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THE ELDORADO

OF

Socialism, Communism
and Anarchism

OR

A Trip to the Planet Jupiter



By REV. JOHN H. REYNAERT

(Copyrighted April 1917)

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PREFACE

Among the present civilized nations, the so-called socialistic party is pushing itself to the front with all means put at its disposal by the real evils, which were generated in the bosom of modern society by our squandering ways of living on one side they naturally cause acute discontent amongst the toiling masses, who constitute the bulk of struggling humanity, and have to live from hand to mouth. On the other side it rises to the highest pitch by the inborn greed for wealth and comfort. This perverted disposition of the heart will certainly throw its shadow on reason and stunt the sense of duty and morality. The principle of equality in worldly goods and comfort is invoked by socialistic leaders no matter whether they style themselves Socialists pure and simple, or Communists or even Anarchists. This equality may be all right in theory, but is entirely out of place in the present physical and moral conditions under which mankind is laboring and its application would precipitate Society into the lowest barbarism, unbearable slavery and brutal force.

Meantime it is hard to find an exact definition of each of these three different social systems even from the mouth or writings of their most prominent champions. To clear the way therefore to an unbiased discussion, I can do nothing else than to give myself a definition of each, that the reader may know what I am talking about in this pamphlet. So then by Socialism I understand:

Equality of wealth and comfort among mankind.

By Communism:

The same quality without any individual ownership.

By Anarchism:

The absence of all human authority, religious or civil.

Of course, these systems, singly or jointly must be intended even by their champions, to bring happiness to man on Earth. If they don't they are uncalled for and not wanted by anybody.

This book has a double purpose.

1st. To demonstrate, that applied to the conditions under which we live here and which we can not change, this systems would pour more misery upon mankind and society than they already have to cope with.

2nd. That under quite reversed conditions, as my Story fancies to exist on the Planet Jupiter, these systems not only will cause happiness, but would be the right thing in the right place as

the natural consequence of these conditions.

Dear friend, judge only after you have read the book through, not before. Do not think, either, it is a dry discussion of an old philosopher out of date, on the contrary, you will find in it an original fiction, a refreshing but instructive story bristling with episodes which will captivate your attention and keep your interest from beginning to end.

I hope, Dear Reader, you will not find it too daring on my part that I offer you something to read, which I cannot read myself. The only excuse I can bring forward is that I became too blind to read any further. After all, I think, this is a pretty good excuse.

For the rest, may my pamphlet do to my fellowmen all the good it can. This will be my best reward.

REV. JOHN H. REYNAERT.

CHAPTER I.
THE MEETING OF AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

I am a born philosopher, we all are. The difference with me is only, that, since my happy college days, my mind has been entirely absorbed by metaphysical studies. I could have composed volumes of conclusions logically drawn from, at first sight evident principle. Did I know anything about practical life? I am sure, a shoeblick of New York could teach me a number of lessons in this. No matter. Lately some high sounding books of some learned social reformers had fallen into my hands and had lowered my mind to the level of every day life. One bright morning I had been scanning some socialistic writings, I found the great principle of Equality advocated by them, quite in order, but for my life, I could not see logical connection between this principle and the present state of humanity. It looked to me as if they were trying to teach a horse not to steal any oats, if he can get at them. It was nearly noon; my brains were aching, and I was glad when my Negro waiter called me for dinner. When I left the table, I went out to the Park to find some diversion.

I had been strolling there for quite awhile, my whole attention was taken up in getting out of the way for the numberless vehicles and automobiles that were flying along. Suddenly I noticed an excited crowd encircling a large grass field. At nearly the same moment a balloon ascended straight up unto the air among the shouts and applauses of the bystanders. In the boat drawn up by the balloon was standing a man with a peculiar costume smiling to the multitude below, while he manoeuvred his airship with such ease and dexterity as if it was a mere lark soaring on high. I watched these proceedings with great interest until the airship with the same ease and grace returned to the identical place where it started from. I thought my brains had cleared up enough now and slowly I walked to the gate at the other side of the Park.

I was only a few steps from it, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulders with the familiar outcry:

"Oh, Fred; you here? How glad to see you after so many years."

I looked amazed. "Excuse me," I muttered, "who are you?"

"You must surely be in the clouds of high Philosophy, that you fail to recognize your old College-Protege the mischievous Charley Sport alias Charley Stuart."

"Is that you, Charley, old boy," came hurriedly from my

quivering lips, while he threw himself into my arms. "Who would recognize you under this strange costume? You are still leading a life of sport, I suppose, if I judge from your strappings"

"Yes, yes, Fred, I am sporting still, but in the high skies. I am the inventor of an absolutely controllable and safe airship. I thought it was you, when I looked down from the skies upon that lonely man standing at a distance."

"Glad to hear all that," I replied, "but, pardon me, Charley, you have to do with an incredulous Thomas in convincing me. I saw so many failures in that line."

"My pardon is granted from the bottom of my heart. I know my old Mentor's kind heart. Know also, he is a stubborn philosopher."

"Never mind, Charley, I was always convinced that there was something more in you than the sporting and mischievous College boy."

"And you, Fred, are you still the incorrible book worm?"

"That is my life's pleasure. Of late, however, I got sidetracked." My mind got diverted to the social question of to-day.

"Well, Fred, we are in the same ship again. My travels brought the social question forcibly to my attention. But I am hungry. Come with me to my hotel."

"Charley," I said, "I hate hotels. Be you my guest."

"That depends, Fred, if you live in a barrel, like Diogenes or in the attic of an eight-story tenant house, I am sorry, I must decline. My trade and wanderings made me used to a high fashionable style."

"You are mistaken, old boy," I remonstrated, "I offer you for residence a Palace in the principal streets of New Orleans with plenty of servants and every modern comfort. Make it your home, as long as you stay in the city."

"Of course I will, Fred. I congratulate you. Your philosophy was not so dry after all. It brought you a fortune."

"No Charley," I answered, "not my philosophy but that of an old aunt of mine made me extremely wealthy. She got lonesome in her lod days and she sought me out to stay with her. She left me everything that belonged to her."

Meantime, we had arrived at the gate. I hailed a bud-automobile. I gave orders to the chauffeur to pass by Charley's hotel and get his trunks there. We soon reached my residence. Several black servants came running to see whether they could be of any service. I directed them to bring Charley Stuart's trunk and luggage into the first suite of rooms upstairs, while I accompanied

him thither, that he might dress over for supper. I told him a servant would be in waiting for him to show him into the dining room. During the meal we chatted about the careless happiness of our past College life.

The buoyancy, innocent mischief, and harmless pranks which enlivened the rather monotonous existence of the candidate for learning made the chief topic of our table talk. When the interior man got all he was craving for, we retired to my favorite spot, the Library.

"Now, Charley," I began, "are you really the inventor of that magnificent airship you went up in this afternoon?"

"Yes, you unbelieving Sage," came back the answer with modest pride.

"I saw that you had perfect control of it at the time. Are you sure you can keep up that control under any adverse circumstance?"

"Yes, Mr. Philosopher," was the jovial reply. "That is just what I want to prove to you tonight, and for good reasons, I want you to make a balloon trip with me tomorrow morning at eight o'clock sharp."

"I shall not risk my life for anybody," I said decidedly.

"I won't, either, Fred," was the quick response, "and certainly I would not expose yours. That is why I am determined to convince you tonight of the perfect safety of my Airship. I know it will be hard work, but I am confident that you shall yield at last."

"Go ahead, old boy," I answered rather softly, "I listen."

"Now then, here goes my thesis," began Charley with conviction.

CHAPTER II.

A PERFECTLY SAFE AND CONTROLLABLE AIRSHIP

"You know, Fred, what kind of a boy I was at our Alma Mater. I like more the Campus Field than the classroom. Mr. Fred Hartford, my wise Mentor, here present often times tried to check me in my sport. Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes he did not. Anyway, my kind Mentor, you did some good things for me. You infected me with some of your philosophical microbes, that I could never get rid of. When I was thrown into the cold world after completing my studies, I could not resist the attraction of ballooning, which just then had become the universal craze. I joined a ballooning club, became the most enthusiastic member, went wandering high in the sky at any occasion I found,

I had several narrow escapes, but this merely seemed to stimulate my appetite as a flying man, until finally I broke both ribs and for a long time lingered at the door of death. When I recovered, I had sense enough left to keep away for the moment at least from such a dangerous field. I betook myself to my Tusculum in retirement. There I felt your philosophical microbes began to rouse my brains in earnest, and I commenced to study the thorny question, whether an airship could not be constructed which would entirely safe. I had first to discover a plausible theory and test it thoroughly."

I nodded approvingly, while Charley continued:

"My theory is this: A bird keeps itself up in the air, because by moving its wings, it displaces a greater weight of surrounding atmosphere than it weighs itself. As it makes longer or shorter strokes, it increases and decreases this displacement respectively. This made me think. The balloon, as it is commonly used, is only a partial substitute for the wings, it is supplemented by taking along ballast and the valve to let the gas escape. The throwing out of ballast is the longer stroke of the bird's wings, and the Airship rises, the escape of gas is the shorter stroke and it goes lower. The method is certainly a very bothersome and wasteful one. In my Airship I did away with both ballast and escape of gas. To effect this, I reasoned thus: The gas in the balloon, whether contracted or expanded, retains the same weight, but not the same bulk or extension. By contracting the gas, imprisoned in the balloon, it will displace a lesser weight of atmosphere, so though it keeps the same weight itself. Consequently it will descend. By expanding the gas, it displaces more atmosphere, without increasing its own weight, and it has to rise. The great difficulty was to find ways and means to effect this with safety. I had to discover first a very pliable and very strong kind of canvass or stuff that could stand any amount of tension, without breaking. This I found after a great deal of trouble. For safety's sake however my balloon has an inward and outward cover, to increase its resistance against extreme tension and make the contracting of the gas easier. I had to find now some device to contract the balloon to its least possible dimension. I imagined a funnel-shaped something with the thread of a screw inside, attached to one pole of the balloon. If this could be made to turn the right way, when electrically connected with the motor in the ship, so to wind up the outward cover of the balloon more and more, and reduce the extension without any escape of gas, the balloon would go down. To let the airship rise again, I would only have to

loosen the electric hold a little and the natural tendency of the contracted gas to expand would do the rest. The balloon would assume larger dimensions and lift the ship higher up. The final question now was to crystalize my idea. I had to do work by halves and I went directly to the greatest discoverer of the most daring modern inventions, Mr. Edison. I entered his Sanctum with trembling heart and hat in hand:

“‘Mr. Edison, I wish to submit to your judgment the idea of a safe and controllable balloon.’”

“‘Oh, young man,’ was his short reply, ‘if God wanted men to fly, He would have given him wings. There is something better for you to do in this world than that. If I would listen to all the foolish ideas with which they come to me, I had better close my Laboratory forever.’”

“‘I will be brief, Mr. Edison. Give me only a couple of minutes of your valuable time. If you think my ideas impracticable, I shall not bother my head about it any longer.’”

“‘Go on then,’” he muttered.

“I related my idea, as briefly and distinctly as I was able. His severe eyes were fastened on me. Soon his countenance cleared up. He began to listen with the greatest attention. When I finished, he said with a smile:

“‘Indeed, your idea has something new in it. Bring your canvass in to my Laboratory, and I shall see what I can make out of it.’”

“I called my servant standing outside. “‘Here it is,’ I said briefly.

“‘When I left, he merely told me:

“‘Come back within eight days.’”

“You may imagine that I did not forget the allotted time. My heart was throbbing with great expectation on my way to Edison’s workshop, and at the same time with fear for the final sentence of my severe judge. When I presented myself before him, he simply showed me my canvass lying on the floor. Between its poles I noticed something like a football, while each end presented a bushy tail of canvas.

“‘Your balloon stuff is all right,’ said Mr. Edison. ‘It will stand any amount of tension. Feel that football.’”

“I did so. It was as hard as a stone.

“‘That football,’ continued the Master, ‘contains all the gas you need to fill your immense balloon. I had to make one correction. You had only one funnel screw. This might be all right, where the pole opposite to the one funnel is fixed to some-

thing stationary, so that the balloon could not turn at that pole. In that case your single funnel would drive the gas towards that pole, concentrate it there and lessen its volume without lessening its weight. It could not effect this in free air, where your opposite pole is attached to nothing. It would there make both poles turn the same way and the whole balloon to without any concentration whatever. If however you attach to each pole such a funnel turning against each other in different or opposite directions, the necessary effect will be that the gas is pushed and concentrated in the middle of that balloon canvass, whether in free air or not. When you lessen the screwing at one pole or at both the gas again will rush towards the point of loosening and assume more volume. Compression is not the natural state of gas and it will by itself resume its natural state. At the first chance it gets, it loosens by itself the screw, if it can overcome the tightening. Now I shall make it work.

"A little back of the train of canvass was a motor, a little machine of which I could certainly not give a definition. Mr. Edison put the electric current on. My football got life. It swelled up, lifted itself from the floor until it reached the high ceiling. All this was done by the funnel-shaped screws attached to the ball which retreated while the gas found room to expand within its prison. The balloon was held near the ceiling, until the Electrician made the funnels turn the other way. The balloon descended at leisure, until it lay again motionless on the floor.

"'Are you satisfied?' was Mr. Edison's question.

"'Yes,' I rejoined, 'and I am infinitely grateful to you.'

"Without noticing my excitement, he showed me how everything worked.

"'This,' pointing to the strange machine behind, 'is an exciter of electricity. You will need it on your travels through the sky, where, or anywhere near, you will not find an electric plant to replenish your battery, and here,' he continued, handing me a big paper, 'is a patent of your invention right straight from Washington.'

"I was overwhelmed with emotion.

"'I will pay you any amount for your trouble,' I faltered, 'just name the figures.'

"'Not at all,' answered the good man, 'I am old. I have more money than I need. You are young and may need it. As a token of my interest I make also a present to you of this motor and electric exciter, which I worked out especially for this purpose.'

"He dismissed me with a hearty handshake."

"Brave Charley," I broke in, "such an authority as Mr. Edison's is worth a volume of dry arguments."

"Do not make me lose the thread of my thesis now, I am nearly through. Since that time I am the favorite of that magnanimous, unassuming genius, and found in him always a ready advisor. He even condescended to be present at the first test of my invention in the open air, and started himself the frenetic applause. Do not think that this was the only test. To destroy all your scruples of conscience, I add, that many times I crossed the ocean in my airship and even went in it far beyond the clouds and never had the least accident or mishap. I feel safer in my flying canoe than on the train or the steamboat."

"I will share your sky-stroll tomorrow, you invincible tempter," was my conclusion.

"Thank you, old man," was the cheerful return, looking at his watch. "But it is more than time to go to bed. Let us retire."

So we did.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST ASCENT IN THE AIR

Next morning we were early birds. I gave instructions to my chauffeur to have my automobile in readiness after breakfast to drive to the Park. On our way Charley informed me that he was booked to make an ascension at eight o'clock.

"I must work my airship straight up," he explained, "five miles into the heavens, then turn off towards the ocean to where a steamboat is stationed five miles off shore and then return as I please, provided that I am back at nine o'clock and come straight down again on my starting point. But, Fred, I do not do that for nothing. There is a price of twenty-five thousand dollars at stake and I am sure to win. I need some pocket money anyway, but you must take half of the price. You share in the fun, you shall share in the profits too."

"No, never, you foolish boy. I have more of that stuff than I know what to do with."

"Oh, oh, Fred, why all these wise heads try to make a spoiled boy out of me, with their magnanimity. I trust I'll find an opportunity in the future to repay them for it and get even."

At this juncture the chauffeur stopped the vehicle.

"Here we are," said Charley, alighting. "Look at my rig-

gings there and satisfy your critical eye."

All I saw was a confused pile of queer canvass, anchored to the ground, a light boat, that could contain several persons. A motor and a hand dynamo was in the boat.

"The balloon must be filled with gas," explained Charley, "to its full capacity, before I can put in my work, and hence the anchors, that it should not escape me. I ordered the balloon to be connected with the Gasplant."

The canvass felt the breath of life and began to wriggle like a giant snake, while her dimensions increased, the balloon grew more active, restless and impatient to break loose from her fetters. She was indeed a monster in size, when filled with gas to her full capacity.

"I shall begin now to subdue that monster," muttered Charley. "The funnel screw and electricity will do it."

He put on a strong current. The screws turned rapidly towards each other in the opposite direction. The gas retreated to the center of its prison, as if ashamed to be vanquished so easily. At last the immense bulk was concentrated into a ball about twice the size of an ordinary football. The anchors were lifted and removed and the elephant of a moment ago lay lifeless and helpless again as a stone.

"It is time now to embark," said Charley to me. "A minute to eight," as he looked at his time-piece.

Just at this moment the members of the Committee approached and handed over to Charley a document with a weight on it that he had to transfer to the Captain of the steamboat, which would be the terminus of our trip. We embarked. Charley began gradually to weaken the current. The compressed gas got some life again, drove the funnels slowly back, took possession of the room so gained and lifted up its head in triumph. The Park was literally one continuous mass of humanity.

We ascended high into the sky. A cry of good luck sounded from one end of the Park to the other. Hats flew high over the heads of the crowd. A clapping of hands, a waving of handkerchiefs. All this made me forget the danger and drove every kind of fear from my mind. We were now far above the beautiful Queen of the Gulf. But what charming bird's view I enjoyed of my beloved New Orleans. All this occupied my attention so much that I did not notice it, when Charley turned off towards the ocean. I was only reminded of this when I heard the noisy waves miles beneath my feet. I looked down. I nearly became dizzy from the bright rays of our Southern sun, reflected by these

waves in my eyes. Suddenly I felt we were sinking.

"Oh, Charley, I cried, "are we going to the bottom of the Sea?"

"No," he replied, "do not you see that Steamer beneath us? That is our Terminus. There I must report."

That Steamer looked to me like a toy-boat. Lilliputian sailors were running hither and thither, waving little baby hands and caps. All this became greater and stouter as we went lower, until a pretty good sized Steamer showed herself to our gaze, manned with rough and burly seamen. A roaring applause now rent the air formidable enough to scare the sharks back into the deep. Charley meantime circled three times around the boat. Then he threw the Committee's document with its weight on the deck of the Steamcraft, while the Captain, with a long pole, handed his own paper to Charley as a proof that everything was all right.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Stuart," said the Captain, at the same time. You are a splendid sky-scraper, but I bet you fifty dollars that I will be in port before you."

"You will surely lose it, Captain," said Charley softly.

"Never mind," came back the curt answer of the seaman. "Do you accept it?"

"Let it be then," replied Charley, and up we flew again. The Captain put on full steam at once. With mighty strides did the ship cleave the powerful waves. The Captain had constantly pointed his Telescope towards us. We were at a pretty good height again, when Charley turned the airship towards the East.

"Are we going to London or Paris?" I muttered.

"Hush, Fred, I must have some fun with that braggert of a Captain."

Soon the Steamboat slackened her speed. Charley noticed it.

"That is right," he cried. "That fellow would have risked his whole ship and several lives, including his own, for fifty dollars that he will never gain anyhow."

By this time we were out of sight.

"I'll turn right around," said Charley, "and steer directly to New Orleans."

