

BACK TO THE SOIL

BY BRADLEY GILMAN



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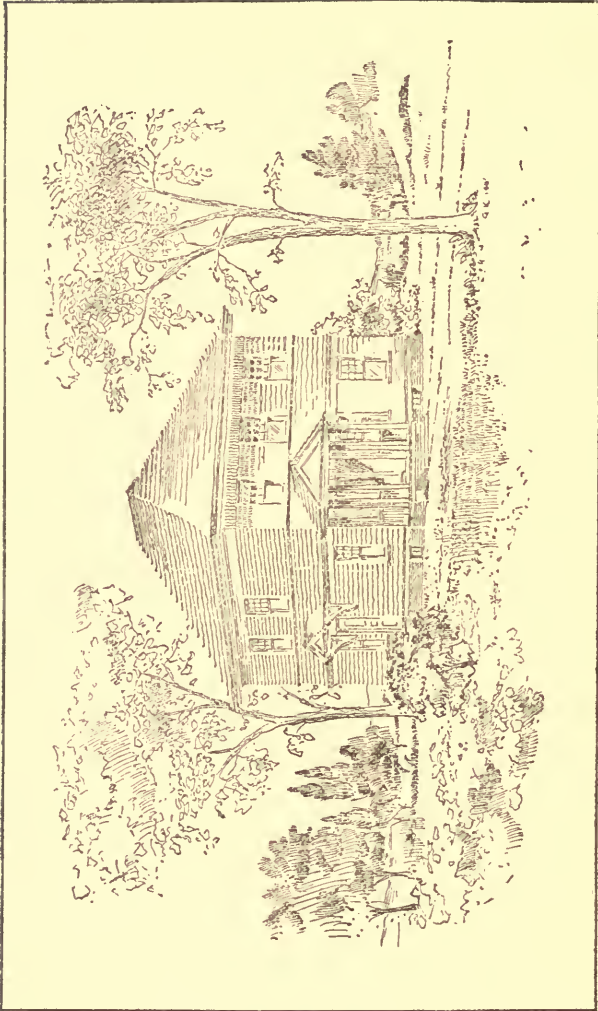
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IRVINE

(Wright III
Author, etc. -
at new social
(urban) problems

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BACK TO THE SOIL



A CIRCLE CITY DWELLING.

Back to the Soil

OR

From Tenement House to
Farm Colony

A Circular Solution of an Angular Problem

By

Bradley Gilman

Author of "The Drifting Island," etc.

With an Introduction by

Edward Everett Hale



Boston

L. C. Page & Company

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DEDICATION.

I dedicate this book, first, to the Ward VI. Conference of Associated Charities, in Boston; and, secondly, to the memory of the youthful Saul, son of Kish.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE publishers of this important book have asked me to write a few lines of introduction, if only to beg readers to take the book most seriously, as an important contribution to one of the great central questions of the time. They have asked an old man to say this, who has had to fight the worst tendencies of city life in most of his man's work, in the daily routine of a working minister. They have thought that his word might carry enough weight with it, to persuade serious readers to take the book, not as another Utopia, but as a real contribution to the scientific sociological work of this new century.

Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, that eminent improver of cities, who has done so much for the beauty and health of American towns, once said to me that, while he was greatly praised for his work in the ruralising of the cities, he considered the complementary work of the urbanising of the country to be an enterprise far more important in the life of America.

This careful opinion of a leader like him will be shared by all men who will diligently study the most difficult problems of our social order.

It must be observed that whatever is done must be done in accord, — by a considerable number of people, who are, from the beginning, to bear one another's burdens, and whose success depends, as most success depends, on the victory of — *together*.

The prejudice, natural enough, which keeps George Hammer, the blacksmith, in a crowded tenement-house, where his next neighbours are Will Penman, the teller in the Commercial Bank, and Henry Jalap, the apothecary at the corner, springs from an effort which Frank Question-mark made eleven years ago, when the Prospect Hill speculators advertised their lots for sale. Trains went out one day to Prospect Hill, and no one had to buy tickets. This was the day when lots were sold at auction. There was a pretty pavilion on Everett Square, which was an oval space in the middle of the lots. There was a nice free lunch, — oysters and salad, yes, — with a little champagne. The view was exquisite. Even the birds sang, — and the visitors gathered long-stemmed violets for their wives. The lots were put up for sale, and they sold with spirit, so that when Nos. 23 and 24 were sold, Frank was able to purchase, at exactly the price he had dreamed of. He and Fanny did not mean to build, that year; but, next year, — “Oh, it would be lovely!”

Yes! But when Fanny was well enough to ride

out, and they took her on her first ride with the nurse and the baby, things did not look so attractive. The grass was now very high, and it even grew in the roadway as well as in the house-lots. There were awful gulches in the roads, where the water had run riot in a summer storm a few days before. A deserted shanty had a door swinging open, on which was a sign that the agent would be found at No. 4 Mammon Block, in town. Frank told Fanny that all would be quite different in the next year; and they rode home, but rather silent, and they did not go to the nursery to buy plants for their garden.

Before long the tax-bill came in for the new house-lots. Frank paid the tax-bill, but found, a little to his disgust, that no other purchaser had materialised, and that he was the only "householder" on Prospect Hill.

He holds the deed of his two lots still. But he has never built his home there. He still lives in a tenement house, and tries to solace his wife by calling their home a suite in an "apartment house." Their children live, and move, and have a being; but they are sallow and pale, and not one of them knows a violet from a China aster, or a bobolink from an English sparrow. Such is the experience which most dwellers in crowded towns have, in their efforts to retire into the country.

What Mr. Gilman proposes, my friends, in this

book, is that earnest men and women shall combine in a noble enterprise, in which all of them shall walk with God, and shall work with God. I will not anticipate the reader's pleasure by stepping one pace forward on the pleasant path where Mr. Gilman invites us to walk with him.

So far as that path opens before us, I will only say that the book offers a practical method for removing, at once, in one joint enterprise, people who are freezing or sweltering in the life of one of our crowded towns, into that life of nature,—of oxygen and ozone, of hope and of the joy which belongs to hope,—which is indicated where the Scripture says that the Lord God planted a garden, and placed in it the first man and woman, that they might be fellow workers with him, in conquering the world and subduing it.

The book is written and published in Massachusetts. Massachusetts is commonly spoken of among the crowded States of the world. The average population of Rhode Island, of Connecticut, of Belgium, is larger than that of Massachusetts. But Massachusetts is more densely peopled than the island of Ireland, generally called crowded. For, three million people, in Massachusetts, inhabit rather more than eight thousand square miles,—say roughly, five million and a half acres. It is easy to see that every household in Massachusetts—if there be ten persons in

a household — might have and control sixteen acres of land, if men wanted really to bring up their children to work with God, to walk with him, under his open heaven, and to see Him as the pure in heart see Him.

And larger opportunities than these present themselves, in those American States which are not “densely peopled.”

Such are some of the simple considerations, which ought to persuade the intelligent reader of this book, not merely to “run his eye” over it, as an amusing fancy of a wide-awake author, but to study it, as an important suggestion for the social order of the days before us.

EDWARD E. HALE.

March 25, 1901.

PREFACE.

THIS book aims at setting forth the hopeful possibilities of country life, in contrast with the forlorn and desperate actualities of the crowded life of our larger cities. It depicts, in fiction form, the concrete conditions under which country life should be undertaken ; and it points out many of the resources and opportunities of the country, which thus far have been overlooked. If the author had believed that he was merely adding one more to the long list of books which vainly deplore existing conditions among the city poor, he would not have set pen to paper ; but, because he has been convinced, by study and experience, that the city cannot remedy the ills it generates, and that the country districts — if properly developed — can, in large measure, remedy those ills, he has ventured to portray, and

even to minutely describe, his ideal of a rural community of working-people.

He is not ignorant of the many failures which have resulted, in the past, from schemes of community and farm-colony life. He simply affirms that those failures were due to violations of social law, which, in the plan here offered, are avoided; and he further asserts that his plan comprises certain vitally important features, which have not before been utilised, or even clearly recognised.

The one great barrier to farm life, for city-bred poor,—solitude,—is overcome, in this plan, by a unique method of grouping the homes as closely as possible, and by various other methods less novel. The addition of “minor industries,” or “small handicrafts,” to the usual round of farm duties can give wholesome variety of work and increased sources of income.

The book distinctly rejects and condemns “Socialism,” or “Communism,” as a basis for united action, and urges a free coöperative “Individualism,” by which many enterprises

are possible, which have been impossible, heretofore, in farm life, as commonly understood.

Such persons as have kept informed upon the problems of city pauperism, and means for its relief, must have noted how close many writers have come to the remedy offered by the farm-colony. This striking contrast, between crowded city and sparsely settled country, led Carlyle to exclaim, in his essay, "Chartism," "Our terrestrial planet — nine-tenths of it yet vacant, or tenanted by nomads — is still crying, 'Come and till me, come and reap me!'"

Again, Mrs. S. A. Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, London, in an essay, says: "To get the young of our vast cities interested in country life, is no slight good, now, when migration or emigration seems the only solution to the great problem of city overpopulation."

Hardly a writer or thinker or worker, in the philanthropic field, but has cast his eyes longingly, but rather hopelessly, at the broad untenanted tracts of the country; but so many

glittering Utopias have dissolved into damp fog, that few persons have dared hope for successful colonisation. This book, however, dares to reopen the subject; it ventures to exploit hitherto undeveloped resources for happiness, offered by country life; and it indicates some of the fruitful lines of industry, which there could be entered upon, in conjunction with the tilling of the soil.

The amount of money required to launch such a colony as is here outlined would be easily forthcoming, if people were convinced of the soundness of the plan. In these days of magnificent fortunes, and munificent gifts, a hundred dollars or a hundred thousand dollars are often equally available for sound public reforms and wise philanthropies.

The author cannot rationally expect that his new theories of farm colonisation will be found impregnable at all points, and workable in all particulars; he simply believes that, in the main, this book opens a path of hope for the city's poor; and he welcomes corrections and amendments from any, who, like himself,

feel deeply concerned for an improvement in the social and industrial condition of the worthy but unhappy poor, now swarming in our large cities.

BRADLEY GILMAN.

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BACK TO THE SOIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROBLEM INTRODUCED.

IF my memory serves me aright, the problem with which this little book concerns itself first faced me as long ago as when I was a boy, and a hungry tramp came to the door, asking food. Then, for the first time, I realised that there really were people in the world, who did not find a bountiful table set for them, three times a day. From that time on, at intervals, in various ways, I had intimations of the distress and need which exist in many hearts and homes, throughout the world. Sometimes it was a beggar asking alms on the street, or it was a collection for "the poor," taken in church, or a paragraph in

the newspaper, recounting the horror of an accident and the destitution of a family.

The full magnitude of the problem, however, did not come to me until many years later, after I had completed my studies at school and college, had passed through my ordination service, and been installed over a parish. Those incidents of childhood, already named, were certainly the more remote phases of my experience, which led up to the careful consideration and attempted solution here given. But the series of incidents, which led more directly to it, began, as nearly as I can recollect, with a certain evening in October, when I came home, weary and despondent, from my parish round of duties, and took my seat at the tea-table.

My wife, who is always quick to discern my moods, asked no questions, but ran cheerily on in a little chit-chat of reminiscences about the sewing-circle, which had met that afternoon. Twelve aprons had been made up, for the North End Children's Home, and a barrel of second-hand clothing had been packed and

sent to the Ockmulgee Coloured School, in Georgia.

When I had finished my tea, I felt somewhat refreshed, and more inclined to talk. This change of mood did not escape my watchful wife's notice, and she casually inquired, as she led the way into the library, "What has happened, to make you so depressed? Nothing serious, I hope." And she sat down with her sewing, at the table, and I threw myself on the lounge.

"Oh, nothing unusual," I replied, gloomily; "it's only the same old story, a man out of work, and his wife and five children hungry and cold."

"What family is it?" inquired my wife. "Do I know them?"

"It's that family on the east side," I answered. "Follen is the name. I think you carried some clothing and dainties there, once, when the oldest child had a fever."

"Certainly, I recall them. What is the trouble with them? Is Mr. Follen out of employment?"

“Yes. He is a printer by trade, and a fairly good workman, I’m told. But they have introduced two of those new type-setting machines into the office where he works, and he and a dozen other men have been discharged. The new machines, with one man at each, can do the work of six or eight men.”

I spoke with a little bitterness, and I was conscious of a slight sense of anger toward Howland and Stetson, for having made this new departure in their business. My wife had the same thought, for she looked up from her work and said: “That seems very unlike Mr. Howland. I have met him once or twice, and I have often seen his name on lists of contributions to various charities. Probably it is Mr. Stetson’s doing. I have heard —”

“Oh, no, my dear,” I interrupted; “you are on the wrong tack, if you will pardon me for saying so. Howland is a good man, and so is Stetson. I have met them several times, and their reputation in the city is high. I

fear that you don't understand the ins and outs of the matter. They mean well by their employés, but they are driven to this step by competition. You see, they publish, among other papers, the *Weekly Gazette*. Now, that periodical is much like the *Family Assistant*, to which you subscribe. If I remember aright, you said that the annual subscription to the *Assistant* was a half dollar less, this year. I don't know the facts, but I surmise that the publishers of the *Assistant* have introduced these new machines, and have thereby lessened the cost of printing; they can therefore afford to offer it at a lower rate of subscription. The *Weekly Gazette* is a paper very similar to the *Assistant*, and must also lower its subscription, or the people who now take the *Gazette* will soon take the *Assistant*, instead."

"So that is what you mean by 'competition,'" remarked my wife, nervously biting off a needleful of thread as she spoke.

"Yes, that is one example, out of hundreds which could be given, of the harsh, inexo-

rable working of the economic principle of competition.”

“Well, I don’t like it,” ejaculated my wife, looking at me as reproachfully as though I had instituted it, and was responsible for its harmful doings. Despite my depression, I laughed at the dear woman, so quick to feel for all unfortunate souls, and I said: “I’m sure I don’t like it any better than you do; or, at least, I don’t enjoy seeing the suffering and misfortune it often causes. But I didn’t create the laws of political economy, and I protest against your looking upon me as if I were responsible for them. Moreover, there are many things which we don’t like, which we cannot eliminate from the world; for instance, earthquakes, and early frosts, and zero weather, and pneumonia, and other ills too numerous to mention.”

My wife was silent. I knew she was thinking, not about the working of hard general laws of political economy, but about a very concrete case, — Follen’s family, and how she could arrange her work, the next

day, so as to go and visit them. I was on the point of going on with my subject, far enough to convince her that, because of this very introduction of a labour-saving printing machine, she had paid a half dollar less for her subscription; but, at that moment, the door-bell rang, and, in a few moments, our maid, Bridget, announced our neighbour and intimate friend, Doctor Barton.

We greeted him with pleasure. Every one did that, for he was a kindly, sympathetic man, who entered immediately into everybody's cares and troubles. He was hardly what you would call "genial," not being quite lethargic enough for that soothing term of description; but he was alert, interesting, sympathetic, encouraging; and those are qualities upon which most people, whether they know it or not, base their choice of a physician.

"I remembered your oft-given invitation to come in and finish my cigar at your fireside," remarked the doctor, "and here I am." And he drew up a chair, like the privileged friend

he was, and asked me, in his merry, quizzical way, if I had been a good pastor all day, and asked my wife what she really thought of me, as an investment.

Margaret made some reply, in the same light vein, and then there was silence for a few moments; it was that kind of easy, comfortable silence which can be indulged in only among intimate friends. Presently I took up the idea which my wife and I had been discussing, and briefly restated it for Doctor Barton's benefit. "Margaret thinks the law of competition a great blot on our civilisation," I said; "but you and I know, that, despite all the merciless changes which it brings, it brings also many benefits. I was on the point of showing her, as you came in, that the same type-setting machine, which throws five fellows like Follen out of work, gives her a lower subscription rate for her magazine or newspaper."

The doctor puffed out one or two clouds of smoke, in his nervous way; then he replied: "Yes, that is true; but I, personally, would

rather pay the larger price for the paper, and have those poor fellows kept at their work. That isn't good political economy, perhaps, but I have recently seen several cases of distress, coming from just those causes,—labour-saving inventions,—and I don't call them unmitigated blessings."

That was the good doctor's way. His feelings were quick, and he nearly always took sides with poverty and distress, without much regard for the logic of the situation.

I shook my head, in disapproval. I believe that I am as deeply touched by pain and sorrow as he is; but I have a tolerably strong sense of the inexorable working of law, social as well as physical; and I felt the futility of sweeping back the ocean from one's dooryard. "You can't hold back the progressive spirit of man," I said. "He will search out new ideas, new and short ways of doing things; and, in the long run, I believe this benefits the race. You say you would gladly pay a half-dollar more, and keep Follen in his place; but you can afford to do that. Not so can hundreds

of other individuals, who have less income than you, and now can afford to take this periodical.”

“Is this worthy gentleman the paid canvasser for the *Family Assistant*?” queried the doctor, facetiously. Then he added, seriously: “I have heard that point urged before; and I suppose that, in the main, it is correct. But I sometimes think I would like to look through the books of one of those business houses, after they have taken on such an invention, and turned away workmen, and reduced the cost of production, and lowered the price of their manufactured goods. I would like to see if the amount by which they lower their selling price corresponds exactly with the amount they save in their production. Or do they make a little margin, off that reduced cost of production, for their own pockets? I suspect that they make a little for themselves, and save a little for the buyers of their goods, but the workman is the loser in the transaction. The transferred workman, who is put at the

machine, becomes a good deal of a machine himself; and the discharged workmen are pushed out to face starvation and death, yes, and crime, before they can get a foothold again."

The hot little man was growing more and more excited, as he spoke. He ran his hand nervously up through his iron-gray hair, and his cigar nearly went out.

"You may be correct in your surmises," I said, reluctantly, "but what are you going to do about it? The employers have the advantage of 'position,' as the military strategists say; and the workmen have to fight on open, exposed ground."

"There, there, Walter!" interrupted my wife, rising, "I shall not stay any longer, to hear you two wrangle over those dry subjects. I must go and look over the purchases I made this afternoon, at Gorham's, and be sure they are ready for use."

She was putting up her sewing, as she spoke. Doctor Barton, at the mention of "Gorham's," turned and looked at her.

“What did you buy at Gorham’s?” he asked, sharply.

Margaret regarded him for a moment in silence. She knew him too well to think his question one of idle curiosity, but she sometimes loved to tease the irascible little man. “I bought a dozen stoves, and a load of hay, and four new sewing-machines, and —” She was mischievously keeping tally on her fingers as she announced these impossible purchases. (Gorham’s was a dry-goods store, I may add, by way of explanation.)

“No, I’m serious,” interrupted Doctor Barton. “What did you buy?” And he arose and looked sharply at her with his penetrating little gray eyes.

Margaret ceased her fun, and replied, “Why, I bought some blankets, and some cotton cloth, and then I picked up some very good bargains in children’s underwear. I —”

“Just as I thought,” ejaculated the doctor. “That is what I was after; that purchase of underwear. The garments were cheap, too, I’ll venture to say.”

“Yes,” said Margaret, somewhat puzzled, “they were.”

“Dirt cheap, I’ve no doubt,” continued the doctor; “and dirt is cheap—sometimes; but when dirt turns out to be disease, it isn’t so cheap. Now, what I am driving at is this. Wash those undergarments thoroughly, in boiling water, before you put them on the children. Unless,” he added, grimly, “you want me here, in an official capacity.”

I saw the drift of his remark. “You mean—‘sweat-shop,’ I suppose,” said I.

“Yes, I do; just that. I happen to know that Gorham has the larger part of his work done in sweat-shops, at the lower end of the city. And when I’ve said that, I’ve said enough to explain my remark about boiling those garments.”

My wife still looked incredulous. “Why, they are perfectly clean,” she began to explain. “They are white, and fairly well made, and nicely folded up, and— and— why, anybody would think I had brought home clothing from a second-hand shop on Flint Street.”

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and sat down, as if throwing off all responsibility. "I would rather trust some of that Flint Street clothing, than underwear from a sweat-shop. Why, see here! Do you, either of you, know the horrors of a real sweat-shop? I'll tell you." And the energetic little man was on his feet again, his eyes glowing, and his cigar now quite forgotten.

"Those garments were probably made," said he, "in some such place as this. I tell you now what I saw myself, last week, when I went, with a member of the Board of Health, and visited several of those dens. First, a room about twice as large as this library (the ceiling considerably lower, and therefore the cubic feet of air much less). In that room picture ten or twenty men, women, and children, working at sewing-machines, or with the needle! The place hot, close, damp with the perspiration of those heated, unwashed human bodies. Pale, diseased creatures, bent over their work, coughing, spitting, swearing. Hands and faces grimy with dirt. Unmentionable

filth in some parts of the room, two or three little children, scrofulous in appearance, lying on piles of garments, or playing among them. The odours were almost unendurable; and —”

“There, there!” exclaimed my wife, putting out her hands in protest. “That is enough. I don’t wish to hear any more. I’ll — I’ll go and give orders to Bridget to boil those garments; if, indeed, I keep them. I really think I would better give them away.”

“Well,” said Doctor Barton, sententiously, “boil them, just the same. Don’t take the responsibility of spreading disease, even among your dependent families. Walter, give me a match! My cigar has gone out.”

Margaret presently left us, and we two fell into a further conversation about the sweat-shops. “There are hundreds of them, in each of our larger cities,” said Doctor Barton, speaking more calmly. “They must be a prolific source of disease.” And he told me, more in detail, some of the forms of disease which were probably engendered in these

dens, and sent out from them into better classes of families.

I listened to him rather gloomily, for I knew, more or less distinctly, the dreadful character of such places. I partly listened and partly conjectured, as to the possible remedy for this crying evil. When Doctor Barton finished his chapter of horrors, I said to him: "All this is the exact, awful truth; I know you don't exaggerate one point. But the remedy! What is the way to prevent the existence of such cesspools of distress and disease?"

The sympathetic physician's answer was prompt. "I would have laws regulating the size and character of all buildings and apartments used for labour;" he said, firmly. "And, what is more, I would have such laws enforced, no matter who owns the building! No matter if it is a clergyman, or a rich parish. Some of our churches actually hold property, tenement-houses, used as sweat-shops; and, I'm told, they are hard landlords to deal with."

“I’m not responsible for them;” I said, smiling, for the angry little doctor was looking at me in a threatening manner. “I am sure that my church has no such investments. But, even if you could regulate the sanitary conditions of these poor creatures, you have not helped them much toward keeping above the starvation level. What were the prices paid them? I have read, but have forgotten.”

“I talked with several of them, and they told me that they got only forty and sixty cents for making a garment which retailed for three and five dollars; and twenty cents on one that sold, retail, for seventy-five cents. Several of them declared that, though they worked ten hours and more each day, they could not earn much above four dollars a week. Shameful! Isn’t it? I think we ought to have a law that would forbid any employer paying less than a dollar and a half a day.”

“But that wouldn’t do,” I remonstrated. “The employer might at once discharge his

work-people. Then they would be worse off than before; nothing a week is certainly worse than four dollars a week."

"I don't know about that," growled the irate doctor, shaking his round, gray, curly head. "I'm not so sure that quick starvation isn't better than the prolonged kind."

"In some of our cities," I continued, "an attempt has been made to arouse public opinion, and boycott stores which sell these sweat-shop garments. I recently —"

"Good idea!" interrupted the doctor. "Excellent! That ought to bring the store-keepers and contractors to their senses."

"I was about to say," I went on, "that I recently received a letter from a friend of mine, in a Western city, and she told me that where she lived there was much public indignation upon the subject, and many people had signed a pledge, promising not to buy garments, which they knew, from the prices, must have been made in sweat-shops."

