ROLLO AND HIS PA

HOW ROLLO ENJOYED HIS HOLIDAYS AT HIS UNCLES FARM

He Had a Good Time, but the Farm is a Wreck
The Gay and Innocent Ways of City Boys Out on Vacation

"So you had a good time while you were visiting your uncle up on the farm, did you Rollo?"

"Yes, Pa, bully."

"I should remark as much."

"Why, Pa?"

"Well, I've just got a letter from your uncle. It came in on the last Harford county mail, and he says his farm is a wreck."

"Does he, Pa?"

"Yes, that's what he calls it, a wreck, and wants to know if I don't want to swap two boxes of soap for it. You must have been rather lively while you were at your uncle's, Rollo."

"I didn't know that I did anything wrong, Pa."

"Perhaps not, but here he says you went after the cows one night and ran them home so fast that four of them have dried up and two are dead."

"Why, I thought they could run as fast as I could."

"And I suppose you made 'em. But he also mentions about your letting two colts into a ten-acre lot of young wheat."

"Why, yes, Pa. The colts were in a place where they didn't have anything to eat but grass, and they were trying to reach the wheat over the fence, so I let them in, and they had lots of fun eating, Pa."

"No doubt. They are both dead now. But how did you come to break three limbs off his prize pear tree?"

"Oh, I was just swinging in the top of it and the top broke off and I fell! I guess the limbs must have broken off while I was coming down through them."

"The deuce you say! I don't suppose you hurt yourself, did you?"

"Not much, Pa."

"Of course not. But tell me, pray, how it comes that a shelf full of preserves was found tipped over in the cellar and a mouth of your aunt's hard work spoiled?"

"I- I—I guess that must have been when we were chasing rats in the cellar."

"Who is we?"

"Why, the dog and I."

"Oh, I see, and your uncle says that the dog's head is about twice as big as it was. Perhaps you can explain that?"

"It must have been the bees, I guess."

"The bees?"

"Yes. I got him to running after chips, and then I threw one up on the bee hive, and when he went after it the bees came out. Then I went out behind the barn and threw stones at the ducks for a while."

"Amiable youth! Then I suppose it was you who ate up all the cherries?"

"Yep."

"And drove the sheep through the tomato vines?"

"Yep."

"Then your uncle says something about finding a lot of old eggs in a hen's nest to town to sell. He says he lost three of his best customers because they got eight rotten eggs out of a dozen. Did you do any egg collecting while you were at your uncle's Rollo?"

"Why, yes, Pa. I found a whole lot of eggs out under the wood shed. They were all in one nest and there was an old hen sitting on them. I drove her off, but the eggs were so dirty that I had to wash them all up. Then I put them in uncle's egg box, so as to surprise him."

"Well, you succeeded beyond all your youthful expectations, my son. But how did you come to use up the hired man?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Pa. You see, I wanted to help lift the hay off the wagon, and they gave me a pitchfork. I was trying to lift up a big load and the hired man was hollering at me. I didn't know until afterwards that I had put the fork into his foot. He was in the way."

"Certainly he was. He should have given you the whole farm to yourself, along with the pitchfork. Any fool would have kept away from you. I wonder if there was anything that you left undone up there that would have wrecked the farm more completely?"

"I don't know, Pa. Uncle didn't seem to like it because I shook the little apples off a tree and plugged the hogs with 'em."

"Very touchy, to be sure."

"And he swore when I ran a piece of scrap iron through the hay chopper."

"Your uncle is a very excitable man, Rollo, and lets little things annoy him but you know he is not used to the gay and innocent ways of young boys from the city. He writes a very impassioned letter, Rollo, about your visit, and says that the peace and quiet which now hovers over the ruins of his once happy homestead seem like the lull in the concert when the village band master stops in the middle of the piece to borrow a chew of tobacco from the base drum. Your uncle says that time, and time alone, may heal the scars which mark your brief presence on his green spreading acres. He thinks that it will take plenty of time, though—say a couple of centuries—and at the end of that time he is sure the traces of your short, but eventful sojourn at that place will have been obliterated. He urges me though, that if you ever contemplate making another trip up into Harford county that I will give him two months notice in that time he thinks he can sell and move out West far enough to avoid the results."

"Well, Pa, I didn't know I was doing anything wrong, only uncle swore a great deal while I was there."

