirely like ancient monks) paint, carve, make furniture, and so on.

They seem to have a common and rather mystical religious faith, & much to do with spirits.

They are not self-sufficient, but depend upon the sale of their products to the outside world for support.

They are largely French, Germans, or other foreigners, and were almost all of them brought up as Roman Catholics.

A third Tribe lives in a great city. Its founder is a business man and practical scientist, and pervaded with all modern ideas of mechanical progress.

"You people," he said of the other Tribes, "are all 'looking backward.' You are trying to put new wine in old bottles. This trying to be mere savages, monks, medievalists, ruralists and the rest is nonsense. Now my motto is: 'To simplicity thru complexity.' That is the course of evolution, first increasing complexity, then such a perfection of co-action in all the associated parts that simplicity is again attained, only

on a higher stage than ever before. Don't go back to old hand-labor ways but put yourself in the forefront of progress."

So he bought a block in the city and put up a big department store, bought another adjoining block and turned it into an immense hotel, bought land in the suburbs & erected factories. The best modern machinery was used and modern business methods plus socialism. Every detail was systematized & worked like a well-oiled machine. Now he searched far & wide, and selecting good men who were in sympathy with free-socialism, drew them to him, and as soon as he had proved them took them into association with him. Then employees were tested and admitted in the same way and finally the whole business was run by them. Thus the Society was organized. In its internal

polity it is much like the other Tribes with such differences only as environment & business necessities made compulsory. All share alike in expenses and profits & hours of work. Work is on the basis of six hours out of twenty-four for each individual, and all live at the hotel, which has all modern luxuries and conveniencies, including laundry, Turkish bath-rooms, a resident physician, dentist, etc. All goods are sold from the store at prices as low as can be figured, to properly maintain and extend the business and ensure against business crises, consequently the store is popular and prosperous.

Now all this is wonderfully interesting to me. It shows how flexible this new idea is, how adapted to all sorts and conditions of men. Here are four groups, wonderfully different in their ideals and manner of life and the sort

of people they attract, yet all agreeing on the same essentials of simplicity, brotherhood & absolute personal liberty. Do you wonder where the simplicity is in the city group? It is here: Each man has his place in the business, like a cog in a machine, does his work so many hours, and then is free to enjoy himself without a care in the world. Of course the superintendents (selected by the approval of the Society & corresponding to our chiefs) have more care and responsibility than the ordinary workers, but they also have the natural reward for this in that general love, honor, gratitude & admiration which always goes to the men of superior abilities and services if these services are disinterested and not forced upon the unwilling.

Always lovingly—

Felton.

CHAPTER XIII



MY dear Hillford:

There is one most interesting personality here and I have not told you of him before because I have been carefully studying him up and wanted to really understand him before I wrote. He is a Simplicist indeed & as much beyond Westwood in this regard as Westwood is beyond the ordinary Tribesman. He is a German, & an enthusiast as many Germans are, and got into dire trouble trying to live his theories in the outer world. So he came here, not so much because of accord with our ideas as because here he could do as he liked. He is shy and reserved, but commun-

icative enough when you get his confidence, and at last I have got to know him well.

His idea is utter simplicity and unadulterated human nature. He lives in the deepest woods and is not often seen. He is consistently vegetarian from an ethical concept and will not even eat an egg because there is life in it, nor drink milk because that defrauds some animal babe. He avoids drinking water, too, for fear of unwittingly taking life and is always troubled in his conscience because he thinks that even the roots, fruits, vegetables he eats are alive and likely suffer pain & shrink from death. "I cannot help killing and invading, do what I will!" he cried to me once in genuine distress.

He is a Spiritualist and thinks himself in constant communication with the departed. He wears no clothes at all

in warm weather when at home in his woods, and only the merest figleaf when in society. He wears more or less in winter, but no leather, skins or ordinary cloth, and makes for himself a sort of tappa or barkcloth to wear when it is very cold. Also he weaves a strange material from soft inner bark & dried moss which is quite durable and resistive of cold. But mostly he goes naked. His body is bronzed and hairy and rugged as a tree-trunk, his beard reaches to his waist and his hair to his knees. He combs hair and beard every day carefully with his fingers, tugging & pulling at it in the process, and he claims that hair thus pulled and tugged and stroked by magnetic hands will never turn gray, thin or fall out. He generally keeps both braided in the day time, but at night unbraids all, if the air is cool, and uses his locks as a natural wrapper or

blanket. He says animals have the same rights as men and so he never tames any, for tame animals, he says, are slaves. No, I am not quite right here, for he has a host of tame wild animals, if I may so call them. That is, as he never kills even a mosquito or a tick, the animals lose all fear of him and he is on the most intimate, even speaking terms with them. When birds, squirrels, etc., are babes in the nest he vies with the mother in bringing them food, and they grow up with the feeling that he is a foster-parent. That is one way he has of taming them, but he always moves gently among them, and knows how to imitate their notes and cries and so they come to know and admit him as one of themselves. It is wonderful how familiar he is with them. Birds flutter down on him as a perch, squirrels run down the trees at his approach,