"I only hope they'll stick to it," exclaimed the doctor, promptly. "Those movements

often start out bravely, but soon fade and vanish.”

“You are right,” said I. “I often think that, while the new and much used word ‘initiative’ is a good one, there is a better, and that is ‘continuance.’ I have often observed that the well-worn maxim, ‘It is the first step that costs,’ breaks down in actual practice; and the first step often costs least, and the subsequent steps are the difficult and decisive ones. However, there is one point connected with that sale of sweat-shop garments, which offers difficulties. If a hundred or a thousand women pledge themselves to refrain from buying such goods, and keep to their pledge, they may succeed in driving those goods out of the market; but, in doing so, they have put them out of the reach of many people, possessed of less wealth than themselves, who cannot afford to pay larger prices, and must go without.”

“Oh, I see,” remarked Doctor Barton, thoughtfully; “you mean that the low price

of these sweat-shop goods puts them within reach of a large number of people, who, otherwise, would be compelled to go without them."

"Precisely!" I assented. "And I don't quite know what to say to that. It complicates the problem greatly. It seems as though the distress and disease of one class of the community resulted (leaving out the question of infectious dangers) in the betterment of another class. One class seems to live on the degradation and distress of another class. It's a hard problem, isn't it?" I added, as my friend rose and thrust his hands into his pockets, and knitted his brows, in silence.

He paced the room a few moments, and remarked, "I sometimes think this world is a dreadful blunder, and (pardon me) that the Creator made awfully bad work of it."

"It sometimes looks so," I said, smiling. "It has occasionally struck me that way, I confess, but I then remind myself that the Creator isn't through with his work; the

world isn't a finished job, so to speak; and I hardly think we are warranted in judging it, while it is only partly completed."

The warm-hearted man put out his hand, and met my smile with one of his own sympathetic, penetrating smiles, and said that he must be on his way home. "I thought, for the moment," said he, "that I was Atlas, and was carrying the world." Then his face grew sober again, as he said, walking out through the hall, "What a hard, hard problem this city destitution is, though! I do believe I would change some things, in quick order, if I had the power."

"That is probably what you would do, rash man," I said, with mock severity; "but I think that, in your well-meant reforms, you would probably bring about one or two bad results."

"And pray what would they be?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Either you would bring about greater confusion, in ameliorating the present condition of things, or you would reduce life to

a bare simplicity which would make it extremely uninteresting.”

The doctor laughed. “The world is certainly interesting,” he admitted, and wrapped his fur-lined coat around his slender, wiry body, and went out, with a cheery “Good night.”

CHAPTER II.

A LESSON FROM A PIE.

A FEW days afterward, I was walking home from a meeting of our Ward Conference of Associated Charities, when my friend Royce overtook me, and we walked on together.

Royce was one of the best types of the "self-made man" that I ever saw. He was clear-headed, quick in all his perceptions, yet controlled in his speech, self-reliant, and even autocratic, — as such men often are, — with a severe countenance tempered now and then by a caustic smile; but, underneath, a man of warm heart and generous motives. He was a heavy stockholder in the Amphion Mills, and had just come in from the mills, to sit for an hour at his club.

As we passed along in front of Preston's department store, my companion bowed to a man who was busily engaged in arranging the show-windows picturesquely and attractively.

"Excuse me," said I, "but that man's face is familiar, and yet I can't quite recall him. Who is he?"

"I don't wonder that you can't place him," said Royce. "He looks fifteen years older than he did five years ago. His name is Palfrey; you probably saw him, formerly, in his own store, down near the market."

That brought the whole matter clearly before me. "Oh, I remember. He kept that dry goods store, with the pretty show-window." Then I saw, without need of explanation, the meaning of the man's altered circumstances. "It's the oft-repeated story, I suppose, of the department store swallowing the smaller stores."

"Exactly!" rejoined my friend. "He ought not to have enlarged his business, and tried to compete with this immense department concern. They are a part of a

syndicate, you know, and they can buy vast quantities of goods, and can distribute them through their various branches, and undersell and kill out any smaller competing concern. That is what they have done for Palfrey and his employés; all swallowed up. And there is Clary & Co., and that paperhanging store, Holloway's! Both of them, and many others, closed up, and employers and employés taken in on salaries, to work at the same business, under Preston's roof."

"I have seen some of the results of that department store system," I remarked, sadly. "I have seen the changes that have come to several families through that absorption of the small stores. In one case the curtailing of expenses kept a promising young lad away from college; and in another case, the breaking up of a household lost a good coachman his job, and the family have steadily fallen ever since. One of the girls has taken a place in a family as second girl, but the father cannot find work for which he is fitted, and he has drunk himself almost to death."

“Well,” exclaimed Royce, tossing back his head, and squaring his shoulders, “there’s nothing to be done about it. It’s simply a question of the survival of the fittest. The strong survive; the men of power, and resolute will. I fancy I’m a bit of that sort myself. But the Wars of the Roses and the Crusades called for no more pluck and endurance and strategy than does the commercial and mercantile war of the present day.”

I made no reply, at the moment. I was recalling the white hair and expressionless face of the man whom I had seen in the show-window of Preston’s. I observed how aged the man had grown since I saw him in his own store, then apparently hopeful, happy. And this was only one case out of many now happening in all the cities and large towns of the country.

“You say there is nothing to be done about it,” I began. “Do you mean to say that tyranny and cruelty are necessary elements in our boasted nineteenth century civilisation?”

Royce emitted a prolonged whistle. Most people, seeing and hearing him at that moment, would have set him down as a hard, cold, cynical man; but I knew that the whistle was a signal to himself to put the brakes on, a signal to his will to restrain his emotions of sympathy and anger. I knew that all his trained power of self-control were often needed to preserve that cynical expression of face, and to keep down the violent emotions of justice and pity in his volcanic heart. But he did it, nearly always; and most people called him cold and heartless; and he — well, he smiled the same old cynical smile.

“Yes, I repeat,” said he, “there is nothing you can do about it. I don’t say that the situation is good, bad, or indifferent; I say, only, that I see no way to help it. Herbert Spencer has shown —”

“There, there!” I protested, laughingly, “I knew you would quote him. But I don’t care what he thinks; what I ask is, — what *you* think.”

“Well, pastor,” said Royce, with mock re-

spect and reverence in his tones, "I beg to say that I think as Spencer thinks. That's all. You knew that before; yes, and you know Spencer's social theories as well as I do."

"Not quite as well," I said. "I have read him less carefully than you have. But, leaving that, what do you say to a little wholesome legislation upon these matters? I don't urge this myself, but my friend, Doctor Barton, — you know him, — says that we ought to draft a few bills, and lay them before the Legislature, and compel some sort of fair play between these big department stores and the smaller dealers."

"H'm!" ejaculated Royce, contemptuously. "As you know, I gave a good deal of time to reading law, a few years ago. Well, you take my word for it! There is no way of framing a law that will remedy this supposed evil of the department store. Moreover, I don't believe in so much special legislation; it is petty, and confusing, and ineffective."

"Spencer again?" I asked, with a laugh.

And then I added, fearing that I might have irritated him, "I agree pretty closely with you, as you well know. I am only trying to draw out some sort of argument on the opposite side. In fact, if you had been at church, Sunday before last, — perhaps you were; don't protest! I always assume that you are not, unless you say you are —"

"Oh, I see! You are not so generous in your construction of human conduct as is the law; you believe a man guilty until he proves himself innocent."

"Not so," I replied, keeping up the chaffing. "I accept it as proved that you were there, since you say you were. And, of course, you heard what I said about 'competition.'"

My friend nodded, now growing serious again. "Yes; and if I recall your main idea, it was that competition is closely allied to the most fundamental instinct in human nature, namely, the instinct of self-preservation."

"That was my point. I hold that com-

petition rests on an ineradicable instinct of the human race; to uproot it, would be to uproot the race. In commercial competition there are at least two elements: one is the same element that is present in all sports and games, the element of emulation, and assertion of superior strength or skill; but that is the less important element. The stronger, more persistent, more impregnable element is the eager desire to progress, to advance, to do more and better to-day than yesterday, and more and better to-morrow than to-day. That is what has brought the race up from mud huts, and canoes, and dripping raw flesh, to palaces, and railroads, and all the arts of civilised life."

"Very good!" said Royce, with a laugh; "I don't need to quote Herbert Spencer to you. You are getting on very well yourself. You are stating my side as well as I could. Now what are you going to do about it? All this assertion of individual power brings suffering and distress to the unsuccessful, to the weaker ones, at every step of advance.

Let the principle of competition, or self-assertion, have the clearest possible field, as it must! Then what about these sad cases which confront you, so often, in your parochial rounds?"

I was silent. I knew very well that I had no remedy to offer. I could palliate a few of the maladies, as the physicians say, by doles of money, or by helping men, out of work, to find new positions; but, for the malady itself, apparently increasing yearly, in our great cities, I saw no cure.

I said something to this effect, and my companion added: "I have given money, with some readiness, to support 'homes for orphans,' and 'widows' societies,' and 'relief bureaus;' but they sometimes seem to me sadly ineffective; they do not meet the real problem. They increase in number, but the destitution itself seems to increase in a greater ratio. To tell the truth, I am growing rather tired of throwing my money away. I would put money, yes, and effort, into some radical curative measure, if I

could see such a field of reform ; but I don't see it."

Presently we separated, with a warm grasp of the hand ; for we understood each other, Royce and I ; and the clear-headed, warm-hearted, self-controlled man was always a tonic and a help to me. He sauntered off to his club, and I bought a newspaper, and returned to my home.

As I glanced through the columns of the paper, after tea, my eye caught the large headline, "Strike on the New Railroad!" and as I glanced through the paragraph, I learned that the labourers had struck, in a body, three hundred of them, and the work was at a standstill. Then, lower down was a second item. An agent in Montreal had been telegraphed, and would send two hundred French Canadians to-morrow. Also a gang of one hundred Italian labourers would be available, the day following, when the S—— and F—— steamship arrived from Liverpool.

The old story. I knew what the result

would be. The reduced wages, against which the men had struck, would be kept down, the work would go on, after a day or two of delay, a large number of foreign labourers would be settled in the city, a few of the old workers would be taken back, and one or two hundred native labourers would be out of work. What would become of their families? Alas, the charity workers, and the clergymen, and the overseers of the poor would have to meet the demand, somehow. And, do the best that all these relief agencies could, that strike meant the permanent sinking down, into lower levels of life, of a large number of human beings. Surely, the city problem of poverty and crime grew no simpler.

As I scanned further the pages of my newspaper, I read the following impassioned appeal, made by a Salvation Army speaker. As I re-read it now, I see that there are one or two suggestive thoughts in it, which might have led, then and there, if my mind had been ready for it, to the plan of our farm-colony,

which we later developed. I will give a part of this appeal. "Three millions of poor people are rotting in the slums of our great cities. They constitute our 'Israel in Egypt.' They are our fellow citizens, brothers and daughters of our common humanity. They cry to us for bread, and we give them a stone; they ask for fish, and we offer a scorpion. The best that we offer them is the rending of the tender ties of kindred, the branding with the stigma of pauperdom, the casting them into the Nile of indigence and degeneration; or we place them under cruel taskmasters, to build our great treasure-cities, thus killing them off, and reducing by unnatural death our pressing evil."

"But their numbers increase with a rapidity that threatens to make the disease of pauperdom as chronic and severe in our land as in the oldest civilisation of 'the Eastern Hemisphere.'"

"It is time, therefore, that we called a halt to our present methods, examined their utility, and asked ourselves as a nation the question,

‘Is there no *way out* for these suffering masses? no Canaan which they may colonise? no Moses, who, under God, may afford them deliverance from a condition so painful, that, unless deliverance be forthcoming, and that speedily, anarchy and bloodshed must await us in the not distant future?’”

A day or two afterward, as I was starting out on my round of parish calls, the door-bell rang. I was in the hall, putting on my coat, and I answered the bell myself. A young woman stood on the doorstep, and she seemed a little surprised to meet me at the door. She came in, on my invitation. She was about twenty-five years old, but seemed much worn and faded. After hesitating a moment, she asked if I were the minister.

I said that I was, and then waited.

“I—I rather wanted—well, are you—please sir, are you married?”

That was a somewhat peculiar inquiry; but I have had many peculiar experiences in my varied professional life, and I have learned to take everything as it comes, and I am not

so easily confused as I was once. "Yes, I am married. Why do you ask?"

Then, as I watched her face, I saw signs that made me add, "Would you like to see my wife?"

"Oh, yes, yes! That is what I want," she exclaimed, trying to arrange some bits of faded finery about her ill-dressed figure.

So I called Bridget, and she took charge of the poor forlorn creature, not without evident distrust; for Bridget was a trifle exclusive in her judgments and tastes.

That evening, at tea, my wife gave me an account of the young woman's visit. It seems that, a year before, she had come in from the country, with a small hoard of money, enough to keep her for a week. She expected to find work in some store, without much delay; but situations were scarce, she had no trade, and all the employment that she could obtain was a position as saleswoman, in a department store. The wages were pitifully small, — five dollars a week. Many of the other girls in the store lived at home, or with relatives, and

thus could afford to work for this small amount. She tried hard to keep within her means, and lived in a bare room, on a back street, and provided her own plain food. Thus she struggled on, week after week. Then she fell sick, and stayed out of the store for a few days. When she went back, she was told at the desk that her place had been given to another. As she turned away, hopeless, one of the men in the store, the head of one of the departments, asked her to wait a moment; and, after a brief talk with the manager, in the office, he told her that he had secured a place for her in his department. She was deeply grateful to him, and thanked him; but she somehow wished it had been somebody else who had done her this kindness.

Afterward this man was very considerate to her, though too familiar. But what could she do? She tried to think that he was acting out of kindness of heart; and the other girls did not seem to mind the men's liberties with them. Soon he made her a present or

two, and she foolishly accepted them. After that came a visit to the theatre, and to a dancing party, several girls from the store and several young men being of the party.

After that, the man's evil designs ran the usual course. A supper, following one of the theatre parties, and wine; and, after that, — degradation and ruin.

It was not the first case of the kind I had known, but it seemed sad, horrible. "Why did she come here?" I asked.

"She has just been discharged from the Maternity Asylum," said my wife. "She seems to me to be in just the state of mind to appreciate help."

"And the child?" I inquired.

"Dead. It lived only a few hours."

I sat awhile, buried in thought. I knew that my good wife had done and would do whatever could be done for the poor creature who had appealed to her. I was thinking, rather, of the economic conditions which had led to this girl's ruin; of course she had a measure of personal responsibility, herself,

and was so far culpable ; but how overpowering the temptations had been around her !

“ Has she any near relatives ? ” I asked.

“ Yes, a mother, and two sisters, younger than herself. She has not written to them for several months.”

After a silence, I again added, “ Did she say why she came here, to our house, rather than to some other ? ”

“ Yes ; she heard you preach, a few evenings, last autumn, and she had no regular church connections. I shall see her again, to-morrow, and shall try to have her taken into a family just out of town.”

Thus the burden of the city problem weighed upon me more and more heavily.

Almost a fortnight after this, I invited my friend Royce to tea. We have tea at our house, and not a late dinner ; my wife gave up the custom of the late dinner with a sigh, but we have so many and such varieties of people come in to sit down with us at table, that we found the tea less pretentious and more practicable.

Royce's wife was away on a visit, and I gave him his choice of several dates. On the evening which he chose, it happened that Doctor Barton also came in. He, poor fellow, is a bachelor, and has *carte blanche* to come and go, in our home, about as he chooses. He and Royce had met, occasionally, at the club, and on one or two committees, but had not really come to understand each other. How they would get on together, I did not know. I was a little afraid lest Royce's presence might repress the doctor's effervescence, or that Royce might not quite understand and enjoy the doctor, in case he gave himself his usual freedom of expression. However, it all turned out well. Royce liked Doctor Barton, from the first. He was rather taciturn himself, and seemed to take pleasure in the doctor's confidential, demonstrative ways of approaching him.

Of course the conversation, after drifting about over various subjects, was sure to reach some economic or sociological theme, and there to stay. We were all interested in

such matters. One incident after another was referred to, in a rather hopeless way; for each of us felt how difficult the problems of modern society were. I remember the conversation, from this point on, with some distinctness, because it led to such important results, and was often referred to, by my wife and me, afterward.

We were about half through tea, and some remark of Royce's led Doctor Barton to exclaim, "Well, the upshot of the matter is, that there isn't room enough in the cities. This city of ours is crowded to death, both in respect to tenements and shops; all through the lower end of our city three people are trying to live where there is room for only one, or, perhaps, two."

"Yes, that is about the whole story," said Royce, "and no legislation can remedy it; unless," he added, with one of his much-misunderstood cynical smiles, "we pass the kind of law which Dean Swift suggested for Ireland, whereby poor parents could kill and eat their children."

“Only think,” remarked my wife, after a pause, “what a vast amount of room there is in the country regions, around the cities! Why can’t these crowded, sick, hungry people be allowed to live in the country?”

“Oh, that’s been tried,” exclaimed Doctor Barton. “These crowded-out people in the cities have not only been allowed to go into the country, but, in many cases, they have been helped to go out and settle upon farms. New England is full of abandoned farms, and, at various times, families from the cities have been taken out and started in farm life; but the scheme doesn’t work.”

“That is quite true,” I added. “I have known about several cases, and the people all gave it up in a short time.”

“Exactly why did they give it up?” asked Royce. “I know that such attempts have generally failed, but I never happened to be in close enough touch with such a scheme, to get at the real working of it. The trouble cannot be wholly with the land and its power of production; fifty years ago, and during

many generations back of that time, men farmed successfully, and brought up creditable families, and saved a little something for a rainy day."

I helped Doctor Barton to a piece of cold meat, passed the toast to my wife, and replied to Colonel Royce: "No, the difficulty isn't with the land; the soil does not change its character; it is practically about as strong, or even stronger now, than when my grandfather supported his large family of nine from it; the trouble is with the people themselves. It is hard to teach them how to farm, though that can usually be done, with patience. But they are restless, and long for the excitement of the city again. That is the root of the trouble. They hate the solitude; they always say they are 'lonesome,' and, before long, you find them creeping back to their old haunts, in city rookeries, and sharing dry bread and beer, and the pickings of garbage cans."

"So that is the trouble, is it?" said Colonel Royce. "I have heard that state-

ment made, before, but I was not sure of its correctness. I have heard, too, that the wholesale farming in the West has cut out the smaller farming of the East. Those Western farmers, I am told, by raising their wheat and other products on such a large scale, have been able to undersell Eastern farmers, and thus push them out of the field of competition. How is that?"

Doctor Barton here took up the subject. "I have driven out through the rural districts a great many times," he said, "and looked into the matter a little, and my opinion is that the small farmers of the Eastern States could compete successfully with the extensive farms of the West, if they would put more brains, and system, and hard work into it."

The doctor spoke defiantly, as usual; but we were not to be held responsible for the lack which he had pointed out. We remained silent; and he continued: "It is a very difficult thing to hire competent labour on the farm. Even when the cities are crowded, and men work for starvation wages, and are

glad enough to accept them, the farmers are looking in vain, up and down the road, for possible workers. A large proportion of the men who 'hire out,' to-day, on these farms, are foreigners. A few years ago they were chiefly French Canadians; but those fellows seemed to have a rather handy way with tools, and they have slipped quietly into the trades, carpenters mainly, in the cities. So that Italians have come in, and Poles, and Hungarians, and a few Syrians; they learn our language slowly, and are too ready to resent fancied injustice with a knife or club. There have been some very bad happenings on farms, especially isolated farms, during the past five years. The result is," continued the doctor, "that the farms are poorly carried on; they are not half developed."

I quite agreed with that. "There is a shiftless quality about a great deal of this Eastern farming," I said, "which you don't see on those big Western farms." Then I added, as nobody else spoke, "However, that doesn't bear very closely upon the

problem of transplanting poor city families to the country; they vote it 'slow' and 'dull,' and go back and starve in the city."

"Or live off some charitable society or church," added Colonel Royce, grimly.

At this point, my wife passed the preserves to our guests, and remarked, casually: "It really is a little strange that these people from the slums and rookeries are so averse to country life. It seems to me to have many attractions; and I have observed that many of our friends, who have country-houses, stay out in the country, or at the seashore, longer and longer each year. Why, there are the Ranletts! They didn't come back to town until November, and they went away, I think, as early as April."

Nobody added any suggestion to this remark. Very likely each was recalling instances of the same sort. For my own part, I was engaged in carefully cutting a large mince pie, which was to serve as a sort of dessert to our rather nondescript bill of fare.

Presently Doctor Barton spoke. "You are quite right about that, Mrs. Wentworth. I have noticed a growing change in this matter during the past five years. I notice it because of the visits I now am compelled to make to families at their country homes, whereas, formerly, a large number of my visits were made when the families were within the city. Still, this growing tendency toward country life, on the part of the wealthier part of our people, does not conflict with the feverish desire for city life which is shown by transplanted families who attempt country life. Because most of the wealthier class, who have country-seats, carry with them and gather about them quite a considerable group of friends and dependents, so that they experience none of that loneliness, which seems to be an inseparable part of the regular farmer's life."

"But why don't the farmers get together?" broke in my wife. "If loneliness, isolation, is the great bane of country life, why don't they meet oftener, and have clubs, and hold

teas? Then they could be company for one another."

Doctor Barton smiled indulgently, and replied, "If you will recall the way in which the farms are arranged, in any country town, you will see that not much social life is possible. Each farmhouse is set down in the midst of a lot of land, containing fifty or a hundred acres; and, to reach a neighbour's house, a farmer's family must travel at least a quarter of a mile, and usually much farther than that."

Doctor Barton seemed to be thinking of something else, while he was saying this, and, after a moment's pause, he began again. "When our farmers settled their farms, they evidently had no suspicion of the fundamental demand of human nature for social life. Each man put his farm squarely down in the middle of his land, getting as near a highway as he could. But human beings evidently need something besides land; and the young people grow up and start for the cities, leaving the farms, depopulating the country

districts, and thereby deepening the loneliness of those who remain. Now, if those farmhouses were only nearer together —”

All this time I was engaged in cutting the pie, with careful exactitude, into eight pieces. While I was busy with the manual part of this operation, my mind was running upon the problem of rural isolation; and I said, “If the farmhouses could be moved, or if new ones were being built, then this greatest bane of country life — for such I believe it to be — could be met, at least in a measure; for the houses could be put at adjacent corners of the farm lots, and thus would stand in groups.”

What I had in mind was merely a group of four houses, but Doctor Barton’s quick perceptions outrun my own, and he suddenly burst out, “Why, my dear man, you are solving that problem better with your hands than with your head.” And he pointed to the pie, now cut up into its eight even portions.

“You certainly are,” he continued, warmly. “Just let me show you! Call

that area of pie a land-area of two or three miles! You have divided it into eight equal parts, practically, ignoring the curved ends, eight isosceles triangles, if my Euclid has not wholly deserted me; now, suppose you call those eight pieces eight farms, and you place a farmhouse on each, at the apex. There you have eight families, close together, each with its own land reaching back and away, a half-mile, if you like."

We all sat in silence, looking reflectively at the pie. Then an idea struck Colonel Royce. "You have cut the pie," said he, "into only eight parts. If you had so wished, you could have cut it into twelve parts, or even more than that. Then you would have made places for twelve or more farmhouses and families all grouped together, and thus there would be still greater social gain."

We were approximating, step by step, to the plan which afterward matured so happily. Already the project of a colony was taking shape in at least two of our minds. Doctor Barton and I both saw that, if the funda-

mental obstacle to farm life lay in its social isolation, this obstacle could be overcome by such a division and allotment of land as we were working out. Then the next step was inevitable; why not plant a colony of unsuccessful, destitute people, from the city slums, on such a group of farms?

