

feel very much as if I were being put through a sausage-mill to appease the hunger of some monster whose appetite I could not understand. I am afraid my powers of reasoning are not what they used to be, for although I can see the homely common sense of raising potatoes and vegetables and apples and such-like things for my own use, I cannot figure out where I should be benefited by living the strenuous life so that I could earn enough to buy potatoes and apples of a poorer and somewhat faded character from some one else. As nearly as I can see, our methods of handling and distributing our food products merely take away from the quality and add to the price, and no one is benefited but those incomprehensible people who devote their lives to accumulating profits instead of to acquiring leisure and enjoying life. The problem is too deep for me.

I thought I loved the country before, but this time I see it in a new light. After I had left the last great city and began to watch the