rabbits are as tame as house-cats to his touch. He handles snakes, toads, lizards; handles even the wild skunk without exciting its feter; takes even the fish out of water with his hands, talks to them and replaces them unhurt & apparently little alarmed. His vocabulary of grunts, squeaks, whistles, barks, etc., seems infinite to me, but he says each one is a word in animal language, & has a meaning, and he talks to the beasts with these. He makes a garden in the forest and raises fruit, grain & vegetables. These, with wild roots, nuts, berries, buds, bark, leaves, herbs, etc., form his food. He is strong and hardy, tho nearly sixty, with an eye like an eagle for strength. He eats raw food only.

He can make a fire by rubbing sticks, like a primitive savage, but seldom indulges in one even in the dead of winter.

He lives in a little cave in the south

side of a cliff and has a great, deep bed there of wild grass, pine-needles, leaves, etc. Here he burrows, covering himself with bark-robcs, and on cold nights some of his animal friends are apt to share his couch with him. He lives mostly on nuts in the winter, basks in the sun on warm days, and sleeps like a woodchuck on cold, dark ones. His capacity for sleep and fasting remind me of a hibernating animal. He tells me he eats nothing for a week, sometimes, sleeping nearly all the time. Tho strange, fanatical & eccentric he seems perfectly sane. ¶ There is a quarry of excellent slates near his cave & he gets these and writes on them with a flint and stores his stone folios in another, larger cave. Almost all that he writes is about nature, especially his observations on the habits, language & thoughts of animals, and as his opportunities for

such knowledge probably excel those of any man who has ever lived his library, someday, will have a priceless value. Remember that he lives among the animals as one of them, has their confidence and talks their language. It is wonderful to see him challenge a wild animal with some strange note or motion and to see it respond and answer with evident pleasure and intelligence; and just as wonderful to see ticks, mosquitos, etc., feasting undisturbed on his naked hide.

Forrest Westwood would like to be very friendly with him, but he feels very hard toward Forrest because he is a hunter & not vegetarian, and is rather cold to him in consequence. All sectarians and enthusiasts find it hardest to forgive those nearest to them in faith, I have noticed, if they differ at all. Karl has learned the liberty that lets alone,

but not the sympathy that appreciates the merit of the other view. But he likes me because I am not a hunter and eat no flesh & he hopes to fully convert me. But he saw Planer kill a chicken once and has his opinion of her.

He has made him a flint axe and a flint knife and these are his only tools, except wooden tappa-mallets, sticks, thorns, and the bags and baskets he weaves to carry his provision.

I saw him yesterday in the woods, asleep in the sun, curled up at the foot of a tree, naked as a snake.

Heartily yours,

Felton.

CHAPTER XIV



Y dear Hillford:

I have just returned from the Council House, where I have listened to one of the most interesting debates I ever heard. It was a tripartite discussion or manifesto of ideals by Karl Schæfer, Forrest Westwood and James Harvard. Harvard is the founder of the department-store group in the city, of which I wrote you.

Old Karl was the first speaker. Out of consideration for his audience he wore a loin-cloth of woven bark. His hair and beard were unbraided and his wild eyes glared under his shaggy brows. Bronzed, wrinkled, hairy, calloused, with

knotted muscles, big bones and sharp white teeth, a more ideal "Wild Man of the Woods" could not have been imagined. There were strange wild notes & cadences in his tones, derived probably from his much use of animal sounds, indescribable. Leaving out the German accent, he spoke somewhat like this:

"My good friends, I am of Germany, you know, and cannot always the best English speak. But you will be good and consider. I will not be long.

You think I am a beast, but it is not so—I am a *man*!—and my way I think the best. I want you to know it.

You are simple, but not simple enough. I am the true Simple! I do not wear the clothes. God gave me this skin, it is enough, I ought to be content. If I take what God gives me I shall be better than if I seek many inventions.

I take not life. Consider!—life is

sacred. You understand that with men but you think you may kill these weaker ones. For shame! They are brothers. You have no more right to kill them and wear their skins than you have to kill me, eat me and wear my skin. All animals have equal rights to life and liberty. I would not kill even that *thierchen*, the what you call it?—a louse. Let him eat me if he knows no better. I have enough for both. I love the animals. They are my good friends. We together talk and understand.

My good friend, Forrest, you call 'The Natural Man,' but he does not deserve the title. I am the true 'Natural Man.' I am the true 'Simple.' You will be full of disease & crime-wishes unless you do as I do."