So he did, and a quarter to nine we were descending again from the clouds, this time though to the grassy plot in the Park. Quite a number of the crowd had left not expecting us back so soon. A couple of the Committee men were present to accept the ship-Captains testimonials. Charley hurried up to relieve the

balloon of its straining gas and store everything away in the nearby warehouse.

"Now let us go to the nearest restaurant," said Charley, "I am hungry and thirsty and I need some rest. That Captain will not be back before ten o'clock."

So we did, and returned at a quarter to ten. We closed ourselves up in the warehouse, waiting events. At about ten we heard a horse galloping in full speed towards the warehouse.

"That is the Captain," whispered Charley. "Attention, Fred, while peeping through the window."

The rider scanned the grassy space, where the balloon should have been.

"Not here yet," he vociferated with triumphant gesticulations. "Hurrah! The flying man lost the bet. He is not master yet of the sky."

Charley suddenly opened the door and appeared on the threshold.

"What do you mean, Captain?" he said coolly.

"Hum," grumbled the Captain. "You here, Mr. Stuart? I am dumbfounded. I thought you lost your bearings and imagined you might be by now half to Paris or Queenstown. So I did not see any need for hurrying up."

Here Charley could not help breaking out into a merry laughter.

"You scoundrel," continued the Blue-jacket, "you fooled me. Never mind, you did it right. You are a greater genius than I thought you were. I am afraid, pretty soon you will bring the whole Ocean Fleet to a forced strike, and we, poor Sea stragglers, will be out of a job. Say, Mr. Stuart, take me as an apprentice, that I may be an air Captain, before it goes so far."

"No danger," consoled Charley, "I hardly believe the airship will ever entirely supplant the huge Ocean steamer with its immense cargoes. At any rate the steamer will last longer than your lifetime."

"Thank you, Mr. Stuart," rejoined the Captain meekly. "Here are your fifty dollars."

"No, no," said Charley, "it was only a joke."

"No matter, I lost it," and the Captain threw a bundle of bank-notes to Charley, jumping on his steed and rode off at a faster gait even than he had come.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHALLENGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

At dinner that day Charley was flowing over with his old boyish but pleasing mischief. He was just half through cracking some jokes on my rusty philosophy, when Jack, my black errand boy, entered the dining room. He made a big bow before Charley.

"Massey Stuart," he said, "here am a telegram for your Honor."

Charley opened it and read:

San Francisco, June the 12th, 1904.

To MR. CHARLES STUART,
New Orleans.

On the 24th of June, a prize ascension will take place here. \$100,000 for him who reaches the greatest height. Santos Dumont will be here with his Airship. We want you too. Do you accept?

GEORGES BUSHMAN, Chairman of Committee.

"That tickles me," muttered Charley. "Santos Dumont is not an easy match. But that is just what I want. Fred," he said, turning towards me, "did you enjoy your trip this morning?"

"Immensely," was my answer.

"Go with me then to San Francisco. I'll make you go higher than your philosophy could ever bring you. Moreover I am sure I shall be in need sometimes of your wise head."

"Well, joker, I shall wander through the skies with you once more. I hope you won't drag me to the Moon."

"Thank you, Fred, so I take up the challenge. Never mind the Moon, though. If we land there, you will find a new field for your transcendant thoughts."

He took a piece of paper and wrote:

"I accept the contest."

"Where is Jack?" he said.

The dusky boy had retired back of Charley, and during the discussion was grinning and smiling and always rolling his white eyeballs. Hearing the call, he answered meekly:

"Here I is, Sah," and came forward with great solemnity and obsequiousness.

"Is the messenger gone, Jack?" queried Charley.

"Yes, Sah," was the Negro's reply, "he has done gone."

"Take this then yourself to the Telegraph Office."

He handed his paper to the boy with a dollar.

"Keep the change for yourself, but be quick."

Jack was in the street in the twinkling of the eye.

"Now, Charley," I began, "how shall we go to San Francisco? In the train or the Airship?"

"In the Airship, of course. That's safer and more comfortable."

Two days after we were roaming again above the clouds on our way to the Pacific Coast. It was a true bee line without any obstruction. During our journey, we descended only twice to get a decent night rest. On these occasions the canoe was our bed either with the starry heavens as a canopy or hidden in the tall grass of the prairie. At the end of three days our Airship was fluttering above the immense and wonderful Park of San Francisco. It was just after sundown. Charley displayed his aeronautic skill. The Park was filled with the Elite of the great city seeking the cool evening breeze. They all ran in haste to the spot towards which our Airship was descending, like a huge bomb falling from the sky at an easy gait. We were received with unbounded enthusiasm and pressed with questions. But Charley was quick storing his flying machine in the shed nearby. There we found another Airship. We examined it carefully. The funnel feature of ours was missing in it, but there were characteristics in it that were not in ours.

"That must be Santos Dumont's outfit," remarked Charley.

Charley was well acquainted with the city: We went to the street and took a cab to the European Hotel. We partook of a square meal that night and retired to our rooms. The European Hotel was a grand concern. It harboured between its walls guests from every quarter of the world. Any kind of civilized language was heard there. The porters and servants were marvels of linguistic learning. If they had not the gift of tongues from the Holy Ghost, it was something akin to it. After breakfast next morning we retired to the sumptuous Sitting Room to look over the morning papers. These were overflowing with sensational and phantastic rumors about the contest. At that moment we overheard a party at the further end of the room warmly discussing the matter. One of the debaters spoke with a pronounced French accent:

"Ou iz zat Mr. Stuart?" I heard him ask. "Iz e an American or an Anglichman?"

"An American, of course," was the response pronounced with the rattling sound of the North.

We accosted the party.

"May I ask you, Gentlemen, whether Santos Dumont has

arrived in the city?"

Our Frenchman jumped to his feet.

"Ere e iz," he said with a solemn gesture, "zat most famous Aeronaut of ze world."

"Mr. Dumont," I interposed, "I make you acquainted with your worthy rival, Mr. Charles Stuart."

"And I," stepped in Charley, "introduce to you Mr. Frederick Hardfordt, the profound but incorrigible Philosopher."

"And I," jumped in Mr. Santos Dumont, "I have the honor to make you familiar with Mr. Clemenceau, the best known man in France, the great Social Reformer."

A general handshaking ensued, and we paired off. Charley and Dumont talked Airships, while Clemenceau took hold of me. I was disposed to follow the current.

"Do you speak French?" was the first query of the Frenchman.

"Yes," I answered, in French. "I spent three years in Paris to get conversant in it."

The ice was broken. I could not prevent him from embracing me in true Parisian style.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, your English tongue was never intended for a Frenchman. I am so happy to find an American speaking our language with a perfect Parisian accent. I came to this Paradise of the brave and the free to study the social question. I suppose that you, as a Philosopher, you did not remain indifferent in that vital problem."

"No, certainly not. Of late I took a great deal of pains in mastering it."

"Good," he replied. "I presume you have quite a number of Socialistic members in your Congress."

"Not one that I know of."

"You astonish me. I supposed that the United States was ruled under the immortal principles of the great French Revolution: Equality, Fraternity, Liberty."

"So it does," was my phlegmatic answer. "Equality before the law. Fraternity between ourselves. Liberty with order and justice."

"Are there no Socialists among the Common people?"

"A few, and among them a number of foreigners. They have no influence on the general public."

"How is that?"

"Well, it must be that they do not understand socialism or

that they do not like the socialistic methods of action."

"Sure enough, the true Yankee has too much practical sense to go by dreams. His Motto is: 'Better one partridge in the frying pan than a hundred flying about.'"

This last remark wrung a hearty laugh from Mr. Clemenceau. I continued:

"But as you are known as the leader of Socialism in France, Mr. Clemenceau, I would like to hear from your own lips a distinct and clear exposition of the socialistic system."

"We may discuss it," he answered with French politeness, "Well then," he began:

"Every member of the human community has an equal right to all that makes this physical life of ours comfortable and easy."

"Of course," I assented, "but that all does not fall from Heaven. Man has to work hard to get it. Every one has a perfect right to be rich, provided he becomes so by honest means."

"True Socialism wants honest means, Mr. Hartford, and no robbery. Its aim is to inaugurate and maintain among mankind an individual equality of all things that make mortal life enjoyable. It intends to do this through the agency of a lawful Government. You must know, I am no Anarchist. Anarchism would be the reign of brutal force. The strongest would be the wealthiest. We want order and peace in our socialistic community."

"These sentiments honor you," I interrupted, "but by what right shall your Socialistic Government establish that equality of wealth on which you base your system?"

"This right, Mr. Hartford, follows directly from the nature of the Socialistic Government itself. It could not establish nor keep up that equality unless it had that right."

"I am afraid, Mr. Clemenceau, that you suppose what ought first to be proved to wit: That such equality is of absolute necessity for the existence of human society. That right you attribute to your Socialistic Government, includes a full and general ownership of anything of value for physical life."

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemenceau, "else the Government could not act without robbing the right of the owner. Private property is abolished for the good of all."

"The general idea of civil Government," I insisted, "does not include such ownership. It excludes it. Governments were

founded by men to protect their individual lives and properties. If it were not for that, we would have no use for any civil Government at all. But you see this necessarily supposes private property. All States are based on this principle. There is no record of any Socialistic Government in the entire history of humanity."

"I deny that," he put in rather warmly. The private property of today is only so through the will of the Government."

"Then," I added, "the French Government could justly take from you for instance the half of your possessions and give it to the poor fellows that possess less than you."

"That would be unjust," said the Frenchman, "unless the State acted in the same manner with other citizens."

"Unfair, perhaps," I replied, "but not unjust. The State would merely dispose of its own property."

A cloud came over Clemenceau's face. He seemed to be perplexed. Suddenly he jumped up from his chair, gesticulating with both arms.

"You Yankees," he sputtered, "you are so horribly practical, that you may talk an Angel out of Heaven, but now I have got it." And triumph brightened up his countenance. "Do not all nations, do not you yourself admit, Mr. Hartford, that any and all independent States are by their own nature invested with what is called 'eminent Domain?' And is this not the same as a general ownership of anything valuable in the land?"

"Eminent Domain," I insisted, is not property at all invested in the State. On the contrary, it denies emphatically that the Government enjoys any 'a priori' property derived from its nature. It presupposes private property. Eminent Domain is the right of the States to impose a forced sale of any private owner, if his property is needed for public use or utility. The State has to indemnify him and commonly gives him a better price than he could get from anybody else."

I noticed here, not a smile but a mild grin on Clemenceau's face. I continued:

"Even granted, that your Socialistic State is fully equipped with that general ownership, will it have the result you expect from it? I am afraid not. No Government is a producer. All products come from the hands of individual citizens. Strange to say, but nature hardly brings forth anything for man spontaneously, which is fit to eat. For brute animals, nature is more generous and supplies them with all they need without any work on their part. For men, Mother Earth seems to be a cursed soil. At the sweat of our brow have we to squeeze out of her bosom what we

need for our maintenance and comfort. Now, man does not work precisely for the fun of the thing. He rather takes it easy and will only labor when he has to, or sees advantage in it for himself. If he knows before that the products of his hands or industry are not his but the State's that they may be taken from him at any moment for your equalizing system, given to others, who are less industrious or too lazy to work themselves, this destroys all personal initiative and exertion. What will be the consequence? In order to prevent general famine and starvation, your Socialistic State shall have to compel every one to a certain amount of labour. This means general slavery with the Government Officials as slaveholders. Starvation or slavery, take your choice, that is the final outcome of your Socialism."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Clemenceau, "you are too strong or too practical. Things will not go that way in My France. Through socialism alone France can arise again to the summit of its former glory. It will be again model State the leader and saviour of humanity. Vive la France Socialiste."

At that moment I saw Charley and Dumont re-enter the sitting-room. I did not notice that they had been absent. Dumont must have overheard the last patriotic battle cry of Clemenceau, as he said:

"Never mind that outburst of Mr. Clemenceau. He is not such a radical Socialist as he appears to be. He is a model husband, a kind father. His wife is affectionately devoted to him. She is a strict and practical Catholic. To her he leaves the education of his children."

"Why," broke in Mr. Clemenceau, "why must you tell out of school? Certainly, my wife, though a Catholic, is the best woman in the whole world, and an angel of purity, and the fittest to educate my children. When grown up, however, I will trim the education of my boys in order that they co-operate with me in the restoration of France to its old standpoint among civilized nations."

"Now, now," said Dumont, "an automobile is standing ready before the hotel. Come and take a stroll with us through this magnificent city. It will distract both of you and cool you off a little after a heated discussion."

"Come along, Mr. Hartford," said Clemenceau, while he took my arm. "You are an invincible philosopher, but that trip will do us good." And arm in arm we stepped to the auto."

CHAPTER V.

LOST BETWEEN THE PLANETS.

During our short stay in the grand and cosmopolitan City on the borders of the Pacific, Mr. Clemenceau was for me an amiable and constant companion, a staunch and delightful friend. His kindness for me had no bounds, Charley and Mr. Dumont were kept constantly busy in overlooking, overhauling, and improving their Airships in every detail to make them entirely trustworthy for the great voyage. The newspapers filled column after column about the coming contest. All its ins and outs of these articles were embellished with marvelous exaggerations, profound speculations and wonderful possibilities created by the powerful brains of the writers. The eve before the contest, I went to bed rather tired and was plunged into many dreams perhaps more wonderful than those published in the newspapers. I relate only one out of many. We came into the attraction of the Moon. All we could do was to land on it. We were soaring over one of those black holes, which Astronomers tell us with full conviction, are the craters of old volcanoes, that stopped working a few millions of years ago. Our Airship went right straight into that crater. The bottom, however, of that hole was an interminable green and delightful valley encircled by the high ridges of a chain of mountains. As soon as we were on a level with the summits, I noticed an infinite number of little living things running up from the bottom of the valley along the slope of the mountains. At first I could hardly make out what they were, but as we went lower, they went higher, and at last I got a clear view of them. They were little bits of humanity not larger than my thumb. They made the effect on me as the nicest little dolls I ever put eyes on. Only they were living and very active. Seeing that we went lower and lower to the bottom, they went down, too, and kept pace with us. We reached ground at last. Millions of these thumb-men were waiting there for us. They seemed greatly agitated. To my ears they all talked at once, but with the utmost vivacity. It all sounded to me like soft, sweet music. The pretty things were too small to climb into our boat singly, but they formed ladders of themselves over which they were climbing into it on all sides. At this juncture I was unpitifully roused into reality by a thundering and repeated knocking on my door.

"Fred," I heard Charley yelling, "are you dead?"

"Me? I don't know," I answered feebly. I am sure I was in another world.

"Get up then at once, if you are alive. We have just time

to breakfast and start for the Park."

I had rubbed my eyes several times before I was fully awake. It did not take long to hurry up to the Park. We arrived in the nick of time, a quarter of an hour only before we had to leave this Earth. But everything was in readiness, we had only to embark. All San Francisco had turned out to witness our departure. We shook hands with Mr. Dumont and Mr. Clemenceau and all took their seats in their respective Airships. At last the sign of departure was given. The trumpet sounded. It sent a trembling through my whole being, as if it had been the trumpet at the last day of Judgment. My dream haunted me still. Hardly had the trumpet's sound vanished into space, when two Airships at a sufficient distance from each other began to move upward, ours in a straight line, Dumont's in the majestic flight of a stork. An aged man with prominent Irish features standing near our boat and watching the proceedings with intense interest when he saw us flying up, he yelled to me:

"Say, Partner, if you reach the gates of Heaven, speak a good word for me to St. Peter. I need it."

A last farewell to Mother Earth and the stormy crowds beneath our feet, and we were fluttering high above the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast, while that mighty Ocean itself was spreading before our gaze his immense expanse in the glorious light of the morning Sun. I looked at our rival's Airship.

"They are drifting already over the Sea," I remarked to Charley.

"That's all right," he replied. "Dumont is able to take care of his craft."

Soon land and water disappeared from our view. Even Dumont's Balloon was out of sight. Nothing else than the transparent sky all around.

"Fred," muttered Charley, "I'll give you a job. You pay attention to that instrument there, they call it a 'Height Meter.'"

I had not taken time yet to notice it.

"How much does it register just now?"

"Thirty miles," I answered.

"Well, Fred, I have not much confidence in the exactness of that tool, but I have to go by it for the victory."

Higher and higher we went.

"How is the instrument now?" Charley asked.

"Thirty-four miles," I replied.

"Hum," grumbled Charley, "we've made surely fifteen miles since it registered thirty. But, Fred, I must propose a dif-

scult question to you. Why is it that the higher I go the less additional expansion I must give to my Balloon for the same additional increase in height?"

"That is quite simple," was my answer. The higher your Balloon, the farther from the earth the less influence the earthly attraction can exercise upon it, the less counter force you need to overcome this smaller attraction and go higher."

That is," explained Charley in paradoxical style, "I need less rope to make the same distance."

"Well done, Master," he added. "You deserve the title of Doctor Magnus. This time I must try my Balloon to its full expansion. It is now only one-third of that. So there it goes."

And up we flew, and higher we soared, until——bum, bum! the Balloon first, then our canoe bumped against something, and we were thrown back, dancing and jumping for a few minutes, then both settled down motionless.

Charlie's face looked perplexed and pale. He threw a scrutinizing eye over the whole rigging.

"Nothing broken," he exclaimed," but what was that? It was certainly a hard collision, Fred. Did you see Dumont's Airship around here?"

"No, that is not it Charley."

"What is it, then. Explain, if you can."

"I——I am afraid, we are imprisoned," I replied with a long breath."

"Imprisoned in mid-air," echoed Charley. How so?"

"Well," I continued, "I fear we are where the attraction of at least two Planets meet each other with equal strength and commit suicide. It is about the same as if you hitch two horses to a wagon, one in front and one at the back. Let those pull with equal force and they will never move the wagon an inch. The wagon is a prison between the two steeds."

"That is rather too plain," muttered Charley gloomily. "I'll try anyhow, whether I can get up or down."

He tried without the least result.

"We are helpless," he cried in despair." Up in these high regions we must remain until the most horrible sufferings of starvation end in death."

He shuddered at the idea.

"Oh, Fred," he pleaded, "I am sorry that I ever enticed you into this adventure."

"Never mind, my friend," I said soothingly. "We are in the same boat. You could not have foreseen this. Whatever

may happen let us abandon ourselves into the hands of Divine Providence. With a little change we may repeat here that sublime petition of the Lord's Prayer: 'Thy will be done in these heavens, as it is on Earth.' You know moreover the deep, profound and a wise proverb of our old Saxon Ancestors: 'Where the need is highest, God is nighest.'"

Meantime night added to our gloom. Not the dimmest ray of hope pierced through the black Ocean of darkness, that surrounded us on all sides.

It is true, the sky was clear, the stars shone bright and twinkled continuously as to mock us.

"Shall we ever reach any of them, Fred?" I heard Charley say.

"Let us not despair, Charley, let God do with us just as He pleases."

"Fred," I heard my companion say, "there is no use of fretting. Let Divine Providence do with us as it pleases, but I am hungry. I will light the electric lamp, and we shall take a rough repast. What do you think about that?"

"All right," I replied, "I'll play the butler."