Doctor Barton gave expression to this idea. "I believe it could be done," he exclaimed. "I believe that a tract of land, a mile or two square, could be cut up in this way, into one or two hundred triangular lots, with the sharp ends at the centre, each having its farmhouse and outbuildings, close up to the centre; and thus a group would be formed, which would be large enough to furnish all the social life that could be desired. I would have those lots come not quite to a centre, but they should converge on a plot of land, circular in shape, whereon could be located a schoolhouse, a church, public hall, and other needful buildings."

By this time, Margaret, my wife, recalled us to the immediate demands of the hour,

and, with laughter, and much joking, we fell upon the pie, and soon demolished the larger part of it.

Then we adjourned to my study, and continued our conversation.

“If you recollect,” said Colonel Royce, seating himself in a large armchair, “certain of the New England villages were arranged on a plan somewhat like this of yours. South Hadley was one, and Longmeadow, if I remember correctly, was another. They were arranged so that the farmhouses stood closely side by side, and fronted or abutted on one highway, a score or two houses on each side of the road.”

“Yes, I recollect perfectly,” said Doctor Barton. “I have visited both those villages. And that method of grouping was not only the most convenient for common defence against the attacks of Indians, but it produced a social life and strength which endures even to-day, preserving those villages as intelligent, attractive communities; while other more scattered villages around them

have long since disintegrated and degenerated."

"You see, colonel," said I, laughing, "the doctor is so enthusiastic that he can almost do what the alchemists could not do,—turn the baser metals into gold; the facts which you adduce to combat his plan of a colony, he changes at once into testimony for it."

"That's fair enough," replied Royce; "the doctor might not have made a good judge, but he would have made an excellent advocate, if he had turned that way. He knows that it is better to mould and direct facts than to dispute them. However, I don't care to take the part of prosecuting attorney against this scheme. I merely wish to discuss it and find its weak spots. Now, I don't see that there is anything especially new in this plan, except the laying out of the farms. I admit that such a grouping of families would be rather novel. But whether it would be of enough importance to save the colony from the fate of decay and failure which has

overtaken almost, if not all, other colonisation schemes, — there is the question. Now, doctor, you have heard of Brook Farm? And —”

“Pooh, *pooh!*” exclaimed Doctor Barton, running his hand up through his wiry gray hair until his head looked like a porcupine; “I can name as long a list as you can. I have heard as much as most people about the Rappists, and the Oneida Community, and Harmony, and Redands, and a half-dozen others; but I give those foolish attempts little weight as evidence in such a plan as this which we are now discussing. They were all, without exception, variations of some theory of Socialism or Communism. And I would not have this farm scheme tried under any such theory.”

“No more would I,” I ventured to add. “Those colonies and communities failed because they did not face the fact that human nature is selfish. ‘Man is as lazy as circumstances will permit.’ I heard a wise old man say that years ago, and I have verified it

often since. Yes, human nature is selfish, and, more than that, is short-sighted, not far-sighted, in its selfishness; so that a lazy member of a communistic group will disregard the remote and indirect good, even though it be greater, and will grasp the near and direct, though often smaller, good."

"Well, that's natural," said Colonel Royce, smiling. "I confess I couldn't work really hard, to earn a dollar, if only one cent of that dollar were coming to me, and ninety-nine other cents were to come from the work of ninety-nine other men. The work would be easier for me if I knew that the one hundred cents which I earned were coming directly into my own pocket. In other words, if my earnings must go into a common fund, and there mingle with the earnings of ninety-nine other workmen, and then one dollar be extracted from that fund, to come back to me, — well, I wouldn't find my work so interesting, and I do believe I would let up a little on my exertions, hoping that the other fellows would not let up on theirs, and that my

pay would come out of the common fund all right."

I could not repress a smile, as I tried to fancy the self-reliant, energetic colonel restricted and hampered by the fetters of Socialism. For I have found that theory, especially in its extreme forms, likely to make easy the condition of the shiftless and indolent, and to paralyse the forces of the strong and enthusiastic. I made some remark to this effect; and Doctor Barton sharply added, "They are generally sore-heads, those extreme socialists; envious, lazy people, who have failed, or won't try and try hard, and would like to get hold of some money in an easy way. Great as are the evils of our present system, they are as nothing to the chaos and sociological suicide, which is involved in that shallow scheme. However," he added, with his love of justice, "in certain respects, we all concede something to the general social good. We modify our individualism, and necessarily so, but only in a very moderate degree; in fact, the least is best, I think."

Thus an hour passed, in friendly comment and suggestive criticism. The only really new point raised came from the skeptical colonel, who said flatly that he didn't believe the poor wretches from the sweat-shops and slums could be induced to leave them, even with the most roseate picturings of a country life. "They are infatuated with the rush and roar of a great metropolis," he said. "They have city fever; it is in their blood. An unnatural hunger and thirst for excitement burns them up."

"Well, I have seen a good many cases of that disease," replied Doctor Barton, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "and you may be correct in your deductions, but I doubt it; on the whole, I doubt it. Wisdom and patience would be greatly needed, but I do believe that if those poor half-starved wretches were approached in the right way, they could be induced to try the experiment of country life."

Then the doctor's manner grew more animated, and he turned and addressed Colonel

Royce, individually. "Of course, my dear sir, you and I are partly strangers to each other, but we know each other by reputation, and somewhat through our friend here (pointing toward me); he is a sort of social clearing-house, I find. Now this scheme appeals to me strongly, and I will tell you what I will do. I will put ten thousand dollars into it, if you will put in twenty thousand, and get some of your friends to do the same. This may seem rather hasty on my part, but it isn't wholly so; I have thought of the problem of city poverty a great deal, and I may add that I have felt it a great deal also. I am thrown into the midst of it constantly. And I have been led by my reflections, part way toward the concrete solution which has been reached here to-night. I had gotten, in my thinking, as far as this: I saw the destitution and suffering in the cities, and that it resulted from overcrowding, and excessive competition. I also knew that the country districts were sparsely settled; plenty of room there. Moreover, I have been led to believe, from the

opinions of specialists, that a good living was about as sure, from a farm, now, as ever in the past; and my ancestors, for several generations, got a fair living from farms. But I was aware, sadly aware by experience of two or three cases, that the city fascinated its victims, as the serpent is said to do, before it devoured them. My families, which I placed on farms, slipped back into the cities, to suffer and die, preferring it to the loneliness of the country. That was the point which I had reached, and there I stopped. I believed that the salvation of the city hordes was to be found in rural life. The wealthier classes have long since found it so; only, they are able to regulate their affairs so as to sip the best of city life, in winter, and yet gain the good of the best months of the year in the country."

The doctor was making what seemed to me an excellent speech, and Colonel Royce's quizzical look had changed into a kindlier smile. He seemed interested. Doctor Barton suddenly stopped, paused a moment, and said

more quietly, "Well, I'm no promoter. Understand that! I just wish to say that this plan of a circular colony seems to me to carry out, reasonably, the line of thought which has occupied my mind not a little for several years past. So I repeat my offer, Colonel Royce, of that sum of money which I named. I am not a rich man, but I have no family, and I have saved my pennies. Now, you have a wife, and greater expenses than I; but the world, the omniscient, officious world, says that you are a very rich man, and I know you give freely to good causes. I think we both feel, that if we have saved and earned our money, we have a right to enjoy spending it, rather than leaving it to somebody else to spend. There! I'm through. I didn't mean to say so much." And the doctor backed away toward the fireplace, and leaned against the mantel. Colonel Royce stood silent for a moment or two. I wondered what was in his mind. I was a little anxious about him. I must confess that I was deeply interested in the colonisation scheme, but I dared not say

very much about it to the colonel. He was a man to quickly suspect designs, and he liked to reach his own conclusions, without being pushed. So I picked up a recently published book, on "Benevolence and Progress," and looked for an article which I wished to show to Doctor Barton.

I did not find just what I sought, but I came across a paragraph which was significant, and I read it aloud. I here transcribe it:

"If, for instance, the \$50,000,000 now spent annually by our nation on merely affording temporary relief to this municipal sore, should be devoted to the planting of the three million of our surplus population upon say six million acres of fertile soil, the following results, among others, would be obtained: Their labour would produce annually from the land at least \$120,000,000 worth of food for the consumption of their families. The value of the land would increase from fifty to one hundred per cent.,

thereby affording an abundant security for the investment of the capital, which would be repaid within a period of ten years with interest. The tax consumers would be converted into tax producers, and an enormously increased demand would be created for the produce of our city manufactures, while the dead weight of city taxes would be simultaneously lightened by the removal of the terrible incubus of a vast pauper population."

We discussed the matter a little, from this point of view, and, although we did not agree in all respects, we saw that the trend of the best thought on these problems of municipal crowding was in one direction.

Presently Colonel Royce put out his hand to my wife, to say good night, and afterward to the doctor and myself. But he did it in a rather absent-minded way, and I suspected that he was dwelling upon the plan suggested, and perhaps upon Doctor Barton's offer also. As he reached the door,

and opened it to go out, he stopped, and closed it again. "It wouldn't do any harm, Mr. Wentworth," he said, addressing me, "if you were to write out, more in detail, your ideas of that colony. What say you to putting down on paper your notions of the scheme? And I will try and find an evening next week to come in and talk about it again. Good night! Good night!"

With that he went out, and I knew that he was considerably interested in the affair, and that he would give it wise, careful thought. Doctor Barton felt as I did, and we agreed to meet early in the following week; and I, meanwhile, was to see my friend, Mr. Gray, a young architect, and make a rough draft of the village, as it lay in my mind.

CHAPTER III.

CIRCLE CITY ON PAPER.

IN narrating the gradual development of our economic experiment, I must be careful to omit none of the steps taken, and I must try to recall them exactly in the order in which we took them. One idea led to another. We were taught by circumstances.

For example, I had re-read some of the essays and books on economic and philanthropic questions, and they all seemed to agree on the existence of great, pressing evils in our municipal life, but few of them entered into a discussion of remedies; that is to say, remedies of a social, fundamental nature. I was struck by their rather impotent, hopeless way of dealing with the problems; and one day, as I revolved the

matter in my mind, I happened to witness a conflagration; a warehouse in our city took fire, and was burned to the ground. As I stood near the burning building, I could feel a distinct current of air blowing in toward it; then I noted the great roaring column of smoke and gas and embers rushing up to the sky above the building, and saw it change from its vertical course to a lateral one, and go drifting away across the housetops.

That made me reflect. It gave me an illustration of the way in which city life burns up human beings. I saw that there were, at this conflagration, as at all conflagrations, three lines of activity, three currents of movement: an in-draught, setting toward the scene of the burning; second, an up-draught, as the flames consumed the combustible materials; third, an out-draught, as the cinders and ashes floated away across the country, to settle again upon the earth at a distance.

That is the way with the social combus-

tion which goes on in every great city. First, there is the in-draught of human beings from the surrounding districts: men and women are drawn from the country to the city in a steady current; they seek the city and its excitements, as if attracted by an invisible power. Second, there is the unceasing conflagration of human bodies and souls, as these newcomers feed the flames of struggle and competition and ambition. All who can live, salamander-like, amid the fierce heat, survive; but the many who cannot go up in flame; they are more or less burned up; and the analogy implies that they ought to obey the natural law, which would send them into the third stage. The third stage is the lateral current, which should carry their half-consumed natures out again into the country districts, there to settle and regain some power and usefulness.

Thus I reflected, as I walked away from the scene of the conflagration. I knew well the existence of the persistent in-draught

from the rural districts ; and I knew equally well what combustion of human materials went on in the cities. What I now desired to see was the setting up of a steady out-draught of the inefficient, charred, hopeless members of city life. And I felt as confident, at that moment, as I do now, after our experiment has succeeded, that the true solution was comprised and hinted, in the three great draughts of that burning warehouse.

A day or two later I spent an hour in the office of my young friend, Mr. Gray, an architect. He was rather closely occupied in preparing plans for a hospital, which was to be built in a neighbouring town, but he kindly laid them aside, and gave me the benefit of his technical training, as I submitted to him my theory of the new colony.

I will not recount the details of the interview, but will gather up the results of his counsel, as I submitted them to my interested friends at our appointed meeting.

There was a delay of an evening or two, because of conflicting engagements ; but

within a week we all met, as before, at my house, and resumed the subject where we had left it. Naturally Doctor Barton and Colonel Royce expected me to take the lead. "Have you held that interview with your friend, the architect?" asked Doctor Barton, with a little restless movement of his foot, habitual with him when deeply interested in a subject.

Accordingly, I set forth the plan, as Mr. Gray and I had worked it out. "Excuse me, doctor," I said, "if I talk at some length, but you have your fresh cigar, and that will lighten the tedium of my long address. I shall stop before you have a quarter finished it."

The two men and my wife settled themselves comfortably in their chairs, and I unfolded the following rough plan of our experiment.

"We are all practically agreed," said I, "as far as this point: that the cities, or,—to take a definite case,—our own city is overcrowded; there ought to be less people within our city limits, by perhaps a fifth or a sixth.

There isn't room for them, physically or industrially. We are also agreed that there is an abundance of room in the rural districts, on the farm lands."

Here I reverted to the instance of the burning warehouse, to illustrate our problem, in terms of the in-draught, up-draught, and out-draught.

"Now, our problem is," I went on, "to bring about a transfer of this superfluous, inefficient fifth or sixth, from the city to the country. Very good, but they won't go. And why? Not because there is no comfortable living to be gained from farm life; I have looked into that matter and have corresponded with several friends in rural communities, and, from all these sources, I am led to believe that the comforts and some of the luxuries of life are to be enjoyed in the farming districts. No, that is not the difficulty, as you know. The real objection, as shown where a few individuals or families have been scattered about in country districts, lies in the isolation and loneli-

ness. These people prefer the society of their fellow beings to almost everything else in the world, even undergoing hunger and cold to gain and keep it. This fundamental obstacle is removed by grouping families as closely together as possible; and when once we have entered on that plan, a geometrical ideal group faces us; there is one way and only one way of placing the largest possible number of families within the smallest possible area. This inevitable conclusion has been reached by us, after some groping, and is exemplified in the arrangement of our colony, as we hit upon it last week, and as Mr. Gray and I worked it out at his office.

“The first step is (assuming that Colonel Royce is interested, and can interest his friends), to raise about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for our ‘plant.’ I am aware that sums of that magnitude are not easily raised, and yet again, they do come easily when people are really and hopefully interested, as I think they must be, when they are told about our reasonable plan.

“Leaving that matter for the present, I state the next step, which is that we need to purchase a tract of land, not over twelve or fifteen miles from this city, about two miles square; a tract containing about three or four square miles, wisely selected, would suit our purpose, and could be bought for ten thousand dollars, or possibly for less than that amount. This tract of land must have a general slope toward the south; it ought to be on the southerly slope of some range of hills. It must also have fairly good soil, not necessarily rich river-bottom soil, but at least fairly productive, and as much better than that as we can select. We need a lake of good water on the northern side, for supplying drinking-water; this can be connected with our town by a pipe, and a sewer can carry off all drainage to some inlet of the sea, or river which has no restrictions placed upon it by towns further down its course.

“The chief feature of all is, of course, the arrangement of our village, or city, whichever we choose to call it.”

Here irrepressible Doctor Barton broke in, "Call it a city! Give it a good-sized name! That helps, with the kind of people we are to reach. Call it — call it —"

Here my wife filled in: "Call it Circle City!"

"Capital!" responded Doctor Barton, and Colonel Royce laughed.

"Very well, Circle City it shall be," I said, and I continued:

"Circle City should be arranged, as we saw, in a circle. Mr. Gray and I find that a hundred families can be grouped, in a hundred houses, in the circular form, the distance across the circle to be about two thousand feet, somewhere near a third of a mile. So that every family will be within a third of a mile of ninety-nine other families. Or, counting four or five persons to each family, every person in Circle City will know that there are four or five hundred other human beings within a third of a mile of him; certainly that is a very different state of affairs from the usual country life,

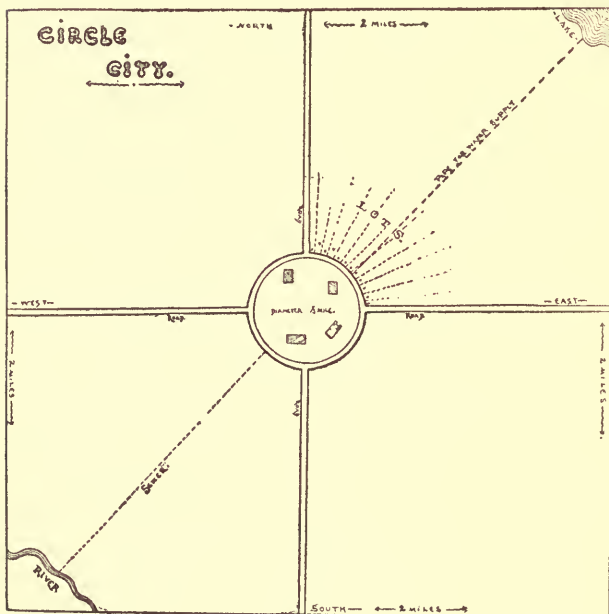
where the nearest neighbour is a half-mile away.”

“In this case,” asked Colonel Royce, “how near would the nearest neighbour be?”

“That leads me to state,” said I, “that Mr. Gray and I planned to give each house a frontage of sixty feet, all around the circle; that is to say, each lot of land will abut on the central circle, and will occupy sixty feet of its circumference. Then each house will be about twenty feet wide, placed, perhaps, in the middle of this distance of sixty feet. That will leave twenty feet each side of each house; so, to answer your question, Colonel Royce, every family will have another family on either side of it, and distant only twenty feet plus twenty feet, which is forty feet. Of course, where the four roads enter the circle, that distance will be slightly increased. Indeed, the houses will be too close together for good light, and Mr. Gray suggested that they might alternate, one abutting closely upon the street, say with a front yard of

ten feet, and the next one being placed back a hundred feet. But stop! I have prepared a rough sort of plan of the ground. Let me show it to you!"

So I drew from my pocket the following sketch, and spread it out on the table for inspection.



“Those lots seem pretty small,” remarked my wife, doubtfully, as she looked at the sketch.

“Nevertheless,” said I, “they represent an actual frontage on that road, or street, running around the circle, of sixty feet.”

“But the lots are very narrow as they run back,” said Colonel Royce. “How can a man cultivate a farm that is shaped like one of those?”

“That seemed, at first, to be a difficulty,” I rejoined; “but when you consider the varied kinds of farming to be carried on, no difficulty need arise. This is what I mean. Mr. Gray suggests that all the lots be alike, back to a point one hundred yards from the street; that will give about a third of an acre for each house-lot. On that lot, each family can have space for a vegetable garden and a playground for children. So far, all the lots are to be alike. Then, back of that point, that is, at the rear of those house-lots, the farms begin to vary in shape, according to the kind of use to which they

are to be put. For example, a man who wishes to raise poultry and eggs, will take one of the narrow farms; and he will not need as large a farm as will the man who wishes to raise cattle or sheep. The man who wishes to raise green vegetables for market, will do better with one of the narrow and smaller farms. Market-gardening, as you know, is most successful where small farms are worked, and worked carefully, with much fertilising of the soil. Perhaps I omitted to say that communication with the neighbouring city (which for convenience's sake, we will call 'The Metropolis,' to distinguish it from Circle City) is to be obtained by a trolley line. If this tract of land, two miles square, could be found not far from a steam railroad, very good! But whether so or not, there should be a good trolley road, and it should be equipped to carry freight cars, as well as passenger cars."

At this point I began to feel as if I had talked too long; and I urged my friends to speak freely, as to their ideas of the

plan. Doctor Barton was intensely interested in it, and had risen excitedly from his chair and was pacing the room, puffing furiously at his cigar. Colonel Royce was, of course, less easily roused, but I felt sure that he was interested. Presently he remarked: "That cutting up of the lots is an important matter. I can see that it might be done, however. I understand that all the lots are alike, with their sixty feet frontage, and running back a hundred yards. Those lots you would call house-lots. Then, back of that, the farms begin; and they are to vary in size and shape, according to the nature of the farming which is to be carried on upon each."

"Yes," I added, "and they would vary in shape and size according to the character of the ground and the quality of the soil. If a man wished to raise sheep, he would need a larger farm than would a man who wished to raise milk; and it could be of inferior quality of soil, because sheep will pick up a good living on land

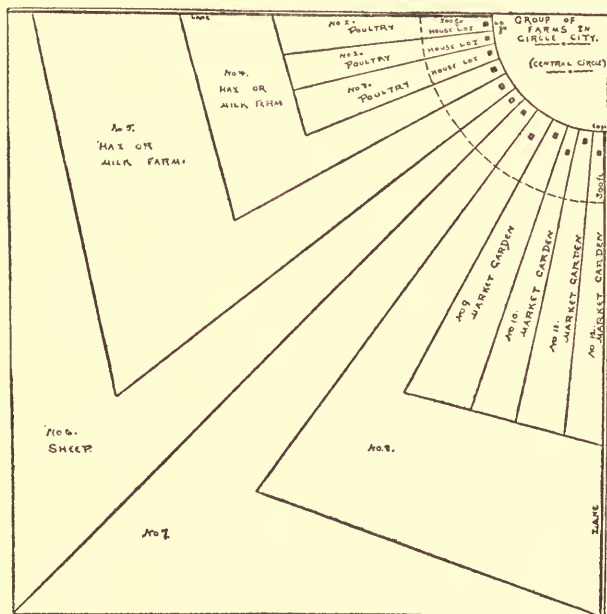
where a cow would become thin and valueless."

Then I drew from my pocket another rough draft, which Mr. Gray and I had prepared. "This is something like what I mean," said I. "The lots should be cut up in some such fashion as this; but this is not a final plan, because the actual surveying of the farms cannot take place until the tract of land is actually bought, and the character of its different portions is carefully examined."

Here I laid upon the table the following sketch, and I added a few words of explanation.

"You see that farms 1, 2, and 3 are for poultry, and the others are as stated. At the left there is a lane indicated; there would be need of several of those, at various points around the circle; they would make transportation easier, and would give easier communication with the village; they could be kept in repair jointly, by adjacent farmers. This sketch indicates only a small part of the

whole tract of four square miles, and is entirely provisional; the actual allotment of farms might vary considerably from this;



still, in a general way, the farms would resemble these."

"You mentioned the sum of \$150,000, in round numbers, as the cost of all this," said

Colonel Royce, thoughtfully. "Now, how do you apportion the expenditures to the various parts?"

In reply, I referred to my memorandum-book, where I had set down a few figures. "I talked over the several classes of expenditures," said I, "with Mr. Gray, and with a friend of his, in the city engineer's office. Mr. Gray and I agreed that the land would not cost over \$10,000, probably less. I have seen real estate catalogues of several towns north of us, and land is very cheap: everybody is looking toward the cities; many farms are deserted, because of their lonely situation, each of which, if worked properly, would afford a family a good living. Then, regarding the houses, Mr. Gray and I agreed that they must be small and plain. At first he was inclined to talk about æsthetic effects, which would increase the cost of building, but when I reminded him of the wretched homes from which our colonists would come, he confessed that light and cleanliness were the chief things to be desired. So he gave me

the amount, \$800, or less, as the probable sum at which each of the hundred houses could be built."

"That is a total, for building," said Colonel Royce, "of \$80,000. But these houses must be drained."

"Certainly! And the assistant engineer figured out the cost of that as amounting to about \$9,000. That would put a sewer around the circle, and then carry the sewage away (if the soil was fairly favourable for digging), to a distance of a mile and a half.

