

waters. He poised between the gold of the sky and the blue of the sea. With shimmering beach, shadowy woods, and laughing water, he lost track of time and the proportion of things.

He swore like a fiend when they came to wake him to attend to the milking, and to get him to put his name to the I.O.U.

He cuddled back into his dreams by using tinned milk and by burning his grocery bills.

They say that his island is going to be raffled.

If it is, it is a joke only in so far as the man will buy up his own shares.

It is too late. He will never shake free from his dream.

It is good for a man to go out there and cut twenty acres out of the forest. It re-adjusts him to the Universe. He will lead such a strenuous life that the London pavement will seem ingenuous by comparison. If he sees his first setting of good hen eggs through, and stomachs his beans and bacon, he may joke with his own echo. The land is his.

One would like to get at so much more than is apparent. One would like to give the word to the sentries watching at the gateways to look for other things besides pauperism, infectious diseases, skin and eye complaints, idiots and Anarchists.

But we are not wise enough, strong enough, to get only the best of the good of the older lands. Neither have we eyes to see in what garb the best is to come to the great woods.