We ate with a sound appetite after all, our stomachs did not seem to partake in our gloom. After supper I threw empty cans and bottles out of the boat. They, too, performed a little dance and quieted down hanging on nothing in mid-air.

"Let us find some solace in sleep," I suggested to my friend. "Our Airship will not run away now."

So we did.

Next morning we awoke quite refreshed. Old Sol showed his large and brilliant head just on the edge of the eastern horizon and seemed to say: 'Courage, my children, you are still in my domains.'"

"Charley," I whispered, "if you can not break the rival attractions let us make a stroll between them. It will afford us a diversion at least."

We strayed aimless until the early afternoon. No change in scenery, until then. Just now appeared in the far distance a flashing, which in the South would be termed Summer Lightning. We did not pay much attention to it until a soft breeze reached us from that point. Soon it became a magnificent fire work. From a powerful center unaccountable bundles of electric sparks were thrown out, making all kinds of phantastic figures. We were spellbound. We noticed now, it sped towards us with incredible velocity and before our bewildered eyes towered a whirling col-

umn of air or something similar with immense dimensions. We could see neither the beginning nor the end of it. But its diameter must have been several miles in length, turning in spirals from bottom to top. The thing grew terrific.

"Let us flee," said Charley, "before we are swallowed up."

He tried to reverse the Machine. Too late. Our boat was already in a whirling wind and made slow circles with its length as diameter, and constantly attracted by the column, that moved towards us with extreme swiftness. We threw ourselves down, as by instinct in the bottom of the boat and recommended our souls to God.

At last, in addition to the turning we felt an upward motion. What further happened, neither of us can tell, as we became both unconscious.

CHAPTER VI.

ON OUR WAY TO A NEW PLANET.

When I recovered consciousness, our boat was turning still, but with moderate rapidity. I saw the column disappearing to the West. At the same moment I felt as if I was going to drop from the boat into space, when suddenly our canoe toppled over, bottom up. It had in no time made a half circle with the beam as its diameter. I felt as steady again as before. I looked out now for my companion. He was still lying prostrate and unconscious before my feet. I roused him with difficulty.

"Where—where—am I?" he ejaculated.

"We are alright again, Charley," I said. "Get up and try whether you can manage your Airship again."

He had become himself again, jumped up and tried to raise and lower the Airship.

"Hurrah! I am master of my Airship once more. We shall return to San Francisco now."

"You can not," was my laconic response.

"Why not?" he asked, with great surprise. "The boat did not change position. Its bottom is still towards Mother Earth."

"Here it is, what I say. Our boat turned bottom up and **must be in the attraction of another Planet.**"

I related to my companion what happened.

"That's all nonsense," said Charley. "We both would have been precipitated into space."

"Not necessarily," I ventured to say. "You see, that column took us out of the Earth's attraction with its terrific force,

that laughed at all planetary attraction. When we escaped from its bosom our boat did not lose at once the force imparted to it by the swaying and upward motion of that column, these, however, could last only a moment. The planetary attraction got the best of it, the Balloon went up in triumph. The boat righted itself to the new law. It was all done so quickly, that we had no time to fall out of the boat."

"How long were we imprisoned in that terrible column?" queried Charley anew.

"I don't know that any more than you," I said.

"It must have been quite a long time, Fred, for I am hungry like a wolf," rejoined Charley. "Is there something in the pantry, butler?"

"Yes," I replied. "And eat heartily."

"It will not last long now, before some land and—and—" broke in Charley, piously: "God's Providence everywhere shows itself. To what Planet are we drifting?" asked Charley.

"I can not say, old boy," I answered.

No matter," he replied, full of cheer. "Better any kind of Planet than to starve up here."

That day we traveled at a pretty fast rate without anything of a nearer approach to our new Planet. The Sun had gone down in His purple and scarlet wrapping. Twilight had dwindled away. The flickering and dancing stars pierced the darkness.

"But—. What is that?" we chorused Charley and myself.

Two Moons became visible: One already on its way towards the Zenith, the other just emerging from the airy and uncertain waves of the Eastern horizon. Night had become as bright as daylight under a covered sky.

"Can you make any conclusion from this novel scene?" queried Charley.

"It does not tell us," I replied, "to what Planet we are drifting."

Our attention was entirely absorbed by the strange sight of two Moons racing in the heavens, when a third one appeared in the wake of the second. Our expectation had reached its climax.

"We may soon get a fourth one," I whispered.

Our eyes were riveted to the East. This lasted quite awhile and nothing more came in sight. Charley got impatient.

"I do not expect a fourth Moon. I think three is enough, too. Can you make out now, Fred, where we are in the heavens?"

"Not with these three Moons, Charley."

Hardly had I finished my sentence, when the Eastern horizon disgorged a fourth Moon.

"That is right," I exclaimed, "it gives us our bearings."

"Perahps the procession is not finished" yet," put in Charley.

"I am sure this Moon closes it, Charley. Guess now, where we are."

My friend scratched his head.

"I was once quite a little astronomer, Fred, I ought to know it. By jove, I have got it. Excuse my pagan language, but it brought out some old remembrance. Jove is derived from Jupiter. We are going to the Planet Jupiter. Am I right?"

"Perfectly, Charley. You go to the head of the class."

CHAPTER VII.

OUR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH JUPITER.

We knew now whither we were going. Our hearts were throbbing with intense expectation for the strange things to come. We were so busy with our own thoughts that for awhile no word was uttered.

"Fred," broke in my friend, "I have been ransacking my brains for old memories. It is quite clear now to me that Jupiter must be an enormous Planet. Thirteen thousand times the size of the Earth."

"That's what astronomers claim," I answered.

"But," he continued, "on account of its less density, its contents are only about three hundred times those of the Earth."

"Correct, Captain, but it is not Gospel truth."

"Let this be as it may, you punctilious criticizer, I stand this time on the side of the Astronomers. It suits me better. So then I consider Jupiter as a stupendous sponge. This will give a nice, soft bed to rest our tired limbs on, when we arrive there tonight."

"Provided," I completed, "the holes in this sponge are no craters of old extinguished volcanoes. We have to take it as it comes along, hard or soft. Let us hope for the best."

"Only one thing I regret," began my companion again. "It is, that I did not bring the 'Stars and Stripes' with me."

"What can Uncle Sam do with such a far off Planet, thirteen thousand times as large as the Earth, I say?"

"Oh, well, if nothing else," concluded Charley, "Uncle Sam can surely make a big bluff of it. But I see my Balloon is getting

rather small. We must not be very far now from our new home. Fred, you keep a sharp lookout, while I pilot my ship."

It did not last long, when a joyful duet rang fortissimo into the air: "Land! Land!"

Yes, there he was beneath our feet, the grand Jupiter swimming in the soft light of its glorious satellites.

"I hear the rush of waves, too," I remarked to my companion. "I hope we are not over an interminable Ocean."

"It is only a large river," explained Charley. "I distinguish both banks."

The stream was entirely straight in both directions, as far as I could see. It was fringed on both sides with groves, which seemed to be planted in regular rows, like the orange orchards in Florida's orange belt. While I was enjoying this familiar scene, a big shadow interposed between my eyes and one of the setting Moons. It was a gigantic bird crossing the river on its wings. The wings were of an enormous size, while I estimated its body to be about ten feet from tip to tip.

"Oh, Charley," I exclaimed, "look at that giant of a bird flying over the river."

"Yes," he answered, "but it has four legs."

I had not noticed that, in my surprise, as it was a pretty good distance. Meantime the strange bird had reached the other shore and disappeared between the trees. Our Airship, too, was fluttering a little above the trees and my Captain was manoeuvring in search of a clearance convenient to ground the Balloon. This was soon found in an opening fronting on the stream. At last we set foot on solid ground once more. What a picturesque landscape was stretching out before us. In front an immense stream with the shady background of the groves on the opposite bank. The three Moons still shining above gave it all the most charming aspect. Their brilliant rays transformed the translucent mirror of the water into a bed of sparkling and dancing diamonds. From the spot where we descended we had a free sight through the long rows of trees that fringed the clearance nearly all around. No underbrush, the strong moonshine pierced through the thick foliage above and made its shadows below move and play, like sprightly ghosts. It was a wonderful Eden, but the deepest silence reigned all about, not a step of any living animal not the flapping of wings, not a voice, not a sound was heard anywhere. Oh, how lonesome appeared this Paradise to us just at this moment, notwithstanding all its charms. We were too tired, however, of our long and eventful trip to think much about this. We fell on our knees and

in a short but fervent prayer thanked Divine Providence that led us here, and then we went a few steps into the grove and side by side lay down under a tree to find rest in sleep.

"If this Planet is not entirely a sponge," remarked Charley, while he stretched himself out in the shadow of the tree, "at least its soil is as soft as a decent mattress."

CHAPTER VIII.

RELIGION ON JUPITER.

I do not know how long I slept, but I was aroused by a vigorous pushing into my side and Charley's voice: "Awake, Fred," he said, "we overslept ourselves, the Sun is already descending the Western slope."

"Oh, let me alone," I grumbled, "I am not half through with my sleep," and I turned over.

"No, no, get up," he insisted. "Hush, there is a crowd of people around our Airship. This stirred me up fully. I looked. Yes, there they were, the men of Jupiter, and giants, too, ten feet high. Entirely naked. But what is that kind of mantelletto, that covers their back and seems to have a life of its own? At that moment we saw flying overhead that same kind of gigantic bird that crossed the river last night. It came down and joined the crowd near the Balloon. It was one of them, that mantelletto were the wings of the flying man on Jupiter. They grew out of his body and flesh. Charley got terribly scared.

"They must be very wild people," he complained. "They must be cannibals. They will make beefsteak out of us. Let us flee. Too late."

Yes, too late it was. These strange men had watched us. They had seen us moving. Two of the giants separated from the rest and with a majestic countenance, but as lightfooted and swift as a racing ostrich they soon reached us. We fell on our knees in a supplicating posture asking for mercy. With a gracious smile and extreme kindness flashing from their eyes they bade us to sit down and offered us all kinds of fruit to eat. This fruit

was all of an excellent taste, luscious and sweet. It was drink and food at the same time. The day previous we had taken the last morsel of our provisions. So we ate with a sound appetite. We must have been a strange sight to them, as they were to us. While we were enjoying our meal they observed us closely and talked together. Oh, what sweet melody, what rich harmony in this language, although we could not understand it. It is music, a concert in my ears, as I never listened to on Earth. Whether low or high, the voice of these men was always full and distinct, soft and clear, strong and sweet. I felt at this moment ashamed of my coarse Anglo-Saxon so miscellaneous in its make-up. We could not do otherwise than to make observations on our side, too. Our two giants were standing before us, stark naked and facing us. Though so bulky, the symmetry of that body was the most perfect and pleasing while even in its smallest details it showed the most exquisite and delicate finish. Their skin was of clear white and fresh, healthy in color, smooth and hairless, throughout, except that the head was crowned with short, soft curls, which gave them an imposing appearance. Their large face blended the strong and fresh expression of a young man of twenty with the soft and charming features of the fresh young woman. What astonished me the most of all was that I did not see on those masterpieces of beauty the least distinctive mark of sex, not even did they show the least sign that they belonged to the "Mammalia" kind.

We had finished our repast now. Before our meal we had forgotten in our first surprise to ask God's blessing, we did not forget now to give Him thanks. We went down on our knees making the sign of the Cross. Our Jupiter men, too, knelt down at the same time, making a sign that looked very queer to us profanes. They first formed a circumference starting from the forehead, thence over the left side, heart, right side and back to the forehead. Then within this circle they made three equilateral triangles, one on the front, the other on the lips and the third one on the heart. They now folded their hands and lifted up their eyes in somewhat the same position as Saints are painted in a trance.

After this short prayer we all sat down on the soft grass. Our new friends asked us with signs unmistakable in their meaning whether we liked to learn their language. We nodded: "Yes." They soon found out that we were a hard case, that our speech organs and our memory were too poor to learn that sweet lan-

guage quick enough. So they turned the tables and requested us to teach them our tongue.

Of course, we accepted. Our task was pretty easy. For we had splendid pupils. These men are endowed with a memory, that never fails, whatever they once saw, heard or know they never forget, and at any moment can recall it with all its details. Their intellect is so sharp, that where we perceive nothing they will draw a long string of conclusions all stamped with objective truth. No wonder then, that in an hour or so our Jupiter scholars could say in English whatever they wished. But what change in our rather rough Anglo-Saxon tongue, though losing nothing of its simplicity and clearness their lips impregnated it with such a delicious melody and harmony that I was proud again that it was my mother tongue.

It may be of use, Dear Reader, to tell you their names, so that if, even a thousand years hence, you ever make a trip to the Planet Jupiter, you can seek them out. They will be there still.

The name of Charles' pupil was "Balva;" that of mine was "Dezoo."

Dezoo asked me now the meaning of the sign we made at our prayer after breakfast.

"It is," I said, "a profession of the Blessed Trinity: one God in three Divine Persons."

"Your sign," he replied, "expresses that sublime doctrine very poorly. You go from the forehead, the seat of the intellect to the heart, the seat of love. This expresses only two Persons of the Blessed Trinity, which we call: Infinite Intellect, and Infinite Love. Where is the third One?"

"We supply this," I answered, "with the words: 'In the name of God, the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' Moreover sometimes we make another sign which expresses the Blessed Trinity more emphatically. In this we make the sign of the Cross on our forehead, our lips and our heart."

"That is better," he said, "but in neither of them I see the absolute Unity of God expressed."

"We supply this," I replied, "by saying: 'In the name' instead of: 'In the names.'"

"I understand," interposed Balva, "but what has that sign of the Cross to do with the Blessed Trinity?"

Charley took up the answer.

He told them, how the sign of the Cross expressed the fall of the earthly man, the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity and the Redemption by the death of the God-

man on the Cross. He gave a brief explanation of these Mysteries. This aroused in the hearts of these pure men the highest admiration for God's mercy and the deepest sorrow for man's fall and degeneration. Charley continued: "Will you kindly explain to us the sign you made before prayer?"

"Well," replied Balva, "it is very simple. "By the circumference we signify: The One, Single, Self-existing, Eternal, Undivisible and Unfinite Divine Substance or One God. Within this circle we form three equilateral triangles, the really distinct three Divine Persons existing in that One God. You call them Father, Son and Holy Ghost. They may be the best chosen names for your state of mind. We mean the same thing that you do, except that we know nothing about the Cross. We call the Three Divine Persons: Infinite Intellect, Infinite Understanding and Infinite Truth. These names afford us a clear insight into the objective reality. The Divine Intellect is the First Person in its Eternal activity. It comprehends and fully understands God's Infinite perfection. From this flows the Infinite Truth, which consists in the absolute and substantial conformity between the comprehension of the Infinite Intellect with the object comprehended. From this Infinite conformity between Intellect and its Understanding and the object understood must necessarily proceed Infinite Truth and Love, the Person of the Blessed Trinity, though really distinct from each other, they necessarily are One in One, Divine substance. We cannot think of a God without these three persons, nor of three Divine Persons, would be more than one God."

"This is a clearer exposition," said Charley, "than I ever heard in my life."

"When was this august mystery revealed to you?" I ventured to interpose.

"God never spoke personally to us," responded Dezoo, "but we knew it from studying our rational soul, which has its uncreated and infinite model in God alone. Our intellect by its inherent self activity finds truth. To be true, it must entirely agree with the object apprehended. Between truth and intellect there is an irresistible attraction or love. Hence, we form the triangle on our forehead, the seat of our intellect to express the first Person of Holy Trinity. On our lips from which nothing than truth should proceed, to signify the second person, the Infinite Truth, the Word of the Divine Intellect. Lastly on our heart the seat of love, which itself cannot be true love, unless it is in conformity with intellect and understanding. This last tri-

angle then represents the third Person of the Divine Trinity. From this we conclude that in the one Divine substance must exist the infinitely perfect model: one God and three Divine Persons."

"Splendid," cried out Charley with his usual frankness. "I have only one difficulty. There are not three persons in us."

"Because," was the emphatic reply of Balva, "simply because there cannot be. The personality in order to exist at all, must continually be there and not at intervals only. If God would annihilate my soul and destroy my personality, and create immediately a new soul in me entirely like my present one, still I would not be the same person as before. For the same reason truth in us and the irresistible attraction or love between our intellect and truth are not continuous, exist only at intervals, when namely our intellect is active in the right direction and therefore cannot be persons in our soul. The intellect only, whether active or not is always present and consequently is the only basis of our single personality."

I had not noticed that daylight had given way to the brilliant moonlight.

Balva and Dezoo looked at the Moons and remarked: "It is about time to start for our religious meeting. Will you accompany us?"

"Gladly," we answered in one voice.

"Come along, then."

CHAPTER IX.

WITHOUT CHURCH AND WITHOUT PRIESTS.

The heading of this chapter will certainly please many socialistic leaders and writers who want to exclude from their model communities the Church and its Ministers. I am sorry, I must spoil that pleasure by showing that a perfect humanity, as I picture here, though it does not need any Church or Priest organization, cannot do away however with religion. Nay, religion is the necessary basis of its happy society. How much the more then is it needed for the man on this cursed Earth with less noble and corrupt nature? Among men on Earth Socialism without religion is not only bare nonsense, but would be the utter confusion of the infernal regions. I resume my story.

We had not very far to walk. Everything was so strange to us that our imagination was excited to its highest pitch. We

expected we would find an immense temple with the most magnificent and ideal architecture. We arrived. What did we see? A vast plain between the groves, surrounded by gigantic trees towering towards heaven. These were the walls of the temple. Its dome were the heavens from which the stars glimmered and sparkled like jewels, inlaid rubies, and saphyres. It was the true temple of nature, but its richness and grandeur could not be rivaled by any one erected with the hands of men. We remained on the outskirts. Balva and Dezoo did not leave us in order to explain to us the ceremonies. Roughly counted there must have been over five thousand people all of the same kind as our two friends. Just now they were all kneeling down in silence, their hands and eyes lifted up to Heaven and watching the stand of the Moons.

Suddenly and without any word of command they were all on their feet as one man. They formed into rank and file with more regularity than I had ever witnessed in the best drilled army commanded by the ablest officer. They spread out into a well defined circle, inscribed and with an equilateral triangle, the man standing in the triangle's turn being also part of the circumference. I must state here that these people's voice had an extension of fully four octaves, with such a variety of tune that the most perfect instrument can not imitate it. Now the music began, and oh, what music, and all without any leadership whatever, as our friends whispered to us, this was a high hymn to the one Eternal and Infinite God. The man, who stood in the center of the triangle, began a "Solo." It was a sweet but a powerful melody. Whether it ran high or low, the voice of the singer remained always natural, without strain, clear and distinct and pleasing in the extreme, one tone sweetly melting away into the other.

Soon the men standing around the "Solo Singer" accompanied him in another voice but in perfect harmony, increasing, the richness and power of the melody. So the concert, flowing from the "Solo Singer in the Center," swelled into mighty waves until it reached the circumference and its climax. The groves around, the skies above seemed to swim and revel in a shoreless Sea of divine music.

Meantime the singer in the center, as the inexhaustible fountain of it all, was always distinctly heard above this powerful harmony. The ebbing tide now set in, to return towards the center whence it proceeded. The men in the circumference ceased singing, and so it went gradually from row to row, until the central singer finished it alone with one extremely charming and powerful melody.

