

white-sleeved billiard-players leaning over green tables.

The weather was so hot that all the windows in the city were wide open. I heard the throbbing of music and dancing, even in my dreams.

Some days later I booked my passage back to England. But I was in America till the last moment. The American who was so kind to me, and who was in herself a little America, "fed to me" daily the facts of American life, and the hope of all those who were working with her. We visited Patterson, where half a dozen "Jim Larkins" had been fighting for fighting's sake, and leading the well-paid silk-workers to strike for the sun and moon, and accept no compromise. We visited the President of the City College and saw the wonderful modern equipment of that institution. We called on J. Cotton Dana, the librarian of Newark. I was enabled to visit a maternity hospital, heavily endowed by Pierpont Morgan, and to see all the provision made for the happy birth of the emerging Americans. One vision remains in my memory of a dozen babies on a tray, each baby having its mother's name written on a piece of paper pinned to its swaddling-bands.

We visited five or six settlements, and invitations were given me to visit several thousand establishments in the United States, and miss nothing. I would have liked to go farther afield and have a thousand more conversations, but perhaps, since