

We rushed away, leaving behind the city streets and the scattered houses on the outskirts of the town, into the open country. The branches of the trees seemed quite black against the broad fields of snow. The road was terribly rough, with deep ruts and holes through which the car went jolting, but the sky was very bright and the air was fresh and keen.

Suddenly we dipped down into a hollow and stopped beside some overhanging trees. To the left of us was a little farm house. A tall man came to the farmyard gate and opened it for us, as we jumped out of the car. As we climbed the high steps leading to the front door a buxom rosy-faced woman came smiling out to us. The door opened into a little kitchen where there was a fine big fire. She took us through the kitchen into her parlour which was lined with homely* country furniture and ornaments, and where also there was a blazing fire. A bedroom opened out of the parlour, and this completed her own and her husband's home.

I went with her into the bedroom to tidy my hair, now all blown about by our speedy drive. I asked her how she liked the place and how she thought she should like the Institution. She laughed and said that the place was healthy, that, though she had never before had anything to do with an Institution, she thought she could 'get used to it', and that, so far, she had seen nothing to complain of in 'them'.

When we joined Mr Miles and the Inspector, her husband was saying: 'Why, yes, of course, they are all right.'

Then we went out to explore. In the lower part of the little farm house was a sort of granary, where there were many filled sacks and tools of all kinds. A carrot top that had sent out long pale green shoots hung against the wall. A middle-aged man came in as we stood there and took a spade from amongst a pile of them that were leaning against the wall. He was dressed in the shabby, ill-fitting brown clothes of the House of Correction. The farmer spoke a cheery word to him and the man said 'good-day' to us all as we passed out.

We crossed the farmyard and made our way by a narrow trodden path at the edge of a little wood, to the door of a shed which the farmer opened for us. It was dusky and warm inside, with straw on the ground and a pile of some kind of tall dried grass in one corner and big sleek horses standing in their stalls. A dark skinned American Indian was rubbing down one of the horses and another man was cleaning out one of the

* {SP} 'Homely' in the English sense, as it is used, here, means 'homelike'. To Americans it means ugly.

stalls. Both wore the House of Correction clothing. For a few moments we stayed to talk with them about the weather, the late snow and the possibility of another fall, crop prospects and other things connected with the farm.

Close to the stable was a little old house partly furnished. One of its rooms was used for storing beans and household cereals, and a man in whitish cotton overalls, was pouring some beans into a sieve. We were told that he had been chosen to help with the cooking and that this was considered a special privilege. There were two or three beds in each of the upstairs rooms, and altogether they could accommodate about a dozen men, who were sent down here from the House of Correction, to help with the farming as required, until the new Institution should be built, when both the existing houses would be pulled down.

'Then you do not find it necessary for someone to be always in charge of the men, to see that they work and to prevent them running away?' I asked the farmer. 'Why, no,' he answered. 'There's no trouble with them. They like being here.' 'If they were to run away,' the Inspector said, 'I should soon find them out and bring them back. I know them all.'

On a little eminence flanked by dark pine woods, was the proposed site of the Institution. The plans were not yet drawn, but Mr Miles kindly lent to me the instructions laid down for the guidance of the architects who were to send in competing designs. From these instructions I learnt that the Institution was to consist of the following buildings: -

A 12-roomed house for the Inspector and his family and a 12-roomed house for the Deputy Inspector, four rooms of which were to be set apart for other officers and approached by a separate entrance.

An administration building, consisting of a reception room, library, business office, Inspector's office, Deputy Inspector's office, guard room, measuring room, housekeeper's closet, store closet, surgery, operating theatre, drug room, special sick wards and so on, the total ground floor area not to exceed 6,000 square feet.

A hospital of two wings, one of which was to be used for tubercular patients.

A Refectory Building, to contain accommodation for the preparation and distribution of food for 600 inmates, and to include a kitchen; pantry; cold storage, with separate rooms for meat, meat cutting, milk, butter, cheese, scraps and two cold storage rooms for vegetables; a bakery, with flour room having capacity for 400 barrels, bake room and bread room; a serving room, two dining rooms, each to accommodate 100 inmates.