Forrest spoke next.

"Comrades: We all love our German friend and his beautiful, natural life is

a joy to me. By going down to the animals and being one of them he is acquiring and garnering for mankind priceless knowledge. It is a great lesson on the value of permitting and encouraging every man to live his own life in his own way—on its public value I mean. But his life is an extreme, and to apply it to all of us would not be well. He should be glad in our difference as we are in his. He should not want the squirrel to be like the toad, nor the wildcat like the badger.

He claims superior naturalness, but to be natural does not necessarily mean to live like a beast with scant brain & no fingers. Our friend does not consider evolution. All animals evolve, it is natural to evolve, and as they evolve they do more and more things in a more and more artful and intricate way, using natural materials in combination & in new

forms to further their desires. The use of tools & materials goes with the evolution of the brain, increasing with its growth. Therefore much of what we call 'artificial' in man's life is really most natural. When I called myself a natural man, I did not mean one who used no tools, or art, or inventions, for these are all natural and found to some extent among even the beasts, but one who had determined to yield to his own law of growth, to follow and live out only his own ideals, no matter how whimsical, feeling sure that in this way the truest life & wisdom would evolve. All about me I find the world full of people who were trying to suppress their evolution, or twist it, or reshape it, so as to fit some ancient, or conventional or other-person's ideal. They religiously would not do what the public consensus called 'strange, peculiar, eccentric,

improper, odd, crazy,' or any one of a hundred such names. To smother self and conform was the unwritten law.

But to live my own life was what I did, and this I called 'natural' because all beasts & birds & flowers & trees and primitive men and winds and streams do that way. They yield themselves to the great world currents and their own innate laws and are justified. Only such lives are beautiful, satisfying, fair to consider, and fit musically into the symphony of the universal rhythms.

Karl lives his animal life from a sense of duty, but I am a savage 'just for fun,' just for health and pleasure. It seems to me more sweet, wholesome & artistic than the life most men lead, and so I live it. I prefer hand work and emphasize it, because I am built that way, but I do not condemn the machine in its place. I am mostly an artist in feel-

ing, and my desire has been to conserve all the gentle and beautiful, idyllic aspects of savage life while losing nothing really worth while in the life of the artificial man of today. I wanted to exclude both conventionality & crudity & attain the truly poetic mean. I wanted savage health, animal spirits, tree-like truth of growth, but also to possess the acquired joy of the artist; the victories of the thinker, the writer; to know something of the worker's bliss in his work. This life I called 'Simplicity.' I think we have no better word for it. But animal simplicity or consistent simplicity I never strove for. I don't think much of consistency. It is the enemy of progress. Consistency might require me to be unnatural, for it is natural to me to love to create and enjoy creation after the artist's impulse. My gentle friend here is not natural or consistent either, judged

by his own standards. It is not consistent for him to weave baskets, sacks, garments ['Birds weave!' interrupted Karl], not consistent for him to wear any garments whatever, not consistent for him to use an artificial & complex language, or to speak any language but his own, not consistent for him to write, not natural—but I spare him. He is pretty near consistency I allow & much more simple than I would care to be except as an occasional luxury.

It is the artistic, idyllic side of the simple and savage life that appeals to me and I would not cheat myself of an artistic joy because it was complex, nor any other joy I felt I needed. My message to those who look to me as teacher is simply to live your own life according to its strongest impulse. Comrade Karl does this & so does Comrade James Harvard and both therefore seem to me

to lead the natural life, and not a repressed or perverted one, different as each is from the other. The natural life is the *expressed* life, the artificial life is the *repressed* life. Our Comrade Karl wants to live his own life, but he is not quite satisfied because we live ours differently. A little of the old spirit which demands conformity under pain of inharmony clings to him yet. He is specially hurt because we enslave, kill, skin and eat the lower animals. I understand his feeling and have respect and sympathy for it, but Nature seems to be against it. He will not kill even in self-defense and here he is inconsistent & unnatural. All animals resist if strong enough, even rabbits. A monkey will kill the vermin on his body & eat them too. A very little study of nature will show that there are very few if any animals consistently vegetarian or consist-

ently carnivorous. The mixed diet in greater or less degree is almost universal. And as animals rise in the scale of evolution they are on one stage carnivorous and on another vegetarian as opportunity or necessity leads. Practically all aggress, and all defend. Therefore in his non-resistance and ethical vegetarianism Karl is unnatural from the viewpoint of the animal. He curiously vaults here from one end of the scale of human evolution to the other. Peace and the bloodless diet belong to the far future of the human race. At this time Nature is against both. Her plans just now require universal conflict and the feeding of life on life. A violent death is the natural death of the lower animal & he reckes not about being eaten alive. A careful study has never shown me any superiority in health, character, etc., of one habit of diet over another.