"They," explained our interpreter, "show how Eternity, Infinity and Absolute Unity, in their objective in reality flow from God's Self existence, belong only to Him and never can go out of Him. There was a pause—and that immense crowd, without breaking mutual positions, turned half a circle. They were standing now in an opposite direction to the points of the compass. Another song began. This was the anthem to the Blessed Trinity. It was inaugurated by the men who formed one of the sides of the inscribed Triangle. It flowed quietly and in the most strict "Legato" so that the transition from one to another was imperceptible, but it was pregnant of the greatest power, melody and harmony. It evolved itself "Crescendo." This represented the Divine Intellect in Its eternal activity and adequate comprehension of the Infinite Divine Substance, the first Person of the Blessed Trinity. Now the men constituting the second line of the Triangle joined in developing the identical theme, but with more vivacity and variation scattering all around and combining in rapturous Strains the life it drew from the Divine Intellect. It showed the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal, Infinite, Objective and Substantial Truth, generated by the Divine Intellect by comprehending Its own Infinite.

The two sides of the Triangle stopped singing and the men standing in the third side, began the song of Eternal Love. This was not the love song of the Word, which degrades the heart and misleads reason and feeds only on imagination, illusions and phantoms, which vanish soon and leave nothing behind but disappointment and despair. It was the Word of the Infinite, Absolute, Eternal agreement between the Divine Intellect and Divine Understanding from which Truth must necessarily proceed. That song was so sweet, so charming, so overwhelming, that I felt, as if my heart was going to break or melt. So also must have felt the choirs of the two other sides of the Triangle, which represented the First and Second Persons of the Blessed Trinity. They could not stand their own silence any longer, it seemed, and joined the love song with a gusto, that enhanced, if possible, its sweetness and enrapturing harmony. Another pause ensued, then an extraordinary stir. While they were marching in perfect order, a great number of them flew up from the ranks below into the air above and formed there the same figure as there was on the floor beneath, only with more distance from man to man on account of their large outspread wings. It was just this last feature, which gave to this emblem the most impressive aspect. The wings were transparent and the bright moonlight brought out in

picturesque clearness the outlines of the human circle and its inscribed triangle while it made the effect on the eye, as if the infinite glory of the Triune God displayed itself in its fullness behind the sacred emblem.

"This is the veil," said Dezoo, "through which our intellect sees God and the Blessed Trinity in this life we hope, however, that once its Infinite Majesty shall appear before us without veil or shadow."

"The men remaining on the floor of that Temple of Nature had now formed into a square, while those above, who had made a living and brilliant ceiling over that House of Worship, had turned their heads towards their brethren below. The men above entoned now a short song, that sounded to me as a touching and last farewell. Then they turned suddenly about and faced the glorious light, that shone through their wings. They began now a concert without words. They imitated the most various and sweetest violins and harps. Indeed, it was as if the choir of Angels and Saints were singing God's praise before His Heavenly Throne. I looked at the men on the ground below; they were on their knees in the devoutest attitude of prayer. It seemed that celestial music had enraptured them. They began to sing, what Balva told us was the "Song of Hope." The desire of these happy men to see God's Glory in its fulness pierced through it in its utmost intensity. It was the soul's cry of the sublime St. Paul: "I wish to be free from my mortal body and be with Christ." On the lips of these men it may have sounded: "When, O God, shall You lift up the veil? When shall we see You without any shadow?" The deep thrilling sighing of these men for a happier life still and more intimate union with their Creator, was touching and heart-rending, still it was mingled throughout with sweet love and entire resignation. More eloquently, than ever I felt, the last tone of this song of sighs be brought home to me the deep significance of the aspiration taught us by our Divine Teacher Himself: "Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven." Here ended the pathetic prayer and the heavenly concert above. The religious service was over and the worshippers scattered in all directions, flying or walking, to find their resting place for the night.

We, too, with Balva and Dezoo, we traced our steps towards retreat near the beach. We were deeply impressed and walked in silence. Charley, however, could not stand it any longer and he burst out abruptly: "Marvelous this is indeed. On Earth it would convert the most godless fellow, but what puzzles me is

that there was neither Bishop nor Priest, neither preacher or teacher, neither ruler or leader."

"Of course not," was Dezoo's reply, "we have none."

"But then," I interposed, "have you any Church Organization or any Tribunal chosen from among yourselves endowed with full and infallible Authority to settle differences of opinions with regard to Religion and Morals?"

"None whatever," was his answer. "God alone could do that, but did not do it. On the other hand there are no differences of opinion amongst us on this subject. We are a perfect unit in this as we all are of the same mind and heart."

"Well," broke out Charley again, "that is unmitigated Anarchism in religion."

"Yes," was Balva's gentle retort, "provided you do not banish God's authority from it. He is our only Master and gave us an intellect through which with certainty we recognize all our duties toward God Himself and our fellowman, towards human Society and our own eternal destinies."

Meantime we had reached our place of rest and slept in peace under the shadow of a tree.

CHAPTER X.

BODILY AND MORAL CONSTITUTION OF THE JUPITER MEN.

I had sweet dreams about Angels and celestial Music. When we awoke in the morning, our two friends had gone.

"Where may they be?" I inquired of Charley.

"Look towards the river and listen," said he.

We had a full view of the stream from under the trees. I heard splashing and frolicking.

"I must have some sport, too," cried Charley.

Off he ran and I after him to the banks of the river. There we witnessed an amusing scene. These colossal men were playing in the water like innocent children in unrestrained glee. No wonder, they had no other solicitude in their happy life than to worship and love God. The limpid surface was dotted with them for miles around. They could rival any one of the finny tribe. They were at home in the water as they were on land and in the sky. They jumped high up, and dived deep down, swam under water as long as they pleased or on their back with greatest ease

and dexterity, even walked or danced on the surface as if they were standing on a solid floor.

Charley and myself were expert swimmers, and on the earth they would have bragged of us, to see us swim like fish. But how small we did feel at this sight.

"Fred," muttered Charley, "I am afraid to compete with these men, but we did not wash since we left San Francisco, we need a general scrubbing, I jump in anyhow."

"I, too," I assented.

We had stripped in no time, but we had not expected this adventure and not taken along from the old country any kind of a bathing suit. So we threw ourselves in, in Adam's fashion. Of course, it did us good, at least it cleaned us thoroughly. But our swimming was a mere struggling compared with that of these human fishes. We got tired soon and went out. Hardly were we on shore again, when Balva and Dezoo joined us. We reached for our garments. They stopped us, saying: "

"Why this encumbrance? It only prevents immediate evaporation from the body, which is needed for this atmosphere. It must be pretty cold on the Planet from which you come."

"Well," I said, "we have there extreme cold, extreme heat and intermediate temperatures according to zone and season."

"How large is your Planet?" they asked.

"Yours," I replied, "is about thirteen thousand times the size of ours."

"We know now," they rejoined, "it has one Moon about as large as the smallest of ours."

"Yes," I answered.

"We often enough noticed it in the firmament and wondered whether there were living beings under such a strange temperature. The climate here remains the same, as you feel it now, all over the Planet and through the whole year. So you better discard your garments."

"But," I meekly pleaded, "it is not only against the inclemency of the weather that we wear them, it is also for decency's sake."

"I understand," said Balva, "you are male and female on Earth and of a fallen nature. This does not go up here. We ourselves are entirely sexless."

"Oh," I sighed rather loud, "how much evil would have been spared man on Earth, had there never been difference of sex."

"Do not judge God's works," was the severe rebuke. Had

man never fallen; had your Eve and Adam not thwarted the original plan of their Creator, the difference of sex would have been a blessing and an honor for your race."

This was plain talk, and I took my medicine bravely. Meanwhile we decided to follow the advice of these pure men for whom indecency was a blank, and to discard our garments. We stored them away in our Airship and went about in Eden's fashion, like they did.

We were now ready for breakfast. The only diet on Jupiter is fruit, and we needed plenty of it, for our appetite was voracious even more so than here on Earth. Our two friends must have wondered at that, since they themselves ate scarcely enough for a baby to subsist on, but they made no remark. We were too small to reach the fruit on the trees, so far that we had to depend entirely on our friends. These were tall enough to attain the lower branches, for the higher ones they flew up and picked the fruit on their wings. They always showed the greatest kindness and willingness to provide us with any amount or any kind of fruit we wanted.

Charley was in a jovial mood.

"You eat hardly anything," he remarked. "Have you got a fast day?"

"No," replied Balva, "we do not know fast days here. We eat just enough to repair the waste caused by the evaporation from the body. The whole of our food assimilates with our flesh and leaves no refuse. Hence we lack the organs for the evacuation of that refuse. In this way you are quite different from us."

"You look like a youth of seventeen," began Charley again. "How old are you?"

"If I reckon according to your method, we are six thousand and five hundred years old," was the astonishing reply.

"How were you born then?" was the next query.

"We were not born at all," he answered, as if with innocent simplicity. "We were immediately created by God and do not owe even the least part of our being to anybody else. There is no propagation amongst us. This is only found among the irrational animals. To replace this God created our own race all at once and made us so that there is no death amongst us by sickness or old age. Therefore, we look upon Him as our only Father, to whom we owe everything. Thus our heart is not divided and it belongs entirely to Him alone. Six thousand, five hundred years ago we found ourselves on the surface of this Planet just as we are now, and with the very same surroundings as at present."

In fact these people were the cleanest samples of the human species that imagination may picture to itself. Even with regard to their body, they there and then were the fittest subjects to ascend into Heaven with body and soul without death or resurrection.

"Did God impose on you the 'Ten Commandments' as He did on us?" enquired Charley again.

"Which are those 'Ten Commandments?'" asked Dezoo in return.

Charley recited them.

"No," answered Dezoo. "No, we have not got them. They are indeed very well adapted to the condition of your fallen nature and the needs of your social intercourse, but the greater part of them would have no reason of existence with us. No, God never expressly imposed any commandment on us. Still our reason makes it clear to us, all the duties we have to fulfill towards God and our fellowmen, we are convinced that we are accountable to the Supreme Being for all our actions. We must love God because He is the Supreme God, we must love our fellow men for God's sake. These two include all our duties. They are, however, not a burden to us but a pleasure. We would not feel happy without them."

"One more question," I joined in. "Did God ever test your faithfulness towards Him?"

"Once," answered Dezoo. "He at least allowed a terrible temptation to come upon us."

"Oh, please tell us all about this for our own instruction," I said.

"The facts are these continued Dezoo. "It was about a thousand years after our creation. We had lived in contentment and peace. A strange apparition at that time made great excitement among us. This vision showed itself in succession all over the land. At first we could not discern anything bodily in it. When we approached, it vanished from our view. The nature of our own soul tells us that there are above us rational beings of a higher order, **pure spirits, who are not tied to a body of any kind.** We could then not even suspect that there were among them evil spirits fallen from grace, as you have it from Divine Revelation. We, therefore, could not suppose anything else than that this was a good Angel, who came to us as a messenger from Heaven. This gladdened our hearts and filled us with high expectations. Perhaps, so we thought, our Divine Creator sends His Angels to an-

nounce to us that soon we shall stand before His Throne of Divine Majesty among His elect.

"Bye and bye the apparition took human form. This body had gigantic proportions. It stood fifteen feet high but had no wings. When we tried to get near this man without wings, nevertheless he ascended into the air with ease and grace, moved at will and disappeared again. This confirmed us more and more that it was an Angel, who could assume a human body just as he pleased and shake it off again. He did this, we surmised to prove to us that he came really from Heaven.

After awhile the scene entered upon its third act. The spirit, as we still thought it was, allowed us to come right up to him and even touch his body. Notwithstanding its enormous bulk this seemed to be as light as a feather. He spoke to us in our own language. He was extremely kind and at times even somewhat flattering towards us. He made the minutest enquiries about our mode of living, our customs, and our ways of worshipping the Supreme Being. He never mingled, however, in our social life. His appearance was always unexpected. We could not find out when he came or whither he retired. Though our religious service seemed to meet with his entire approval, still he never took part in or witnessed it. We explained this by supposing, that as a spirit of a higher rank, his worship of God was so eminently spiritual that ours was to him only a childish play and could not inspire him with any interest. We regarded him then as an Angel from Heaven and as a messenger from God, our expectation was aroused to the highest pitch. He told us at last that he had come to reveal to us the deepest secrets and the most sublime truths; that, however, he could not do this to every person in particular but only to the whole race in general. A day was fixed whereon our whole race should gather in one place to hear the message. Our hearts were palpitating with hope for the great things soon to come over us.

"We were all present on the appointed day on the spot to the number of **many millions**. **This was the first time that we ever had such a general convention.** We filled an **extensive stretch of land**. We wanted to prepare ourselves devoutly to receive the Divine message and we ushered in that memorable day with the most solemn religious service we ever held. Our prayer was so fervent, our songs so joyful that they must have gone right straight to Heaven and have been heard above those of the **Angels and Saints before the Throne of the Divine Majesty.** We were so intensely occupied in these devotions that the Sun was

setting before we noticed it. Our Divine messenger had failed to make his appearance presence manifest.

"Had he broken his promise? If so, why? Were we at fault? We could not answer, but for the first time in our lives we lay down to rest disappointed and sorry.

"Just before daybreak next morning we were roused from our slumbers by the sound of a trumpet loud enough to be heard all over the Planet. Was it God's own judgment? Or was it the signal of glad tidings? In an instant we were on our feet. Looking into the sky, and we saw our belated friend lying in mid-air high above, with his face turned towards us. His features showed the same kindness as usual. This restored our confidence and we gave him a loud and hearty greeting. He waved his hand as to command silence. With a voice that could be clearly and distinctly heard in all its inflections even beyond the boundaries of the vast tract of country in which we were gathered, he began in a solemn tone:

"Hear me, ye dwellers of these fair regions. I come down from that brilliant Luminary, the Sun, who imparts light, heat and animal life to the countless Satellities that revolve around him and follow him in his wanderings through space, like servants follow their master and Sovereign. Already did I visit a great many of these Planets to elevate the rational beings that might live there. I must confess that nowhere did I find such a perfect humanity as I find here; nowhere an intellect so well fitted and prepared to understand and accept the deep secrets and high truths I am going to disclose to you. Open then your minds. In the Universe there are two substances through their whole essence totally different from each other: Spirit and Matter. The last one from its very nature is inactive inert, powerless and helpless. It cannot move a point without getting the impulse from the spirit. On the other hand the spirit is activity and power itself. It is the master of matter. Still as I see you here, matter prevents or hampers the expansion of your intellect and the power of your will. I appeal to your own conscience you feel that you can and should know a great deal more than you do; that the power of your will is very limited and could be immensely greater. You feel in you a longing, a craving to be freed from the obstacles that your mind may take its flight into the Infinity of internal truth and power. Yes, those bonds of slavery must be broken down, but to do so you must exert yourself, yes, you must evolve the innate power that still lies half dormant in your mind. Rouse up from that deadly slumber and you will soon feel the glorious

effects. Today I will give you the golden key which will unlock the treasure room of infinite truth and power. To encourage and assist you in this lofty endeavor, I cannot do better than relate the experience of our own race and kindred in this matter.

“We, the inhabitants of the glorious Sun, we were once standing on the same level where you are now. We had wings like you. In our beautiful home we lived in comfort and contentment. We served the Supreme Being with fervent devotion and faithfulness. Like you we felt that our intellect could know immensely more than it did; that our mind was tied to and too much controlled by matter, to let it fly up into the vast domains of infinite truth. Still our firm hope in God’s almighty goodness and kindness sustained us in our joyful submission to His Holy will. These same feelings are in your hearts. We admitted, as you do, that craving for more and more knowledge was the work of God Himself, and, therefore, not to deceive us, He once had to gratify it and that He would make us sit on the steps of His Throne of Divine Majesty and give us a clear vision into His Infinite Perfection. As time flowed on, this inherent desire grew more intense and our hope stronger. So we had lived for one hundred thousand years. The hope was still unfulfilled, but our craving for eternal truth had grown unbearable. In our inner nature we felt an impulse we had never felt before, an impulse of self-reliance and self-exertion. Without reserve we plunged into the deepest secrets of nature. Our mental faculties began to evolve, develop and expand, our knowledge to swell rapidly, matter could not hamper any longer the flight of our mind. Our body became lighter and lighter until we threw off our wings and without them soared in the skies with more facility and ease. Our material envelope obeyed at the bidding of our will. At last we were able to shake it off or to take it up again at our own pleasure. Our spirit controlled matter not matter our spirit any more. We travelled now far and wide to the confines of the Universe in search of that Supreme Being, we had served so long and so faithfully. Did we find that Infinite God? Yes, but not in the shape we had always pictured Him in our mind. This, we discovered now, was nothing else than an imagination, a delusion. It was only an idol, we had adored and worshipped. We broke that idol to atoms. We had found the true Infinite in our own mind. We are the Gods of the Universe, so will you be, if you do as we did.’”

“We were horrified at these last blasphemous utterings. In a piercing cry we yelled to that malign messenger: ‘Away from

here, you genius of evil! Away with your falsehoods and blasphemies! Away from us, you horrible monster in nature!

"This aroused the infernal imposter to a foaming rage. He overloaded us with the vilest epithets. His last words to us were:

"'Yes, I leave you to your fate, you cursed and stubborn race of men. Be and forever remain the slaves of your Despot.'"

"We fell trembling on our knees and made the Sacred Sign of the Blessed Trinity. Oh, what a sudden change in the scene. Flames issued from the mouth and eyes of our tempter. We saw him writhing and wriggling in pain and torture. He lifted his hands towards Heaven and cried:

"'Oh, You, God Almighty, Supreme Sovereign of the Universe, you created me the most perfect and beautiful being of your realm and then crushed me and threw me with my faithful followers from before your Throne of Infinite Majesty into the deepest abyss of eternal misery and despair. Was this not enough for Your glory? Why torment me still more? I challenge you. All Powerful Tyrant, punish me as much as you wish. I will not serve You. Annihilate me, if You dare. I hate You.'"

"The infernal Titan had hardly time to finish the last word, when he was wrapped in flames, that sprung from the air, which encircled him. That is the last we saw of him. Gnashing of teeth, hissing of rage came from the center of the blaze and then all vanished, but such an unbearable stench spread over that region that we left it in a hurry and scattered again throughout the Planet."

"Ough!" ejaculated Charley, "that was verily a Satanic oration."

"Surely," I joined in, "and an eloquence bristling with truth and falsehood, entangled in right and wrong logic, so somewhat similar to the methods of our infidel philosophers."

"And," remarked Balva, "not very much unlike to that of the serpent which tempted your first Mother Eve."

"True," I replied, "but there was poor logic there."

"No wonder," concluded the incorrigible Charley "that old scoundrel Satan knew full well that to use much logic with women is only wasting time."

CHAPTER XI.

A TOUR ON THE PLANET JUPITER.

From what we had learned of these admirable men any one with a sound mind must infer that they were the real stuff safely to form a socialistic communistic or anarchistic community. But shall we find such communities here the same as on Earth? Moreover these happy people find in their blessed abode all that physical nature can wish for, and this without toil or labor, as the following shall show.

