

**MR. EAST'S EXPERIENCES
IN MR. BELLAMY'S
WORLD: RECORDS OF THE
YEARS 2001 AND 2002**

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Mr. East's Experiences in Mr. Bellamy's World: Records of the Years 2001 and 2002 by Conrad Wilbrandt & Mary J. Safford

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CONRAD WILBRANDT & MARY J. SAFFORD

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E.F.

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Records of the Years 2001 and 2002

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BY
CONRAD WILBRANDT

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY
MARY J. SAFFORD

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I was requested by Herr Ost's relatives to examine the papers he had left, and to select those which I deemed suitable for publication. His records of the years 2001 and 2002 seemed to me noteworthy, and I thought that they should not be withheld from the public.

Like Mr. Bellamy's Julian West, Friedrich Ost * had the experience of being transported into a distant future. Like the former in the year 2000, the latter in the following ones became a witness of a new order of things in society and in the State, and confided to paper what he experienced, heard, and saw. That his observations led to different conclusions from Julian West's cannot render his narrative less valuable in my eyes.

On the contrary, this difference of observation and opinion made me consider publication a duty. Many hundred thousand copies of *Looking Backward* have been sold, so the book probably has had millions of readers. Have not these millions who have read with interest descriptions of the new arrangement of the world, who have all been charmed, perhaps, with the glimpses Julian West gave them of the life of our posterity—have not these millions a right to ask that

other descriptions, which show the other side of the life of that world, shall not be withheld? I, at least, believed it to be their due, and hope that they will devour this little work with the same eagerness.

This, of course, does not mean to imply that readers of a different opinion would not be cordially welcome.

D. H.

* Frederick East.—*Tr.*

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
EDITOR'S PREFACE	iii
I. BURIAL AND RESURRECTION	1
II. THE FIRST BEGINNINGS OF THE NEW LIFE	19
III. HOW SOCIALISTIC LIFE APPEARS IN THE NEWSPAPERS	36
IV. A VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS	84
V. DEPARTURE AND HOME-MAKING	114
VI. SISTER MARTHA'S JOURNAL	130
VII. A CONVERSATION WITH THE CHANCELLOR.	165
VIII. HOW THE WORLD LOOKED	183
IX. A HAPPY EVENT AND A BIT OF BAD NEWS	203
X. HOW THE SCHOLARS OF THE SOCIALISTIC STATE REGARD THE TARIFF SYSTEM OF THE PAST	213
XI. THE END OF SOCIETY	235
APPENDIX	247

MR. FREDERICK EAST'S EXPERIENCES

IN

MR. BELLAMY'S WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

BURIAL AND RESURRECTION.

ON the 25th day of November, 1890, I reached the last page of Edward Bellamy's book *Looking Backward*. This much-read volume has exerted a singular influence upon me and my destiny. Indirectly, if not directly, it has been the cause of my having shared the fate of the hero of the romance—that of being transferred from the time to which I belonged by date of birth to a period far removed from it.

I was born in the year 1833, and therefore was fifty-seven years old when I read Mr. Bellamy's novel. Now I take up my pen to record my experiences in the years 2001 and 2002. My existence during these years, and my ability to give an account of that period, I owe to an event which could not have happened save for the impressions produced by this book.

Edward Bellamy described in his romantic tale the prosperity and happiness of an age that lay before me in the misty distance, but which promised to our pos-