

One may deplore the steady drifting of the boys to the towns; but it is easily understood. To reproduce the father's drudgery over again cannot present any charm. In a town there is always a possibility of a lucky chance leading to prosperity,... but there is no future for the farm lad who sticks to the farm but a pound a week at the most and rheumatism.

...Nature is so cruel. She insists that he who gives his services to the land shall be nothing short of a slave. He must be of the land and of the land only: he must think land and live land; and in reward the land will get into his bones and cripple him. I sometimes wonder if field work is a human being's work at all — when I see the gnarled and creeping things about here that are called old men and old women, who ought to be upright and happy, but are mournful and crooked and lacking both the opportunity and the power of enjoying the ameliorations of civilization.

I hate machinery, but machinery would be better than this; and yet of course it is machinery that has emptied the rural districts. Town life is bad enough, with its crowded slums and fiercer struggle for existence; but there at least you get society and dry walls. You should see some of our cottages — such picturesque little bits for the artist! — on wet days.

**E. V. Lucas**