"Then there is the water-supply," I continued. "The four square miles of territory must touch the shores of some good lake, and then, according to the assistant's figures, \$9,000 would construct and start a good water-supply, with faucets in every house."

"That all sounds very reasonable," remarked Colonel Royce, as I paused. "Have you those amounts added up?" and I set them down as follows:

EXPENDITURES FOR BUILDING CIRCLE CITY.

Cost of land	\$10,000
Cost of 100 houses, at \$800	80,000
Cost of water-supply	9,000
Cost of drainage	9,000
	<hr/>
Total	\$108,000

“There,” I remarked, “that amounts to only \$108,000, but I always have a dread of the unexpected but overwhelming column of ‘incidental expenses,’ and I have allowed broadly for that. Moreover, I have not overlooked the fact that these inexperienced farmers of ours will do very poor work the first season, and they must be helped out; money will be needed for that. Then, too, several overseers, or superintendents, experienced farmers, will need to be hired for a year or two, at least. Also,” I added, “we must supply these penniless colonist farmers with tools and machines. I believe that very economical use of time and labour can be made by the use of machinery. On the old-fashioned extensive farms, mowing-machines and seed-planters could not be savingly used,

but in a closely grouped community like Circle City, one mowing-machine can be kept steadily in use for the entire mowing season, and will cut the grass of twenty farms. Likewise a seed-planter can be transferred promptly from farm to farm, and will out-work twenty men. So with many other machines and tools, to be owned, perhaps, by the syndicate, and rented on easy terms. The cost of such tools and machinery will be as much as ten thousand dollars. That sum can be advanced by the syndicate, and the money will be gradually paid back in rentals of the machinery.”

I was looking at Colonel Royce as I talked, anticipating his approval, which he presently gave. As for Doctor Barton, I knew that he was enthusiastic about the plan, and so much so that I feared he might not look upon it with sufficiently critical eyes. “One hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a large sum,” remarked Colonel Royce, in a meditative way. “And yet I have observed, that, strange as it may seem, a large sum is often quite as easy

to raise as a small one. I have often been amused to see people screw up their faces and grasp at their pocketbooks, when asked for five dollars, yet at another time they would put down their names for five hundred dollars, with no greater contortions, or protestations of poverty."

"Yes," added Margaret, my industrious wife, who was sewing at a side table, but was closely following the conversation, "yes, I have noticed that very thing when I have gone out soliciting for our Benevolent Association. I get one or two large givers to put their names down first, and that sets the key, and if people give at all, they give according to that standard."

Colonel Royce strode up and down the little room several times, with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets. The rest of us knew perfectly well what he was thinking about. "Remember my offer!" said Doctor Barton, laughing. "Put me in the list, but not near the top! Mrs. Wentworth is correct in her diagnosis of human nature." And

then he added, more seriously, "It would be worth my ten thousand dollars to me, to have some outlet for the appeals of misery and degradation which rise up around me nearly every day, as I go my round of professional calls. I give and give, I refer to this bureau of relief and to that one, and, all the time, the help is only temporary, and does not reach the seat of the disease."

That suggested an idea to Colonel Royce, and he asked, "You are not so sanguine as to expect all the colonist farmers, who start in this scheme, to do efficient work?"

"By no means!" exclaimed Doctor Barton, taking up the challenge. "Perhaps ten per cent. of them will prove indolent or incompetent; and if so, after a fair trial, they must be weeded out, and more earnest people substituted for them. It does not require any higher grade of intelligence or education than most of these starving, despairing people possess; the great defect of the farmer class, in New England and the Middle States, is laziness. I have a cousin, a storekeeper in a

little rural town not far from here, and he has told me that the failure of most farms is because of the shiftless indolence of their owners."

"And, partly, too, from the lack of stimulus," I added. "Sometimes a young man is lazy and torpid in the country, and when he migrates to some city, the whirl and rush of human activity, all about him, stimulates and rouses him to unprecedented exertion. And that is one of the important points in the construction of our little colony. It will be large enough, and compact enough, to develop that stimulating atmosphere which is needful for the full exertion of many kinds of natures."

At that moment, the door-bell sounded, and, in a moment, a summons came for Doctor Barton. A child, on the west side of the city, was in need of immediate attention. The doctor's housemaid brought the message, and Doctor Barton arose at once, said good night, and promptly took his departure.

After he was gone, we noted where his power lay. Colonel Royce saw it, for he said, with a smile, "Doctor Barton's departure lowers the temperature. What a warm, stimulating, optimistic nature he has! What a helping influence he must be, in a sick-room!"

Then the rather taciturn man looked at his watch, and said, "I must be off. It is growing late. I have thought this matter over a great deal, and now, if you will draw off for me, on a small sheet of paper, duplicates of these plans and estimates, I will see what I can do with them on the street."

Said my wife, after the outer door closed behind him, "That means that the \$150,000 is sure to come."

"Yes, I think it does. Colonel Royce has a great deal of money, himself, and his friends will follow him in any enterprise which he urges. I believe I would be safe in beginning some inquiries about possible tracts of land."

CHAPTER IV.

CIRCLE CITY IN REALITY.

THE next day, I sent Colonel Royce copies of the plans of our colony, as far as we had worked them out, together with our approximate estimates. I knew his ways, and habits of thought, and I was sure that he would reflect carefully, and at some length, upon the matter, before approaching any of his friends with appeals for their money and support.

During the week or ten days following, I was crowded with work in my parish, and no opportunity offered for a journey into the country districts, in search of a suitable site for our colony. But I wrote several letters to persons of my acquaintance, in several towns, and Doctor Barton also followed out a few lines of inquiry, on his own account.

He came in, one evening, for a few minutes, to tell me how he was progressing, and incidentally mentioned a recent book, written by the Russian Kropotkin, in which he had become much interested. "I don't follow Kropotkin in all his theories," said the doctor, shaking his head, "but I was struck by his advocacy of the very remedy for city destitution which we are working out. He says that the untilled, undeveloped country districts offer the natural outlet for the crowded cities. And then he makes some capital suggestions, which we will do well to bear in mind. I will get the book for you, and you must read it. He suggests that there are many minor industries, small manufactures, which can be carried on in the country, quite as well as in the city."

I was interested in the doctor's words, for, as I at once told him, I had recently received a letter, in response to one of my own, from Mr. X——, a specialist in charity problems and a resident of a college settlement in one of our largest cities, and Mr. X—— had

urged this same project of small industries as a part of our scheme. "It is well worth considering," said I, "and it adds just this one more needed condition, in our search for a good site: we must find a tract of land with water-power on it."

So this feature was noted by both of us, and was specified in the letters and inquiries which we wrote and made, among our friends in the country districts.

Finally a day came when the doctor and I were both at leisure to make a journey of inspection in the country. Out of the bundle of letters which we had received, we had selected three or four as possible purchases. The conditions and requirements, which we had laid down in our own minds, were mainly these:

First, the tract of land must be not over twenty miles from the city.

Second, it must be at least good average land, from an agricultural point of view.

Third, it might have some hills, but the general slope must be toward the south.

Fourth, it must have a good, clear lake within reach, for water-supply, and a river or bay not too remote for sewage outlet.

Fifth, we were not very decided as to price, but were agreed that no forced price should be paid ; but we expected to follow the market price of the locality chosen, and hoped to come within the figure of ten thousand dollars.

I will not take the time and space, here, to narrate the incidents of our three journeys. For not until a third journey was undertaken did we find a tract of country which suited us. One other tract we discovered, the first day, but concluded to go through our list, and then select the best. We found the journeys not unenjoyable, and Doctor Barton's zeal was unbounded. The best site, out of the six we investigated, was one suggested by Doctor Barton's store-keeping cousin. This man proved to be of great assistance to us. He was shrewd and thrifty, and had reflected wisely on the conditions of country life. He was an ardent admirer of the doctor, and told me privately that

he owed the life of one of his boys to Doctor Barton's skill and faithfulness.

Although Doctor Barton believed him to be a trustworthy man, I thought it best that we should not let him into the secret of our interest in buying land. I feared that, if our project became known, the price of the land would at once rise. Moreover, we were by no means sure that the project would be carried out. So we went with Mr. Gleason, the storekeeper, over the entire tract which he had suggested, and were much pleased with it. It was made up of several farms, only two or three being under cultivation. The others were owned by men who had long since gone away to the large towns and cities, and left the houses and buildings to fall into ruin. The two farms which were being worked were typical of the shiftless, unprofitable methods so prevalent in the Eastern and Middle States. They contained two or three hundred acres, and were only half developed, or, rather, judged by the highest standards, not one-tenth cultivated.

“How different from the tiny farms which I have seen in Belgium and France!” remarked Doctor Barton, reflectively. “How unscientific! How unremunerative!”

And I recalled small, compact, well-nourished market-gardens which I had seen, in our own country; and the difference between those and these was very marked.

Taking the land as a whole, we were much pleased with it. The soil varied, in various parts of the tract; there was some soil that was light, and other parts that were heavier. A few hundred acres were covered with timber, and there were several small spaces which seemed rather rocky and barren; but, taking the tract as a whole, with the several streams running through it, and the clear spring-fed lake a mile and a half away at the north, and the good drainage outlet in Weir River, at the south, well, we were greatly pleased at the possibilities it offered for our plan of colonisation. However, we said very little in Mr. Gleason's presence, and I think that, for some time, he fancied

we wished to acquire the land for some sort of a country residence or club resort, with preserves for game and fish.

We made inquiries of Mr. Gleason, regarding the probable cost of the land, farms and all, and he named a probable figure which fell within our own estimate. Moreover, he said that there would be very little difficulty about buying, especially if cash were offered.

So Doctor Barton and I made our way back to the railway station, about three miles distant, and reached home late in the day, but much pleased with our journey and its possible results.

The next step was to take Colonel Royce out to the proposed site, and let him see, with his own eyes, what the land looked like. But we were afraid lest a second visit, so soon after the first one, might arouse too much curiosity on the part of the people in that region, and might affect the prices of the farms. Accordingly Doctor Barton, who was always full of resources, suggested that the trip be made as a fishing and hunting

excursion ; and this suggestion, after considerable amusement on everybody's part, was carried out. I found myself unable to go, on the day appointed, because of a funeral service which I was unexpectedly called to attend ; but Doctor Barton and Colonel Royce, and a friend of the colonel's (one of several to whom the colonel had talked concerning our proposed plan), these three actually made their tour of inspection, dressed as if for a day's fishing or shooting, reaching the place by a different railway, and a six-mile drive across country.

The trip was most successful. Not even Mr. Gleason had any knowledge of their visit. They tramped over the land, chatted with the rather shiftless families on the occupied farms, waded the brooks, and visited the lake on the northern edge of the tract. When they returned they were much exhausted by their tramping, and I saw only Doctor Barton ; but he told me that Colonel Royce and his friend, a wealthy retired merchant, were greatly interested in the plan.

I heard nothing from Colonel Royce, for several days. Then I received a message asking me to be in his office on a certain date and hour.

At the hour appointed I was there, and found the luxuriously furnished room occupied by Doctor Barton, Colonel Royce, and several other men, one or two of whom I already knew as men of wealth and of philanthropic spirit. My friend Gray, the architect, also had been summoned, and sat reading a magazine in the corner of the room. After a few introductions, and some general remarks on the weather and business, Colonel Royce broached the subject which had brought us together. "I have already explained to you gentlemen, separately," said he, in his slow, deliberate way, "the plan which we are working out. I do not wish to paint it in rose colours; there are difficulties about it, and I face them candidly; but I believe in the plan strongly enough to put some money into it. In fact, Mr. Wentworth," said he, turning toward me,

“I may as well tell you, at once, that several of us, including Doctor Barton, have put our hearts and our pocketbooks together, and we see our way clear to purchase the tract of land; we have, in fact, secured all the farms comprised in it. One man, who had not seen his property for ten years, was at first inclined to hold back, saying that he could not quite bring himself to sell his old home,—it was evidently very dear to him; but we partly explained to him our disinterested plan, and he turned straight around and made us a gift of the place. He said he would make an offering of it to the Lord, through our instrumentality. Then there was another owner, one of the men still living on the farm, who tried to get an exorbitant price; but he was told flatly that we could probably find land elsewhere, and we would buy at our price—a good fair one—or let him keep it; and that brought him to terms. Our friend Gleason managed that purchase for us, and managed it well, I’m free to say.

The total cost of the land will be about eighty-eight hundred dollars, I believe. We have deemed it advisable to group ourselves together, into a kind of syndicate, and these papers on the desk have been drawn up, and signed by all except yourself. We do not expect you, Mr. Wentworth, to give money, because you, like most clergymen, have no great abundance of worldly goods; but we need your help in many ways, and your position in the syndicate is clearly stated in the papers, which I will thank you to sign."

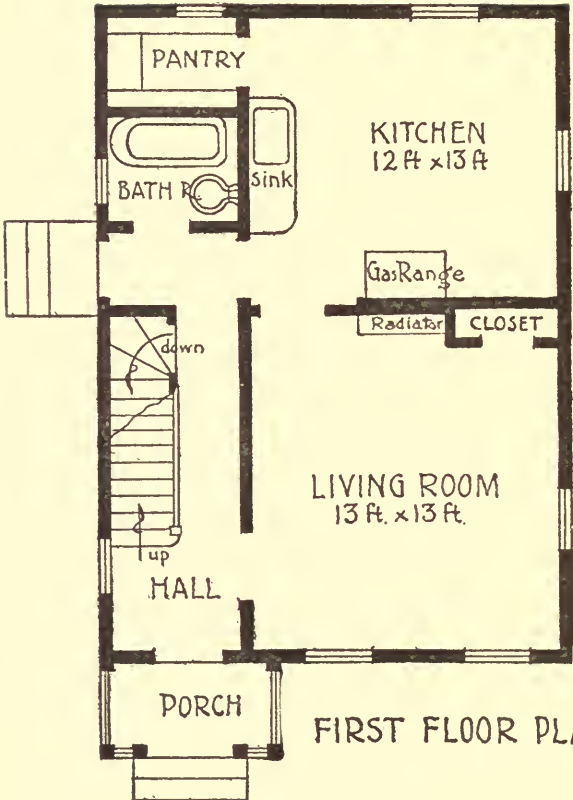
As I glanced through the papers, one of the men, a retired banker, said: "This is a novel kind of scheme, and I don't know how it will turn out; but I feel inclined to see it through, and enjoy the use of my money, instead of leaving all of it for my heirs to dispose of. Isn't that a good idea, Mr. Clancy?" and he turned toward the man next him, as he spoke.

Mr. Clancy nodded and smiled, and added, jocosely, "I expect to make money out of it.

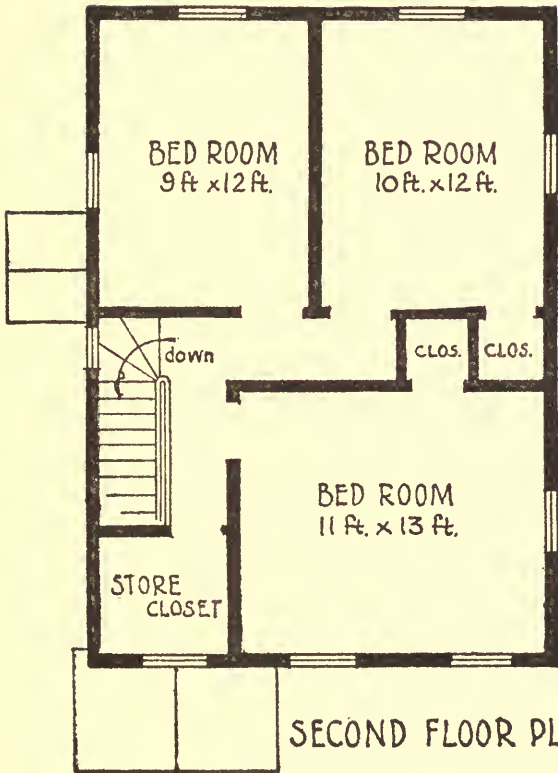
The rate of interest is falling, and investments are more and more risky. I expect, at least, five per cent. dividends on my share."

They all laughed, and there seemed to be a very easy feeling among them. I knew that two or three of them were rated as millionaires, and I was pleased to see how ready they were to do good with their wealth.

Colonel Royce now took the lead, and said: "We need to set about our building at once. October is nearly gone, and, with a little energy, we can have our dwelling-houses all up and boarded in, before snow comes. Mr. Gray and a builder, whom I have consulted, agree that a large force of men, if set at work next week, can accomplish this. We have practically agreed on the size and plans of the buildings. They are to be substantially alike, with a few variations in the way of porches and piazzas and bay windows. Here are the plans of the kind of house which we intend to put up."



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

And he laid on the table two drawings, prepared by my friend Gray.

“Five rooms in each. That is enough,” he continued; “a kitchen and living-room on the lower floor, and three bedrooms on the second. That is not quite the way in which you and I live, Mr. Harrison,” he added, drily, addressing a portly gentleman near him. “But a family of four or six in a house like that is better than two families of six each in one room.”

“They’ll think they are in heaven;” remarked Mr. Clancy, sententiously.

Thus the various steps were taken up, one after another. I saw that, although this was the first meeting, officially, of the Circle City Syndicate (for thus Colonel Royce had named it in the articles of partnership), there had been considerable individual activity. Colonel Royce’s influence had been powerful, and his leadership was almost magnetic. Mr. Gray had named the sum of eight hundred dollars as the probable cost of each house, and Doctor Barton, with two or three sur-

veyors, had already been out and plotted the circle which was to be the centre of the colony.

The work of engaging day-labourers for digging the cellars, carpenters for the houses, wagons for transportation, and many other matters, was divided into committees, and discussed informally. Then, after some talk among the members of these several committees, the meeting adjourned.

I confess that I went homeward in much elation of heart. I told Margaret all about the meeting, and promised to drive her out, in a few days, to see the progress of the work. I knew that those men would push it along at an unprecedented rate of speed; nearly every one of them was an active, able man, and commanded great resources, and I had observed that they were much interested in the rather novel scheme. "What you and I must do, Margaret," I said to my wife, "is to put ourselves as closely as possible in touch with the charity bureaus, and workingmen's unions, and similar organisations, and we must

have ready, in the early spring, a hundred of just the right families to go out and take possession of this promised land." And I kissed my wife on both cheeks, from sheer joy at the hopeful outlook of events.

Well, we took the drive on the Wednesday following, and, much as I expected to see activity and intelligence displayed by these clear-headed, strong-willed business men, I underestimated them. Doctor Barton and the surveyors had chosen the location of the circle wisely, taking into account the soil, slope of the land, water-courses, and other important matters. I could not conceal my delight, as we drove over a low ridge of land, and looked across at the future colony. Hundreds of men were at work. It was a scene of the most intense activity, but the work had been planned very carefully, so that the different parts did not interfere with one another.

As I drove up the slightly rising ground, and reached the scene, it reminded me of the preparations for one of the great college foot-

ball games, except that it was on an area about four times as great. I recognised Mr. Clancy, who was not far away, talking with two or three contractors. From him I learned that the S. & B. Trolley Railroad had voted, the day before, to lay a track from the city out to the colony, and take half the risk, the syndicate to be responsible for the other half. "They will begin work to-morrow," said Mr. Clancy, "and, if the heavy frost holds off, will have the harder part of their work done by the first of December."

Then he and I talked about the railroad, and the use of electricity in the small manufactures which we planned for a part of the colonists. "We have two or three excellent falls in the streams not far from here," said he, "and we can use them to get electrical power, and then transmit that power very easily to any house or shop in the colony. I have glanced over the tract of land, and judge that it covers something less than four square miles; most of it is at least fairly good for some kind of farming, and some of

it is excellent. But a portion of it is too rocky for much value, and we must assign our people to the farms in such a way that the manufacturing interests shall supplement the farming interests."

"The more I look into these matters of suburban colonisation," said I, "and view them in the light of modern inventions, the more I see how science is a powerful ally in developing the resources of country life. We must make use of every possible invention."

"That is certainly true," responded Mr. Clancy. "We are having this fact forced upon us here daily. I am in correspondence with an electric-light man, who came out here a week ago, and he tells me that, with our water-power from the falls, we can very properly and reasonably light our entire circle of homes with electricity. The houses are so closely grouped that the cost of wiring would be not great, and, as you know, the amount of electricity used can be measured, and we intend to do away with the usual nauseating tenement-house odour of kerosene

altogether. Besides, as Colonel Royce suggested, wiring is now carefully done, and the danger of conflagrations will be materially reduced."

Margaret and I drove and walked about, for an hour or two, and noted the rapid progress which was making. And when I remarked to her that it was a great and grand enterprise, she replied, cautiously, that she was glad I had not the whole responsibility. To which I rejoined that lack of money was the only barrier which prevented me from putting my whole strength and time into it.

"However," said I, as we turned our horse's head homeward, and left the clatter of hammers and saws behind, "we have responsibilities quite as great. We have, for our part, to deal, not with wood and stone and earth, but with human nature; and I doubt if we shall find it the easiest kind of material to fashion. We shall need all our wisdom and patience to have ready our hundred worthy families for their springtime migration."

Margaret was humming a little refrain

from "Faust," and did not reply for several moments; then she remarked, "I think the colony idea is a good one; at least, the end which it seeks to accomplish is excellent, but I am a little uneasy when I reflect upon the gigantic scale on which it is planned. I wish it could be tried, at first, on a small scale, at much less expense; and then — but there, I know, of course, that it cannot. The most essential element of the plan is that it plants a large number of families upon the soil together, and thereby meets the love of companionship and society which all people feel."

"Exactly so," I added; "and while we may wish, most earnestly, that the desire for human companionship and social stimulus were eliminated from human hearts (at least from the hearts of certain needy, distressed classes), yet we must face the fact of its powerful presence in all hearts, and then try to deal with it wisely. It sometimes comes to me, as an excellent illustration of that text, taken from the story of Christ's tempta-

tion, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' For, as both you and I have observed, people will deliberately give up food and clothing, and all the natural comforts of existence, sooner than give up the companionship and excitement of busy, stirring human life."

"Yes, and there is something inspiring in that fact, adversely as it works when we try to carry out our plan. It is a declaration of the spiritual and immortal nature of man, and goes far to offset some of the more material and animal instincts, which often seem so suggestive of a base source and destiny for human nature."

We reached home in due time, and tried to put out of our minds all ideas about Circle City, as we took up again the regular duties of parish life. But the novelty of the plan, and the hearty, hopeful way in which our generous friends of the syndicate were taking hold of it, these matters brought the subject constantly into the foreground of our thought; and we exchanged remarks, again and again, on the problems of crops, sewage, electric

power, and the like, when we ought to have been absorbed in Sunday-school and sewing society matters.

We heard, through Doctor Barton, two or three times a week, how the work was going forward. He was considerably pleased over a plan of his own for heating all the houses of the colony with steam by pipes running from a boiler-house placed just outside the circle. "I have seen enough of these cold farmhouses, in my time," said he, "to know that, however highly our fathers praised them as encouraging hardihood and physical endurance, they really killed off, with consumption and pneumonia, more lives than they saved or hardened. And we are going to run a main supply steam-pipe around the circle, and tap it at each house, and put radiators in at least one or two, or all the rooms. I had to put heat into my cook's room, at home, last winter, or she would not stay. I don't blame her very much, either; and we can make these people more comfortable than the old-time farmers ever were, and save some-

thing on hot-air stoves,—inventions of the evil one!”

I had never seen the doctor so happy and enthusiastic before. He was committed to the plan, not only in pocket, but in head and heart. He smoked twice his usual amount, whenever he came in to see us, and refused to talk of anything except subjects connected with the colonisation plan. My wife chaffed him a little at times, even suggesting that he would probably take up his abode in Circle City as soon as it was ready.