For quite a number of days we had remained near our landing place, and carefully watched the people around and got pretty well acquainted with them and their blessed region and felt a great desire to enlarge our knowledge and go on an extensive trip.

One morning we brought the subject before Balva and Dezoo.

"All right," was their simple answer. "Let us start at once."

Reader, remember this is on Jupiter, not on Earth. On this last region of toil and vicissitudes, such a proposal as that of our friends would be folly. Indeed going on a long journey on Earth is not such an easy job.

First, you must have your pocket stuffed up with plenty of money, else you are not respected, or you can not get along at all.

Second, if you do not want to look shabby at the end of the first day, already, you must drag with you a little dry goods store of your own, put it in a solid, heavy trunk that can stand any roughness of the railroad officials, lucky for you if you have not to chaperon some lady friends along. The thing then becomes more serious. One trunk may do for yourself, but for every lady there will certainly be three or four additional ones. They must change at least three times a day, you know, that they may always look fresh and charming.

Third, you will have to look up your Geography, so that you do not take the wrong route and awake some morning in San Francisco, while you wanted to go to Quebec. After this is fixed satisfactorily you may go and buy your ticket. That will not give much trouble if you have the cash to pay for it. You are ready now to board the train. She may be five or six hours late. You may grumble. It won't help you a bit. You have to wait. At

last the welcome whistle is heard. Now, you may step in. Hold on, your three fair companions first. You have to lift them up or rather carry like helpless children into the car. That's the fashion, you cannot forego it, without being called a "brute." You follow now like the venerable abbot after his monks. But the car is filled. Your pretty charges look anxiously out for a seat. You beg, you beseech to find one. You partly succeed. You strike a melancholic and stubborn bachelor. He does not care a snap for your ladies. He will not stir. You are just going to fight him out of his seat, when a gallant youngster relieves you from these extreme measures by offering you his for your last charge. And you? Well, you hang down from the straps overhead or go and lie down on the top of the car, if you wish, for room and fresh air. It may not always be as bad as that, but at any rate you are not half through your trip, when often enough you will think: "Would, I were home again sitting in my peaceful armchair." But you are in for it now and you have to go through with it, and you may thank your stars if you return home without collision, wrecks or telescoping of cars and without some broken ribs or limbs.

Such things are impossible on the grand Jupiter. No danger anywhere, ease and comfort everywhere. In nature's dress you are always fashionable. Money will not make you respectable if you are not so otherwise. No ladies to bother you. No roads to lose your bearings. No hotels, you do not need them, you find plenty of provisions wherever you travel. Everywhere you are at home, everywhere you are amongst your best friends. No care, no sollicitude for anything. Just go ahead and travel. This is the way we started on our journey. Our two friends accompanied us. They could have gone on their wings of course, but they followed our example and went afoot too. They were better pedestrians than we were. After awhile we got tired, while they looked quite fresh still. They saw our predicament and invited us to sit down and take a rest and some refreshments. It was just on my lips, to tell our kind companions that we were able now to continue our way, when Balva made a peculiar whistling. It did not last long, when six majestic lions came galloping towards us with a roar that resounded, like thunder. Charley and myself, we jumped up to take to our heels or climb some tree. Our friends kept us back, saying: "Be not afraid, they are pets."

Indeed they were. They ran right up to us and lay down at our feet wagging their tail and looking at us with wistful eyes, as if to say: "Here we are, what is your command?" Their general shape was that of the feline kind. On their feet they stood

higher than any horse I ever saw. Their manes were long and thick. They nearly touched the ground. They were the true kings of the forest

"What a royal team that would make on Broadway, New York," said Charley. "Are all wild animals tame on this Planet?" he went on not noticing the contradiction in the very wording.

"There are no wild animals here," replied Balva. "There never were."

"It is quite contrary on Earth," philosophized Charley. "There the original stock seems to have all been wild and it is with the greatest painstaking that we can get some tameness into them, and when left alone, they all return to their wild state again."

Balva and Dezoo had read the Bible with the utmost delight and knew it better than we did, hence Dezoo's answer:

"It is clear from your Sacred History, that before the fall of your first parents, all animals were tame and quite friendly and submissive to man. Sin brought the whole change. When man became rebel to God, the animals became rebel to man."

It was time to continue our journey and mount our magnificent steeds. Our tall friends had to give us a lift to get on the lion's back. They warned us to use the long manes as lines to hold us steady only, not to guide our animals, they would follow the front ones. The caravan lined up. Balva and Dezoo in the lead. Charley and myself in the middle followed in the rear by the two lions without riders.

I noticed now for the first time a queer power in these men. When they wanted to make their lion turn to the left, they did not pull the manes but pressed between their fingers the manes on the right and the animal would turn to the left or vice versa. They told me that by so doing they sent an electric current from their body to the brains of the animal and pressing only on one mane they made a circuit, which the animal could not help following. The body of these men were verily electric batteries under the immediate control of their will.

While we thus paraded on our lions, instead of being preceded by a music band, we had a concert above our heads. The birds are well represented here, are of a rich, multicolored and brilliant plumage, all are sweet singers, every kind warbles its own tune; all day long they vied with each other to celebrate the glory of God and give delight to man. They, too, recognize men as their masters and are familiar with and attached to them. Balva and Dezoo had merely to stretch out their arms as an invitation and these minstrels of the sky would come and perch upon their

hands and arms, execute their lovely concert and fly away again with glee.

Another scene came suddenly upon us, which would throw anybody into hysterical laughters. On either side of our trail a herd of monkeys were chasing each other in the trees. As soon as we came in sight they stopped their playful performance and put themselves in a position of soldiers presenting arms to their high officers. Their funny grinning, however, in contrast with the serious and solemn expression of their face made the whole thing extremely ludicrous. Even our two-winged companions could not help laughing heartily, and this was the greatest treat for Charley.

"Let us stop for awhile," he appealed to us.

We dismounted and sat down on the soft grass like kings on their throne. Dezoo made a sound, which our Jupiter monkeys seemed to understand directly. They climbed from the trees, walked erect towards us and posed before our caravan in rank and file. The outward resemblance of these monkeys with ourselves was so striking, that we were tempted to stretch out the hand of fellowship. Especially Charley was enthused with an old fellow, who could pride himself on a long flowing beard.

"Ha! hah!" laughed Charley. "That fellow looks nearly like the old school master of my native village. If there is wisdom in spectacles put a 'pince nez' on him and he could take the place of that schoolmaster. I hardly think the boys would notice the difference."

The fact is that, erect and tailless, as they are, the bodily shape of these apes is more human than that of many negroes of Central Africa and certainly more so than that of the aborigenes of Australia, as pictured by Captain Cook. If the reader is of the Darwinistic faith, he may think for himself.

"Hurrah! At last I have found the so long searched for 'Lost Link.' How in the world did he get here? They have no wings like the Jupiter men."

"Hold on, my friend, I can help you a little to disentangle the riddle. You know the Book of Wisdom states it clearly, that there is nothing new under the Sun. May be then a couple of millions of years ago the 'Lost Link,' just before it hatched out, the rational animal was more practical although not quite so scientific as his rival, the modern man of today. In this way the 'Lost Link' had already invented the perfect flying machine or airship, before it became the immediate Papa of man. May be the first generations of their rational offspring went all right, but

a million of years or so ago the descendants of the 'Lost Link' began to degenerate. Instead of continuing the forward and upward evolution, they had inherited from their grandfather, the monkey, and from their father, the 'Lost Link,' they took the downward way, against all the principles of Darwin. They forgot everything about the flying machine and airship. This situation threatened to become a catastrophe, by which all the evolutionized species would return to their 'Ursleim' or protoplasm ancestors again. The 'Lost Link' saw this. The instinct of self preservation was strongly aroused in him; he did not want to be swallowed up in this universal backward evolution. One fine morning, then, the whole family strapped on their wings or embarked in their airship and emigrated. Not one member of the 'Lost Link' race remained behind. After a long and eventful journey they arrived on Jupiter and settled down. The leaders put their heads together and to stamp out any homesickness they burned and made a bonfire of all their wings and airships. 'Yes,' may object a modern thinker, 'but the 'Lost Link' reasoned wrong and made a mistake. The human race is now as progressive as ever.'"

"Granted," I answer. "This lack of reasoning shows clearly that it was really the 'Lost Link' with his incomplete reasoning faculty."

I opine this monkey story thus far is as good as any, and may satisfy the most fanatic Darwinist, though I must confess it does not satisfy me, because I never could get rid of the self-evident truth it is not the shape of the body that makes an animal rational but the reason that presides over it.

Howsoever all this may be, the Jupiter monkeys are still standing there before us grinning with delight. Balva and Dezoo went to the same tree whence our monkeys descended a moment before, and picked some fruit. The apes followed the operation with greedy looks.

"This fruit," said Dezoo, "is destined for man only. No other animal will touch or eat it, with the exception of the monkey, who is very fond of it, but still will never meddle with it unless presented to him by our own hands."

Balva and Dezoo offered fruit to every individual. They grabbed at it with both hands and devoured it with eagerness as the greatest delicacy. Then they were dismissed as they climbed into the trees again, while we mounted our lions to proceed on our way. On our journey we used all kinds of animals as a conveyance, some of which it was impossible to classify. I will describe still a couple of them.

One was the equine genus. A peculiar whistling was sounded by one of our friends and soon four magnificent steeds came rushing out of the forest with their tails skywards, their heads high up and laughing as only a horse can laugh, when his master brings him his oats. Their shape was that of the zebra striped as the zebra is, but of colossal size. They made the most imposing and attractive impression. They stood there before us dancing with delight that they were called to do duty, like the army horse will dance at the sound of the music band. We had to be helped on their back again.

To another I could not attach any other name than that of the "Animal Boat." We arrived namely at the banks of a large river several miles in width. WE wanted to cross it. No trouble for our two friends. They could easily cross over either by swimming or flying. It was another case with ourselves. So while we were taking some refreshments Balva whistled in a deep tone and far out from shore we saw something rise, an indescribable head and looked around. The strange animal seemed to have risen from the very deep. It began to swim towards the banks—its back appeared on the surface. All I could conclude was that it was an aquatic monster of enormous dimensions. When it reached shallow water it began to walk on four legs with webbed and large feet. It was a strange and extremely funny sight.

As long as the animal was in deep water it was impossible to say what it looked like, hardly had it reached shallow water when it began to walk very slowly and showed distinctly its enormous size. It was almost one hundred feet long and twenty in width with an extraordinary large tail and head. From each side of its head rose a thick strong horn, straight up to the height of three feet, thence it turned straight towards the back end of the animal and terminated where the tail began. When the monster reached dry land it ascended the gentle slope with a slow, heavy but steady step, showing that its large webbed feet were mainly intended for swimming and not for walking. In due time it reached us and posed before us with a grunt of delight that it was called out from the deep to render service to its lords and masters. We were just taking out our breakfast. Balva waved his hand to the animal in sign that its service was not needed yet and it went off grazing around lustily.

"This is a delicacy to this animal, which the gentle beast does not enjoy very often," remarked Dezoo, "as it never ventures on shore, unless when called out by us, and this seldom happens."

When we had finished our lunch we descended to the edge of the river. A soft whistling drew the attention of the grazing animal. It looked up and at once began tottering in our direction. This certainly did not look like a land automobile, but rather like a stranded ship trying to loosen itself from an uncongenial element. As soon as our living boat reached us, he launched himself leaving only his long broad tail as a connecting link between stream and shore. Over this unusual gang-plank we went on deck or on his back, which was covered with soft and stubby hair, like a magnificent carpet. An electric signal was given by Balva. This he did by ticking on the animal's horn with which constituted the leaning of the ship going from his head to where the tail begins. With these electrical signals our friends could pilot that live craft in any direction they pleased safer and quicker than any steerman could with a steamer, provided with the most perfect machinery. Hardly had our queer motor boat lost ground from under his pedals when he shot off like an arrow, with such rapidity that at that rate a Steamboat could make the voyage from New York to Liverpool in two days. The scene was a strange and novel one. It proved too much for Charley. It shook his whole sportive soul with the juvenile glee of the campus day. He danced and jumped about and tried several risky summersaults until he went over the horny rails and dived several yards under the waves. It was all so sudden. Charley rose to the surface but did not make any attempt to swim, though he was a champion swimmer. I yelled to him: "Swim then, Charley." This brought him back to his senses. He began to paddle with hands and feet towards the ship. Meantime Balva had backed up our self motor towards him, and Charley swam up the deck again over the animal's tail. I must state to Charley's credit that he did not perpetrate any antics any more during this voyage. When we came in the middle of the large stream our friends stopped the animal ship, which lay motionless on the surface of the water. No anchors were needed.

This afforded us a marvelous sight of the wealth of fish on Jupiter. Our electric friends had merely to stretch out their hands into the clear crystalline water, when shoals after shoals of the funny tribe fled to the attractive spot, and small and large vied with each other to be petted. Their colors were all of the greatest brilliancy and showed off the softest contrast of the shades we notices in the rainbows. As the rays of the Sun penetrated the transparent surface one could almost imagine a

rich crazy quilt or the most finely hued tapestry moving under the waves.

From our stand, too, the immense stream was a delightful scene. It was more regular than they ever will make the huge Panama Canal. As far as our eyes could reach, there was not a curvature in its course. As our friends told us there is no real Ocean on their Planet. All the large streams engirdle that Globe, and of course there is no source nor mouth to them. These large rivers are, however, connected with each other by smaller ones. In this way the whole Planet has a subsoil irrigation which gives perpetual life to grass, plants and trees.

We passed the whole day on the river to our greatest delight. About sundown we stepped on land again on the opposite bank. Our chartered animal steamer was discharged, and while he returned to his watery home, we searched for a convenient sleeping place under the shadow of some trees.

"Well," may remark here some spoiled child of wealth, "it is poetical all right to pass the night under the starry heavens and drop down into the arms of Morpheus, while the moon is laughing at you and interpreting your fantastic dreams, but at the same time to lie on a moist soil, in rain and wind, in cold and heat, crawled over and tortured by insects, this is extremely prosaical." May be so, but that offspring of degenerated civilization should know that things are not so bad here as he imagines. Indeed the ground upon which you lie down here to sleep is not hard but soft, not moist but pleasantly dry, no creeping animals, no insects, no flies, no mosquitoes, in short no animals of any kind in this Edenic Garden to molest or bother man, asleep or awake. You pick your wholesome supper from the branches above, you lie down contented and thanking God for all His bounties and you awake at Sunrise entirely refreshed. No rain in this Jupiter land while all roots get their moisture from the subsoil irrigation of streams and streamlets, a kind of light, warm and beneficent mist drops down at night which endows the leaves and grass with a perpetual green of rich color. No, no, there is no prose here, it is all poetry and real poetry, too, not one of fancy and imagination. Surely, if the thousands of tramps who roam over Uncle Sam's Dominion would know of the blessed state of affairs on Jupiter, they all would emigrate hither, if they had a chance to reach the Planet by some other means than walking the track, and the Grand Uncle would certainly be glad to get rid of his undesirable wards.

CHAPTER XII.

SOCIALISM, COMMUNISM AND ANARCHISM
COMBINED.

In the preceding chapters the attentive reader must already have drawn the conclusion for himself, that under such fortunate conditions, as rule on Jupiter, social inequalities, property either public, common or private and human authority, would not only be useless but detrimental to the happiness of these perfect specimens of man. We may put it stronger though. Exact Philosophy asserts that nothing can exist without a sufficient reason. On Jupiter, under the supposed conditions, there is not the least reason for the existence of human authority or ownership of any description, hence they cannot exist there, nor do they exist. Nay, there are plenty of reasons for the contrary, hence Socialism, Communism and Anarchism in their respective meaning of "Perfect equality, Absence of ownership, and Lack of all human authority" is the natural state on that blessed Planet.

These thoughts occupied my mind one morning, when we intended to take a day of rest in our continued wanderings. We were sitting under the shade of a gigantic fruit tree. Balva was at my side.

"Mr. Balva," I said, "can no one of you call anything his own on this Globe?"

"Why should he?" was the curt answer. "Such private ownership would be useless and worthless to him. Anywhere he finds abundance of all things of which he can make use for his subsistence and comfort, and no one can or will prevent him to use it. Moreover, we do nothing nor confer anything whatever in the production of what is necessary or useful for our physical life or happiness. It is all brought forth spontaneously for us by God's kind Providence. There is nothing in it of our own. It is quite different on your Planet. The soil and climate there may spontaneously produce for the brute animals all that is needed for their subsistence because the Earth was not cursed on their account. For sinful man the soil will hardly generate of itself for his subsistence or comfort. He has to squeeze it out of it at the sweat of his brow. Therefore, in the production of all these things man acquires an inherent ownership to them, because he puts something of his own in it. His labor, whether muscular or

brainy labor, no one can take this natural property from him, unless he freely gives it away."

"So then," concluded Charley, "one can take here without work or trouble, all the luxuries he can wish for, and if he grasps more he makes merely a fool of himself. But on this magnificent abode, there are no fools, they are all sensible and wise people. On Earth, if there was a super-abundance of all kinds of luxuries, there would be still greedy fools enough to appropriate to themselves a useless accumulation."

"It is evident," said Dezoo, "that on account of weakened mental faculties and inordinate moral dispositions, as man on Earth has to struggle with, many will abuse of God's most liberal gifts."

"What about Communism?" I asked. "As it is, there is neither private nor common ownership amongst you. Amongst us there are some perhaps well-intentioned social reformers who want to establish common ownership and abolish all private property. In this system all property should belong to the Community alias the State. In this way they intend to equalize wealth and comfort among the individual members."

"Dezoo answered: "In abstract this seems to be plausible. In practice it presents quite another view. Property comes from individual work or individual production. This is a natural right, which even the State can not take away from the owner unless it is for the public good and in that case the State can only act as a privileged buyer and give the owner a reasonable compensation. For the rest the Government is neither a worker nor a producer, and can in this way not acquire any property. Now, then, can the State acquire such a general and absolute ownership of all things?"

"I see no other way," I interposed, "than by the voluntary transfer of their property to the State by all the members of the Community."

"Yes," said Balva, "theoretically, such transfer could be done, if all the members were willing and the Communistic System could be inaugurated. They could abdicate in favor of the State all their personal property and individual products. To bring this about you must first make them all of one mind and one will. This is practically impossible in a Community of any importance among your race, not only on account of their corrupt moral nature and selfishness, but still more because it is quite in accordance with right, reason and justice that any one shall enjoy the profit of his own hands. Moreover, the members of that

Communitistic State cannot pledge to the Government the properties of or products of their successors. Hence that general Government ownership would not possess any stability. This stability would be very precarious, too, because the Government not being a producer, all that creates wealth and luxuries, subsistence and comfort, must come from the labor of the individuals. This would check the individual initiative and cause poverty instead of wealth. This is surely not the aim of your Socialists and Communists? There would be also a great many producers with or without their fault. For the last ones a feeling of fellowship may let it pass, but the lazy idlers would disturb the whole system. No reasonable man would work for such unworthy citizens."

"Why," fell in Charley, "I would whip those lazy fellows into work, like my grandfather did on the plantation."

