

its completeness, while none of the oppression was to be found.

For years old von Baasen, as he came to be known, was the arbiter of all difficulties, and socialism in its true aspect prevailed. There was no money for the transaction of business among them and none had more than his neighbor. In the enjoyment of all this, the little settlement grew until the old man died. After that, there seemed to be no one who could take his place. Other nationalities crowded in on the Germans and forced new ideas on them, until dissensions and petty jealousies were engendered, and differences arose among them to such an extent that individualism prevailed, and little by little the old customs were crowded out. Money took the place of the orders that were given, and, in its accumulation and the privileges that its possession secured, the spirit of fraternity was crushed, class distinctions arose, and a new era began.

It was about this time that John Zittel and William Schmidt were seated in the waiting-room of the Emmigrants' hotel in New York. The journey across the ocean had been without incident, except that Mrs. Zittel had become violently ill and had only begun to recover when they were a few days out from New York.

They had decided that it would be best for them to remain at the hotel for a few days, at least until they should find someone whom they could trust to direct them to a suitable place to locate. They were afraid of the big city and the strange hurry that seemed to possess everybody they met. They could