“I might do worse,” affirmed the doctor; not relinquishing his position. “Those houses are not large, but they are snug and comfortable. I could live in one perfectly well. After all, we are, most of us, slaves to our possessions and victims of our artificial kind of life.”

“How nearly complete are the houses?” I asked, one evening in November.

“Oh, they are moving along in a very satisfactory manner,” said he, rubbing his hands together, with pardonable satisfaction.

“Have you heard about Mr. Clancy’s latest plan for improvements?”

I had not. And the doctor explained. “Mr. Clancy is a very resourceful man, with great initiative and plenty of boldness in execution. He is just now arranging to do away with the usual coal cooking-stoves, in all the kitchens. He has calculated cost, and finds that he can build a small gasometer on the outskirts of the colony, and put gas-fed cooking-stoves into all the kitchens. One small steam-radiator in each kitchen will furnish heat enough for personal comfort. This plan will not include hot-water tanks, such as you and I have in our houses, for those involve considerable expense; but without them the scheme is economical, and, besides, there is much greater cleanliness, with gas, than with coal and ashes.”

“Just how far along are the houses, themselves?” I asked, after expressing my approval of the cook-stoves.

“They are nearly all ‘covered in,’ as the builders say, and Colonel Royce has decided

to discharge fifty or a hundred of the men. He engaged them for only a month, intending, after the houses were up and protected from the weather, to retain a part of the working force, and proceed more leisurely through the winter. What a capital executive mind that man has! And Mr. Clancy, too! No wonder he made millions in his real estate transactions! He has the elements of a great general in him. You ought to see him direct and manipulate his cohorts of carpenters and day-labourers! He does it in a marvellous way."

"I hope," said my wife, apprehensively, "that he won't expose himself, and injure his health. He is not a young man, and needs to take care of himself. I can't help wondering a little why he has gone into this plan so earnestly. He has not been called a particularly generous man."

"Quite the reverse!" interrupted Doctor Barton. "Colonel Royce and I were speaking of that very point, a few days ago, and the colonel had framed this solution of the

matter. He believes that Mr. Clancy is naturally a generous, kind-hearted man, but he has been so attacked and condemned, because of his success in building up his department stores, that he has become embittered, and has retorted, many times, by word and deed, in such ways that people have set him down as a hard, selfish man. And he, finding that such was his reputation, has unconsciously lived up to it. Now that he has retired, and Colonel Royce approached him in the right way, he has thrown all his rare powers into this plan, and finds joy in the thought of the good it will accomplish."

Thus the weeks wore away, and winter came on. There was little to be seen of autumn foliage, in the narrow city life which I led. But winter was indicated by the increasing coldness of the air, and by my enlarging list of applicants for help. I found myself, in nearly every appeal that came to me, silently passing judgment on the applicant, as to whether or not he or she would be a proper and useful member of Circle

City. However, I did not take any active steps toward gathering my company of colonists together, until after New Year's. To tell the truth about it, I had some fears about my success in this part of the plan, and my fears were well founded.

CHAPTER V.

FROM HEDGES AND BY-WAYS.

AT Christmas time our church gave its usual festival for the poor in one of the lower wards of the city; and at that time I took occasion to make a list of twenty or thirty families who seemed to be of the sort best suited to our plan. After the new year had come in, and the extra work of the holidays—so heavy for most clergymen—had been accomplished, I decided to call together these families, or representative members of them, and explain to them our plan of colonisation.

The families were classed among the “worthy poor,” and were of all races and religions. Some of them had at their head a man,—a husband, or brother, or grown-up son; and in some a woman—a mother,

or grown-up sister or daughter—was the leader. Doctor Barton and I had agreed that not every family in our colony need have a man at the head; for the carrying on of some kinds of farm work,—as, for instance, poultry, bees, flowers, and other kinds,—a strong, industrious woman could do quite as efficient work as could a man.

So the people came together, about thirty men and eight or ten women. I called them to meet in our church vestry, without explaining the purpose of the meeting. Evidently some of them had anticipations of a free distribution of food, or clothing, or something of that kind; for as I opened up the plan of the colony, warmly as I pictured the benefits of such a life, I became aware that several faces were exhibiting disappointment, and even contempt. I told them about the joys of rural life, and painted, as eloquently as I could, the happiness of living in a little house of one's own, with good air and wholesome country fare.

After I had explained the plan fully, I waited and asked for questions, but none were asked. Finally I dismissed the meeting, for I saw that many were impatient to be gone; and I requested any who wished to talk with me further upon the subject to remain.

About fifteen remained, and of these only ten were very promising material for the life of such a colony as ours. The others were too old or too infirm. Most of those who had gone out were young people between twenty-five and forty. Evidently they did not find the struggle for life quite severe enough in the great metropolis, to make them eager to go forth into the country.

I talked nearly an hour more, with those who remained, and made a list of twelve families who promised to give themselves heartily to the life of the colony.

As I walked homeward I was somewhat disappointed with the results of the meeting. There was not that eagerness to receive my

good tidings for which I had really hoped, even while I was telling myself that I expected little. As I entered the front gate, a rough-looking man was beating a slow retreat from the kitchen door, and in the doorway I saw the red face and angry eyes of Bridget, our cook, as she poured out her wrath upon the unkempt individual. Just behind her florid countenance appeared my wife, and I might have been alarmed had I not seen a half-smile on my wife's face.

“What is the matter?” I asked, as I approached.

Bridget seemed a little confused at being discovered by me (“His Riverence,” she always called me), and retreated to her pots and pans. Margaret led the way into the study, and then burst out laughing.

“It's no use!” she exclaimed. “You and I think we can read human character, and can get into touch with all classes of people; but the fact is, we don't make half the success of it we fancy we do.”

She sat down in a chair and continued,

“Now, I thought that man was a fairly promising specimen for aid, when he came to the front door. He told a very smooth story, and asked for work, as they always do, to avoid arrest for vagrancy. I had no work for him, as he probably took precious good care to know, and I sent him around to the kitchen door, intending to talk further with him, and perhaps do something for him.”

“You know the danger of dealing with such characters,” I said, “and you know, as well as I do, how the army of tramps in this country is increasing annually.”

“Oh, yes, yes!” retorted my wife, pointing her finger at me in amused scorn. “We both know all that, but each new case seems to me a possible exception; and you know, Walter, you are just as weak and yielding as I am. So don’t look so much like the United States Supreme Court in full session! However, I sent the man to the side door, and there he met Bridget.”

“What then?”

“Well, the minute she fastened her eye

on him she looked straight through him, and he knew it. I stood back in the dining-room, with the door ajar, and heard the talk. She opened fire on him at once. You know how shrewd she is in many kinds of situations. So the brogue was rich, as you can fancy. She told him to go to work and earn his food, as she had to. And she laid bare his character in such a brief series of terse statements, that the man wilted, and, for several minutes, said not a word. The change in him was almost as marked as in the rapid transitions of the play of 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;' and, what surprised me even more, I confess, was, that when he did mumble a few words of protest, he spoke in an entirely different way from what he had spoken to me."

My good wife and I laughed considerably over this drama of the kitchen, and presently turned away to our various duties; but the lesson to be learned from this incident did not escape me, and it later served me to very good purpose. I saw, though I hardly

like to confess it (and few people of the so-called "better classes" like to), that my wife and I could not deal as effectively with the members of the so-called "lower classes," as could a person more nearly of their level. I saw that Bridget could come closer to that tramp, could understand him better, and make him understand her better than could I. She could penetrate his disguises, both conscious and unconscious, as Margaret and I could never do it. When in our presence, he instinctively adapted himself, shielded himself, and we could not possibly see him as could another of his class. It was only another confirming experience out of the many I had passed through, but it came just at a time when I was ready to learn its lesson. I had been present at interviews where a rich, educated woman sat down in a tenement room, to draw out and examine and pass judgment upon some "case," some woman in squalor, with a brood of dirty children standing around; and, always, the "case" sifted and read and

judged the examiner, quite as skilfully as she was herself sifted and judged. These incidents I had seen, and had hoped that I was myself more penetrating and more sympathetic. I had flattered myself that I was, but I began, now, to suspect myself. And the experience which came to me a few weeks later confirmed my suspicions.

It was when I went to one of the sweat-shop addresses, given me by the secretary of the Board of Health, and there, with the permission of the proprietor, took ten minutes, at noon, to explain our scheme of Circle City. I had walked about through the two large rooms, during a brief hour previous, talking with several of the dirty, despondent-looking workers, men and women. They seemed to despair of everything. They bent over their work — which was coat making — with a sullen desperation, and their thin, dirty fingers flew like the bloodless levers of a machine. I went about and asked questions, in a friendly manner, gaining, in some degree, as I fancied, their

sympathy. But the moment I began to address them in a body, and unfold my plan of the colony, and picture the comforts and joys of country life, their faces took on a suspicious expression, some of them put their tongues in their cheeks, and sundry knowing winks passed from eye to eye.

I need not say that I was surprised, dismayed. I found myself, my heart overflowing with good-will to them, an object of distrust. The truth was, and I saw it quickly, they had been so long the victims of oppression and evil designs, that they had grown to disbelieve utterly in any fair promises whatsoever.

I went through the form of inviting any who wished to talk with me more fully, or any who were already desirous of becoming members of such a colony, to meet me, at my home, that evening.

My words were wasted. Not a person appeared. My appeal was in vain. My kindly offers of help were rejected.

Much the same kind of experience I went through, when I visited the X—Y Paper Mills, and there repeated my explanation of our scheme, and gave my invitation. A half-dozen men stayed, after hours, to talk with me. Out of that number only four actually came into our ranks; and afterward formed a substantial part of our organisation.

I began to grow discouraged. I had anticipated difficulties (or, at least, had said to others, and to myself, that I did), but the difficulties began to seem insuperable.

Then came to my mind the full meaning of my lesson at Bridget's hands; I had talked freely with Margaret and Doctor Barton, about my difficulties, and one evening, as I happened to recollect and narrate for the doctor the incident at the kitchen door, the idea seized me that Bridget might succeed in doing what I could not. She might be able to get hold of those people, as I could not hope to do.

Thereupon we talked the idea over; and the result was that Doctor Barton was to see

Colonel Royce's coachman, who was Bridget's admirer, if not lover, and Margaret and I were to interest Bridget herself. We agreed that in those two we had interpreters who could bring our plan more clearly and powerfully to the attention of the people we wished to reach.

The suggestion was a good one. Patrick, the coachman, and Bridget had both worked in their respective places several years, and had come to fully trust their employers. We therefore set about explaining our entire colonisation scheme to them. Colonel Royce acted as instructor for Patrick, and Margaret and I tutored Bridget. At first the dear soul got the idea that we wished her to go out into the colony, herself, and that brought about considerable misunderstanding; but, as soon as the matter was cleared up, she showed great interest, and even grew enthusiastic, and suggested two of her relatives as candidates for the colony, and recalled three more relatives, still in Ireland, also desirable colonists.

Colonel Royce never did things by halves, and he suggested sending Patrick and Bridget out for a day's visit to Circle City, to see for themselves what our plan really was.

The heavy snows, at that particular time, made the journey somewhat difficult, but the growing interest between the two made them not wholly averse to having the trip a long one, and a fine happy pair they were, as they started on their peculiar holiday. They reached Circle City without accident, and spent several hours there, strolling about, using their time as they wished, eating their lunch in one of the partly finished houses, and talking with the workmen, as opportunity and inclination offered.

The purpose with which they were sent out was accomplished. They saw, with their own eyes, what was projected in the way of a colony. Each looked at it from his or her point of view. Patrick got an idea of the "general lay of the land," the grouping of the houses, and the economic side of the plan ; and Bridget took note

of the houses and their possibilities for comfort.

So they came back much pleased with their outing, and quite confident about the future of the colony. Lucky it was, for the success of our plan, that they did; because I may as well confess that I was about given over to despair, regarding my own powers as a propagandist.

Colonel Royce arranged to give Patrick all the leave of absence he wished, and we got in a spare cook, to relieve Bridget, so that these two newly enlisted allies at once set about gaining colonists in their own way. Patrick's method was to frequent the trades unions, and workingmen's clubs, and there make friends with as many men as possible, talking especially with such as seemed despondent or discouraged. Our general instruction to him was to accept any who really desired to enter the colony, if they seemed to be acting in good faith. We imposed no conditions as to skill; and, with regard to health, we tried to discriminate

against dangerous epidemic diseases, but did not wish him to refuse a group or family, even if it contained a small proportion of helpless members; for we counted on finding new kinds of work for many persons who now seemed incapable.

However, I quite agreed with Colonel Royce's idea that at first the larger part of the colonists would best be above thirty years of age; for we believed that people under that age would probably be too restless, and too confident of their own untested powers, or else, if quiet and unambitious, they would very likely be seriously lacking in capacity and energy.

Bridget carried on her missionary work through the missions and intelligence offices, and even boldly invaded tenement-houses and the sweat-shops.

Our method proved to be a sound one. Patrick and Bridget could talk to the class of people whom we aimed to reach, in a way which no member of the syndicate, however kind-hearted, however shrewd in business,

could hope to rival. Colonel Royce, Doctor Barton, Margaret, and I held ourselves ready to confer with our zealous deputies whenever they wished to bring some timid, doubting individual to us for confirmation of their arguments or promises. They were instructed that each family was to be made up of not less than three, and not more than ten persons.

The cost of transportation, and the living expenses for one year, were to be borne by the syndicate; but the syndicate reserved to itself the right to terminate its relations with any family, at its own discretion, agreeing to replace its members in their former condition of life if dismissed from this. Moreover, the amount of furniture and household goods which each family might wish to bring was limited to a few simple articles, for cleanliness must be vigorously insisted upon from the first.

There were many interesting and even amusing incidents brought to our notice during the next few months, but these I pass over without delay. Suffice it to say that by

the end of March, as the houses began to be finished off, and work on the water system and sewage system began, one hundred families were ready. A hundred and five families were enrolled, allowing for defections and desertions at the last hour.

Besides this mere enrolment of these hundred and more families, Patrick and Bridget had made a careful canvass of the various preferences of their colonists for the several kinds of farm labour possible in our little community. Each family, and each member of the family, had been registered in a book, and full descriptions of characters and capacities had been noted, so that when, after the eventful, exciting, fatiguing, but delightful week of transportation was over, and our families (now comprising ninety-five) were actually settled in their new homes, we had them placed with considerable accuracy in reference to the kind of work for which they were inclined, and the kind of farm adapted to that work.

Of course there were many matters of de-

tail which came up in the process of settling our colonists which could not easily have been foreseen, although there were a dozen of us, aggregating considerable brain power, with our minds considerably bent upon working out our problem in all its minutiae. For example, we now saw that there would be need of several intelligent, experienced men, to act as teachers, or overseers; men who could live in the colony and direct the practical work. Accordingly, Doctor Barton applied to his cousin, Mr. Gleason, and, through his inquiries and judgment, the men were found. These men we first called "overseers," but later we preferred to call them "directors."

CHAPTER VI.

AB URBE CONDITA.

I CONFESS that the faces of the new colonists were not all of them prepossessing. Even Doctor Barton, who had subjected them to physical examination, felt grave doubt about several persons. Still, we trusted a good deal to the shrewd sense of Patrick and Bridget, and we knew that each person on the list had been separately and carefully considered. Doctor Barton guaranteed their freedom from contagious diseases, and Patrick and Bridget were sponsors for their mental equipment. We had several who were partial invalids, but they could render some service in the household or neighbourhood, often as caretakers of children, while more robust mothers and sisters were doing more vigorous work. As to the

mental standards, we told our agents, Patrick and Bridget, that we wanted only good common sense, and I shall not forget the humourous twinkle in shrewd Patrick's eye as he touched his hat, to soften his repartee (as was his wont), and replied: "Sure, sir, it's a high standard, that. Where will you find rale sound common sinse, now? Among rich or poor?"

"In all of us, a part of the time," replied Colonel Royce, laughing, "and in none of us all the time."

We did not draw so rigid a line, morally, as might have been expected. Of course we would not consider for a moment any of the class of confirmed criminals; but my experience had shown me that many a man or woman comes out of prison, after a first term, who is desirous and eager to live an upright life. So I was not displeased when Patrick whispered to me that he knew about three of the men, and knew that they had served short terms in the penitentiary; but after careful inquiry he was convinced

that they were capable of complete reform, if given a chance. We afterward did have some trouble about a number of petty thefts, but the offender was not one of these three men.

There were several nationalities represented in our colony. We had two or three families of Americans, who had formerly lived on farms, but had ventured to the city, and could not keep their standing there. These people were of considerable assistance in the very serious work of training the inexperienced members of the colony. There were a few English families also, and a great many Irish families. Then there was a sprinkling of Germans, Italians, and Poles. Also two French families, who afterward proved excellent examples of thrift, and were hard workers.

It was a tremendous piece of work, the transporting of the colonists to Circle City. Only the trained executive power of Colonel Royce could have done it. The journey was made by train to the nearest point, common

freight-cars being used for all, and Mr. Gleason levied demands on all the carts and wagons of three towns to carry the colonists and their meagre personal property across to their new homes. There was a good deal of confusion, and I several times wished that we had made the transfer in two or three divisions; but calculations had been carefully made, and numbers assigned to each family, so that order soon evolved out of the seemingly hopeless chaos.

We found Mr. Gleason, the country store-keeper, a shrewd, active man, and he proved of great assistance to us in several ways. He was fast becoming as interested in the new colony as were we of the syndicate; and he found time to drive over frequently to see how affairs were going. He was the originator of our plan for a department store. He quickly saw that we needed only one store, and that it ought to be much like his own country store; if we chose to call it a "department store," he had no objection; but the essential point was, he said, that

it should have every kind of "goods and notions" that might be needed in the colony.

That had led to the erection of another public building in the circular space at the centre of our colony, and Mr. Gleason took charge of the store, sending over two experienced men and one woman (husband and wife and wife's brother), who were already well settled in the new store. The building was two stories and a half high, and the second and third floors contained rooms for the boarding and lodging of these three people and the "directors."

It was fortunate for us that the spring opened early, because we were thereby helped greatly in our excavating for the water-supply and the sewage system. Then, too, the weather was favourable for work upon our line of electric railway, which was making rapid progress. Two members of our syndicate were heavy stockholders in the railway company, and, through their efforts, the company decided to lay a double track line

out to our colony. Work had been begun at both ends of the line, and at two intermediate points, and only a few weeks would be needed to have the road ready for operation. Colonel Royce had already given an order to the Empire Car Company for two freight-cars, designed in part by himself, which would be run to and fro, between our colony and the city, and carry the colony's products to market. It was the purpose of the syndicate to establish a store or market in the city, and to sell there as many as possible of the products of the colony. Moreover, it was hoped that, with a specific trade-mark, put upon all such products, and with the maintenance of a high standard of value, the best kind of public patronage would be secured.

The assistance of Professor Waters, of the State Agricultural College, was very important to us in the assignment of the families to their respective farms. Professor Waters had previously given some little time to the study of the ground, and, with our surveyors,

had laid out the farms in what proved to be a very wise way. Many of the families had decided preferences as to what kind of farming they would take up. Others had no choice. Often Professor Waters was able to correct the judgment and choice of the families, by taking into account the sex and age of the members of a family, pointing out to them how one line of work would be best for a family containing two or three men, while a different kind would be better for a family containing several young girls. For example, in the raising of poultry or eggs, women could work as efficiently as could men; whereas, in the heavier kinds of farming, market-gardening, hay farming, stock-raising, and the like, greater strength would be demanded of the workers, and would best suit families where there were several males.

The financial part of the plan had been put, largely, into Colonel Royce's hands; that is to say, the adoption of a wise system of loans and expenditures. At the occasional

sessions of the syndicate, this matter had been more or less discussed, but, practically, it was mainly left in Colonel Royce's hands. His theory, as we talked it over, was that the colony must commence as a strongly marked system of paternalism, and must aim at working, as rapidly as was safe, toward individualism. He began by loaning houses, tools, food, and even clothing to the families, keeping a close account of every loan, however small. All that he asked of the colonists was good faith and hard work and average intelligence. From some kinds of work, payments on these loans could begin in a few months; but, by the end of the year, every family ought to be able to make them, in larger or smaller sums. Whenever families, or individuals, showed hopeless incompetence or indolence, these were to be sent back to their squalid city life; but a full, fair trial would be given everybody. When a family had repaid all loans made it for tools, groceries, stock, seed, and the like, it could then begin paying rent for its home.

The wish on the part of our syndicate was that this should be done as rapidly as possible. Just here, we met a difficulty which had caused considerable discussion among us. On the one hand, it seemed desirable to make these people, as soon as they proved themselves worthy of it, as independent and individual as possible. We were not believers in Socialism, and we had seen the dangers of excessive permanent paternalism. Yet, on the other hand, we hardly cared to put the fate of our colony into these people's hands, entirely; we therefore decided to keep the ultimate control of land and houses in the hands of the syndicate, at least for several years. In all possible ways the plan was to push our people on to the same kind and degree of independence, which would be exercised by them if they rented a farm in any town in the State.

Closely allied to this problem of final, complete ownership, was the problem of citizenship. We had given considerable time to this subject, and had debated rather hotly the

expediency of forming a separate township; but, on reflection, it was deemed best to avoid, in every way, all appearances of peculiarity, and all tendencies toward isolation; and our voters were instructed to consider themselves residents of the town where their homes placed them. This solution of the problem was helped by the fact that a town line ran through one side of our little community, thus making two-thirds of our people residents of Somerset, and the other third of Monterey.

Although we all regarded Socialism, or Communism, as the greatest defect of colonisation schemes in the past, and as the rock on which many well-intentioned plans had split, yet we found that simple economy demanded some kinds of united action, and allowed some kinds of mutual interdependence. In our farm work, in the use of the larger kinds of tools and machines, this was wisely arranged by our farm directors, who were themselves practical farmers. They speedily learned how to combine labour in

small groups, and showed the colonists how to aid one another in certain kinds of work.

But in other ways, also, we found union of effort possible. For example, there was our hospital. It was simply a group of six rooms in a small building set apart for this purpose. Everybody in the colony, old and young, was urged to visit it, as it stood, new and clean, awaiting occupancy. It was carefully explained to all these visitors, with a view of doing away with that ignorant dread which most of the lower classes feel for all public institutions of this kind. The half-score beds were tidy and attractive, and there was no ill odour of ether or iodoform to awaken distrust. The advantages of such a place were put before them as clearly as possible, but the main object in showing them the place was that they should be familiar with it; that no malign air of mystery should enshroud it, and that they might have some pleasant impressions of it.

I fear that Doctor Barton's practice and my own professional duties suffered consider-

ably during the first few weeks of the little colony's existence, for one or the other of us was on the ground the greater part of the time. The lesson which I had learned, about using Patrick and Bridget as intermediaries, I did not forget; and although I felt that my relations with these various families grew more intimate as the weeks went by, yet I could usually detect a difference in the attitude toward me from that toward Patrick or Bridget. And, just here in my record of the life of Circle City, I must chronicle the unexpected turn in affairs by which we lost a helper in our household and gained a valuable colonist.

Patrick and Bridget had been much thrown together by the events of the past winter; they had found occasion for many interviews; just how closely their conversation was confined to the affairs of the colony, and the gathering of suitable families, I cannot say, but the plain fact was that they grew much attached to each other, as well as deeply interested in the colony plan; and the result

was that, when the families were finally transferred to the country, these two sympathetic workers found their occupation gone; and their lives suddenly became dull and uninteresting. Margaret and I were not wholly ignorant of the growing attachment between the two, and were inclined to favour it. So that when Bridget came to my wife one day, and stood blushing and stammering, and twisting the corner of her apron, Margaret knew what was coming. Yes, Patrick and Bridget were to be married. Well, that was not startling; but we were a little startled, and then increasingly delighted, when we heard that they would like to join the colony. Their interest had been very warmly enlisted in the work, and they believed heartily in it.