"Yes, but that is not contained in the socialistic charter," retorted Dezoo. "It would be slavery, and the Government or rather the State Officials would be slaveholders. This is a condition unworthy of any rational being. In fact, the ultimate result will be: This degrading slavery, or poverty and starvation or the breaking up of that whole communistic dream."

"What about Anarchism?" turned in Charley once more. "Let every one shift for himself and God for us all. Is there not perfect Anarchism on this privileged Sphere?"

"True," replied Balva, "we have no kings, no rulers, no laws, made by man, no teachers, no army, no generals, no courts, no jails. In our Anarchism, however, God is not ignored, not banished from our midst as your Anarchists try to do. We find joy in complying with all His laws and commands, there is nothing that incites us to quarrels or rupture of the peace. It is quite different with your race. If you Anarchists do not recognize the human authority, which moral degradation of your race and the nature of your society has made necessary in order to sustain public peace and protect life and property, they would be in a worse condition than your brute animals in wilds and forests. Without human authority but with the recognition of God's authority this last would to a certain degree check at least the human inordinate tendencies, but it would be insufficient, as there will be always a great many among you whose passions cannot be moderated than by rod and jail. Your whole history gives us full evidence of this. From all this it is clear that man on Earth needs the rule of human as well as of Divine authority. Absolute Socialism, Communism and Anarchism is in contradiction with your nature and the conditions under which you live."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

The question on Socialism was not exhausted yet, and after taking some refreshments, the friendly and interesting debate started up again.

"It is clear," I began, "that the Socialism, Communism and Anarchism as you enjoy it here are impossible in our abode of contrast and misery. Are there, however, no possible substitutes for them, which may lighten somewhat the burdensome life for the Earth dwellers and soften the pangs that affect all the arteries of humanity?"

"Well," responded Balva, "you are in possession of an inspired book, which contains the germ of your perfect happiness in temporal and eternal life. We read it through with great interest. Every page breathes the infinite kindness of God towards your race. It made our hearts beat with sorrow and pity for the poor Earthly man, who let himself be deceived at the start by the greatest fiend in God's beautiful creation. And they still go on to be duped by him or his followers in mankind. With grief in our hearts did we see in those inspired pages the terrible consequences of the fall of your first parents, but in the midst of vice, ruin and wreck, we see with delight and admiration loom up the Divine and Central figure spreading light in the darkness through His Heavenly doctrine and stretching out a helping hand to your crippled and degenerated race, pouring out a mighty stream of grace over men, a stream which will never dry up as long as there are sinners on Earth. These mysteries of the Son of God made man, of the God-Man dying on the Cross to redeem you made our hearts thrill and instilled in us the highest esteem and respect for the human race of which the Son of God became a member. The doctrine of your Divine Teacher does not aim only at the salvation of your soul, but also at the reformation of the very unfortunate condition of your social life. Both, however, are intimately connected so that the one can not be elevated without the other being enhanced, the one can not be lowered without the other suffering from it. There can, of course, be no question of Anarchism of any kind. Your fallen nature prevents that Divine Authority alone would have much effect amongst you. You need a human authority, religious and civil, to straighten up things in the wavering of your mind and heart and the confusion of your

social intercourse. Perfect physical equality is also impossible among you as it is. You cannot introduce it among you by any means at your disposition. Why then bother your head about this?

"Communism, too, as a general mode of living, is entirely out of the question, because private property is the natural effect of your condition."

"How about our cloisters and convents?" interrupted Charley.

"What are they?" asked Balva. "We do not know them."

"Oh," I came in, "they are really communistic societies of religious and pious men and women promising to God to live in perfect obedience, poverty and chastity, only the Community owns property but no individual member. Even all that the members produce by their labor of brains or hands belongs to the community, while the members live on this common wealth and product under their Superiors."

"I understand now," said Balva. "It is a higher and more spiritual life than the common life according to the counsels of your Divine Teacher. But you can certainly not introduce this among your whole race. The only thing possible on Earth is Christian Socialism or Socialism of Charity. This would equalize things a great deal and wipe out many miseries, dry up many tears and abolish real poverty. This is not a mere counsel, which you may follow or leave alone, this is not a phantastic system. This Socialism of Charity is commended by your God-Man Jesus, it is clearly and plainly proclaimed to your race in His sublime Precept: 'Love your neighbor as yourself for God's sake.'

"This precept should be the heading of the Charter of any Civil Government, as it is the main command in your religious Government and the soul and life of your Church. This love does not mean mere natural attraction on account of resemblance. This is found even among the brutes."

"Birds of one feather flock together," quoted Charley.

"If you like your neighbor," continued Balva, "because he has some resemblance with you, it cannot be called 'love,' it is only a natural impulse that draws you. If you love him for his kindness and liberality to you, name it gratitude if you love him for his intellectual or moral qualities it is 'esteem.' This last comes the nearest to the sweet word of 'love,' but it is not the evangelical love. This must be for 'for God's sake,' and not for any other reason. You must love your neighbor as yourself for God's sake, commands the Divine Teacher. 'As yourself' means

'Do for your neighbor, what you would reasonably do for yourself under the same circumstances.' Christ, of course, knew your nature perfectly well and adapted His precept to the low level of your moral qualities. If you, men of the Earth had to love your neighbor for his own sake, you would not find many deserving of it. Therefore, He elevates your love to a higher standard so that you cannot make any exception. You must love even the lowest creature among your race. This is a command and obligation. There is mention, however, of a higher love still in the doctrine of your God-Man. This is a love of sacrifice, heroic love. This is not a command but a counsel only as you have several other evangelical counsels. As Jesus gave you the first example of that love sacrifice beginning in the stable of Bethlehem, continuing in a life of poverty and putting a bloody crown on it at the Sacrifice of the Cross. Though not of obligation this love of sacrifice if generally practiced amongst you, would put a crown of happiness on your social intercourse and well nigh realize the golden dream of equality of your socialists."

"Unfortunately," stepped in Charley, "again not one of our Socialists is fit for such a heroic virtue."

"I know," replied Balva, "it is because he ignores God and the teaching of Christ. Still, it is the only means to produce that equality in the use of wealth which his system proclaims. Endowed with this heroic love he would divide cheerfully with his brother, if he noticed this one enjoys less of it than himself. But this love is not of any obligation whatever, and just for this very reason you can not impose it on anybody nor generally introduce it among you. The only thing left to level your social equalities is the command of charity as enacted by Jesus Christ. This, however, will have little effect on the universal conditions of your society, unless first of all the reign of strict justice is generally established and rigidly maintained. Where justice is lacking there cannot be question of charity. The observance of this law will leave to the author the just fruit of his labor, while it will prevent the rich and wealthy to undervalue the price of that production. The laborer could then have an unshaken trust in his employer and the last one could put full confidence in his employe, without watching him at every step. This justice must be taken according to reason and the doctrine of your Divine Social Reformer. Though with regard to the principles of justice the civil authority must follow as its guide the dictates of right reason and principally the teachings of Christ's Church and the Gospel, the practice and application of these theories lies in the province

of any lawful Government. Indeed, the only reason for the existence of civil authority is the protection of the rights of them, who trusted themselves to its paternal care. Therefore, it is the strict duty of any Government to make all its laws in accordance with strict justice as proclaimed by Christ, reason and the teaching of the Christian Church and punish any violation of this law of justice. The law of charity, as such, does not belong here nor to the civil Government, hence it never comes under the heading of strict justice. To impose this duty and to enforce it through the means of persuasion, this in a special way belongs to the Church established by Christ. The only thing civil authority can and should do in this is to protect the free exercise of charitable works.

“If now strict justice is generally maintained, it will have prepared an easy way to establish the general reign of mutual charity. Any one in need among you will find ready help, and though there never will be an equality of wealth, still there would be certainly an equality of the friendly intercourse and enjoyment of social and physical life. As far as your present conditions allow it would make you return once more to the happy life of Eden. This would be not Communism, which is impossible for you as a general system but true Christian Socialism, a Socialism of charity. You must be convinced that Anarchism is out of the question anywhere amongst your race, whether in religion or civil Government. You always will be in need of human authority approved by God.”

CHAPTER XIV.

A MONKEY SENSATION.

We had travelled now a long distance. We must have covered as much road as if we had made three trips around the Earth. Nothing had escaped our attention in this new and admirable world. We were very far from our starting point. Everywhere we found the identical form of innate conditions, whether intellectual, moral, social or physical. Our own nature seemed to have undergone a partial change in the midst of that blessed atmosphere. Our intellect was as if it had taken wings, the moral power of our will was increased, even our physical nature had shared somewhat among those surroundings of ease and comfort. I may agree here with Darwin, that better surroundings may bring a change for the better in plant or animal, but this is very far from

the assertion of that same versatile naturalist and philosopher that such a change of environments will or can change the nature of that animal or plant, or transfer it to another and higher species. Put a man, or for that matter a monkey, in Heaven and they will remain what they are, man or monkey. Man, however, will find there plenty of food for his intellectual power and development; the monkey would not find there anything to better its condition. It may imitate the movements of the human body, it could not monkey with the intellectual activity of Angels.

We certainly felt a strong influence in these religious meetings that were held every morning and night on that favored Globe. We would not miss them now for anything, it was a great feast for us every time.

A strange thing happened one night when we were entirely absorbed in those pious devotions. Balva and Deezoo took active part that night in the ceremonies. Charley and myself were standing on the outskirts of the meeting grounds. In the midst of my devout meditations I was aroused by Charley standing at my side.

"Look yonder," he muttered, pointing with his finger to a distant part of the opposite side of the large space at the moment that all the worshippers lay flat on the ground. "A couple of monkeys attending the religious worship. They surely are Jupiter monkeys with a religious ambition."

"Hush!" I answered. I got just time enough to glance at them with some attention, when the worshippers were on their feet again and the strange monkeys disappeared from view. After the ceremony the queer incident had escaped our memory, as our minds and hearts were taken up with pious thoughts and aspirations. I had seen enough though to make me believe that there were two real Jupiter monkeys that had been attracted by these solemn exercises.

Silently we loitered to our sleeping place under the green umbrella of a tree. That night I dreamed that I was roaming through Southern Asia. When I came to on the border of a thick forest on the slope of a high mountain, my eye caught a most charming panorama. An immense valley lay before me encircled by forest covered hills. Three magnificent rivers flowed through it in serpentine fashion, amongst flowers and rows of gigantic trees laden not only with the golden fruit of the Hesperides but with the most various kinds that may tempt the taste of man.

"Oh," I soliloquized, "this must be the long searched for Garden of Eden."

Hardly had I finished, when from under the thick foliage of trees I spied two handsome figures—a giant of a man with symmetrical form and a good-sized woman with the attractions of a Madonna of Raphael playing like innocent children with a couple of majestic lions. “And Adam and Eve,” I muttered, “are still there, too.” I was just running down hill to join them in their frolicking when a rude pull at my ears made it all vanish.

“What are you doing, Fred?” I heard Charley say. “Are you philosophizing, poetizing or dramatizing?”

“Why do you awake me, Charley?” I complained. “I just found the secluded spot in Asia that science in vain has tried to discover. I found it with all its beauties, and Adam and Eve were there still.”

“This Eden is good enough for us,” argued Charley.

“Never mind that,” I concluded, “I am awake now and it is time to be so.”

At breakfast, Charley still teased me about my dream, when he stopped suddenly and exclaimed:

“What do I hear? French sounds?”

I listened attentively.

“Yes, yes,” I said, “so it is. They must be your monkeys of last night,” I joked.

We both jumped up, leaving our meal half finished, and raced like hares in the direction of the sounds followed overhead by our two flying friends. We did not run very far, when our two French monkeys galloped towards us in full speed, too. I was soon in the embrace of one who, according to Parisian etiquette, hugged me and nearly crushed my bones.

“Oh,” he cried, “you here, Mr. Hartford?” How happy, how infinitely happy I am to see you again.”

“I also am extremely glad we meet once more,” I could not help saying, while more from the crushing than from the emotional excitement two tears rolled over my cheeks. A few steps from Mr. Clemenceau and myself another collision occurred between Charley and the other monkey, alias Mr. Santos Dumont, but more in an every-day style, i. e., with a hearty handshake.

After a general mutual greeting, we all sat down to finish the second half of our breakfast, after which we cross-examined each other.

“How did you strand on this Planet, Mr. Dumont?” started out Charley.

“Excuse me,” interposed Mr. Clemenceau, “if I answer for my friend. He may not like to tell the story straight, and he has

plenty of reasons for that. Hear me then. Young men, and it ought to be so, are commonly very ambitious and follow the Yankee principle: Aim high and you will reach far. You know Mr. Santos Dumont is half a Yankee anyhow. It went then this way: Mr. Dumont is the most famous and clever Aeronaut on the face of the Earth. He did not want to lose the championship through his mighty competitor, Mr. Stuart. Well, then, he surely flew high but so high that he lost his bearings and did not know where he was in the wide expanse of the heavens. At last we got stuck, the blamed ship did not want to go up or down. There we were in a state of despair. How it happened I do not know, but suddenly there came motion in the sleep. Our Aircraft began to whirl around and was taken up by a whirlwind column of some kind of stuff, I cannot define. Neither of us remember what further happened as we remained senseless until we found ourselves drifting freely in the attraction of this splendid Globe. We could do nothing else than land, and we did this very far from here."

"Well, Mr. Clemenceau," I added, we have about the same story to tell, but I waver if it was the same column. Why did we not see each other when taken up or thrown out by this strange Automobile and why did we land so far from each other?"

"These whirling columns," said Balva, "are frequent in some parts of the heavens. If both Airships were swallowed up by the same one it was not at the same time. A little difference here in time makes an enormous difference in distance travelling upwards and on a level at a rate of two hundred miles a minute. No wonder that you did not see each other neither when you entered nor when you left that airy conveyance. This explains also why you landed so far apart."

CHAPTER XV.

FAMILIAR CHATS.

Charley was in a teasing mood. He asked the Frenchman: "Were you at Church last night, Mr. Clemenceau?"

"Of course, I was," he answered, "the most impious infidel could not help to have religion here and worship at these admirable services, not only with respect but with the greatest devotion and relish."

"That is right," continued Charley, "but that is not what I was aiming at. Do you know we took you for a couple of monkeys?"

"Ah! Ah!" laughed the Frenchman. "You were not so very wrong after all, young man, speaking for myself at least. I indeed, I was a kind of a foolish monkey the greatest part of my life. I wanted to imitate those who, I thought, were great and famous social reformers without consulting right or reason, thanks to these good men, whom I may call the jewels of humanity. I evolutionized here from a monkey into a reasonable man, notwithstanding the utter falsehood of Darwin's godless system."

"So," I broke in, "you are not a socialist any more."

"More than ever," was his prompt reply, "but a Socialist of the true kind, a Socialist in Jesus Christ. Our Lord was the true and greatest social reformer for sinful mankind, that ever existed or will exist. This change, too, Mr. Hartford, I do not owe either to your Philosophy, how wise and deep it may be, or to the practical sense of the Yankees. It was this perfect mankind and the happiest of all Socialisms I witnessed here which gave another turn to my mind."

"Do you give up your old socialistic principles, Mr. Clemenceau," interrupted Charley.

"Not at all," answered the Frenchman with vivacity. "On the contrary, what I saw here convinced me more and more of their metaphysical truth. Perfect happiness among man is only possible with ample super-abundance of all that is good for the intellectual, moral and physical life of man. This is splendidly exemplified on this Planet. The principles of Socialism, Communism and even Anarchism perfectly agree with the state of affairs here. Theoretically I was all right, practically all wrong. I acted like the alchemist, who wanted to make diamonds out of coal. Earth and its inhabitants with their imperfect nature and corrupt hearts

and the poor physical conditions that rule there, is unfit for perfect, complete Socialism. I wonder now how I could be so blind not to see that."

"It is always the generous heart of Mr. Clemenceau that is at work," remarked Mr. Dumont with a mischievous smile. "When he was a young student his whole mind was set upon becoming a priest and a first-class one, too, in order to devote his whole life to the general interest of mankind to its temporal and eternal bliss. Just then the wave of Liberalism spread over Europe, especially over France. This Liberalism, hatched out from Freemason principles, was a grand, pious hypocrite and at first deceived many noble minds, even among priests and dignataries of the Church. What wonder if my friend with his generous juvenile impetuosity was carried away by it. It was a pity, though, that it turned the current of his noble ambition. The young student persuaded himself that he could do more effective work as a layman, and the priesthood was given up; his studies, however, continued under the direction of avowed Liberal Professors. Then came modern Socialism, the offspring of Literalism. And from its beginning the young man threw himself into the arena and turmoil with heart and soul. Still it was all the fault of his generous ambition."

"Hold on, my friend," scolded Clemenceau. "Why must you betray the greatest secret of my life, a secret which I never revealed, even to my wife and children. If I were not an entirely changed man, though you were always my best friend, I would challenge you, too, but no, you told the truth anyhow. I must look the truth right in its unblemished face, I must mend the wrong in my ways."

"Yes, yes," chimed in Charley, "but you did not tell us what you mean by incomplete Socialism."

"Well," replied the Frenchman, "these giant teachers made me discover it. It is that Socialism which is laid down in the doctrine of that greatest and noblest benefactor of mankind: Jesus Christ, the God-Man of our Lord, a Socialism too much ignored and too much neglected."

"Why, Mr. Clemenceau, you are talking like a priest now," joked Charley.

Mr. Clemenceau smiled. We congratulated him, while I concluded: "We all are in the same ship now under the same flag."

CHAPTER XVI.

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

For several days we dwelled together like brethren and formed a model socialistic community. Not one dared broach the thorny question of separation or return to our old Planet.

Charley broke the ice.

"Mr. Clemenceau," he said, "you are so enthusiastic with these beautiful regions, you will never go back to Earth any more, I suppose now?"

"You are putting rather an indiscreet question," the Frenchman replied. "I can hardly answer it."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Dumont, "I shall answer for my friend and render him the service he rendered me not long since. Certainly, Mr. Clemenceau's most cherished wish would be to stay here for the remainder of his life, but he has in his beautiful France, a devoted wife he can never forget, and several children, who possess all his love."

"And you, Mr. Dumont, can you forget your wife and children who must think that you are dead or have forsaken them, unless you return to them?" retorted Mr. Clemenceau. But you did not say all. I have more peremptory reasons than that to go back to Earth, though I fervently wish I were allowed to remain here. You have no public wrongs to repair. Oh, a sight quivers here before my eyes that makes me tremble my France, my beautiful France, how many thousands did I deceive; I thought I was leading you to serene pastures of peace and happiness, and I aroused a sleeping lion, who has wrought disturbance and destruction from one end of your boundaries to the other. I tore you away from your old religion which was the glory of your flag. I imagined that religion was made abuse of in order to oppress the common people, to subjugate them and keep them poor and miserable. This prompted me to antagonize the Church I loved and revered once. I banished religion and God from laws and courts, from school and family. I closed monasteries, convents and Churches. I sent the noblest children of France into exile. It was all under the pretense of separation between State and Church. I tried to crush the power and beneficent influence of the Church to divinize the Government and make it all powerful without God and without religion. Did I make the people happier, the poor richer or more contented? Alas! my socialistic

system only made a few unscrupulous millionaires on one side and increased poverty a hundredfold on the other. You see, my friends, how necessary it is for me to repair, if possible, the harm I have done to my people and the world, and to do penance for my evil-doings that God and the Angels may forgive me. To perform this I must return to the Earth." He pathetically concluded: "To do penance in this Garden of luxuries and comfort would certainly be an impossibility."

