

personal Devil, with all the adjuncts of fire, sulphur and brimstone. The "higher criticism" has no following on this lone isle. They never heard of Darwin, Huxley, Ingersoll or Madam Blavatsky.

To be born, reared, live and die on Hog Island would seem to insure free passport to Heaven; that is if the keeping of all the Commandments means redemption.

The native Hog Islander is baptized early and is orthodox to a painful degree. He honors his father and mother as much as a desert Bedouin; he keeps Sunday with the fidelity of an old Scotch Covenanter. He does not curse, kill or steal, and as for making love to his neighbor's wife, the idea never enters his head; at least there is no record of this latest American fashion being practiced in the H. I. Commonwealth.

THE MAIDENS OF HOG ISLAND

The maidens of this place are shy, sweet, wholesome and pure as a calla lily. They believe devoutly in the sovereignty of man. They never think of sitting down to the table until they have served their lord and master. They are as frugal and industrious as an Amsterdam fraulien. The new woman would be looked at with amazement and horror by these healthy Arcadian maidens by the sea.

These islanders are not perfect beings with angel-wings sprouting between their shoulders; their great shortcoming is the human failing of envy mixed with some uncharitableness. They gossip about each other, but there are no Mrs. Candours, Sir Benjamin Backbiters, or Lady Sneerwells on the island.