

on the stage-coach again; or to clothe oneself in skins, to stop the evils we have mentioned. We have not achieved great progress in the technical matters in vain. Gradually, but surely, it will be understood, that it is possible to apply technical improvements without destroying men's lives; and to so arrange life as to profit by every technological advance. This will be done not by the tactics of the demagogue, nor the criminal negligence of the unthinking capitalist, but by each citizen really and sincerely taking an interest in economic questions, which, after all, are at the basis of our society.

W. W. SWANSON.

The University of Chicago.

## *On the Road to Kenilworth Castle.*

**A**BOVE us shines the sunlight of an English June, on either side are broad fields of buttercups, with here and there a brilliant splash of poppy red, while before us, smooth and straight runs the road to Kenilworth. On we wander, stopping now and then for a handful of grose or a few wild roses; sometimes a motor spins dustily along, or a carriage full of chattering tourists passes, but who would ride in this beautiful weather, when the sunshine, the birds and the flowers invite us to linger among them at our own sweet will. Sometimes we pass a dear old English village, with its ivy covered church, little thatched-roofed cottages simply smothered in climbing roses, or perhaps a quaint ale house, with the fat John Bull landlord standing in front, his hands in his pockets, keeping a sharp eye for prospective customers. Or else perhaps comes into view, the heavy gates and little vine covered lodge of some great house, around which stretches the park, spotted deer peer timidly from among the oaks and beeches, squirrels run chattering along the fence, while far in the distance we catch a glimpse of the mansion itself, covered with ivy. The walking is perfect for nowhere are there such splendid roads as in England, and soon we come in sight of the straggling town of Kenilworth itself, really a long irregular street, down which the Tally Hos roll merrily. Trudging along passing all kinds of quaint shops and thatched-roofed cottages, nearly all of which bear the alluring sign, Tea 6d, a sharp turning to the left brings us in sight of a wooded incline, above which rise the battlemented towers of the ruined castle.

The winding road lined with trees leads over a small bridge, under which a brook runs, and we lean there idly, it is not difficult to conjure up the scene of centuries past. To outward appearance the castle is but a crumbling ruin, picturesquely covered with ivy, but the magic wand of genius has touched it. "A tall gentleman leaning on a stick" visited it in days that are passed and since then Kenilworth has been a living reality. We seem carried back to the fifteenth century to the days of good Queen Bess, and we half dreamily watch the scene as it must have been then.

The rough road is crowded with bullocks, sheep and other animals driven onward to be sacrificed in honor of the great feasts given by the noble Lord