The carnivorous dog is as intelligent, brave, noble, gentle, swift & enduring as the herbivorous horse; the Cape buffalo, the rhinoceros, the baboon, are as bad-tempered & ferocious as lions and tigers, and with less reason, for they attack unprovoked and unspurred by hunger, the eagle is as constant in love as the dove, the vulture is less belligerent than the cock, and the vegetarian hornet is, for his size, as venomous as the carnivorous snake. The same is true of men. The effects of diet on character are fanciful. The carnivorous Eskimos are more kindly, honest, gentle & every way virtuous than the vegetarian Malays & a potato-fed Irishman loves fight better than a pemmican-fed Indian. The wheat-fed Roman soldier wasted the world. It is the social standard & ideal that mostly determines character, & the perfection of the diges-

tive apparatus that mostly determines nutrition no matter what you eat. Whether you live on beef or bananas or codfish you are all right if you have the digestive tools to extract all the virtues and reject all the poisons & rubbish. Bad digestion means bad morals & bad blood no matter what you eat.

When we deal with the animals we deal with them on their own plane which is that of "Might is Right," simply because they can understand no other. We cannot cooperate with them simply because, as a rule, no treaties can be made with them which they can understand or will keep. If man ceased to kill or injure animals they would soon lose all fear or respect for him. Vermin would swarm on his body and in his homes. Carnivores would devour him as they now do deer. The tribes of the air, of the forest and the prairie would

crawl thru, jump over, break down his fences, gnaw his trees, pillage his fruit, run off with his nuts, swarm on his grain, feast on his honey. Agriculture would be impossible. Even if we could make fences capable of effectually excluding the animals, that would not be brotherly, and if carried out thuroly would fence them off the earth and exterminate them. If no animal preyed on another and all were vegetarian, vegetation would be destroyed as by locusts and all soon perish of starvation. The universal war in Nature is a check which permits life to go on in various forms. As man grows numerous he kills the dangerous beasts and so removes the checks on the increase of the vegetarian ones. Now if he did not interfere with these they would multiply & devour every plant till he and they alike miserably perished. Reason-

ably enough he takes the place of the carnivores, he extirpates, kills and eats the vegetarians and so maintains the natural balance.

Did he not enslave, fleece, milk and eat many of these gentler animals he would have no alternative, for the reasons I have given, but to exterminate them as pests. Suppose man in the British Isles, for instance, was purely a plant-eater and used nothing animal in his arts or work? Today in those isles would not be left a single cow, horse, sheep, goat, ass, deer or rabbit alive, or if those remained men would be few and struggling, living on the nuts and herbs left by the beasts. There is no alternative, war in Nature in some form must go on and life be limited by life.

Man can make peace with man and cooperate with him to mutual advan-

tage, and should do so, but that is about the limit, and even that only beginning to be possible.

For the rest, man's place in Nature is that of conqueror and master with despotic powers. Only for his own sake he should not give unnecessary pain nor delight in it. I love the animals; I do not love to give them pain, I would like to cooperate with them as with you. I believe that life is one and all animals my brothers, but plants are my brothers, too, and want to live and I think they feel. But Nature says that not till man comes can peace be, and that for man alone; and that plants and animals must live on each other, and that is enough for me. So far as I find it necessary to kill I will do it without regret and with what pleasure I may, but with a swift, clean stroke, giving as little pain as may be. But I do not

thereby lose my sense of brotherhood. If I want the body of my brother the squirrel I go and take it as he would the body of his brother the grub or the nesting bird. When I take his body I think I take only his shell. I think his soul goes marching on, and next time embodied will be a little further on—a little higher in the scale. He must die to make this progressive change & I help him on by killing him. And even pain teaches and advances him.

On the lower & animal stage man's law also is that of "Might is Right," he even hunts and preys on man, enslaves, perhaps even literally devours him, but always, in Nature, the tendency within the species is stronger to peace & cooperation than to war and all man's evolution is naturally in this line—only as he works with man & for man does he attain the best for himself. He can-

not advance without his fellows. The day is not far distant when all noxious, ferocious, venomous beasts will be extinct, but man will grow ever gentler to man, & as he does so his gentleness will overflow to the beasts and so far as possible the gentler beasts that can be permitted to remain will be treated with love & kindness and the habit of eating them will die out. But this is not yet & to force the time is not wise."

There was quite a round of applause and then James Harvard rose to speak. What a contrast he was, clean-shaven, dressed in the height of fashion, elegant and polished, to the two splendid demi-savages who had preceeded him. Karl glowered at him, under heavy brows, like a troglodyte of the Stone Age; but Forrest, handsome, easy, muscular, seminude, his head twined with a chaplet of leaves like an ancient Greek, reclined

on the dais and looked smilingly up at him, for they were old & warm friends.