"Oh," consoled Dumont, "we shall take up our Airboat again and cross once more the space between Jupiter and the Earth. We may find our way better now."

"I do not know, Captain," laughed Clemenceau, who had regained his spirits, "it is just as likely that you may miss your bearings again and land me on the Sun or somewhere in the Milky Way. I would be worse off than ever."

"Never mind," interposed one of our Jupiter friends, "one of us will pilot you far enough that you can not miss your Planet."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Clemenceau. "To you, my noble friends, I trust my life, my soul, my all. Dumont, you come along with us. You have a wife and children that need you still. Mr. Stuart and Mr. Hartfordt left nothing behind that they can regret. Let those young men stay here and never see misery again."

"It is evident," remarked Dezoo, that God did not make you for our Planet nor for our kind of life. His Divine Providence favored you in bringing you here and affording you an insight of a race different from yours in many points and a Code of physical laws unknown on your Planet. You had better go back to the Earth all of you and work for the welfare of your brethren, that they may make the best of the struggling conditions under which they labor."

"Let it be so then," sighed Charley, "and if we do not meet each other any more in this World, let us try to meet each other in Heaven."

"Amen," we answered in a chorus, while Clemenceau liked more his French equivalent and chanted above all the others: "Ainsi soit il."

CHAPTER XVII.

PREPARATIONS FOR OUR RETURN TO MOTHER EARTH.

The hour of separation sounded again between the two parties that went up from San Francisco into the unknown regions of the sky and met so strangely on the Planet Jupiter.

Both parties were now far from the airships that were waiting to carry us back to the land of our birth. The farewell was affectionate. Still, we were in the best hopes and spirits.

We had seen all that could interest us of man and land. So each party went his way back to their starting point guided by their respective chaperons. When we reached the familiar spot which we had left so long since, we found everything undisturbed. Our clothing was in the boat covered with the canvas of the Balloon just as we arranged it. We passed a few days with our friends there. Happy moments they were, but they could not last long. The time of our departure had come.

We began to rig out for the return flight to the land of trials. Charley was greatly puzzled. "How in the world shall I get gas and electricity here?" he murmured.

"Never mind that," said our friend. "That is not the first thing we have to prepare. You must have two cabins, one on the fore and the other on the aft end of your craft."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"It is needed for both of you," was the answer, "in case we have to get out or into the attraction of a Planet. Else you will fall out."

Balva and Dezoo betook themselves each to a tree standing near by. They were of enormous size, their trunks measuring about twelve feet in diameter. For a knife they broke off a leaf of the next trees which was stiff and strong like steel, with sharp edges, while the stem of the leaf served as a handle. With this they cut off a strip of the bark. This bark, when fresh, was soft and pliable but soon became strong and hard like oak wood.

But what about nails? Though I did not see any iron nails, nails grew plentifully on trees. They are simply thorns of all sizes, very much pointed, round and stronger than steel nails. So it was that Balva and Dezoo cut off handfuls of these tree-nails, and in no time the cabins were neatly fixed and looked quite handsome.

The next thing was to reload our dead batteries. Balva

took a twig, held one end in his hands, connected the other end with our batteries and charged them so strongly that he had to warn us not to touch them, else we might be electrocuted, while these electric men themselves could handle the most strongly charged live wire with impunity.

And the gas? No gas plants here, sure enough. Our Balloon lay dead on the ground. No worry about it. Our friends know a way out in everything. Charley anchored the canvas to the ground, that it should not take a flight on its own hook and leave us behind. Balva noticed the funnel at each pole of the Balloon.

"What is that for?" he asked. We told him it was to decrease the volume of the inflated Balloon and keep the same weight but occupy less space.

"There are certainly," remarked Balva, "ingenious men among your race."

He took in hand the hose, which was connected with the Balloon, made a hole in the ground with the stick he had used to revive our dynamo, with a hissing sound the clearest, the purest and the lightest gas sprung up, the hose was inserted in the aperture, the Balloon began to wriggle and to swell and soon lay there puffed up to its full capacity impatient to challenge the skies. Balva, who understood things better than the best Aeronaut, made the two funnels ply until the gas in the Balloon seemed to be as hard and as heavy as a block of stone, in the usual size of the football again.

Everything was now ready to start. Thousands of our Jupiter friends were there to see us off. We realized this solemn moment more than I could tell. Our hearts were heavy and extremely sorry. We felt that Divine Providence had not made us to share forever the life of these perfect men in these regions of peace, happiness and luxury. We wanted to don our clothing again. Balva stopped us saying:

"No need of that yet. You shall have plenty of time to do so up in the sky."

We shook hands with every one present, but emotion prevented us from uttering a word. We embarked. The whole crowd waved a last farewell, and up we shot like an arrow. Tears rolled over my cheeks when I had a last glimpse of that happy region I would never see again. I felt like Adam and Eve driven from earthly Paradise. We could not utter a word after we felt that Jupiter had disappeared from our sight and we were alone with our pilot Balva in the upper regions of the heavens.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON OUR WAY BACK TO OLD EARTH.

The vertiginous velocity with which we had ascended made it impossible to calculate the distance we were now from the Planet we left awhile ago. We had also been too much affected by our departure and last farewell to realize that rapidity.

Suddenly our Captain Balva roused us from our deep meditation.

"Soon," he said, "we leave the attraction of Jupiter. I shall have to turn the aft end of the boat towards that Planet. You had better, therefore, go down into the aft cabin and lie flat on the floor of the boat, that you may not be hurled out into space."

So we did. Balva made now the little craft stand on her back end. The Balloon rose in a straight line with the foreend and the length of the ship. Balva himself had taken his feet off the floor and was hanging in mid-air, flapping his wings and working the Motor. It did not last long, when the Balloon seemed to lose all its vitality and dropped underneath the back end of our canoe. Balva's wings, too, ceased flapping and folded on his back while his feet found a resting place on the floor again so that he was standing now at a right angle with our position, that is, Reader, imagine one man walking up the wall of your room and you standing on the floor of that same room. However, it was Balva who was standing on the floor while we two were in reality the acrobatic wall walkers, though it did not look nor feel that way. Balva stood as solid on the floor as we stood against the side of the cabin, or rather I should say vice versa.

Charley took it at any rate as if Balva was standing upon the side of the wall and on the floor and cried:

"Miracle!"

"Oh, no," replied Balva, "this is quite in accordance with the natural laws which rule here. We are out of the attraction of any and all Planets. There is no up or down, no weight whatever in matter. Your body can only be displaced or moved here at the command of your will. You may move it in any position, in any direction, there is no resistance, no friction of any kind. Your mind has the full and only control of its body without any hindrance whatever. You may come out of your cabin now and stand erect on the floor of the ship as I do."

We felt so solid on the side of the cabin that we were afraid

to follow his advice and stroll up the wall as acrobats and make a right angle with ourselves. That way it appeared at least to us.

"Come on," encouraged Balva, as he walked down that wall and took both of us with his hands. We tottered out, and directly felt that we were standing as solid in that as in our former position.

"What do you think about this, you veteran Philosopher?" enquired Charley of me.

"That's all right," I answered meekly, "it agrees entirely with all the laws of Metaphysics and Physics. If our body moves here nothing else than our own will can move it."

"Well," suggested Balva, while the boat stopped, "now you may go and enjoy a stroll in the sky."

We wavered. He stepped out of the boat in the airy expanse, walked under the keel with his head down and his feet against the bottom underneath and reappeared on the other side with his head up again. This drove all misgivings out of Charley's sporty soul. He stepped out, and I, well, what could I do else than take my life in my hands and follow suit. The first step over was enough to make a brave hero of myself. Oh, what a strange sensation; I was not hanging, not standing, not flying, not lying and still moving about in space at the bidding of my own sweet will. We were indeed under a charm and spell. We never felt more free. We became suddenly like two playful children. We walked and trotted. We ran and we raced. We jumped and danced. We leaped and we tumbled at heart's pleasure. Charley was even wilder than myself. His whole sportive soul expanded to its fullest intensity.

"Let us have a fine wrestle, Fred," he cried, and at once he grasped me in Cornish style.

"Queer," said Charley, when he got the best of me, "I cannot floor you."

"There is no floor here," I replied laughing, "but I proclaim you the champion of the wrestlers in these high regions. Will that do, Charley?"

"No, that won't do at all, Fred. I am not through yet with my fun. You stand there straight. I go down beneath you and then climb up as on a ladder, but without a ladder onto the top of your head."

He did so and cried out: "Hurrah!" stretching out his arms. He was in the highest spirits.

"Now, Fred," he muttered, "you keep quiet. I am going to play the champion tumbler. Gentlemen and Ladies," he spoke as

if standing in the Grand Circus, "I am about to perform a feat that no mortal man ever tried before me, either among the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians or Chinese. I shall presently dive from the head of my companion into mid-air, I shall tumble and roll and double up myself and at the finish I shall stand with my feet against his feet head down."

And down jumped Charley and rolled about and performed summersault after summersault until really he stood against my feet giggling like a little innocent child.

"Let us turn wheel now," he laughed.

I was carried away myself with his merry laughter. So, while each of us were the radius and our feet the center, we began to turn slowly first, and then faster and faster. To Balva in the boat we must have looked like a rapidly turning wheel of which we were the spokes. At the end of our wheel making exploit. Charley stood with his head upward, I with my head downward. In the highest glee and as in a trance of admiration he sang out with his clear and full baritone: "Glory to You, O God on High, how deep are the mysteries of Nature; how admirable are all Your works."

We had enough now of our experimental play, and we walked back to our ship just as we were standing, I with my feet on top and Charley in the opposite manner. The one was as easy as the other. Our Captain Balva received us with an approving smile. The exercise actuated our stomach and we took our supper with a hearty appetite from the fruit taken along on leaving Jupiter. After the common night devotion we relaxed our roused nerves in a peaceful sleep. When I awoke in the morning, I found Balva kneeling with his hands outstretched toward Heaven in the attitude of a Saint in prayer. To my great wonder I did not see Charley. I looked around, and——. But what do you think—— I spied him lying fast asleep in mid-air a little distance away.

"Charley," I cried "what are you doing there?"

"Hum," he muttered, and turned about, as if lying in bed.

"Charley," I yelled a second time, "get awake and come here."

"Where, where am I?" he answered this time at least half awake.

"You are sleeping in mid-air," was my reply. "Come and walk back to the boat."

So he did, but he walked as it were in a lying position until he came near on a level with the canoe.

"Stand up, then," I remarked.

"True, too," he said laughing. "Queer region this; I did not know I was walking and lying in bed at the same time."

He stood erect and stepped in.

"You must have been dreaming over our antics of yesterday, Charley."

"So I did, and I had the greatest fun."

We broke our fast and proceeded on our way.

"We will travel two or three days," remarked our Captain, "before we reach the boundaries of this immense space without attraction."

Indeed we did, notwithstanding our dynamo worked splendidly, not having to overcome any resistance. Meantime our Balloon was dragging behind like a corpse. On the advice of Balva we donned our clothes again.

At last our pilot stopped the ship for a moment and said: "Lie down this time in the fore cabin, for within a few moments we strike planetary attraction again, and I have to point the forepart towards the Planet whence the attraction rises."

Hardly had we done this when Balva took his wings again while working the machine. His feet were turned towards the Planet. At once the Balloon got life and wings and flew in triumph high over our heads. The ship swung with its bottom towards the new attraction and Balva was standing again on his feet on the floor.

"You may come out of your hiding place now," he gently commanded. "You are quite safe standing on the floor of the ship, but do not try to walk out of it any more."

CHAPTER XIX.

FAREWELL TO BALVA.

In about the same manner we sailed between the Planets for several days. We crossed from one planetary attraction into another. Our able Captain in the midst of the immense airy expanse knew better how to calculate his direction and find his whereabouts without a compass than the most scientific and practical Ocean Captain with his compass and all the means of modern science. Sometimes we had a dim glimpse of a Planet which appeared like a lonely island seen from the ship's deck at a great distance. We had been cruising in this way for several days when one evening, as darkness was all around us, Balva pointed to what seemed to be the glimmering of a far off star.

"You see that?" he remarked, "that is the satellite of your Earth. It is a long way off still, but I expect we will be in its attraction tomorrow morning."

The Sun was shining bright high in the sky when we opened our eyes next morning. The Airship was going at the top speed as usual. Nothing was in sight except the transparent sky, when unexpectedly we noticed a black point separating itself from the surrounding atmosphere. Gradually it loomed up like a high mountain a great distance. We strained our eyes to get a clear view of it. Certainly it was some kind of a Planet. Was it the Earth? We were not near enough to make it out, but we noticed a mass of high mountains, with deep valleys between. Balva was still steering towards that sphere when suddenly he turned off into another direction.

"What Planet was that?" I asked.

"That is your Moon," he replied. "My stay with you will be short now. Towards evening we shall reach the Earth's attraction and my mission shall be fulfilled. You will be near enough to your Planet to find your way."

This intimation threw a chill upon our heart, which for a long while had enjoyed the sunshine of imperturbable peace and happiness. It was the first warning that we were approaching again the land of trials and miseries. It was as if we felt the first smell of sin and pestilence rising from the atmosphere, which we were soon to enter into. We remained speechless for a few moments. At last I gathered all my courage and spoke to Balva:

"Why, you best of friends, leave us so soon? Why not

come with us and show the Earth dwellers what they would be if they would banish sin from their hearts and dry up the stream of vice, which is flowing as a continual curse upon the surface of the Earth?"

"Yes," added Charley, "if you tell merely your simple story to the children of Adam, it would be more eloquent, more effective than the sermon of the greatest preacher that ever spoke on Earth."

"Surely not as effective as your Divine Preacher, Jesus Christ," replied Balva smiling.

"I must always except Him," rejoined Charley demurely.

"Well, my friends, your request reminds me of what I read in your Sacred Book about the rich miser. I must give you the same answer Abraham poured upon that miser, with a little note of variation. If the love of your Divine Redeemer, his life of sacrifice, His Passion on the Cross, His Holy Doctrine, His pure morality, His grace, His Church with its infallibility, the examples of your Saints do not open the eyes of all and every man on Earth, if it does not melt a heart of stone, and make them all pure and sinless, surely among you, my story, my preaching might excite the curiosity of the earthly man but it never can supplement or improve that which you find in your Divine Religion."

Meantime we had crossed the dividing line between the attraction of Moon and Earth, and our Airship was descending at a good rate. Darkness had expanded its black veil, the silver disc of the Moon appeared to have tenfold its usual size, and its dim rays threw rather sadness into our hearts just at this moment. It is always sad to say farewell to a friend, whom we do not hope to see again for a long time, but here it was a farewell forever, a farewell into eternity, which we expected at every moment, a farewell to the best of friends. There was supreme silence. Balva was maneuvering the airship still. He turned around to Charley:

"Here," he said quietly, "take my place. You can easily manage now the remainder of your trip. I must leave you this moment and return to my brethren. Good bye. May God bless you." He spread out his wings and was soon soaring high above us. The Moon went down on the Western slope. With uplifted hands we stared after him. The shadow of our dear guide showed itself for the last time, passing between the Moon and our ship and vanished forever. Meantime, we had entirely forgotten our airship.

"Charley," I said, "it is all over now. You are my Captain

again. Don't you see, we are drifting wild. Take care of your ship."

"True," replied Charley, rousing himself. Here I am at the helm again. I wonder, however," he added, "how our good friend Balva can take such a long flight to Jupiter without resting?"

"Oh," I answered, "he may rest on his wings in the sky as those original men rest on their wings in the water, or he may make a diversion to some Planet on his way and repose there for a day or so."

"I expected, Fred, you would have some kind of an answer in the case. You always find a way out of the difficulty."

CHAPTER XX.

BACK ON OLD EARTH.

Charley had regained his spirits, while managing the airship.

"My ship is in better condition than it was ever before," argued Charley, with satisfaction. These men of Jupiter are splendid shipwrights, though they may never have learned the trade. "I am at a loss, however, to make out in what direction we are drifting."

Just then the Moon had vanished on our back into an Ocean of darkness. Only the dancing stars peeped flickering through the black veil that enwrapped the sky.

"Well, Captain," I said, "do you not see that we are going Eastward?"

"That only tells me, Mr. Philosopher," said Charley, "that I am not steering toward either Pole. But it does not settle my question. You must have a determined point from which you count East. Whether this point be Queenstown, Paris, New York or Peking. As it is, we may be East of Asia, or of America or of Europe, etc. We may be above the Pacific or Atlantic."

"I strike the flag before my Captain," I answered, "but I honestly think that it would be prudent to lower the Balloon far enough to find out at least whether we are floating above land or Ocean."

So he did. After quite awhile the roaring sound of wild waves struck our ears. What Ocean was it? Impossible to know for the moment.

"I will steer due East," muttered Charley. "If it is the

Pacific we shall land in America. If the Atlantic we shall strike Earth somewhere on the Old Continent. No matter, as long as we are not thrown into Central Africa or the Himelayas."

"Oh, look there, I see far in the East thousands of dim lights, in a bundle, as if it were the milky way."

"It appears that way, indeed, Fred," replied Charley calmly, while he spied the light with care. "I think, however, we are near land, and that milky way is a large city in its night gown of Electricity."

Pretty soon as we approached nearer we were sure it was a city. The night was far gone now. The first rays of the morning light sprang out of the dark waves in the East and gave us a better view of our surroundings. I looked down.

"We are over a river," I cried, "the water reflecting intensely the light of dawn. "What river may it be?"

"Never mind," Charley said, "we land in a civilized country, that is the main thing," and he directed the airship towards the banks.

We were soaring over a small village. A clearance was soon found. We saw milk wagons driving towards the city that was, I supposed, not far away. A few early risers had grouped near the landing place.

"Where are we?" was Charley's first question, as soon as we were at speaking distance.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit," came the French answer. "They are the Englishmen that were expected in Paris last night coming from Marseilles," they continued among themselves in their picturesque language.

This was a warning to me. Charley did not understand them. When we reached ground, one of the little crowd remarked:

"You must have been driven quite a ways over the sea and rough weather at that. The balloonists, who competed with you, arrived from Marseilles in time."

"Well," I answered innocently, "we lost the race then, but we are safe."

"You Englishmen, you are original, anyhow," scanning our Balloon, which lay quietly on the soil. "How could you make the trip with a Balloon not much bigger than a football? and that queer canoe with a cabin on each end. That saved you from drowning, I guess."

"It saved us from falling out of the boat, at any rate," I replied coolly.

"What are these Frenchmen chattering about?" inquired Charley.

I told him in substance.

"It is a pity, Fred," he laughed, "that you did not become a lawyer."

"Why so, Charley?"

"Because a good lawyer ought to know how to make people believe in a falsehood without telling a lie."

Charley meantime had prepared everything to free the Balloon of its compressed gas and pack up the whole rigging. The Frenchmen helped him in this with the politest alacrity. They procured a wagon for him to haul it to the nearest station half a mile off. The airship was billed there for Marseilles, where we intended to sail for the United States. As we were about four miles from Paris, we went to the village hotel to take a little rest, a lunch and a good washing.