"That's all right, Rollo. Your Uncle will probably come down to visit us about Christmas time, and then your Cousin Abraham will make up for it all. He usually does. He will trip over the ash barrel, throw stones through the neighbor's windows, and smash the brick bats in the parlor. Oh he Hickory bird up Hill. But I guess the next time you wind up to take a vacation you had better go off to some barren spot where there isn't any thing to destroy but the immutable landscape and the time and the cost."

—Dex.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PATRIOTISM

Labor Advocate:

Kindly permit a few words in defence of that greatest of human ingredients "Patriotism," which I notice your intelligent paper has treated with so much unnecessary acrimony in last week's issue. Has the writer of the said article no country to which he can look as the tender nursery of his infancy—the garden of his youth, where all that is sweetest and fairest is to be called—the fatherland of his people, where they formed a part of some great whole nation that has evolved "from out the corridors of time, and travelled down through centuries, woven and knit into that national history as every succeeding generation passed away? Or is he but an outcast, a wanderer upon earth's face, a cosmopolitan that can claim no nation as his own, that has no "fatherland" for which he can call up a patriotic thought? Surely such must be the fact, since he scorns the cement of nations, and denounces fellow the highest of all earthly attributes—patriotism!

How strangely it would fare for writers and poets of all ages were that a universal creed.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roam
His first best country is at home"—

Goldsmith tells us. If the history of nations were purged of their patriotism, what record could be handed down to posterity? What deeds—what struggles? Would they all have to be shorn of their central light?

The last fraction of European Socialists have acquired by their large numbers doubtless a certain importance in the world's camping ground. In France, Switzerland, and especially Germany, they have won over to their teachings considerable numbers belonging particularly to the working class, whose intelligence, unhappily, is not as fully developed as that of other nations, and who, naturally, in the isolation in which they have been left by the thinkers of the party, welcomed this system of denouncing this creed of patriotism as the most simple and efficacious method of relieving the immediate evils of which they have to complain. They cannot even claim to be the honors of a revolution, for that would be claiming a nations' interest in their particular countries, and I fear that their tattered banner of "patriotism" would be too old and time-worn for them to carry to the front, unless they patched its rags and called it by some name that does not include a nation's inborn "love of country," and the all-conquering desire that swamps *self* in the weal of the nation.

The social arrangement of the external world is only the manifestation of interior man, his ties of family are but enlarged in the ties of his country, the union of families which make the nation. The *heimweg*, which sickens unto death the Swiss, must be of a stronger calibre than mere family affection, it must bear the *relief* of a nobler impulse than the pleasure of living and dying within the prescribed bounds of one special place; for we credit man with a higher instinct than that of the feline race, who are essentially gifted as to locality.

Men emigrate, they form new circles in other lands, but I hold no man can entirely smother the Promethean fire of patriotism for the land of his birth, unless perhaps he left that country for his country's good, or suffered under his country's laws, *then* perhaps other, fiercer flames would consume his inborn patriotism. Eyes may be opened to the injustice and villainy of existing social arrangements, but it can only serve to force patriotism to a surer, a more exalted pinnacle.

To you who belong to the "brotherhood of man," where would you be were you Pole, Swiss or Italian, if you could not claim fellowship with the grandeur of European patriots? Sobieski and Kosauth for Poland gave their lives and souls; they fought that their country might be delivered from relentless foreign oppressors. Surely the "old superstition patriotism was the sole incentive! What if they had left "the capitalists to do the fighting? Or had Mazzini or Garibaldi, in Italy, worked and organized with unswerving life-long energy, "that they might sweat the workers for their own profit," where would Italy be to-day? Instead of a nation of but twenty years' growth, she would be a down trodden, broken-hearted race, as by this time Austria would not have utterly wiped her people from the list of nations.

In the early days of Christianity there existed good, pious and sincerely enthusiastic men who believed they had found the ideal of the new life in Communism. These were the Monks. They too abolished the fatherland, the family and individual property, they founded their communes and set before themselves the duty of conquering the world. Where are the monks to-day, and where is the world?

Dare I trespass further on your space, Mr. Editor, to quote from one of your own writers, who has left an immortal name upon something more durable than the "sands of time"?