When Colonel Royce and I talked it over, we could both commiserate each other, and yet congratulate each other. Each of us had lost a valued helper, but we knew that the presence of Patrick and Bridget in the colony would be extremely valuable in the settling

of the many difficulties which must inevitably arise.

And so it proved. A month later they were married, and they went at once to Circle City. Colonel Royce put them at once in charge of the "Boarding House," as we grew to call it, the family apartments over the store; and they filled the position to the entire satisfaction of everybody. We gave Bridget a young girl to assist her, intending this arrangement for Bridget's benefit; but Bridget was a woman of ideas, and, in due time, developed a plan of her own. She soon saw that many of our families knew very little about clean, economic homes, and she started a kind of school in housekeeping. She took from them three young girls at a time, and kept them with her a few months, showing them as much as possible about the best ways of cooking and washing and caring for a household. This plan led, rather naturally, to the starting of some more public lessons in cookery; and, with a range set up in one of the rooms of our "Town Hall," as we called

it, Bridget gave needed instruction to a large number of the women of the colony.

With regard to the use of the various modern inventions, with which we had equipped the houses, Bridget found great diversities of skill and carefulness. Very few of our people had ever seen, close at hand, steam and electricity used as they could now use it in their new homes. They were delighted with the radiators, and easily learned to use them; but with the electric lights there was some timidity and some clumsiness; yet in the main, these illiterate, untrained colonists did remarkably well. As to the gas cooking-stoves, Bridget had more difficulty; but her steady, patient, persistent good nature triumphed. She is an unusually intelligent woman, and, without her, the success of our many minor plans would have been very doubtful. Just at present she is thinking out a scheme for a laundry-house and a bakery for the whole colony; I have no doubt that she will succeed in carrying out her ideas.

As for Patrick, he was worth his weight in gold, because of the confidence which the men of the colony reposed in him, and the wise counsel he gave them. He knew a good deal about farm work, and he had quick sympathy and rare good sense. We had been fortunate, too, in the overseers, or directors chosen by Mr. Gleason: they were competent men; but they were never able to come into as close touch with the city-bred colonists as was Patrick. Two or three times I happened along, when misunderstandings had arisen between some colonists and a director, and the director was fast losing patience with the colonist's stupidity or clumsiness. And Patrick, coming up, would very soon quiet the trouble, and solve the difficulty. The directors had been privately and separately instructed to allow Patrick to have his way, in all such cases. This was not always easy for them to do, but they were won over by results; and Patrick, on his part, was privately counselled by Colonel Royce, whom he admired profoundly, not to show any over-

bearing spirit, and not to become at all "set up" by his position, at which Patrick laughed heartily, and touched his hat to his old employer.

From the first, Doctor Barton and I had felt, even more strongly than had Colonel Royce and the other members of the syndicate, the absolute need of making life interesting for the colonists. Colonel Royce and the others were naturally most concerned with the financial and economic features of the colony's management; but Doctor Barton and I felt strongly the contrast between the quiet life of the country, and the feverish, stimulating vibrations of city life; and we constantly planned to meet this problem, realising that if the desire for amusement were not met, in our colonists' overstimulated natures, they would soon begin to long for the old crowded dens and alleys. So we were glad when the completion of our trolley line put us in direct, easy communication with the great metropolis, fifteen miles away. Regular fares were charged on these cars,

and the families were allowed to visit the city as they chose. They were not forbidden or forced, in any direction, but were simply advised, in this as in many other matters; and, through Patrick and Bridget, as well as by the regular reports of the directors of work, Colonel Royce and I kept in pretty close touch with the conduct and condition of every family.

Fortunately, one of the storekeepers was well trained in vocal music, and one of the directors turned out to be a skilful player on the cornet. As soon as I learned these facts, I set on foot plans for the forming of a singing society and a brass band. I believed strongly in the value of music, as the most popular of the arts. Margaret had urged the need of a little beauty in the cottages, and had purchased, with good taste, enough photographs, and other pictures of an inexpensive sort, to put two or three in each home. I did not object, of course, to this, but I had been looking to music as the most valuable of the arts for our purpose of enter-

tainment, and I was much pleased at seeing the singing society and the band started. As an incentive to exertion, we occasionally hired a band from the city to come out and give an evening concert at the band-stand in the centre of the village. This was much enjoyed, and while the children gathered close around the players, the older people could remain in their own houses or in front of them, and hear the music with great distinctness.

Of course these band concerts were not our only entertainments. Margaret had planned a course of readings, and sleight-of-hand performances, and concerts, even before the colony was settled; and two of these were given each week. For purposes of this sort, we had one large central hall; this was our largest structure. It had a large auditorium on the second floor, reaching to the full length and breadth of the house. Then on the lower floor there were several smaller halls, useful for various kinds of gatherings.

We had many applications from all sorts

of lecturers and entertainment bureaus, asking for engagements. One of the first letters that came, after our colonisation scheme became generally known through the press, was a request from a temperance lecturer, who wished to give a free lecture on the "Evils of Alcohol." The proposal came first, of course, into Margaret's hands, as she had been tacitly understood to be a committee of one on public entertainments; but as there was a great deal involved in a lecture of this kind, in addition to the lecture itself, she submitted the matter to the syndicate, at its next session.

We talked over the problems of liquor-selling, and license, and prohibition. The local laws of the two townships in which our colony was placed were for license, and left us quite free to use our own judgment as to methods for dealing with this most difficult problem. Among the members of our syndicate there was some little diversity of opinion. One of the board was a firm believer in prohibition. Two members were

in the habit of using wine at their own tables. One man had studied the Gottenberg system of licensing, and thoroughly believed in it. Thus we were divided in our views; however, all of us recognised the extreme seriousness of the problem. But all of the men were sensible, and knew how to take account of the facts of human nature, and Doctor Barton's views were finally adopted and put into practice.

His views were that alcoholic liquors should be treated as medicines and not as beverages; that they should be kept for sale in the drug department of our store, and sold exactly as other goods were sold, without any apparent restrictions. Nevertheless, all our corps of officials (storekeepers, directors, and especially Patrick and Bridget) were privately instructed to be very watchful as to the purchase and use of these things. Doctor Barton felt that, while such a plan might or might not be expedient in a large city, yet in our small community, every man, woman, and child was known and could

be watched carefully, and the abuse of our plan could soon be detected. If I may here anticipate events a little, I will say that in one or two cases there came to be evidence of abuse of this plan. Doctor Barton had gotten into the way of appointing certain times and places for consultation; and he discovered that two of our colonists bought a little whiskey, instead of the drug he had prescribed for them. He therefore held a plain talk with them, and told them briefly that such conduct would not be tolerated, and warned them never to attempt it again. This attempted deceit, however, did not happen until several months after the plan had been put into operation.

Closely joined to this problem of temperance was the problem of some sort of a club-room. I had long before seen that much of the drinking that is done, is not so much from love of the liquor, as from social pressure. Men make bar-rooms into club-rooms, and, after congregating there, one treats another, and the other reciprocates, until much money

is spent, and intoxication results. So we early arranged to make one of the lower rooms of the hall ("Barton Hall," we had named it, after our good friend the doctor), into a club-room and reading-room. And there the men were free to come and smoke, and read the papers and magazines which were provided for them. This led to a series of smoke-talks, given by Doctor Barton, myself, Colonel Royce, and others, and a kind of debating club grew up, which proved an excellent means of education.

However, this word "education" leads me to explain at some length the important place which this matter took in the life of our colony.

CHAPTER VII.

EDUCATION — SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS.

I HAD felt from the first that we must use the greatest wisdom and care in our educational work. Although the people who made up our colony were, in a sense, acknowledged failures, unable to meet the exacting demands of city life, yet my study of the laws of heredity led me to know that their children might develop capacities far in advance of the parents. We therefore felt the obligation of furnishing good instruction for them, so that any latent talent which they might have might be encouraged and developed.

Our schoolhouse was the last of our "public buildings," as we called them, to be finished. But, as we did not satisfy ourselves at once regarding teachers, we were not greatly disturbed by the delay. The

teacher whom we at first engaged did not prove a success. She was well trained in the simple branches of knowledge which she was expected to teach, but she was practically an invalid, and unable to cope with the boisterous spirits of the boys and girls. We had gathered the children into Barton Hall at first, and the situation made the teacher's duties more than usually burdensome. Patrick acted as school committee and truant officer in one; he was a little weak himself in reading and spelling, but had a natural aptitude for "figures," and he had unbounded faith in book-education.

The teacher struggled along, with ill success, for three weeks, and then we saw that she could not do the work. So Margaret set about finding some one to take her place. After considerable writing of letters, and one or two interviews, we decided upon a Miss Emily Vaughn, and subsequent events showed that the decision was most fortunate. Miss Vaughn was a graduate of a New England college, had taught in the public schools of

one of our large cities, and, after three years' experience, had gone enthusiastically into the life of a college settlement in New York. There she remained a year, and would have continued, had not Margaret learned about her, through a common friend, and induced her to take up our educational work in Circle City. The character of this work attracted her. She had studied social problems deeply, and had thrown herself earnestly into the work of solving them; but the overwhelming odds against philanthropic educational work in a vast, crowded metropolis, had grown more and more to weigh upon her, and she was becoming hopeless of reaching any satisfactory results. So our experiment of Circle City and improved country life as a remedy for debased city life, all this attracted her, and the result was that we secured a most valuable worker. She brought with her a young friend, a girl of about twenty, and we put the two into full responsibility for the work.

Miss Vaughn was tall and dark, rather dig-

nified in movement, with penetrating black eyes, which opened slowly, but firmly. The children could feel her presence, even before she spoke. Indeed, she spoke little. Whatever a nod or raised finger could do, she did in that quiet way. She seemed a little autocratic at first; but, as her work went on, and she showed her remarkable executive power, and her endless resources, we gladly gave over to her the entire management of all our educational work. Of course our school equipment, our educational "plant," could not compare with the equipment of the best schools and academies of the land; but, after all, everybody who has had experience in educational matters knows that system and method and mechanical appliances are inferior to the inborn genius for teaching which certain people possess.

This inborn aptitude, made up of quick sympathy and self-control, was characteristic of Miss Vaughn in a high degree; and as I talked with her from time to time about our colony, and about the important part which

school life must play in it, I was greatly pleased at the quick, intelligent way in which she grasped my ideas.

Every teacher has not only general aptitude for study of any and all sorts, but is sure to have a certain special aptitude for one kind of study, or one class of studies. Fortunate it was for the success of our plan that Miss Vaughn had a keen love for the sciences rather than for history or mathematics or any other department of education. She was well equipped in all these other fields, but the sciences, based on observation of nature, were her greatest enthusiasm.

“The fundamental aim of the public schools of our nation,” I said to her, “is to make good citizens. But our fundamental aim is a stage earlier than that, yet in harmony with it; for our aim is to make these children love the life of the country. We shall, of course, teach the rudiments of mathematics, and geography, and history, and many other branches; but, primarily, we must make these children enjoy the re-

sources of nature around them. Their position affords them advantages for the study of the natural sciences, which city life does not. The city teacher, if she wishes to illustrate her instruction in geology, or botany, or zoölogy, or ornithology, or entomology, must send out into the country for specimens. But we have them all about us in limitless quantity. So that every child can gather them, and study them, and form collections for himself. I even look forward to seeing the parents themselves become interested in the wonders of rock and tree and bird and insect, through the interest which you will awaken in the children. And my firm belief is that the success of our experiment rests more upon the implanting and maintenance of this love of nature, animate and inanimate, than upon the size of the crops and harvests gathered from the fields and gardens. Because even though the crops and harvests are small,—and they will be at first,—they will at least give these half-starved, sickly people

a better living than they had in those city dens, which you know so well."

Thus Miss Vaughn and I came to understand each other, and I felt sure that she was well qualified for the work. She had a gift of enthusiasm which was enkindling to other more lethargic minds. She and her assistant talked separately with every boy and girl, and formed an opinion as to what class he or she would best fit. She called at many of the cottages, and won the confidence of the mothers; and one day she broached to me a plan of a kind of day nursery, which two young English girls among the colonists could take charge of. This idea we carried out, using one of the lower rooms in Barton Hall, and thereby a score or two of worried mothers were set free to carry on their households more effectively, and even to help their husbands and brothers in the lighter work of their farms.

I doubt if the legendary Pied Piper of Hamelin had greater bewitchment over the hearts of his juvenile followers than did

Miss Emily Vaughn over her pupils. She carried out my ideas of nature-study even more successfully, and with greater originality, than I had dared hope. She not only used stories of birds and insects and animals as reference-books, but she made them the regular reading-books; and even before the little ones could read they could distinguish between the orders of *Diptera* and *Coleoptera*, and knew about Ursa Major and the Pleiades, and could recognise the notes of a thrush or bobolink as far away as they could hear them. It was interesting, even to me, to see the children trudging over the fields, when the steady fine summer weather had set in, with their butterfly-nets and their big-mouthed bottles; they grew wildly excited over *Crusader* beetles and *Tiger* beetles, and popped them into the bottles with an enthusiasm which no autograph hunter or stamp collector could possibly equal.

Then there were the endless picnics and excursions which were arranged for them, not days of idleness by any means; but Miss

Vaughn took them always to some place which illustrated, in rocks or trees, or land-formation, the lessons of geology or botany which she never tired of imparting.

Quite as I anticipated, the fathers and mothers also became interested. The old saying never found better illustration than in our colony life, that "wherever the lambs are carried, there the sheep will follow." I saw, now and then, some big German chasing a butterfly; and I knew that in his household was some child who was studying *Diptera*. Or I might notice a long, lank, swarthy Italian pick up a stone and examine it; and then I surmised that in his cottage was some youthful collector of mineralogical specimens. The parents could not help becoming interested.

One of the best lectures which we ever had, in Barton Hall, was given by a skilful vocalist, with the assistance of coloured stereopticon views. He threw on the screen beautiful pictures of almost all the birds which could be found in our climate, and

then he imitated their songs and calls, so that everybody present—and the audience that evening numbered about three hundred—was delighted, and went away eager for the sun to rise, the next morning, in order that observations might be made on the notes of the real birds.

Sometimes, on my rather frequent visits to the colony, I would find myself stopped by a group of children, and my judgment asked regarding the name of a tree or plant; they evidently considered me a repository of universal knowledge. Sometimes I could give them the desired information, and sometimes I could not; but the one thing which I always kept in mind, in meeting them, was to show great interest in the specimen under discussion.

Quite naturally, the little library of a thousand volumes, with which the colony started, contained many books dealing, in a simple, practical way, with the natural sciences. Two of the older and more intelligent boys were put in charge of this library,

and became deeply interested, and fairly efficient, in the care and distribution of the books.

I was more than pleased with Miss Vaughn's wise administration of our educational work. She not only took my ideas, at the first, but, as the weeks went by, and ripened into months, she adapted herself to new conditions, as they arose; and she originated many little devices and methods, to meet problems which I had not clearly foreseen. That she had fully grasped the nature of our colony-experiment was evident to me when she remarked thoughtfully, one day, "Education in the past, I believe, has dealt too much with the intellect, and too little with the heart. It has imparted ideas, and has neglected emotions. And the only unique feature of our system of education, here in Circle City, is simply its emphasis of that emotional factor. We need to lead these children — and even their parents, indirectly — not merely to *know* the truth, but to *love* it, to love realities; and I find that a child

who is accustomed to search for the facts of natural science, accustomed to seek realities, in trees and birds and rocks, and insect life, is wonderfully well started on his way toward realities in conduct; that is to say, toward moral truth, and upright personal living."

One matter which had caused me a little uneasiness, was helped to a favourable solution by Miss Vaughn. It was this. We all, syndicate advisers and workers, had constantly the anxiety before our minds, that these people, despite all our efforts to make their life in the colony attractive, might be drawn back into the great maelstrom of the city. We had discussed this danger, with reference to our trolley-line, so closely uniting the colony to the metropolis. A few had felt doubt about keeping open so direct and available a means of communication and of possible desertion. However, we were, as a whole, agreed upon having the railroad; but we were careful to show no anxiety, openly, about desertions.

The way in which Miss Vaughn helped

us, was by working skilfully upon the sympathies and loyalties of the children. She was convinced that if they were bound close to the colony, by ties of affection and joyous association, they would influence greatly the opinions and decisions of their various homes. So she always spoke enthusiastically of country life, and compassionately of crowded city life. And, after a few months had passed, she began to take groups of children into the city, on visits. Not by any means taking them as a reward, but always making some errand of business or study out of the trip. For instance, she took them, on one occasion, to visit certain places of historic interest, and kept them busy studying these places and the scenes therewith connected. Again, she took them to visit a museum of natural history, to verify some of the specimens which a class had collected. Also, at various times, she took small groups to study certain industries and manufactories. In every case she dealt with the metropolis as if it were a most unattract-

ive, objectionable place, containing some points of interest, but utterly undesirable to live in, and wholly incomparable with the quiet, varied, free life of the country.

She often reported to me little scraps of conversation among the children, which she overheard. We were both greatly pleased at finding our boys and girls, well fed, tidy, brown, and happy, as they now were, looking with pity on the children of the slums, and at those dirty homes as repulsive.

A system of education, however, which deals only with the visible and tangible things of life, is incomplete. Botanical and geological specimens are only the near ends of knowledge, and the normal human mind and heart push out in search of the remote ends. Our educational system at Circle City took account of not only the lower faculties of the understanding, but was intended to provide, also, for the higher faculties of the reason and the imagination.

To myself, as professedly a specialist in these matters, the religious training of the

colonists was entrusted; and I soon saw that there were several distinct ways of giving these people and their children the fundamental primary emotions, out of which the various religious helps and faiths may be later specialised. Wonder is the root of religion; wonder is the inquiry of the heart; and it soon passes, if carefully nurtured, into reverence and into trust. Religion is, essentially, an emotion; and I saw that it must be clearly recognised as such, and dealt with emotionally. So I came to rely, for the deepest and most permanent religious impressions upon the children, on what Miss Vaughn—a very devout soul—might find in her heart to say to the classes and the individual scholars, as she taught them the facts of the natural sciences.

I say frankly that we did not believe that religion was a supernatural revelation to man; we believed it to be a natural revelation to man, as is all beauty or truth. We therefore counted on finding, in the hearts and minds of these young people,

an intellectual and emotional response to the reverent ideas and feelings which Miss Vaughn expressed, from time to time, in the course of her teaching. Miss Vaughn's religion was simple; simpler and less differentiated into specific beliefs than my own; yet, in the main, we agreed very well, and I could always supplement her reverent comments on the wonderful adaptations in nature, by illustrations and applications of my own. This fundamental instruction in religion, through the marvels of outer physical nature and the emotions of the human heart, was our chief consideration. We aimed, thus, at making our young people first theists, as opposed to atheists. We brought them thus within the broad realm of universal religion; but more was needed. We wished them to enter into sympathy with that highest form of religion which the world has ever known,—Christianity. We accomplished our aim, naturally, through historic study. Doctor Barton aided us greatly in this work. He took up the study

of the various religions of the world, and became deeply interested. Then he gave a course of lectures at the times of his regular medical visitations to the colony. He was a good talker, and his enthusiasm was contagious. The lectures were given in the evenings, and were open to all the colonists, though, of course, were not compulsory. The doctor gave a short sketch of each of the ancient religions and their founders, and then led up naturally to several lectures on the Christian religion and its founder, treating it exactly in the same clear, impartial way in which he had treated Confucianism, and Buddhism, and Islamism. Even the problems of the miracles he dealt with exactly in one religion as in another. The record regarding the parting of the Red Sea, for Moses and his people, he considered in the same fair-minded way in which he considered the record about Jesus walking upon the sea, or raising Lazarus from the dead.

Thus the minds of the hearers were led, through gradual and natural steps, from

lower to higher, and came to the desirable point where they were in sympathy with Jesus of Nazareth, because they saw the noble, divine place he had filled in the world's history and progress; and they were in sympathy with his emphasis of love to God and man, because they felt, in their own hearts, that these emotions were a part of the great tidal currents of the Infinite.

Thus the instruction of old and young went on. Miss Vaughn took notes, secretly, of Doctor Barton's lectures, and, with her remarkable power of adaptation, arranged them in her own mind for presentation to the younger minds of her scholars.

However, in addition to these channels of "impression" upon the religious natures of our colonists, I saw that there was another side, quite as important in its way. It was the side of "expression." I sought to adapt to the needs of our people means of worship. There are currents of inflowing, and currents of outflowing, in human hearts; inlets and outlets. Man needs not only to learn, intel-

lectually, but needs, also, to express himself emotionally; this holds true in all kinds of mental and emotional life, and in none more absolutely than in his religious life; so the problem of public worship faced me and puzzled me, because, with public worship, the elements of theology and liturgy, beliefs, and forms, came into prominence. At first I went out Sunday afternoons and held religious services in the hall. This continued for a month or two. I avoided all doctrinal matters, and dealt wholly with reverence and love for God, and loyalty to Jesus Christ, and good-will to our fellow men.

Occasionally Doctor Barton took my place, when engagements prevented me from going; and I must confess that they grew to like him as leader better than they did me; especially was this true of his sermons or addresses. His words were not as skilfully arranged as mine, for he had not been given the training which I had; but what he said, he said clearly, and, somehow, the people seemed to take his words to their hearts,

as they did not take mine. I think they took my exhortations "with a grain of salt;" they left a margin for my professional bias; they expected me to tell them that honesty and kindness were among the noblest characteristics of human nature, but they only half believed me. On the contrary, when Doctor Barton told them about people he had met in his medical and surgical experience, and gave plain facts, and deduced sound conclusions about human hearts from those facts, then the people all seemed to be listening to a new gospel. I do not pause here to discuss this phenomenon exhaustively, with its interesting inferences and deductions; I simply mention it with candour and slight chagrin.

After a few months of novelty had worn off, the various theological differences hidden away in the minds of our people began to come to the surface. By personal intercourse with them I gradually learned what their past affiliations had been with religious bodies; some of them cared very little about keeping up their accustomed forms and ceremonies;

but others, as for example those of the Romanist faith, were becoming restless without their regular attendance on mass. A few of them even went into the adjoining city, on several Sundays, to attend church; but by far the larger part had not money enough for car-fares.

So I saw that we must make some permanent arrangement to meet the needs of all. And after a little time used in correspondence and personal interviews, we found a genial, kindly priest, Father Granahan, who agreed to come out regularly and hold services in Barton Hall, according to the ritual of his church. A special dispensation was obtained, and the services were begun, and were carried on acceptably to all.

This arrangement provided for nearly half of the colony; then, for the remainder, I decided to form a Union Church; and I secured a young, enthusiastic graduate of the Harvard Divinity School, this being the only unsectarian divinity school of which I knew in the whole country. And this young man was ordained at the Divinity

School by a service in which clergymen of four denominations took part.

Thus we kept our religious services on a good broad basis; and we arranged our Sundays harmoniously, with reference to these meetings. The mass of the Roman Church was said at eight o'clock, and a sermon followed it. They were good, practical talks, too, that Father Granahan gave. Afterward, at 10.30, the union service for the Protestants was held, including a sermon, usually a sound, sensible one; both our preachers, Romanist and Protestant, seemed to be keenly alive to the real needs of our people, in this experimental condition. Then we had a lecture of some sort, economic, or scientific, or historic, in the evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

These evening lectures were attended to by Doctor Barton; and he chose both subjects and lecturers with great care, having it clearly understood that the general trend and emphasis of each lecture was to be constructive, optimistic, and broadly religious.

