

air and sunshine by every conceivable means of transport,—instead of upward toward an uncertain heaven—where the hands can touch the kindly bosom of Mother Earth, plant roses in her garden and later gather fresh flowers and fruit seems to me the only solution to the problem of how we are to prevent the rapid

degeneration of a race, who once had Anglo-Saxon freemen for their ancestors and were something other than automata, ever drudging and rolling a Sisyphus stone up a mountain of struggle without a top, or exhausted through the thirst of hopeless labor seeking to drink from the golden cup of Tantalus always just beyond their reach!