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**A DREAM OF . . .  
AN IDEAL CITY.**

BY

ALBERT KIMSEY OWEN.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

MURDOCH & Co., 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

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## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

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MR. OWEN'S pamphlet has been specially revised by the author for the present edition. The Ideal City still remains a dream; but the ten years of Topolobampo's chequered history, while they have not yet served to realise the ideal, have brought with them many valuable lessons of practical experience, and have thus helped to clear the ground for further efforts, and to set up not a few finger-posts for those who embark in any similar enterprise. English readers will find some account of this history in the *Yorkshire Post* (Leeds) for September 18th, 1896, and the *New Order* (Murdoch & Co.) for November and December, 1896, and January, 1897. Mr. Owen's ideal, however, is not necessarily bound up with the fortunes of Topolobampo; and the main reason why we have published this pamphlet in England, is to encourage and stimulate those who, on this side of the Atlantic, are also looking forward to the establishment of a new order of Society, and the building up of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

*March, 1897.*

# A DREAM OF AN IDEAL CITY.

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## PROLOGUE.

THE Ideal is the Real well seen.—*Carlyle*.

The dreams of yesterday are the realities of to-day.—*Carlyle*.

Visions are the creators and feeders of mankind.—*George Eliot*.

The accurate final rights of man lie in the far depths of the ideal.—*Carlyle*.

I dreamed in a dream how I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth. I dreamed that it was THE NEW CITY OF FRIENDS; nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love; it led the rest; it was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, and in all their looks and words.—*Whitman*.

Human Society is progressive—progressive, let us hope, to a higher, a purer, a more unselfish ethical standard.—*Lord Russell*.

I say young men will see visions, and I hope men who are no longer young will see visions, because it is on the visions of the future that there is best hope for the politics of the present; and when you and I cease to dream dreams, it will be time for us to give up being municipal reformers.—*Lord Rosebery*.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I may not reach them; but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—*Louisa M. Alcott*.

To me there is something thrilling and exalting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid reality; into something that no mortal eye hath yet seen, and no intelligence hath yet declared.—*F. C. Chapin*.

I have regarded and shall ever regard municipal public life as a public benefit, without which there is no public freedom, and for the loss of

which I think all ministerial responsibilities and Parliament privileges are but a pitiful equivalent.—*Kossuth*.

The true poem of our day is to convert the existing social chaos into a social cosmos, a rational ordered whole.—*Carlyle*.

If we must put our trust in Trusts, let us make a Trust big enough to include every citizen in the city.—*A. K. Owen*.

The only reason why we have not yet established the Kingdom of God upon earth is because we are for ever telling each other that it cannot be done.—*A. K. Owen*.

It is the duty of Government to make it as hard as possible for a man to go wrong, and as easy as possible for a man to go right.—*Gladstone*.

DREAMS grow holy put in action,

Work grows fair through starry dreaming;

But where each flows on unmingling,

Both are fruitless and in vain.

*Miss Proctor.*

#### ANGEL VISIONS.

CHISEL in hand, stood a sculptor boy,

With his marble block before him;

And his face lit up with a smile of joy,

As an angel-dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on the shapeless stone

With many a sharp incision;

With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—

He had caught the angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand

With our souls uncarved before us,

Waiting the hour when, at God's command,

Our life-dream passes o'er us;

If we carve it then on the yielding stone

With many a sharp incision,

Its heavenly beauties shall be our own,

Our lives that angel vision.

*Bishop Doane.*

## WILLIAM MORRIS' CREED.

I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me, so looked at, to be a most just claim. This, then, is the claim:—

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn this claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim. Yet again I say, if Society could or would admit this claim, the face of the world would be changed, and discontent, and strife, and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us—what serious harm could happen to us then?

## THE NEW ORDER.

RING out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,

With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land,

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Tennyson.*



## A DREAM OF AN IDEAL CITY.

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I LOVE to dream of The New City—of Pacific City, which is to rise on the shores of Topolobampo Bay, in far-off Sinaloa, on the edge of the California Gulf, in North-West Mexico.

I love to dream of the citizens in a large community being associated, for life's work, in one great firm, incorporated to build, by and for themselves, the best appointed, the most beautiful, and the greatest city on earth—a park residence, a city in which the metropolis, with its facilities, entertainments and cultures, and the country, with its green fields, hedge-rows and shades, will be combined; a seaside resort, where surf-bathing, fishing and yachting will be only an hour's remove from the places of industry, commerce and home; and where every citizen may have self-appointed employments, a sufficiency of this world's goods, and an elegant leisure in which to enjoy life with all its well-appointed pleasures and modern advantages.

I love to dream of a municipality being laid out, built up and managed with order, system and authority from the start to the finish—of the plan being studied, fixed and approved, before a step has been taken to execute the work—of the construction of stone piers, the laying of giant sea-walls fronting the Straits of Joshua and Ohuira Bay, the digging of canals to extend and improve the water front, the planting of palm groves along these great quays, the erecting of model blocks, the opening and shading of thoroughfares, the establishing and perfecting of varied and useful

home industries upon areas reserved especially for them, and the building and furnishing for each resident family of a handsome and permanent home from the centre, solidly and rapidly to the four quarters of the compass, over one of the fairest plains, and in one of the most health-giving localities ever selected for the dwelling-place of mankind.

