

name a synonym for discomfort. The store a garden of delight, the workshop a thing of beauty. Space and freedom everywhere; for distance has lost its terror when it is no longer monarch of the situation.

The underground delivery of goods by means of a mechanism, simple and almost automatic, aerial navigation at a speed that brings the most distant corner of the city practically within a stone's throw, have solved the problem. A city of palaces truly, but a city of air and sunlight first of all.

"Exhibit of ancient industrial implements. Practical comparison of the old and new."

The traveller's footsteps are arrested. Thirty-six hours in which to view the contents of this part of the exhibit! Thirty-six weeks would hardly suffice. His eye wanders at random over the collection of buildings. He cannot hope to see a thousandth part. A case of bright shining objects meet his gaze.

"Needles as they were made and used a century ago," runs the notice.

In an inclosed space a number of girls, white-aproned and demure, are laboriously plying those same industrial implements. Fast fly the white fingers; slowly grows the long seam. It is a pretty sight from an artistic point of view; as a question of utility the modern mind might be pardoned for being more than a trifle skeptical.

"The next step in the chain."

A neat sewing-machine, with a more than neat operator, demonstrates the immensity of the stride from the modest little needle to its more pretentious sister. But wait. At the rear of that long hall, devoted entirely to the interests of the needle in its ancient and modern garb, the sight-seer arrives at the outgrowth of the industry.

"Latest improvement in shirt-making. First prize awarded."

A bale of cotton cloth appears for an instant, hovering between the first and second stage of its existence, is drawn into a gaping mouth that com-

pletely swallows it up, and reappears in a moment in altered style. The eye follows it through its devious course as it shows itself now in lengths of cloth, and again in a more complete shape, never stopping in its journey, disappearing and emerging, gradually leaving the upper end of the machine, until it finally appears a completed, neatly folded garment, dropping into the basket awaiting it at the other end. Time—all told, two minutes, and not a finger-touch from first to last of the process. The visitor turns to gaze at the white aproned figures by the entrance. The beginning and the end. Perhaps. Who knows?

Exhibit after exhibit, improvement following upon the heels of improvement, labor-saving appliances bidding fair to become labor annihilating processes, at the next step—everything to see, everything claiming attention.

"This way to the Gymnasium. Practical tests of the latest apparatus."

Practical undoubtedly. No lack of work here. Labor inventing and labor provoking appliances every one of them, their very perfection the incentive they gave to effort. In this twentieth century men needed not to dig or saw or plough. Progress had not rested till she had done away with the dire necessity for labor. But there is an evenness about the ways of fate, however much she may be maligned. What one was not forced to do by the exigencies of circumstances, had to be resorted to to keep man's curious bodily mechanism from rusting out. Science had not yet, even in this year 1992, found a substitute for exertion in keeping the machinery of the body in running order, and failing this she was forced to come to the rescue and invent new forms of exertion, happily innocent of the charge of utility in any direction except that of affording much needed strength to the unfortunate worker. Nobly had she performed her task. Her reward was a ready following, to judge by the crowds that eagerly