“My dear Comrades,” said Harvard, “I, too, claim to be a natural man and a simplacist, but these things take on larger meanings in my mind than with the speakers who have preceded me. I believe heartily in evolution; I accept the supremacy of man; and I accept the Modern Age and believe that logically, when completed, it will be the best of all. It is not ripe yet, that is what we fault in it, for unripeness is always crude and unpalatable. It will leave out nothing that was valuable in the past, while adding its own most important contributions. Like Forrest, then, I believe it is natural for man to evolve, use tools, & combine materials in creative work and therein this age is also natural. This is the Age of Machinery, that is its distinction, and

there is nothing abnormal about machinery. Kropotkin is right when he says our present killing servitude to the machine 'is a matter of bad organization, purely, and has nothing to do with the machine itself;' and Oscar Wilde is right when he claims that the machine is the helot on which our future civilization shall rise. The steam engine is as natural a product as a bird's nest and as normal a tool as Karl's flint. There are many beautiful features in Comrade Karl's life but it would stop us at the threshold of the Stone Age, and that can never be. You are mostly disciples of Forrest, and a very happy, wholesome, sweet life you live here, I own, and a most needed reproof you give the faults of the outer world, but still you are wrong in your dislike of machinery.

You think machinery is complex and

you want simplicity, but let me tell you what I think about that. In evolution simplicity is attained in successive stages. Progress is rhythmic, in cycles, and as life progresses it reaches out and includes more than previously, not uniformly and continuously, but in successive periods of growth and ripening, of start and finish. There are some very ugly stages at the beginning of every new cycle; when the house is building the struggle is very full of stress, materials stubbornly resist assimilation, and every thing is disagreeably complex, but after a while the new arrangements of materials and forces are all smoothly adopted and coordinated and then a new stage of simplicity is reached. When the house is finished it looks as simple as a rock. You think a man is simple, but when you study his structure you begin to think him

infinitely complex. What we can do and use and fit to without conscious effort or thought is what we call simple but there was once a time when it seemed painfully difficult and complex. Thru complexity to new simplicity, then, is the order of evolution, which ever advances in spirals, or cycles of progress, returning as it were to the starting point of simplicity, but ever on a new & higher plane than previously.

We are passing thru such a cycle of progress in industry and society, just now, and we feel very severely the struggle, & all life seems full of wheels and pulleys and cords & scaffolds and jostling workmen. But by and by all this will settle down and life will be as simple, natural and serene as in Arcadia.

You delight in hand-labor and I fully agree with you as to its artistic preferability, but when you come to use it

for many of the practical works of life it is by comparison a failure. And here, my friends, is where the new age will advance us and simplify. I prophesy that the new age will apply machinery to all the drudgery of daily work, and do it vastly better and faster and easier and cheaper than it could possibly be done by hand; and this will liberate an immense amount of time and human-force now employed distastefully upon it. A great deal of human work cannot possibly be made artistic and this dish-washing and scrubbing and wood-chopping of life can better be done by machines. Then all this released human energy will have a chance to be employed on the handwork which can be artistic. So I prophesy that when the Machine Age is fully ripened we shall not only be altogether released from drudgery, and the stupid lines of

work, but there will be vastly more artistic hand work done, and by more individuals, than is any way possible now. Those who fear that the machine will ever supercede the artistic hand are foolish and those who think the hand can remove the machine are equally so. The machine is the friend of the hand and has come to help it and to liberate it for higher uses. Have you never noticed that when the hand workers on some line are ousted by some machine, those very workers naturally go to another line of the same sort of work, but always on a higher plane, requiring more taste & intellect and manipulative skill than that from which the machine drove them? In competition with the machine the man rises, he cannot do otherwise, for there is no place for him below and that forced rise makes the machine a blessing to him. Nor can the man be

ever dominated by the machine for it is made by him and for him and inevitably he will be above it & use it for his own benefit. It cannot survive save it serve him. So there is nothing to fear from the machine and nothing but good can ever come from it, and everything that now opposes it will be benefited by it.

Another characteristic of this age is its social machinery. Never were men so coordinated and cooperated as now, never was there such universality, intricacy and complexity of organization. It is this that you are more opposed to than even the machine of wood & iron, but it is all a part of the age and its evolution and has come to stay, and in the end it is just as advantageous as the machine of wheels and levers.

But you stand for liberty and here indeed you are right & here I am with

you. It is not the machine that works evil, but the *forced* machine, and that force selfishness, that hurts you. The evil is precisely in the element of compulsion. Selfishness is to have your own pleasure at another man's expense, even if, in your opinion, it is all for his benefit. Man must be free; nothing benefits him till he freely consents. If Karl, here, forced you to use only flints or if Forrest forced you all to dress as little as he, you would find it as great an evil as if I forced you to use a machine or to work together in a certain way.