When we were seated in our room at the hotel, and from his Havana, which luxury he had not enjoyed for a long time, Charley was sending into space a variety of smoke curls, he threw in the remark:

"By your way of acting with those Frenchman you saved us a great deal of annoyance."

"How so, Charley?"

"You know, that when a Frenchman becomes enthusiastic, he makes a fool of himself from what he hears. Had they known that we came fresh from Jupiter, they certainly would have picked up some dining-room table, put a couple of armchairs upon it and carried us around on their heads through the streets of the village and perhaps through the principal avenues of Paris, as if we were monkeys just out of the jungles, or black kings from Central Africa. Let us remain silent about our adventures as long as we are among those enthusiasts."

So we agreed.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXCITEMENT AT PARIS.

Next morning we boarded the early train for Paris and took rooms at the Hotel American. We were relishing our breakfast and were about half through, when I heard a newspaper vender yell at the top of his voice:

"The greatest news ever heard. The noble son of France, the king of Socialism, just back from a trip to the stars."

I jumped up bareheaded, ran down the staircase three steps at a time, tumbled over a waiter in the entrance hall with a tray in his hands and a full breakfast on it, throwing the poor fellow on his back, while the crockery and the precious contents were scattered right and left, and whilst a muffled curse was hurled after me, I hurried down the street steps, stumbled on the sidewalk against a Parisian Belle, who muttered something about drunken Englishmen. I cried to the disappearing news boy: "The Figaro please."

The boy hastened back, handed me the paper, while I put a Franc in his hands and turned about. But the boy held me by the coat.

"Here is your change, Monsieur l' Americain. The Figaro is only ten centimes."

"Never mind," I stuttered. "Keep it," and ran back to my room. I just had time to hear the little Frenchman exclaim:

"These Americans are splendid fellows," and then his voice took its highest pitch again: "The Figaro. The greatest news," etc. It was well I did not meet another waiter this time. When I entered the room with flushed face, Charley cried out:

"What is the matter, Fred, are you getting crazy?"

"Not exactly," I replied still distracted, "but there is great, very great news."

"What, is our incognito disclosed?"

"No, but Clemenceau and Santos landed yesterday near San Francisco."

I translated to Charley:

"To the Bureau of the Associated Press, Paris, France:

"Yesterday morning Clemenceau and Santos Dumont landed here from the sky. They made a trip to the stars."

Then followed a puffed paragraph headed: "Back from the Stars." It was a summary of the wildest imagination, a string

of possible and impossible suppositions, strong enough to cause a volcanic explosion through all Paris and the whole of France.

The waiter I threw down and who had changed his soiled clothes and looked as neat as ever, approached and planted himself square before me:

"What do you mean, Sir," he pleaded, "by throwing me on the ground making me break all the crockery, scatter all the nice dishes and spoil my clothes?"

Charley laughed heartily. I did not know what excuse to profer. I put my hands deep in my pockets.

"Here," I stammered, "is a banknote of twenty-five francs. Will that repair the damage?"

"Many thanks, Sir," he muttered with the most gracious French bow. At that rate you may do it again."

When the waiter had gone out of sight Charley was still in his fit of laughter, and continued to tease me without remorse.

"There is one good in it, sure enough," he concluded at last. "It will teach my old Philosopher to remain coolheaded in the next emergency."

I diverted his attention by asking: "What about the cablegram?"

"True, too, Fred, you made me forget all about that. It must be answered at once. I'll go down to the Clerk and inquire about the Cable Bureau."

Charley was soon back with a waiter. I went along with them. We were shown to a room in which there was a telephone. We were there quite by ourselves, no one to listen to us. Charley requested the Central Station to connect him with the Cablegram Bureau. This was soon done.

"Hello!" it sounded to the other end of Paris, "are you the Cable Operator?"

He answered: "I am the Cable Telegrapher. Who are you?"

"A guest at the Hotel Americain. Can you send a despatch to San Francisco, California, without delay?"

"All right, dictate it."

"Here it is:

"Paris, May the 15th, 1890.

"To Messrs. Clemenceau and Santos Dumont, Aeronauts,

"San Francisco, Cal.

"Hearty congratulations for happy return. We touched Mother Earth about four miles from Paris yesterday morning.

"(Signed): Charley Stuart and Fred Hartfordt."

The man repeated it.

"O. K.," said Charley, "how much?"

"Sixty Francs," was the laconic answer. "Pay it to the proprietor of your hotel."

"Let us take a stroll through the modern Babylon," I suggested.

We hailed a cab and off we were. We had not time to drive far to see that Paris was in a hot fever. The name of the Great Clemenceau was on everybody's lips. His glorious feat was the topic of every conversation. Clemenceau was the greatest of all men. His exploit had brought more glory to France than all the battles won by Louis XIV and Napoleon I. He will bring our country to the front again among the nations of the world. Let him be president, king or emperor, but he must rule France. And Vive Clemenceau, Vive the great man, was heard at every corner of the streets from the crowds gathered there talking and gesticulating. In several streets they were preparing already to erect triumphal arches for the reception of the Great Frenchman. It was evident that the Grand Nation was determined to give Clemenceau a more splendid ovation than the Great Napoleon ever received after his famous victorious battles, which decided the fate of Europe.

We returned to our hotel rather tired and annoyed by such eccentric enthusiasm.

"We may thank our stars," remarked Charley, "that our identity is not known, for in passing by I heard the remark that a strange Airship descended near Paris and not one could know whence it came, unless it were that which competed with that of Clemenceau. We had better leave Paris as soon as possible."

Just then we reached our hotel. The conversation was broken off by a waiter handing over a cablegram.

"Is it paid for?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir," was the answer of the waiter while he retired.

Charley hurriedly opened it. It read:

"San Francisco, May the 16th, 1890.

"To Charley Stuart and Fred Hartford, Hotel American, Paris,

"Thanks and hearty congratulations on our part. The competing prize will be divided in equal shares. I'll be in Paris in a few days.

Clemenceau and Dumont."

We decided to take the first train for Marseilles next morning, and squared our hotel bills that same evening.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SCENE IN THE HARBOR.

We were up early. Before starting we agreed upon assumed names better to conceal our personality. Charley chose the common English name of John Fox, while I myself preferred the French names of Jacques Renard in order to pass as a Frenchman, as I spoke the Gallic tongue well enough for that. When we arrived we found a large cosmopolitan gathering. The Frenchmen were the great majority. Their topic seemed to be Clemenceau. We noticed a group of English tourists, which we joined.

They showed little interest for Clemenceau, but discussed the strange balloon that landed in the vicinity of Paris, while no one knew who the aeronauts were.

"Here are their names," interposed some one standing aside and scanning a fresh daily paper from the night press. "Charley Stuart and Fred Hartfordt, both Yankees. Those Yankees are certainly original fellows."

"Are you of that tribe?" the speaker asked us.

"Yea, Sir," we replied proudly, "and glad we are."

"Do you know anything," he rejoined, "of the two aeronauts just mentioned?"

"We heard their names quoted, but you see America is such an immense country. We both hail from New Orleans." And we introduced ourselves as John Fox and Jacques Renard.

"Do you know those two American aeronauts?"

"We heard about them certainly, but Uncle Sam's Dominions are so large, you know," was our boasting and evasive reply.

While I went off to buy tickets for myself and Charley I passed quite a crowd of excited Frenchmen. In the midst stood a man holding a newspaper aloft addressing his audience with no end of gesticulations.

"I tell you, citizens," I heard him say, "these two men must be found for the glory and triumphal reception of Clemenceau and the greater glory for our country. They must be found, even if we must raise a regiment of detectives and policemen to hunt them up."

I heard enough. I went to the ticket window and chartered a wagon first-class for us alone. It was about time for our train to start. A conductor accompanied us to our railroad wagon, and inspected our tickets. I requested him not to allow anyone in our wagon.

"Of course not. It is entirely at your disposal as far as Marseilles."

Charley took out his pocketbook and tendered him a Bank-note.

"Not allowed to accept it," responded the official peevishly.

"At least take those cigars, then," said he, "to treat yourself and your companions," and he handed him a handful of the best kind of that smoking luxury.

"I may accept that," replied our conductor. "Infinite thanks, Sir," and he closed the door after him.

"From what I heard all around," I said to Charley, "I was afraid we might be detected before we reached Marseilles, therefore, I chartered this wagon, that we might remain quite alone."

"Oh, well," joked Charley, "this wagon is not much more anyway than a sumptuous bird-cage, hardly roomy enough for two."

At every stopping station the conductor took care that no one ventured into our wagon. We arrived unmolested at our destination. We drove at once to a hotel near the harbor and engaged a suite of rooms with private meals. The Steamboat we intended to board would set off next morning. We procured our tickets under our assumed names.

"All aboard," was megaphoned from the gangplank.

We had already stored our satchels and parcels away in our cabin and went on deck to enjoy a good view of the huge vessel steaming out of the harbor. The Quay was dotted with thousand after thousand of human beings of both sexes of all ages and classes. The sailors were just going to remove the gangplank and cut us off from the shore. Others hauled the anchors in. The vessel was already under steam and leaving shore, when overhead of the waving multitude could be noticed a squad of men in the background, more running than walking. In front was a division of policemen judging from their strappings, while the rear consisted of dignified personages, in civilian clothes, but girded with the national French colors.

The policemen sounded their whistles and made imperative signs that the steamboat should return to shore. The Captain saw it all from the bridge and grumbled: "What in the world does this mean? I have no smugglers or criminals on board."

However, he commanded the engineer: "Back to shore."

The Police threw the crowd right and left to make quick way for their honorable charges, and posted themselves near the

gangplank in two rows through which the rear division passed with dignified deportment. The Official Committee of Marseilles, for this it was, came on deck. The Captain stood there erect like the Czar of all Russians ready to receive them.

"What do the honorable Gentlemen want?" he asked with a slight reverence.

"You have two men on board we wish to see."

"Thunder," he grumbled, "I do not harbor neither murderers, nor thieves or bankrobbers."

"We are not after such people, either," replied the speaker of the party in a pacifying tone. "You have two great men on board, whom Paris, Marseilles and the whole of France, together with our Great Clemenceau and Santos Dumont, want to honor."

"Hum," rejoined the Captain more politely, "what are their names please?"

Charles Stuart and Fred Hartfordt, the famous aeronauts."

"Do not know them," was the ship-king's laconic answer.

"Still they must be there; they were traced from the spot near Paris, where they descended on their return from the stars; they were tracked to the Hotel Americain, in the Metropole; hence they were shadowed as far as Marseilles, whence they would embark for New Orleans on this same Steamboat."

"Strange," murmured the Captain annoyed. "Hand me the list of the passengers," turning to his mate, "and double quick, too. I don't want to be detained any longer."

"Here it is, Captain."

"There," the Captain said turning to the Committee, while he threw the list to the speaker. "Look for yourself."

Of course, only our assumed names could be found.

"Their names are not on the list," said the speaker discomfited.

"Sorry, Captain, that we detained you."

"Get off, then, as quickly as possible, please," was the Captain's command. "By all the stars in the heavens," he yelled now through his horn: "Go ahead, engineer, and clear land this time for good."

Our Frenchmen had hardly time to jump from the gangplank to dry land.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BACK HOME.

All this time Charley and myself were standing in the front row as the most disinterested on-lookers. It was the funny outcome, however, we enjoyed most of all. The huge Steamer once more left shore this time for good, and under a mixed variety of hissing, hooting and laughters and cries of "Good bye," and "Farewell," and "God bless you," according to the disposition of the miscellaneous crowd. We were watching still the various manoeuvres of the outgoing vessel and the unique sight of the magnificent harbor, when we crossed the Bar and our boat began to waver and rock, to jump and to dance in majestic strides over the mighty waves of the deep Ocean. The passengers began to scatter over deck to get acquainted with each other then to unite in homogeneous groups, and discuss the humoristic fuss in the harbor. Not far from us was towering the gigantic form of a son of Erin surrounded, as it seemed, by some Americans cracking jokes. Charley felt always some attraction for the Aborigenes of the Green Isle on account of their humor and ready witticism, and more perhaps because there were some Celtic bubbles in his blood. We joined the hilarious group.

"I tell you," said the giant, "this Captain is a splendid fellow. It is a pity he is not an Irishman."

"Oh," interrupted one of the listeners, "he is akin to it. He is a Breton, the only remnant of Gaelic blood and language in France. Surely if such a scene would occur in an English harbour, it would echo and re-echo as far as Dublin. And Ireland would chuckle with laughter and secret hope. The cry would go up from one end of the land to the other. It is now time for home-rule."

"How so?" was the general question.

"You see," continued the Irishman with a jovial smile, "that brave Captain is a Breton and the Bretons are a religious and industrious people. They are tired of a government that tries to rob them of their religion, of their priests and churches, and the Breton Captain earned certainly the full approval of his brethren when he turned down with fine tact and undaunted valor the enthusiastic and foolish representatives of a government that does not see any other foes than the church and its priests. Good luck to the Bretons," he cried, "but let me drop this topic, I might say too much. One thing is sure, the French are the most enthus-

iastic people on the face of the Earth. The idea that their great man Clemenceau, the foremost champion of Socialism or anybody else, made a trip to the stars, and picture all its details, as if they had been eye witnesses. Their imagination must be vivid enough to make the Rocky Mountains out of a mole hill."

Here a little chap jumped on his feet. He had been sitting on a campstool scanning a bundle of newspapers or pretending to do so, while he was listening. This small but alert specimen of mankind put himself squarely before the big Irishman:

"Sir," he articulated in solemn tone, "you have insulted my country and its flag, you calumniated my nation, you are a liar. I can prove by these papers that the trip to the Stars is not a creature of French imagination but a real fact."

"Oh," retorted the undisturbed Celt, "what the newspapers tell us is not Gospel truth."

"Well, here then," was the rejoinder, "do you admit facts as truth?"

"Sure I do," was the answer, "provided they are real. These indeed are stubborn things."

"Now, then, that queer airship with which Charles Stuart and Fred Hartford made their trip to the Stars is here on board labeled with their names. I saw it with my own eyes when it was brought to the ship last evening, while I was informed that the owners would take passage on the same boat."

"Why are they not on board then?" queried the incredulous Irishman.

"I do not know," was the reply. "Perhaps they do not belong to the extreme wing of your American prohibition and celebrated their great exploit a little too copiously and had to sleep it out, and so missed the boat. Are you satisfied now?" concluded the Frenchman triumphantly.

"Not at all," was the laconic answer, "I believe in the infallibility of the Pope, not in yours."

"Nevertheless," the Gaul said, "I bet you five hundred Francs that I am right and you are wrong."

"Five hundred Francs," repeated the Irishman thoughtfully. "We reckon by dollars," my friend."

"Make it five hundred dollars, then," insisted the Frenchman.

"Hum," replied the other, "you must know I am a married man. I have at home a dear little queen with a dozen or so princes and princesses, small or tall, according to age. I have to study it out sometimes to find the exact number. I expect half a

dozen or so more before the number is completed. Now, thanks to God, I have pretty good wages, but I find it very hard to keep a decent bank account. My dear little ones grow faster than my wages. Last Christmas I had saved up about twenty-five round dollars to buy a new dress and hat for my queen that she might appear in Church in as good fashion as other women. I had hardly broached the subject to her, when she protested with a charming smile:

“‘Na, no, Patrick, my dress and hat are good enough yet, but give the money to me anyhow. Santa Claus will take it all to rejoice the hearts of our little ones.’

“You see, betting would not do for me. Moreover, it is against my religious principles. But if you want to settle the difference, let us fight it out, I can afford that,” concluded the giant wistfully, while he watched the countenance of his dwarfish antagonist.

The Frenchman backed out a step or two without losing the innate bravado of his race.

At this juncture the baggage-man, who showed Irish features, too, and had been a constant and silent listener, tapped his countryman on his broad shoulders.

“Pat,” he said, “I want to see you a minute. They retired a little way off; and as a story-writer, I may reveal to the reader the secret of the interview.

“Pat,” began the baggage-man, “do not dispute any further with that Frenchman. He is entirely right at least with regard to that strange airship. It is really on board addressed to Charles Stuart and Fred Hartford, Aeroneauts, New Orleans. A learned man, who saw it, asserted definitely, that the wood, which was used to make the fore and aft cabins, did not grow anywhere on this Earth, but must come from another Planet.”

This settled the matter in the mind of the Irishman. When he returned to our group, the Frenchman still waiting for him with firm determination. Our Irishman was up to the situation.

“Look here, my man,” he began, “neither betting nor fighting is in accordance with my faith, but my friend there tells me that you are right at least in one thing. That queer airship is on board indeed, and shows evident traces that it has come from another Planet. Moreover, I lately read and heard so much about electricity and its possibilities, that I should not wonder that soon we will have regular electric roads to the stars. I for myself,” he added, “I do not care much for such a trip. America is good enough for me, but if they succeed to push through an electric

road to the gates of Heaven, I certainly will buy tickets for myself and my family not to miss such an exquisite chance."

"Amen," was the conclusion all around, while the Irishman and the Frenchman shook hands as if they had been on the most intimate terms of friendship during all their life.

From now on, in fact, these two were nearly always together during the remainder of the voyage. Not one had the least suspicion that we were the two culprits whom the French Officials had been looking for. We had further an uneventful but pleasant passage. We reached the harbor of New Orleans after sunset. We escaped unnoticed, and under the protection of darkness took a cab and drove home.

Arriving at my residence I paid my driver in a hurry. We ran up the steps. I rang the bell. The door opened. My negro stood there gasping, his arms lifted towards Heaven.

"O Lord, save me," he cried with a husky voice. "That's the ghost of my master," and he ran off towards the office room of my superintendent whom I had left in full charge of my affairs and estate, when we departed for San Francisco. We followed the frightened Negro there. When we appeared at the door Jumbo was trembling and telling the Superintendent with incoherent words his spook story. As soon as he saw us the Superintendent sprang up from his chair to meet us and bid us a hearty welcome, while my Negro was still gazing at us with incredulous eyes.

"Jumbo," I said, "go and take our hand satchels and bring them upstairs in our rooms."

"Do not blame the poor Negro too much for his fright," began the Superintendent after Jumbo had disappeared. "I myself did not expect to see you any more in the land of the living. Yesterday I was already on my way to the Probate Court to have your Last Will opened, when I heard a news boy cry out the stupendous novelty of the return from the stars of Clemenceau and Santos Dumont. I bought the paper, read the telegram and went back towards home when I heard other cries of a cablegram from Paris: An airship descended near Paris on its return from the Stars.' Only no names were mentioned here, but I assumed it could be nobody else than you. So I returned home and hid your Last Will in its old resting place."

Here my story is at an end. Charley and myself live together as two brothers. The peculiar airship found a place of honor in our large Library, where we pass a great deal of our time in writing articles and pamphlets to urge a true social reform

based on the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, the greatest of all social reformers.

Mr. Clemenceau, we hope, that equipped with the true Christian dispositions he took along with him from the Planet Jupiter, will succeed in his work of restoration and bring France back to her old glory of the Grand Catholic Nation.

The End.

A. M. D. G.



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