"Oh, my brothers, love your Country! Our country is our Home, the house that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us and whom we love, a family with whom we sympathize more readily and whom we understand more quickly than we do others; and which, from its being centred round a given spot, and from the homogeneous nature of its elements, is adapted to a special branch of industry. Our country is our common bishop, whence the products of our activity are sent forth for the benefit of the whole world, whereon the tools and implements of labor we can most usefully employ are gathered together; and may we respect them without doubting the claim of the Almighty and diminishing our own strength.

In laboring for our own country on the right principle we labor for human society. Our country is the fulcrum of the lever we have to raise the common good. If we abandon that fulcrum, we run the risk of rendering ourselves useless not only to humanity but to our country itself. Before man *can exist* with the nations of which humanity is composed, they must have a National existence. It is only through our country we can have a recognized *collect* existence.

I can offer no apologies for the length of these few words, for my pen was steeped in patriotism and would not be withheld.

FIO HARA

TORONTO, *August 7, '91.*

LABOR REFORMERS AND FREE SPEECH.

Editor Labor Advocate.

I HAVE been somewhat surprised to find so many of our reformers either approving of the action of the City Council in their efforts to suppress free speech in the park, or at most dumpering their disapproval by the admission that though the suppression of free speech is undesirable in general, it is nevertheless justifiable in this instance. Is such a course ever justifiable? Can it be possible that labor reformers cannot see what the outcome of this may be? For they cannot certainly be so indifferent to the success of the cause they advocate, that they look calmly upon what may ultimately be used as a weapon to suppress all out-of-door speaking until the citizens will not be able to call a mass-meeting without breaking the law.

To see citizens look calmly, and even approvingly on, while such an outrage is being perpetrated against the cause of liberty, however such outrage may be dressed up to look like a virtue by a council too corrupt to care if the morals of a whole city were contaminated, is to me a matter of much surprise. And the more so in a time when legislators throughout the United States, as well as in other countries, are making strenuous efforts in the same direction, efforts to suppress not only freedom of speech but freedom of the press as well, and when such suppression is aimed not at immorality but at reform, so that books (and periodicals also, I presume) advocating social purity are forcibly seized by those corrupt upholders of a corrupt social life. That the action of the Toronto Council at such a time has apparently called forth only the mildest form of disapproval on the part of those who in all other instances, are most zealous for the liberties of the people, is doubtless owing to the great abuse of free speech that the city has suffered from. I, an outsider, am scarcely competent to judge in such a matter. And yet because I am an outsider, and therefore not influenced in any way by personal feelings, I may judge more correctly than some whose sense of purity has been so outraged by the coarse brutality of one man, that in their eagerness to silence him they have forgotten that the weapon used may be turned against themselves in some crisis of moment. No abuse of free speech can justify the suppression of free speech. And besides, such a man as Campbell will really do much less harm than one might at first suppose. No one is forced to listen to him; and those who listen to him from preference are already so impure that his coarseness cannot make them much worse. As in Christ's day so in ours, that which cometh from within only defileth a man. And unless a man is corrupt in heart he cannot be corrupted by another's coarseness, and especially is this so when no force is used to make him listen to such.

"Ben," in "Casual Comments," lays much stress on the "Freedom of quiet." If by that he means solitude, that is a thing not obtainable in a place like Queen's Park in any case. But if he means that his ears shall not be saluted by the voice of the speakers, it is easily obtained by going a short distance away. I have been there on several occasions on Sunday, not only this year but other years also, and by going over to the north side of the park, where there are seldom either speakers or people, I have found it equally quiet and more solitary than I have found it in the "Gardens" on Sunday or at the Island Parks. We have no right, of course, to infringe the rights of those who wish for quiet. But, on the other hand, have we any more right to prevent a large number of people, who go there evidently to hear, from hearing? Much less, then, have they the right when the desires of both themselves and the others may be gratified without injury to any. And is not "Ben," a little narrow not only in his definition of freedom, but also of free speech? He says: "If it should be that sometime it may interfere with the freedom of speech we so dearly prize, we have those miserable screamers and shouters to thank for it." What, then, is freedom of speech? Is it that labor reformers may advocate their particular beliefs only? I supposed the Salvation army had equally as good a right to advocate their particular beliefs as I have to advocate mine. If free speech means that I, *only*, shall say what I choose, then I vote for the suppression of it at once. I don't want such tyranny even in my own interest. And "Ben" is wrong also in thinking that we will have such "shouters" to thank for the loss of free speech, if it should end in that. We will have half hearted liberals to thank for it, who look upon the loss of a right that has been gained with such difficulty with indifference or approval.