Speaking, as I now am, of our efforts in

educational work in our colony, I must not omit to mention the use we are making of the dramatic art. We have not proceeded far in this direction, so that I cannot say very definitely just what our success is. But I can at least outline our plan. We are making use of plays to teach and strengthen moral and religious principles in the minds and hearts of our people. This is my own plan, and I have been led to try it from seeing how much deeper are the impressions made by ideas or feelings, when coming from the lips of a character on the stage, with scenery and story and costume, than when coming from a speaker in a pulpit or on a platform.

So I have had these performances, thus far, in the hall, limited to plays which emphasised the moral and reverent and tender side of life; and I have had these performed by the very excellent Dramatic Club in my own church. The young people in the club have entered into the work with eagerness, and I am abundantly satisfied with the success of our plan so far as we have gone with

it. The people of our colony are simple in nature, and untrained in their emotions, and all sentiments about home and wife and country and God, when uttered on the stage, are taken as literally and fully as though the scene depicted were actually happening; and the applause which greets some of these great, noble, foundation sentiments, would electrify many a stumbling, discouraged pulpit speaker, if only he could hear it in response to his own words.

Thus I have hastily sketched the work which we are doing in educational ways. We consider it of the greatest importance for our permanent welfare. The real value of country life can be felt only by a generation of people who have grown used to it, in its most attractive and intellectual presentation. And our educational work aims, first of all, to establish this tie of association and sympathy with fields, brooks, hills, birds, insects, and plant-life, so that these shall be intellectual and æsthetic resources, instead of being, as heretofore, merely bare utilities, or objects of contempt.

CHAPTER VIII.

RULERS OF THE PEOPLE.

I WAS more than ever struck with Colonel Royce's business shrewdness and far-sightedness, the other day, when he came to my house to talk over some of the knotty points of our colonial problem. I made some remark about house-lots along the route of our trolley-line to the metropolis. I had noticed, on my last visit to Circle City, that several lots were being staked out, and one or two foundations were being dug near the track ; and I said to my friend, "I am no business man, Colonel Royce, but it seems to me that the value of all that new land is sure to rise."

The colonel smiled. "It has already risen ;" said he, with a quizzical look which puzzled me.

I looked at him in silence, for a moment, and then asked what he meant. "I mean simply this," said he; "I saw, months ago, before we began work at Circle City, in fact, just as soon as it was clear that the project of a trolley-road was going through, that land along the line was to become valuable; and I took care of a large part of that land myself, and now I am selling it in the shape of house-lots, for about five times as much as I paid for it. I did not care to ask the syndicate to go into this investment. But whatever I make out of it I shall, as a point of honour, hold for the benefit of our colony, and use in its betterment."

My eyes were wide open in surprise and admiration, as my far-sighted, noble friend spoke. I realised clearly how he had been able to amass so much wealth, in the few years he had devoted to business life. He was a man of superior perception and courageous will, and he deserved the leadership he had won.

While we were talking, Doctor Barton

entered. He had just come from one of his many visits to Circle City. I had been surprised at the great number of visits he had made, of late, to the little colony; but when he informed me that he had taken a younger physician into his office, I could understand better his unusual amount of leisure time. However, Margaret and I had secretly exchanged suspicions regarding the good doctor's relations to our excellent teacher, Miss Vaughn. He showed, without disguise, his unbounded admiration for her; and, of late, I fancied that I had detected in him a peculiar interest in the dignified young schoolmistress. He quoted her sayings and doings, as it seemed to me, rather unnecessarily; and he often grew confused, as he spoke of her wise, patient dealings with the children and with their parents.

On this occasion, he had an account to give of Miss Vaughn's somewhat stormy interview with an Italian, the father of two of her pupils. The man had presented himself at the schoolroom, in an angry state,

because his boy had been kept after school hours. Doctor Barton said that he himself was in the room, and witnessed the interview. It transpired, however, that the boy had not been kept after school; he had gone off into the woods, with another boy, to shirk the work which he knew was awaiting him at home, and had told his father a lie.

“Oh, I wish you could have seen Miss Vaughn,” exclaimed Doctor Barton, as he threw himself on a lounge. “She was grand, superb. She just let that glaring Italian talk himself out, while she kept her eyes calmly fixed upon him. She uttered not a word, until he had finished all his loud talk, then she merely said: ‘I did not keep your boy after school. He left this room with the others, exactly on the hour. You have made some mistake. You would best question him more closely, before coming here with your excited talk.’ Then she turned straight about, and left him; and he was completely upset, by her quiet way of doing things.”

“That leads me,” continued Colonel Royce,

“to speak of a matter upon which I reflect often, but upon which I have not yet formulated any definite plans. Here we have this company of people, several hundred souls, in a manner committed to our care. At present we are maintaining a strictly paternal form of government; we are taking charge of them, in many ways, and dictating to them the terms upon which they must live. But we do not believe in that kind of communal life, as a permanency, because it leads to either rebellion or slavery, on the part of its participants. We therefore aim at democracy as the ultimate goal,—self-government; but just what standard we shall apply, just what requirements we shall impose upon a man to allow him to help govern the colony, this is what I cannot easily settle for myself. We wish these people, as soon as they are qualified for it, to own their houses and lands, and be each legally entrenched in his home as in a castle. So firmly entrenched that no other individual, even the doctor himself, can dislodge him, if he wills to stay.”

“Do you think it will be safe,” asked the doctor, “to allow even the most industrious of these men to place himself in a position where he can defy and impair the fundamental policy of the colony? What would you say to leasing house and farm to such a person, and not selling it outright? A lease, say, of a hundred years?”

We reflected a few moments in silence, and then Colonel Royce said: “No, I confess that I wish to see the full solution of this problem during my own lifetime; and until these families are really legal owners of their estates, and are law-abiding and reasonable, from free choice and not because they are under surveillance of some owner or agent, only then will our experiment be completely a success.”

“Well, I think you are right,” said Doctor Barton. “I have some anxiety about letting the final decision pass out of our own hands, but we must face even that. And, provided that these people are properly qualified for it, I see no more reason to doubt their ability to govern themselves than I see reasons for

doubting the ability of this nation, as a whole, to govern itself."

"But some of us have moments of discouragement," I ventured to add, laughing, "when we doubt a little the ability of our citizens to govern themselves, and continue long in a stable, safe form of national existence."

Then Colonel Royce put the very question which was hanging on my lips. "What ought we to require of one of our colonists, in order that we shall dare to put him in full possession of his farm?"

Whereupon we marked out, step by step, the following list of requirements. We agreed that a man, in order to become full possessor of his house and land, must have the money to buy the property, and must have paid up his indebtedness incurred during the first year or two, while he was learning how to carry on his work with a margin of profit; then he must be qualified, mentally and morally; must be able to read and write and do simple arithmetical computations, and must have satisfied the syndicate of his peace-

ful, law-abiding temper. We reserved the right to refuse a sale to any man, who, however industrious and skilful he might be, was thought to be a person of evil influence or destructive tendencies.

This plan we shall carry out when the proper time comes, tacitly making Patrick and Bridget the judges of the people's moral and social fitness, and Miss Vaughn and Doctor Barton judges of their mental fitness. When, a few weeks later, Colonel Royce called the people together and outlined to them the general idea of our plan, they took it with approval; and, if we can bring it into actual working a year from now, we shall start our colony on a far higher level of membership than is seen in the voting classes of our cities and towns.

Colonel Royce took occasion in his excellent little address to explain to the people that the best talkers in a community or in a trades-union were often not the soundest thinkers; he cited examples of shallow demagogues, and urged the people to think for themselves, and

not be blindly led by their emotions. Afterward he said that he thought we would do well to suggest to our various lecturers and preachers that they emphasise this very point whenever germane to the line of their thought.

“It is from ill-regulated emotions that a democracy has most to fear ;” said he, with conviction. “There is no emotion so noble that it may not become, when manipulated by a skilful demagogue, a menace to the public weal ; and people must be taught, not how to feel less keenly, but to know when they are feeling, and when they are reasoning ; they must learn to distinguish between the two.”

I ought, properly, here, to advert to our brief but conclusive experience with a simple form of that method of self-government known as “the referendum.” Before the incident occurred, one of the members of our syndicate had much to say in favour of this form of popular arbitration. Afterward he was silent on the subject. The affair was simply this. One of our colonists was the possessor of a

battered old cornet, and thought himself a skilful performer; but he was so vain and dictatorial that our band summarily turned him out, after he had been a member a few months. Then he set up an opposition performance, when they came out and played one evening in the public oval. This was distracting and offensive. We had the power to stop him, ourselves, of course; but we tried the referendum method, and with this result. The people met, in great wrath, after the band concert was over, and voted expulsion for the offending musician; unanimously voted it; and, in their wrath, would have punished him more severely if that had been possible. We of the syndicate, however, delayed execution of this sentence a week or more, and suggested that the people meet once more, for reconsideration of the man's sentence. And then came out the weak spot in the referendum method. Not a dozen persons came. Their wrath had cooled; they had become interested in their various concerns, and would not take the time and trouble

to meet. So Patrick was quietly deputed, as agent of the syndicate, to see the man and gain a promise of good behaviour. And this was easily done, and the whole disturbance soon sank out of sight.

The summer months passed away very happily. Margaret and I gave up our usual vacation at the seaside, and took a house in a village adjacent to Circle City. We were so deeply interested in the success of our colony that we really enjoyed this use of our time more than we would have enjoyed the month in some hotel at the shore. In this way we were able to relieve Miss Vaughn and her assistant, giving them a fortnight away from their duties. Whatever plan might be followed in subsequent summers, we decided that during this first and most important year, the machinery of the colony should be kept in full operation. So Margaret and I held a part of the classes, and gave object-lessons, and taught the children in all possible ways.

We had counted on Doctor Barton's assistance during our brief term of service; but he

strangely disappeared on the day following Miss Vaughn's departure, and several of us could not help wagging our heads a little over this striking coincidence.

As I drove over each day, and saw, close at hand, the daily working of our experiment, I became easier in mind about the success of our half of it, namely, the important social half. It was evident enough that the people, men, women, and children, were enjoying their life. And how could they help it! "Excitement?" Why, there was almost too much for me; there was a steady succession of lectures, and entertainments, and meetings, and concerts. The musical talent of the colony was bearing good fruit, in band and orchestra, and, with picnics and excursions, the people had a surfeit of excitement. I think that in later years the colony will do better without quite so much stirring up; they will have and enjoy a somewhat quieter life; nevertheless, we have deemed it best, this first year, to lean to the side of sensation and excitement. And, certainly, we are hold-

ing the people wonderfully, and their happy, wholesome faces attest the well-being of their bodies and minds.

There has arisen one very natural complication, which has caused some difference of opinion; and, as it is logically connected with the problem of interesting and amusing and holding our people, I may as well speak of it here as anywhere. I had for some time foreseen it, and yet did not care to force it into discussion and debate. It was the question of the proper use of Sundays in our weekly programme.

I had already provided for church worship and for a study of the Scriptures, and even for instruction in social and economic questions. Thus I had tried to meet the various needs of the various classes of minds within our colony; but the problem of amusements I had not definitely met; and, before long, that was forced upon us. The church service and the Sunday-school instruction, and the lectures, all these I classified as educational; they are that, for everybody, whatever his

social situation. But, outside the large majority who were content with these uses of the day, there were many, young and old, who desired to make the day more of a holiday, and give it up to sports and pastimes.

The problem was not an easy one for us. It was not enough to state the general principles involved, not enough to point out that the day was, essentially, a day of rest, and that rest comes as much by change of occupation as by utter indolence. No, we were compelled to decide upon concrete cases, and we found it hard to draw the line.

In the first place, let me say that, from the beginning, I had caused to be kept an accurate record of attendance at all the Sunday exercises, lectures, services, and classes for religious study. I had no definite purpose when I ordered this done, but I anticipated difficulties regarding the use of Sunday, and I fancied that I might find it convenient, later, to know just what persons devoted some part of the day to pursuits other than work or play.

Of course, all regular work was stopped on that day. At times, there came up questions about the care of hay, or live-stock, and the like; but no absolute rules were laid down. These matters were touched upon occasionally, in the sermons and lectures, but I foresaw that compulsion would be bad, and would induce reaction and rebellion.

However, public opinion was strong enough to settle that no regular work should be done. But, outside of that, came the problem of games and noisy diversions. The boys wished to play ball; the band asked if they could not give a concert; and several mothers inquired of me whether I approved the reading of any books beside the Bible. Also, there were a few copies of the Sunday newspaper to be seen about the place.

Each of these questions we found ourselves compelled to pass upon separately. But we divided them into two classes; namely, those which could disturb anybody, other than the person engaged in them, and those which were quiet and unobtrusive. Regarding only

the class involving public disturbance did we dare attempt to dictate. There, however, we drew the line. We tested the opinions of the people beforehand, found we could trust them, and called a public meeting, at which the merits of the questions were candidly presented; and then we called for a vote, and that vote was almost unanimous for peace and order. So we had no band concerts, and no noisy demonstrations of any kind, in or near the circle of the colony. A mile away, however, there were some fields which were available for sports; and whoever desired, was free to go there and indulge in all the noisy recreation he might wish.

What it amounted to, when one of us was asked for his opinion on Sunday observance, was this: that we did not discountenance the recreation side, but we urged the use of some hours of the day in cultivating the higher faculties of the mind and heart. And here came in the value of our record of attendance: by it we could see who were using the day for pastimes only, and who were using it for

religious and moral education also. Personally, I felt and said that the full use of the day would include three things: united worship in a church service, and religious and moral education, and games like baseball, cricket, golf, and others; these games to be carried on well outside the limits of the colony circle.

However, the social or educational part of our colony life is but half of it. There is also a financial half. We have come to divide the policy of Circle City into these two halves: first, the Social Half; we must make life in the country desirable and joyful. Second, the Financial Half; and that half we subdivide into quarters: into the Industrial and the Agricultural elements. Of these two, the agricultural part is so far advanced that we are convinced of its success. There are a few of our colonist-farmers who will earn a considerable sum of money this year, enough to pay the moderate rent we have named. And, another year, there will be a large majority who will be able to fully support them-

selves and begin to repay the amount charged against them during this year. Of course they all live very simply, frugally, and not quite as I myself would like to live ; but when their present mode of life, with its comfort and cleanliness, is compared with the slum life, out of which most of them came, the difference for the better is vast.

This Social Half of our problem has been the half for which Doctor Barton and Margaret and I personally took most responsibility. The Financial Half, with its two divisions, Agricultural and Industrial, has fallen naturally to the especial care of Colonel Royce and the sound business minds of our syndicate. They agree with me that the agricultural part is assuredly successful ; they no longer look upon it as an experiment. The first year is the most trying one, and its results already give convincing proofs of the permanent success of the colony. They will hold a kind of fair, or exhibition of products each year, with awards of prizes ; and this has had perceptible influence on the families.

Regarding the Industrial division of our colony work, we are still in doubt, though there is every reason to expect entire success. In this field of effort a considerable number of minor industries are already in operation, and the people show great capacity for learning how to carry them on. Of these I shall speak more in detail, in our next chapter. At this point in my narrative I wish to say that we have proceeded far enough in our experiment to be able to generalise a little, with some assurance, and to verify by facts certain of the theories of human nature with which we started.

First of all let me say, with as much force as I possess, that among all the products of our colony, we find healthy, happy men, women and children to be the most satisfactory. The fact that we can develop these, out of the pale, hopeless specimens of humanity which we took from the crowded dens of the metropolis, — this alone would justify our experiment. Involved in this kind of product, however, are other products, material and spir-

itual. If the colony were not a financial and social and sanitary success, the faces of our colonists would not show such evident signs of prosperity and content. Nearly all of them are now realising that they amount to something; that they can do something in life; that they deserve and have a place in the world. Their self-respect is restored; they have lost that haunted look which they once wore, and wear an expression of confidence in themselves and in all whom they meet.

We are also beginning to demonstrate, as Colonel Royce predicted from the first, that the heaviest cost is at the first. With each year resources are opened up, greater efficiency is acquired, and mistakes are corrected. I remember well Colonel Royce's illustration. "It will be," said he, at one of the first meetings of the syndicate, "as it is with running steam-cars; it will cost much more to start the colony than to keep it going." And his prophecy has been verified. We can even see certain moral qualities and conditions devel-

oped out of the very nature of things, in the life of the colony. For example, while we have a certain wholesome amount of rivalry, there is lacking among our people much of that fierce competition, which is manifest in most industrial fields, to a wild and deadly degree; and for this reason, that most of our colonists are occupied in tilling the ground, or in raising such products of farm and dairy as can themselves directly support life. Whereas, in the usual factory or mill life, of the outside world, the products are not themselves capable of supporting life directly, but must be first transferred to markets and transformed into money, before food, clothing, and shelter can be obtained from them. The mill agent knows that no matter what the quality or quantity of his woollen or paper goods may be, the money from their sale will depend very considerably on what products are going out from other mills; but the farmer or dairyman knows that, even if a market is hard to find, or even becomes for a time impossible, his produce can support his own life and that

of his family. In short, the life of the farm is much less "competitive" than the life of factory and store; each man's success is less advanced by the failure of his neighbour, and he is less likely to wish failure to that neighbour. Thus there is possible what the life of our colony soon evinced, a general kindness and readiness to mutually render service, which is rarely seen in mercantile and industrial life, or, if seen, is feigned or forced. Many times, as we saw these friendly offers of help or interest in one another's successes, we had occasion to be deeply gratified at the non-communistic basis of our little city. The greatest possible amount of individual freedom and ownership was preserved, yet there was present a "communism of spirit," which was genuine and fruitful.

One interesting feature in the life of the women and girls we have noted, and it will become more marked still, we think, when untiring Bridget succeeds in her plans for a general laundry and a general bakery. It is, that women have far more diversity of tastes

and gifts than the past has accorded to them. It has been all too hastily, and even selfishly, assumed by men that woman's tastes and qualifications lie mainly in the household; but with the specialising of work, which is coming more and more, we can already see that not all women are born with a love of cooking and washing, and mending and sweeping. Some love these occupations, but others do not, yet can do good work in certain of the smaller industries, of which I shall later speak,—industries not requiring strength, and often capable of operation under the home roof. Thus we have succeeded in providing for each woman more of the kinds of work she likes, and less of the kinds she dislikes; and there is, thereby, much less friction and fretting than in most homes.

Many a time, as I have watched our people going to their work or coming from it, talking interestedly on questions of crops and fertilisers, and planting and harvesting, I have been reminded of the old myth of Antæus, who was the son of Terra, the Earth;

in wrestling with Hercules, he renewed his strength each time that he touched foot on the ground. That is the way with these colonists of ours; once pale, hopeless inmates of city alleys and cellars, now self-respecting, hopeful human beings, not perfect, not always appreciative of the help given them, but raised far above the vicious pauper level of their old life. They have gained strength, like Antæus, by contact with Earth, the mother of us all, so far as our physical frames and senses are concerned. "The landless man has come to the manless land." Nature's balance is restored.

CHAPTER IX.

FINISHED PRODUCTS AND OTHERS.

“Who hath despised the day of small things?”

I WISH to narrate, in this chapter, some of the details of our “smaller industries.” When we first planned our farm-colony, there were certain general principles which were clear to us, and we have not departed from them; for instance, there was our theory of the economic arrangement of the farms and house-lots. Although we have somewhat modified the first stiff geometrical drawing, yet, in the main, the principle of close grouping at or around the centre of a circle was sound. Then, too, we were prepared to insist on “intensive farming,” where the ground was tilled and crops were sought; and by “intensive farming” is meant the more vig-

orous and earnest and thorough cultivation of small tracts of land, instead of loosely half cultivating large tracts. The skilful farmers of France and Belgium have shown, incontestably, what fruitful results can be gained from this method of "small holdings." Experience has justified this plan in our community, as in many other places. Also we determined, from the first, to try for a far greater variety of crops than the usual farming in the Eastern States attempts. Most farmers put all their time and effort and money into one crop,—all their eggs into one basket,—and if disaster befalls that one, then all their work and money and time are lost. So we had our "Directors" instructed to keep their minds open to new ideas, and to try for as great a variety as possible of crops. A few of our ventures have failed, but most of them have succeeded, or shown that they could succeed, with slight modifications. The farmers of the past have, in the main, mechanically followed the example of their fathers, and raised hay or grain or

cattle, simply because their ancestors did the one or the other. We have made the eyes of some of the neighbouring old-style farmers open widely, as they have visited our colony ; and I trust that they have gone away with a few new ideas in their conservative heads.

However, the line of development in Circle City, which has been most unforeseen, and has gradually and encouragingly opened to us, is this field of what has been called "Smaller Industries," or "Minor Industries." This field has been but slightly developed in the United States, and it affords opportunity for many persons who are dexterous with their hands, but are ill-fitted for work on the soil. Moreover, it largely solves the problem of the long unemployed hours of the hitherto unproductive winter season. Not the least important factor in these winter industries has been the keeping alive the moral tone, the self-respect, of these people. Long periods of indolent gossiping leisure, such as may be observed in most farming communities, during the months of December, January,

February, and March, these exert a very demoralising influence on the people, especially on the men, who have most of the leisure of these months. This inactive season, coming each year, has done much to lower the moral and intellectual and economic power of the rural population.

In this way, through our "smaller industries," our little colony has taken on, rather more than we anticipated, some of the characteristics of a manufacturing village. None of these "smaller industries" which we have undertaken require heavy and costly machinery; and many of them are carried on in the various households, by various members of the families, some of whom had supposed themselves useless encumbrances, incapable of adding to the family income.

In the furtherance of this plan of utilising the "smaller industries," Colonel Royce and Doctor Barton have put themselves in communication with various offices and bureaux, and have informed themselves carefully regarding many small industries, which will

serve our purpose at Circle City. For example, there is the manufacture of perfumes. We have noted that the United States imports \$300,000 worth of attar of roses, each year; and this exquisite perfume is distilled, not from some rare Oriental species of rose, but from the commoner varieties; and Doctor Barton has already arranged with his relative, Mr. Gleason, to gather a quantity of rose leaves from the farmers in the towns around, and these will form the basis of our experiment in this direction. Other perfumes, like oil of geranium, can be perfectly well manufactured on a small scale, and we shall make some attempt at it.

One industry which we are contemplating—but have not yet bought the “plant” for it—is the distillation of the essence of wintergreen; and we expect to obtain it from a somewhat surprising source: none other than the twigs and branches of the black birch; our supply of this kind of “underbrush” is practically unlimited, and costs nothing but the slight labour of gathering.

The product is said to be excellent, in vitality and delicacy.

Then, there are many other industries, such as brush-making, toy-making, knitting, artificial flower-making, some kinds of tailoring, and parts of jewelry manufacture, which Colonel Royce has studied, and for which he has made some preparations. We do not expect very great skill, in these industries, nor do we look for very large returns; but at least one of our two objects will be gained, namely, the occupying our people in work; and then, whatever money is earned by this work, however small, will swell the total of the year's income.

A few Italian families one day said that they wished to try what they could do with some hives of bees; so we provided the bees, and they are thriving, and those dark-skinned people not only are likely to realise something in money from their work, but the presence of the bees (the big Italian variety) seems to remind them of their homes across the sea, and is a source of continuous delight

to them, and puts them among the most contented members of our colony.

Again, when one man, an enterprising Irishman, expressed a desire to keep not only the one necessary inalienable family goat, but a whole herd of goats, Colonel Royce, to whom I referred the request, looked into the matter, and thought it very practicable, especially with the Angora species. One day he handed me the following item, from a daily paper, saying, "You see that other people are thinking along our lines."

"WELCOME, THE GOAT."

