

mankind have always tried to get a little taste of happiness before death, and it is one of the wisest bents of human nature. Amusement, worldly pleasure, is as essential to the progress of civilization as is philosophy or science.

People must and will be amused; they will not stay where there is no pleasure, especially the young. There is practically no amusement in the country, consequently every youth with snap, brains and go in him leaves the humdrum, dead monotony of rustic existence and hies himself to the whirl of city life.

When our big syndicate gets up-to-date farms established all over the country, five or six miles apart, we'll have a campus, or field of amusements, on each farm. It will need to be a level field, adjacent to the roadway. I know that the idea of "wasting" a good field in that manner will break the heart of many an old farmer; but the poor old chaps have to die some time.

All labor will cease at five or six o'clock on our farms the same as in the city, and Saturday afternoons will be a half-holiday.

Each athletic field will have an assembly hall and bleachers and a cinder path. In summer the old men will pitch quoits and bowl on the green; the young men will play lacrosse, baseball and football; the young women will play basketball and lawn tennis (when they are not watching the young men). When it rains everybody will retire to the hall and have a dance.

In winter the field will be flooded, and the old men will play at the "roarin' game," the young men and young women will play hockey and skate, and have masquerades and a band.

In the assembly hall there will be lectures, concerts, dramatic performances, lantern views, and above all the "weekly hop," after prayer-meeting, with the preacher and the elders and their spouses leading off. Why not? Surely God loves to see people happy here below, and if so, why should not His servants try to carry out His wishes?

Alas! by this time all the elderly fathers of families would be gone, "Each in his narrow cell forever laid." That last stroke would be the last straw that broke their hearts. But my observation of elderly mothers of families is that they have more patience and sympathy with the frivolities of the rising generation.

Having established sufficient housing for help on the farm