It isn't the machine or the organization, remember that, but the spirit behind these that grinds men. When man is free he is above his tool and when man is kind he will never use his tool as a weapon of offence, therefore where man is free & kind he is bound to use all tools (and social organization is only

a tool) for his own good and the equal good of all and that is the whole of it. Where men are left free they are certain to use the tools best adapted in their judgment to attain their ideals & gratify their desires, and that means the ever increasing use of machines in human labor and the ever increasing intricacy, complexity & unity of human organization & cooperation in social action and relation. But where this is all free it is natural, the parts quickly coordinate, and there soon comes a feeling of ease and simplicity. A man is himself a tremendously intricate & complex machine, but he is so used to his parts, & their relation and coaction, that he feels as simple as a stick. And so in time we shall attain a social organization so complete, united & perfectly integrated that it will seem almost as simple as a single man and no unit will feel it abnormal or himself restrained.

Will this repress individuality? Not at all. It will increase it. Now a man works the greater part of his working hours in drudgery and dreary toil, and only has, now & then, an hour to himself to be himself and live his own life. Likely has so little time to himself that the desire to be himself almost completely atrophies and he conforms in every way to the conventions. But when this machine of social organization, which you unwittingly hate, is perfected, all the monotonous, everyday, unindividualized work will be done so simply, economically, satisfactorily, in so short a time, that all the rest will be spare time, which each man, free from dictation or care of any kind, can spend in his own way, in a perfection of leisure undreamed of by even the richest at present. You already know something of that here. It will be vastly

more perfect than. Such a life will be very simple to the units. Such a social machine will be so vast, smoothly running, well-oiled, that each little cog will have a very simple work to do in the brief working period, and the rest of the day will be a real individual, as different as he pleases from all the rest. This is the natural and simple life which our evolution is building for us and the future will reveal."

This speech was roundly applauded and then we all came home.—Why!—it is long after midnight! I must get to bed.

Good night!

Felton.

CHAPTER XV



Y good Hillford:
You delight me with your half-promise to come & see Vale Sunrise with a view to joining the Tribe. I always thought I should draw you in, but I never spoke of it, for I have learned from these people the wisdom of not directly persuading a man, but of setting before him a truthful spread of facts & theories and then leaving him to freely select his own. A man's life should be from *himself* outward.

But I am a happy man anyway, for I have been admitted, all unexpectedly, to full membership before the expiration of my probation. It is a great

compliment. ¶It seems a secret ballot was taken and it was decided to admit me at once. This is a strong proof of general love and confidence and I feel it deeply. The chiefs came to me and acquainted me with the decision & told me that on the 1st day of Oct., if the weather was fine I should be initiated. Then they took me to the community herd and asked me to select my horse, for every new member is given one. I picked out a beautifully dappled iron-gray, with a broad brow and a gentle eye, who came up to me trustfully as I was looking at the herd and nibbled an apple from my hand.

"I choose this one for he seems to have chosen me," I said.

So they asked me to name him, & I called him Cirrus, because of his cloudy skin, and they said Cirrus was mine.

Then they told me to pick out an acre

of land far my house-lot, and I chose that one which happened to be vacant just beyond Planer's, at the point of the ridge, a terribly wild rough bit, but with a lovely view of the Vale, and of Cave-Gables, and of the little lake Forrest had made, which I had long coveted. Then they asked me to plan my house and when I had drawn the plans they set all who could be spared at the work and in a few days my little cottage was built by loving, friendly hands before my eyes, and everybody seemed as glad to build it for me as I was glad to have it built.

I wish you could see it, Hillford. I am as pleased as a child. When I was a boy I was always dreaming of simple, peasant-like little cottages and now my dream is made real. It is of rough stone, with massive walls, a tile roof, dormer windows, and plastered gables

showing the timbers in Elizabethan style. It is one & a half stories high, and the upper part projects a foot or two, and there are deep eaves where the swallows can build, & all the windows are lattice, casement windows, & there are chimney-pots, and a knocker on the front door, & a little stone porch. Inside there are wide fire-places, and Planer has superintended all the wood-work and says she is going to make all the furniture. But gifts of love from special friends come in, all the time and make me feel how many like me here. Drawings, sketches and paintings, bits of sculpture & carvings, autograph books & poems, hand-made rugs & couch-covers, presented by the makers, are already making my peasant's cot an artist's dream. A generous Scandinavian fresco-painter has painted the walls of my sitting room with beauti-

ful woodland scenes—evergreen groves where the rough trunks, green branches and brown needles below seem real enough to touch, and you almost expect the chick-a-dees among the cones to salute you. And all a labor of love.

Planer and I visit back & forth and have great delight in being each other's guests. She has set apart a portion of her big work-room for me and there I do my carving. We work together now, and I carve and ornament the furniture she makes when customers so desire. I love her more and more every day.