"The story of the attempt to introduce the Angora goat industry into New England, by way of an experiment on a somewhat extended scale in northwestern Connecticut, which has already been told in these columns, announces, we hope, the beginning of a series of benefits to the brush-grown farms of this section. This is not the first time that we have called attention to the subject, and the

probable advantages of such an industry ; but it is gratifying to learn that an actual test of its value is to be made. The secretary of agriculture suggested it more than a year ago, and perhaps the present experiment is the result of that suggestion ; but whether it is or not, it will be watched with eager interest by the farmers of New England. Goat farming has been a decided success in Texas, Pennsylvania and Iowa, and while its status in this region has yet to be determined, as well as its value commercially, we have reason to be hopeful of its adaptability to our rather rugged conditions.

“ We have frequently deplored the passing of the sheep from New England farms, not merely as reducing the sources of profit, but as depriving the land of valuable scavengers ; sheep are close grazers, and do not permit that luxuriant grass growth about the roots of trees and bushes, which results in the spread of brush until it occupies the land unless vigilant warfare is made upon it. But it is said that for this purpose goats have a

greater value than sheep. They are browsers, and not grazers. They live, during the open months at least, upon the briers, the bushes and the ferns which are frequently the despair of the farmer. Their fleeces, their pelts and their carcasses all have value, and would certainly pay for their care. They are hardier than sheep, and do more toward taking care of themselves.

“There is probably one discouragement about them, the same that has to a considerable extent prevented the farmers from restocking with sheep, and that is the necessity of close fencing. The goat has even less respect for fixed boundaries than the sheep. He is an enterprising climber and delights in expeditions. But he can be kept within fixed bounds, nevertheless. Furthermore, goats are not as easy game for dogs as the more timid sheep. A herd of these animals, with an appetite that is always asserting itself, turned into a brush-grown pasture would be as effective as an army with bush-hooks, and in a short time would again make it susceptible to

cultivation. We welcome the goat to New England !”

The result is a herd of twenty goats, feeding and fattening themselves on the poorest pasture-land we had in the whole colony ; the creatures eat grass, weeds, twigs, anything, and the milk they give finds a ready market, as do all our products, in the way which I shall presently describe. Fencing these agile creatures in is far easier now, in the days of barbed wire, than in the old times of stone walls.

Profiting by the example of the Italian families and their bees, we have recently sent away for a supply of silkworms, for three French families among us ; we have only a few mulberry-trees on our estate, but not many will be required for the moderate experiment which we shall try in this field. I think that the result will be satisfactory, not only in money returns, but in contentment and happiness.

One industry which will surely prove valuable during the winters is the ice-cutting. A

small but very clear pond, northeast of Circle City, will furnish thousands of tons of excellent ice; Colonel Royce has had an ice-house started, and has drawn plans for some ice-cars, to be run on our trolley-line; this project will employ a dozen men a part of the winter very profitably, and the remarkable purity of the ice itself will force a market, against the ice cut on many tainted rivers and ponds, and used, with fear and trembling, by many people who read daily of disease germs.

Although we started all our families on farm work of some sort, and believed that only moderate capacity was needed, under such oversight as we could give to make the labour productive, still we were not surprised as here and there a family or an individual showed entire incapacity, or, rather, indolence. A half-dozen of these indolent persons we have sent back in disgrace to their slums; a part of the remainder we have transferred to other kinds of farm work, and several persons we have drafted into our manufactur-

ing work, they showing more aptitude for mechanical work than for agricultural.

A large part of our mechanical power has been obtained from a large stream, which runs across a portion of our territory. I will honestly confess that when we first planned our colony we did not appreciate fully the immense advantage which could be gained from this abundant stream of water; but, as new ideas and methods have opened to us, with the actual working of our colony, we have seen that our stream of water, with its two or three falls, is to save us great outlays for steam-power. After the first purchase was made of the tract of land available for the colony, Colonel Royce quietly purchased a long, narrow strip running four miles back along this stream, thus securing three good falls; and with water-motors and dynamos established there, sometime, we shall control all the mechanical power the colony can need for many years. However, that is a look into the future. As for the present condition of affairs, let me say that at the first, where

this stream crosses our main tract of land, and drops fifteen feet, in one fall, a wheel was put in and electric power developed, and this served us excellently. As soon as our trolley-line was in working order, we had, through it, an abundance of power, but at higher cost. In the main, we rely on the power from the water-wheel; and this power, easily available and at low cost, is a very vital feature in production; in fact, it is, as the members of the syndicate frankly state, an important element in our competition with the large factories,—a competition which is going on in all the great European countries, and one that has worked against the success of small industries, until electricity as a motive power has come into use. We have had some idea of utilising windmills in the production of electric power; but this involves considerable risk. This field of electrical application has not been very much explored; there is but little power in a windmill, and the cost of storage-batteries is proportionately large. I fear that, at present, we

shall not be able to do much with this source of mechanical power.

Of course we naturally bethought ourselves, at the very first, of the usual industry of making maple syrup and maple sugar. Mr. Gleason went into that field of activity promptly, and set one of the "Directors" to picking out and preparing the rock maple-trees on various parts of the estate; and of these there are several large groves, which had been previously worked, but not for several years.

I must not forget to mention a little industry which, although not carried on upon a large scale, is interesting because the work involved in it is light, and has brought into usefulness several of our women-colonists who were feeble in health, but are quite competent to do a large part of this work. I mean the gathering and preparing of various kinds of evergreen, which is sent to the florists of the metropolis, and by them is kept in stock, and is used very advantageously in their decorations for parties, balls, church festivals, and

the like. Of course this field of industry would not amount to much, considered on the "producing" side alone; but on the "consumer's," is secured by friends in the metropolis, who have learned about our work, and are very ready to help open markets for us. In our next chapter I shall speak, briefly, of the method we have evolved for fixed regular sales at one established market, or depot.

I have always held strongly to the theory, urging it in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, that there is in the human world much latent capacity and skill which ordinarily does not find development, because it does not find opportunity. This theory of mine has been very fully substantiated by our experience with our colonists, men and women. It is the parable of the talent hid in the napkin, oft repeated; and we have shaken the napkin, and brought to light the talent. Take, for an example, our little handicraft of book-binding. I have been surprised to see how readily several of our men and women ac-

quired not only the manual dexterity, but also caught the artistic feeling which Mr. W—— brought to their attention in his brief course of lectures. Mr. W—— is a portrait-painter by profession, but has chanced to try his hand at book-binding; and we had him out for a course of six lectures on that handicraft. Then he gave a more private instruction to several of our people, and the result is that some very beautiful work is done; and, as to selling it, there is but little difficulty. One look at a copy of “Tennyson,” or “Silas Marner,” or Montaigne’s “Essays,” in a really artistic binding, makes every book-lover long to possess it.

Take, for another example, the industry of embroidery, which is now firmly established amongst us, and is paying a handsome percentage of returns; and we stumbled into the work, too, not realising how profitable a field was opening to our people.

It happened that Mr. Clancy had a younger sister who was to be married, and she needed to have a large number of napkins and table-

cloths and other articles marked with initials. Mr. Clancy, having much in mind the welfare of our colony, bethought him that some of our people might be able to do this work; and he mentioned the matter to Bridget and to Miss Vaughn. Now it happened that Miss Vaughn had received, the week before, from the mother of one of her adoring pupils, a present of a handkerchief, marked with her initials. There was the clew; and, following it up, we have now busily at work a dozen or fifteen women and girls, on various kinds of embroidery, especially the marking in linen. They do the work at odd moments. Miss Clancy's linen was so well done that it gave rise to inquiries, and more orders followed, until now there are orders ahead for three or four months. Mr. Clancy very naturally took especial interest in this branch of industry, and through him our people have worked always toward perfecting in every possible way the quality of their material and their efforts. Finding that the ordinary dyes of the markets were mineral dyes, and were

likely to lose their colour, he recalled an old recipe of his grandmother's, for a vegetable dye; and, from that hint, Mr. Gleason has collected recipes from some of the old people in his town, and the result is that our embroiderers can produce blues and reds and yellows which are pure and lasting, and easily prove their superiority, after they are once used and tested.

We have thus far not needed to urge, by advertisement or in any other way, the sale of our embroideries. Work of so high a class as this appeals to purchasers who have plenty of money, and they examine and talk over one another's table furnishings, and each desires her table and linen closet to be as beautifully equipped as is her friend's. Our embroiderers have been pleased to form themselves into a little club; and they read—or have read to them, for some of the older ones cannot read—various art journals. They have sent specimens of their work to three or four exhibitions of “Arts and Crafts Societies,” and have been awarded prizes. They

have found it expedient to adopt a monogram, a trade-mark, which I will not attempt to give here, but will simply say that it is an artistic grouping of the two letters which will serve as the heading to our next chapter. The designs for the embroideries were at first made by Miss Vaughn; but one of the younger members of the "Club," an Italian, has shown so much aptitude for designing, that overworked Miss Vaughn has given over the larger part of such work to her hands.

These industries, which I have thus far mentioned, are all of an individual isolated character; that is, one is not related to another, or dependent upon another; but I now must speak, in closing this chapter, concerning a certain class or group of industries, which has opened to us, which we have learned to call "finished products." They are branches of work which require tools and machinery and the use of mechanical power from our electrical water-motor.

The possibilities of this class of industries

opened up to Mr. Gleason and to Bridget at about the same time, though from different causes. In Mr. Gleason's case it happened thus. He was standing, one day, gazing at the bodies of three fat hogs which were being loaded upon the freight-car of our trolley-line, when, as he told me later, it suddenly occurred to him that those carcasses comprised a value, as they finally would reach consumers, of twenty or twenty-five dollars apiece; whereas, when they left the hands of our colonist-farmers, they brought only fourteen or fifteen dollars. There is a difference, reflected Mr. Gleason, of eight or ten dollars on each hog; and who gets that eight or ten dollars? Obviously the men who cut up the animal and transform it into lard and bacon and spare-ribs and all the rest, down to the bristles, and even the hoof-cores, which are made into glue. Thus reflecting, Mr. Gleason quickly saw — and the rest of us were quick to see it, when he laid the matter before us — that it was wasteful of opportunities for our farm-colony to allow these hogs to go out of

their hands so soon, while there was still money to be extracted from them. And there you have the birth of our now rather extensive industry in “finished products.”

Colonel Royce and Doctor Barton took the matter up, and soon had a few convenient buildings erected, and we now send to market — not whole hogs — but pails of lard, and cured hams, and the best quality of sausages; and on all these we receive the usual profit. Indeed, beyond this, finding that our “finished products” from the hogs were so remunerative, we have revolutionised the old-time custom of the family pig-pen, with its two or three grunting porkers, and its noxious odours, and have abolished all piggeries within the neighbourhood of the central oval, and have established an extensive piggery at a remote corner of the colony, carefully choosing a place with reference to prevailing winds; so that the existence of the piggery never would be suspected by a casual visitor to Circle City. Thus we have simply done, in regard to the raising of pigs, what we have

done in every other possible field of work, in our colony ; we have specialised ; and specialisation is scientific and economical.

This application of the method of aiming at “ finished products ” we have not yet entered upon, in the case of cattle and sheep and goats ; but there is no reason, that we can see, which should forbid its working, and can prevent its giving profitable returns.

I said that this idea of “ finished products ” occurred, at about the same time, to both Mr. Gleason and Bridget. In Bridget’s case, the idea came to her as she was sending away to market several bushels of berries, blueberries, and blackberries, and was calculating what the value of them would be, as sold to city customers. Then she happened to recall what my wife, her former mistress, had paid for canned berries. At once she saw — as Mr. Gleason had seen — that this produce was going out of our hands too soon, before it had yielded to us the full value that it might ; and she saw that in the preparing of canned and dried fruits (and we afterward

included dried and evaporated apples) we might have a very profitable employment for many of our people.

She came to me with this new idea, on the very day when Mr. Gleason approached Colonel Royce about the hogs; and I was glad to lay Bridget's plan before the other members of the syndicate, whose approval it soon won. I amused myself a little, I confess, in urging Bridget to present the matter, herself, before that august body; but my attempts were vain. She violently protested that she would "drop dead" if she tried such a thing. So the good woman kept modestly in the background, and I presented her plan, and it was carried into operation — on a small scale at first — the very next week.

At least one other form which our theory of "finished products" is likely to take, is that of articles made of wood, — boxes, platters, trays, some kinds of carved goods, and the like. We have large tracts of maple, elm, birch, spruce, and chestnut, and I think that we shall soon develop this

branch of industry, wooden-ware, and find it profitable.

However, all this story of "production," in our farm-colony of Circle City, is only one half of the story of industrial life; "consumption" is the other and equally important half. There cannot long be producers — at least of manufactured goods — if there are not also consumers. And the account of the market which we established in the neighbouring metropolis — together with two or three other minor threads of our narrative, gathered up — I shall lay before you, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

C-C.

THERE have been so many interesting matters brought to light in our colony life, that I find difficulty in restraining myself from giving them in their full details; but such minute narration might be tedious to the average reader. Certainly, I could not hope to make it as interesting to a person outside the limits of our group of workers, as the events themselves have been to all of us who are closely identified with the colony.

There, for instance, was the botanical discovery of a new variety of the lettuce family, made by the father of one of our boys. The man is an Italian, and is very observing; and he had become interested in his boy's study of botany, and followed along with him, les-

son after lesson. He seems to have rare powers of perception ; and, one day, he brought to Miss Vaughn's assistant (hardly daring to come directly to Miss Vaughn herself) a plant which he had discovered in his pasture, which he had analysed, and could not quite classify, and the assistant could not fully identify it either ; finally it was referred to Miss Vaughn, and together they worked out their problem, and sent their conclusion and a fresh specimen of the plant to a professor at Yale College ; the result was, that our Italian, who, less than a half-year before, was living in the slums, has a flower named after him in the new edition of "Brown's Botany."

That happened three months ago ; but it was a wonderful stimulus to the study of botany, and indeed of all the sciences, and is talked about even now.

Then another incident which stirred several groups of our colonists was the correction which was offered by one of the members of the political economy class, at a public lecture one Sunday afternoon. There were about

fifty people present. Professor Boone, of Tradford Academy, was giving a talk on the subject of "Great Men Versus Their Times;" and he cited Voltaire as a man who had moulded the thought and shaped the destiny of the world. The professor was conducting the lecture in a familiar and informal manner, and invited questions and suggestions at any point. Accordingly, young Ignacio Stagnaro raised his hand, was called upon, and made a little talk of three or four minutes, explaining that Voltaire gained many of his ideas from the English philosophers, during his stay of a year or two in London. Doctor Barton was present, and, like the professor, was quite taken aback at the young man's learning; on inquiry, it came out that he had selected wisely, and read with great eagerness, from our library. Doctor Barton tells me that the young fellow has in him the making of a scholar, if only he could be given proper advantages. I shall see that Colonel Royce is told about him. The colonel would be much interested, I am confident,

and might be able to open a path of higher education to the lad.

These, and many other encouraging incidents, have been happening all the way along. Our people have shown themselves happy in their country life, and the colony is looked upon by all of us as really beyond the stage of experiment, and now an assured success. Our latest obstacle was the one referred to by me, in making my last record nearly two months ago. It was the problem of a market for our productions, agricultural and industrial. At this present date of writing that difficulty has been substantially removed, and anxieties on that final problem have been allayed.

We saw, soon after the colony was well under way, that even in our first season we would have a very considerable amount of produce. Our hay crop we intended to keep, as the barns, which we had built after the houses were finished, were now completed; but the eggs and poultry, and butter and vegetables and the like, were far beyond our

home consumption. The trolley-road put on cars enough for us, freight-cars and refrigerator-cars, and we could get the produce to the metropolis very readily; but there came the difficulty. Our overseers, or directors, gave great diligence to the task, but found difficulty in selling the produce as fast as they would have liked. It was recognised as of superior quality, but the retailers were already buying of certain farms, and the work of peddling the goods through the streets was unsatisfactory.

We had many a talk over the matter; Colonel Royce, Mr. Gleason, Doctor Barton, and I, all wrestled hard with the problem. It fell to Mr. Gleason, however, to strike out the plan which now promises to solve our difficulties. It came to him in the following manner. He was waiting on a customer, in his own store, in the neighbouring village, and she bought a keg of Shaker apple-sauce. She was a very cautious buyer, and she asked him if the apple-sauce was really the genuine old-fashioned "Shaker Apple Sauce;" he

simply pointed out to her the private mark, burned by the Shakers into all their kegs of apple-sauce. After the woman went out, he began to reflect; and the line of his reflections he laid bare to us the next day, as we were gathered at Barton Hall, after listening to an admirable concert by our energetic Circle City brass band.

“That is the secret of it,” said he. “As I have figured it out, we must first have everything we make of the best possible quality; then we must mark it, stamp it, with a private mark, a sort of — of — monogram. And we can have that mark protected by law; and then we must make that mark known just as widely as we can. That is one half of my plan. And the other half is this: we must establish a market, in the large city adjoining us, and must make it a depot, for the sale of our products exclusively. At first we shall not have so very great a variety to offer; but the variety will be much greater, next year; indeed, with our industrial products added to our agricultural prod-

ucts, we shall have enough to draw many classes of purchasers.”

Mr. Gleason paused, and waited for suggestions. Colonel Royce had evidently caught his meaning very completely; for he took up the idea, and said: “A part of your plan evidently is to make a bold stand against the ‘shoddy’ products of our time. There is a strange readiness, on the part of many people, to buy poorly made clothing, furniture, ornaments, and all kinds of material objects, without facing the plain fact that, although the prices are low, the worth of the articles is lower still. The larger part of the buyers, of any city, are of this class. Then, there is another class of purchasers, who insist upon having the best of everything.”

“And can pay for it,” broke in Doctor Barton. “But most people haven’t the money to pay for the best. How about them?”

“You make a good point there,” admitted Colonel Royce. “But, although social classes are not distinctly defined, like veins of coal in a mine, I maintain that, somewhere between

those two classes, is to be found another large class, and a growing class, I believe, of people who would make some effort to obtain good, sound, honest products, if they could hope to reach them; people who could deny themselves a little longer, and save a few dollars more, waiting to buy the really good blanket, or chair, or brush, or hat. Now, it is to meet that demand, it is to use that growing reaction against 'shoddy' products, that Mr. Gleason projects his market; is it not?"

The shrewd storekeeper nodded assent. "Yes, and I don't see but we shall be quite up to the time, quite in tune with modern tendencies, in doing what I suggest, for I don't see but we shall really have a department store, and nothing short of that, if we carry out this plan. It will be simply gathering together, under one roof, a large number of diverse products, all offered and sold under one management. As I ventured to say, once before, the city 'department store' is only the old 'country store,' raised to a higher

power; and this selling-place for Circle City would be really inside the same general class."

Doctor Barton had been listening intently to the unfolding of this plan of a market or emporium for the colony, and now he said: "There is one thing which we have thus far avoided, which now we must welcome and encourage; and it is — publicity. We have thus far kept all reporters and newspaper people as far away as possible. We have had a good healthy instinct against notoriety; but the time has come to make an advance upon that position. It seems to me clear, that if we open this market, or depot (or *emporium*, if we desire a more highly coloured word), we need to have the fact known, and the emporium advertised, as widely as possible."

"I never saw any harm in advertising," remarked the country storekeeper, sententiously; and he folded his arms firmly, and nodded his head with conviction.

There was a pause of a few minutes. as we reflected carefully upon this new departure,

and presently Colonel Royce broke the silence, by saying, slowly: "I am inclined to think that we may properly take this step. We are firmly established at the colony, a few hasty items have already gotten into the papers, and, third, as Doctor Barton says, if we are to offer our goods in open competition, the more widely they are known, the better. So I feel inclined to give the doctor a free rein, and let him prepare the public mind, by newspaper articles and all possible advertising schemes. His own good judgment will keep him from obtruding notices of our work where they will disfigure natural scenery, or offend good taste."

That, as near as I can recall it, was the drift of the conversation on that day, that *eventful* day in the history of Circle City, when we were led to establish our "Circle City Market;" for thus we decided to name it. Land was quietly purchased, and the building put up, and a short stretch of track connected it directly with the line running out to our colony. Doctor Barton attended

to his work very skilfully; and, I suspect, he received valuable assistance from Miss Vaughn. There were several newspaper articles, one or two editorials, and some illustrated magazine articles; all these appeared in due time, with judicious intervals between, and the world at large grew to know a great deal about our new departure, and to be much interested, also.

“Mere curiosity will bring us a great many customers, at first,” said Colonel Royce, with acumen, “but only the excellence of our goods will keep them.” And every observer of men, and of trade laws, will admit the force of the remark.

In addition to the advertising methods already mentioned, Doctor Barton prepared a little manual, fully descriptive of our colony. He also started a weekly paper, printed at Circle City, and devoted to the interests of the colony. Special numbers of this paper he sent widely, to persons likely to be interested in economic and sociological matters.

Doctor Barton soon learned to make im-

portant use of this little publication, in educating the people of our colony, regarding various public matters of morals and customs and taste. He soon noted, after starting the paper, that a word of suggestion or advice, which was printed, took hold of the people more strongly than when it was merely spoken. There was in them that profound respect for the printed page which most ignorant people show; it came to them with a certain mystery, and therefore with authority; and Doctor Barton made wise use of this fact, and was often greatly amused at having quoted to him ideas and suggestions from the paper which he had himself written.

We have had many letters of inquiry, which we have scrupulously answered; for we hope that other philanthropic people, learning about the possibility of reducing city destitution, may be induced to follow the lead of our noble syndicate, and attempt (probably with improvements) another colony like Circle City.

Of course any financial plan, in order to

succeed, must be in harmony with the laws of human conduct ; but, on the other hand, a plan might be thoroughly sound in theory, and harmonious with the laws of human conduct, and yet fail, through lack of careful, wise management. This was a thought which rested heavily upon several of us, for some time. Where could we find the man who could take practical, immediate charge of our market, and hold all the details in his head, and make the great emporium pay ?

Who, indeed, but our shrewd, faithful friend and co-worker, Mr. Gleason. When Doctor Barton mentioned his name to me, I jumped at it eagerly. I saw at once that Mr. Gleason was just the man for us. And so he proved. We have not had time to carry out all our plans at the market ; indeed not half the space is taken up, as yet ; but enough has been done to convince the syndicate that they did well in engaging Mr. Gleason, at a large salary. He is carrying on the great market as easily as though it had been in his charge for years.

He looks upon it, in the main, as an enlarged country store, and directs it in much the same way that he directed his own store (now in charge of his son) fifteen miles out in the country.

I see that I must cut short the record of our colony ; but I cannot do so, without reference to the interesting and confidential relations at present existent between Doctor Barton and Miss Vaughn. It was she, by the way, who suggested our monogram, or trade-mark, C-C (Circle City), which we now stamp upon all our products.

The doctor seems to be remarkably happy. There is about him an external suggestion of internal, suppressed ecstasy, which is unmistakable. I have seen the same expression, in paintings, upon the faces of saints who were privileged to look upon angels ; and I think the doctor has seen an angel ; yes, I know he has. And when he came to me the other day, and told me that Miss Vaughn had been asked to become a teacher in a western college, at three times her present

salary, and had refused, then I felt my opinions about the two strengthened still more. Miss Vaughn told the doctor that she intended to stay in the colony; her work was absorbingly interesting. She would never give it up. Never!

And the doctor grew more serious, as he narrated this. Then, after a moment, his face brightened, and he remarked that life in Circle City could be very comfortable; and I would not be surprised if — if — well, if the doctor went out himself to live in the colony, and took to himself a wife. Sure I am, that if he does, I will be the clergyman called upon to perform the marriage ceremony.

THE END.

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