E. JOHNSON.

OVERGROWN CITIES.

THE MODERN TENDENCY TO HERD IN VAST COMMUNITIES

How the Cities are Growing at the Expense of Rural Districts. Some Striking Statistics.

(*From the N. Y. Times.*)

THE tendency in modern times to the concentration of population is nowhere more marked than in the United States. Perhaps it is nowhere less quite so marked. Everybody has observed the tendency, but probably the statistics of the census will surprise even those who have given to the subject the greatest attention. For it appears that at this time very nearly a third of the population of the least crowded of the great civilized countries is an urban population. The exact percentage is 29.12. The fact is even more striking when compared with the showing of previous censuses. By the first census the proportion was 3.35, and by the census of 1880 it was 22.57. In 1880 the number of towns with a population of more than 8,000 was 286. In 1890 it was 443. The increase, it will thus be seen, has been very much out of proportion to the general increase in population, and has gone on with

A GREATLY ACCELERATED MOTION

No doubt it is primarily accounted for by the increase in the facilities of communication. It has been said that the advance of civilization, in a merely material sense, is synonymous with the power to sustain a greater number of people on the same area. This is not a bad definition, since that power involves an improvement in all processes of exchange, including the improvement and multiplication of the means of transit. To us it seems incredible that a city of a million people can have been sustained at all before the introduction of steam in transportation. The mere feeding of such an aggregation, with no other means of transport than were supplied by sails on the water and by animals on the land, appears to be quite out of the question. As a matter of fact, we know that it is possible, because such cities existed and flourished before the age of steam. But modern researches have tended to diminish the old estimates of the population of famous cities. Even with the Roman roads it is doubtful whether the enormous population that used to be ascribed

TO IMPERIAL ROME

could have been supported, and within the last generation the current estimates of the population of such cities as Pekin and what used to be known in the geographies as "Jeddo" have been very much reduced. The modern improvements in transportation render the great aggregations of population far more possible than they were before these improvements were introduced or than they are in countries to which these improvements have not extended. This explains the increased feasibility of great cities, but it scarcely explains the increasing tendency of the population to these cities. In truth, the explanation of this must be sought in other than strictly economic causes. So far as physical well-being is concerned, the man who works with his hands is pretty evidently better off in the country than in the city.

THE GROWING COMPLAINTS

from the agricultural States, which have been formulated by the Farmers' Alliance, which is itself a symptom of discontent, do not tend to disprove the proposition. So far as the primary physical needs of mankind are concerned, the need of food and clothing and shelter, scarcely anybody in the agricultural regions of this country suffers from the privation of them. Nobody suffers from the privation of them who is sound in mind and body and moderately industrious. So much cannot be said of the cities, and yet the movement from country to city goes on as long as there is secure, to the city where it is doubtful. The explanation probably lies in the monotony of rural life, which is more deeply felt as oppressive and dismal as the people become educated, as become aware of the greater variety and interest of life in the cities.

THE CRAVING FOR EXCITEMENT,

though less imperious, is not less natural and not less universal than the craving for food. When the first physical needs are provided for, this craving asserts itself in all men and all women. The country has its interest and its charm, of course but they appear mainly to thoughtful and refined minds. The coarser pleasures that are to be found where people congregate are those that appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. A generation ago the excitement of rural communities was sought and found in their religious life. The type of religion that prevailed among the Puritans of England and throughout those parts of the country that were peopled from New England, assuredly did not lack the interest of a melodrama to those that believed in it, and belief in it was almost universal. The pictures of

HEAVEN AND HELL

that were painted by revivalists and by settled preachers, is much more moving to their auditors than any that could have been presented on the stage, inasmuch as an unquestioning acceptance took the place of a conscious illusion. The confidence is not without meaning of the disappearance of this type of religion throughout the rural regions and of the increasing impatience with life in those regions that is shown by the dwellers in them. There are, of course, limits to the shifting of population towards the cities, the first and most inexorable of them being the limit of subsistence. Within those limits the tendency can be checked only by the introduction into rural life of some elements that will give it more attractiveness than it now possesses by supplying it with the distractions and excitements it now fails to furnish.

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