But I must tell you of my initiation.

OCTOBER 1st was a beautiful mild day, and we all went to the Council House dressed in our best, for an initiation is a general holiday.

This is the ceremony:

I was placed on the dais, with Forrest sitting beside me and the people

sitting as in council. Forrest rose and taking me by the hand said:

“My brothers, my sisters, I present to your love and confidence our new brother.”

The people rose and answered, lifting the left hand:

“Brother, we receive you!”

Then I stood up and said:

“My brothers, my sisters, I have an ideal of how a man should live with his fellows, generously, peaceably, helpfully, not interfering, not invading—I promise to live up to it.”

The people answered:

“We hear you, we will help you!”

“My brothers, my sisters, I have an ideal of how a lover should treat the one beloved, without impurity, without jealousy, without deception, without claims of ownership—tenderly, considerately, trustworthily—I promise to live up to it.”

“We hear you, we will help you!”

“My brothers, my sisters, I have an ideal of how every adult should treat a child, without insult, without discouragement, without violence; respectfully as one who would learn, tactfully as one who would teach, watchfully as one who would protect—I promise to live up to it.”

“We hear you, we will help you!”

“My brothers, my sisters, I have an ideal of how a man should do his work—industriously as one not wasting the time, honestly as one satisfying his conscience, lovingly as one achieving the ideal—I promise to live up to it.”

“We hear you, we will help you!”

“My brothers, my sisters, I promise in every part of my life to set before me as my practical religion, my Ideal of the Best and earnestly & sincerely will I endeavor to live up to it.”

“We hear you, we will help you!”

“My brothers, my sisters, I wish to be one with you in free, equal, helpful brotherhood; serving you with all my powers, loving you as I love myself, doing to you as I would have you do to me.”

“You are welcome, we receive you!”

“In joy and in pain, in health and in sickness, in strength and in weakness, in life and in death, I hold you my brothers, my sisters.”

“In joy and in pain, in health and in sickness, in strength & in weakness, in life & in death we hold you brother!”

All (singing):

*Where faith is free the soul is glad—
Where thought is free the brain is
glad—*

*Where love is free the heart is glad—
Where work is free the hand is glad—
Where life is free the man is glad—*

Life! Life! Life!
Liberty! Liberty!
Forever we are free!

Then Forrest rose again & stepping to me said:

“My brother, I give you my left hand in affection, my right hand in helpfulness & protection. As you would have your brothers treat you, so treat you them, respecting their ideals, holding their freedom & happiness sacred, loving them as you love yourself. Leave all bitterness & fear out of your heart and live true to your Vision of the Best.”

Then one after the other, commencing with the chiefs and ending with the little children, the people came up and gave me their two hands crossed (right to right and left to left, which is the tribal grip) and said:

“You are welcome, brother!”

I cannot remember any ceremony in

all my life, religious or social, that ever affected me so profoundly. It all seemed so real, so deeply sincere & loving, such a sacrament & communion of brotherly sympathy and kindness that I was affected almost to tears and when the last little baby toddled up and gave me its little crossed hands and lisped out its message, I picked it up and kissed it.

And then they brought up my beautiful Cirrus, with a new saddle & bridle of finest workmanship, and placed me on him, and placed Planer on her horse to ride beside me and then everybody took horse & rode behind us and escorted us to my cottage.

And there a great feast was spread and the whole day the Tribe spent in sport-making and joy till sweet Night came to the earth.

Your happy

Felton.

CHAPTER XVI



IN the preceding chapters I have availed myself of Mr. Felton's kind permission to copy a number of his old letters, to give a more vivid interior view of Vale Sunrise than my own words could afford. But when Mr. Hillford himself became a member of the Tribe these letters ceased, and so all I can do now is to give in as brief a form as possible a summary of events at Vale Sunrise from that time to the present.

Soon after Felton became a full member, as described in his last letter, James Harvard gave a series of lectures at Vale Sunrise, and these lectures, and the long and comradely discussions that

followed, produced very important results. They produced a coalescence of the ideals, so to speak, of Forrest's group and Harvard's group, so that after due consideration the two Tribes merged into one and it is only truth to say that in this Tribe Harvard (under the new Tribal-name of "Freeman Worth") became the leading spirit and admitted chieftain.

It became fully recognized that his ideas of the value of machinery to do the less artistic work of life were sound, and need not conflict with the ideas previously held of the beauty of simplicity and artistic hand-production. A kind, brainy man, magnetic as a leader, clear-viewed, scientific, well-informed on all topics, with a marvelous power to enthuse and unite men in cooperation, his influence soon became predominant and bore fruit everywhere. Forrest had

been beloved and followed but had no genius for superintending others or desire to organize, but Freeman, as we must now call him, was a natural superintendent and organizer of industry.

One of the first results of the evolution was that practically all the employees of the department store in the city took up their residence in Vale Sunrise, going back and forth morning and night, the city hotel being sold.

These trips were made in automobiles and a factory was erected on the margin of the Vale Sunrise domain, near Rippleford, to make automobiles and automobile freight-wagons. By means of these automobiles not only could the employees travel back and forth, swiftly and comfortably, but the freight-wagons carried to the city all surplus produce from the farms and gardens, and workshops of Vale Sunrise, and brought

back all needed imports from the city. More land was bought near Rippleford and all the factories formerly belonging to Harvard's group were transplanted there and more erected. In these factories, as much as possible, all the things sold in the city department store were made, and the men who worked there had their homes on the hills about Vale Sunrise, working only part of the day, with the rest of the time for themselves. The work, however, being done in shifts, was often almost continuous. Having their own means of transportation the members were largely independent of the railroads and express companies and where they did need outside products their large orders carried weight and compelled respect. Selling as near cost as sound business prudence and foresight would warrant they drew custom from all by the cheapness of

their wares, and held the trade thus attracted by the undeviating honesty of all their dealings and the guaranteed excellence of all their work. At first there was bitter war waged against them by other manufacturers and dealers, but as they supplied nearly all their own needs they were hard people to fight and the public being in sympathy with their ideals and methods, which were everywhere frankly explained, refused to boycott but rather everyway aided them until their competitors in despair were forced to adopt similar tactics, colonize and communize their workers, share with them, and sell near cost; the result being the formation of a great many new Tribes on nearly similar lines, cooperating rather than competing with Freeman's group and exchanging products with him. Lecturers were sent out, literature printed, and at this writ-

ing a powerful propaganda is being waged to make this movement national and even international.

And in Vale Sunrise itself changes were marked, especially in agriculture. First all the arable lands were ditched and drained by machinery, swamps drained, impeding rocks blasted out, terraces built, roads made perfect. Then great machine-plows and earth-mixers went over all the fields, subsoiling them, turning-up, mixing & blending the soils, and sifting out every stick and stone and impediment, till all was fine as garden mould and penetrable by the tenderest roots. Then wind-mills went up, with pumps to irrigate fields and gardens when needed. Great fertilizer-sheds were built where every kind of refuse whatever was converted, by the best scientific means, into available fertilizer, the old hog-mixing process be-

ing now no more. Green-houses were built to produce early plants and winter vegetables and flowers, and, in brief, the whole community-farm was converted into a model-farm with every benefit and aid that modern science could suggest to create certain and intensive production.

In the community kitchen the same methods were introduced, and most of the cooking, dish-washing, scrubbing, and laundry work were done with little use of hands.

Everywhere the hard, disagreeable, monotonous, uninspiring labor was turned over to machines and the people liberated to the more brainy and artistic tasks and to cultured leisure.

Finding difficulty in getting the needed machinery made, owing to the jealousy of the trusts, Freeman secured the cooperation of some friendly capitalists,

went to Pennsylvania, bought a coal-mine and an iron-mine, built the necessary iron-works and machine-shops and proceeded to make his own machines, colonizing his workmen in the neighborhood, even as in Vale Sunrise.

There was now no difficulty about getting members. The workmen of the country were enthused, & clamored for and almost demanded admittance. The difficulty was rather to keep up the old rigid system of probation and select only the fit material for colony-life and to get land and employment and superintendents for the incomers.

But Freeman Worth was a born general and selected his lieutenants with an intuitive accuracy that seldom failed. As fast as possible he trained men for superintendency in his system, picked out a wise man, gave him a gang of true and loyal workmen, and sent them

out somewhere as the nucleus of a new Tribe. And these new chiefs worshipped him as Napoleon was worshipped by his marshals. He was fighting a world-war for their emancipation and elevation to all human dignities and values, and they knew it and loved him and would have died for him.

And all the time the old, sweet sylvan, half-savage and wholly poetic simplicity prevailed in Vale Sunrise and spread like an atmosphere thro' all new Tribes. When not working for the community the members painted, carved, fiddled, sang, read, argued, loafed, slept, made art-furniture, artistic homes, dressed, or undressed as picturesquely as they pleased, and rode their pet horses up and down the winding rustic roads.

This side of their life was untouched and rather intensified.

Forrest Westwood still ran bare-

footed along the hill paths & twirled his owl-plume in gay content, and old Karl still grunted and squeaked and whistled with his four-footed & feathered friends in the forest and glowered disdainfully at the new ways.

And so Arcadia had come again, and the old & the new were fully reconciled, the savage and the civilized; the machine and the hand-tool were friends and allies and all men in all the Tribes were glad and healthy brothers.

THE END.

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