I love to dream of a city so well laid out, so studiously planned, so carefully started and so thoroughly thought out in its essential details, that every hour's work of every citizen employed goes to cut down a hill, to fill in a hole, to fence an area, to make a shoe ordered, to build a structure needed, to grow a potato which will be necessary to feed all who have agreed to labour for and perfect the one fixed plan for home, farm, factory and exchange.

I love to dream of the citizens of an entire metropolis so well organised, and so nicely attracted, each to do what he or she can best do to carry out the general plan decided upon, that daily leisure can be enjoyed by every worker at least during eight hours, and yet leave one-third of each working day for sleep, and where the Sabbath can be kept sacred to the privacy and to the sanctity of that greatest of all shrines, to one's home altar; to the worship of one's household gods; to the holiness of one's fireside idols; to the devotion that one ever owes to one's wife and children at home.

I love to dream of ten thousand or more families being sufficiently intelligent to incorporate, to settle together upon this well selected site for a remarkable commercial, industrial and ocean-shore city, to have their own agents, the city directors, and to establish a Labour Clearing House, where every citizen who works can deposit his or her crude labour, or his or her finished labour products, and receive full value *credited* upon the city's books, and where every article or service used for private purposes can be *debited* against the credits of the citizen who uses the same.

I love to dream that thousands of family groups will be induced to co-operate under one management, that they may have their own municipal and distinct ways and means of payment; that they may be entirely independent of the outside world for their money, employments, homes, foods, clothing, and for all essentials; and that they may be inter-dependent with others only for the exchange of the things they do not want, for the

surplus commodities of other communities which they do want—for those non-essential articles which come under the name of luxuries, and which may, if necessary, be dispensed with without causing suffering or discomfort to any citizen.

I love to dream of a city where private property will be separated from municipal property, where the home and all that in it is, the carriage, the yacht, the bicycle, the kit of tools, the foot lathe, and the sewing machine are private; and where the land and its deposits, thoroughfares, street cars, electric powers, lights, heats, water supplies, gas, markets, hotels, theatres, laundries, and restaurants will be held in trust and operated by the city, for and by its citizens.

I love to dream of a city where the producer will own his or her own products; and where the city will hold in trust all that is common to the happiness and usefulness of all—of a city where private property will be held sacred, and where public property will never be allowed to be monopolized by and for the benefit of a few.

I love to dream of a city where there will be one buyer, *who buys to sell again*, for all its citizens, and where everything that is bought will be substantial and unadulterated, and will be sold to the citizens, in retail quantities, at wholesale cost prices.

I love to dream of a city where every citizen, to be in good standing, must be industrious, during hours appointed for work, in some occupation which is productive of something that is useful and ornamental, and is ordered by the Board of Directors.

I love to dream of a city where aristocracy will be founded only upon productive labour.

I love to dream of a city organised under as many co-ordinate and inter-dependent Departments, or Bureaux, as may divide up and systematize the varied properties and functions of a city; where there will be the Department for banking and insurance, surveys and construction, law and registration, powers and lights, commissary and hotel, transportation and distribution, diversification and perfection of home industries, social science and education, agriculture and forestry, surgery and hygiene.

I love to dream of a city where there will not be a "single," an "income" or any other direct tax; where the city's revenues will come from the control and operation of municipal utilities of public convenience—from street cars, electric lights, powers and hotels, parcel and baggage express, storage, handlage and commissions, water uses, leaseholds, wharfage, ferryage and exchange.

I love to dream of a city where licenses will not be given to encourage, protect, or perpetuate prostitution, drunkenness, gaming, evil or other vices.

I love to dream of a city where the laws will be made more with the view to prevent evil than to punish it after it has been committed.

I love to dream of a community where the citizens will grow cotton, wool, flax, hemp and silk, and manufacture them into forms for their own use, where they will mine iron, copper and lead, and will fashion these metals into all the shapes known to commerce; and where they will publish their own periodicals and books, and will grow the fibre, and will make the paper upon which the same are printed.

I love to dream of a city which will have its "bonanza" farm of two hundred thousand and more acres irrigated, and where the ground can be prepared, the seed planted, and the crops harvested by the most approved power machinery run by electricity; by the best and most varied tools and implements that can be obtained, and by the most skilled agriculturist; and all under the direction of one director, so that the greatest returns can be obtained at the minimum cost of labour and time.

I love to dream of a city where man and woman will be advanced to a high plane of intellectual life, and where machinery will be used to harness up electricity, so that all the drudgery may be taken off from human beings and animals.

I love to dream of all citizens, between twenty and forty years of age, in the "madrugada"—at the birth of day—going to their varied labours, the men to the fields, wharves and factories, to the open-door and the more exposed employments; the women to the counting-houses, supply departments and schools, to the in-door and less fatiguing occupations.

I love to dream of a city where every citizen will be insured, by special funds set aside from the public revenues, in case of accident, illness, old

age, loss by fire, flood or wind, and where the entire autonomy of the city will be ready to assist a citizen who has fallen.

I love to dream of a city where there cannot be poverty, where, in their manhood and womanhood, in the days of their strength and hope, every citizen will assist in a methodical way to build up and to make prosperous the city; and where the city, after it has become influential and prosperous, will in its turn serve its citizens by its protection, and, if need be, by its support.

I love to dream of a city where the citizens will be willing to live up to their professions that "one good turn deserves another," and where a man who insists upon getting every kind of service from every government and from every person, and in not giving any service in return, will not be allowed a place to practice his brute selfishness within the municipality.

I love to dream of a city where every street, avenue and diagonal will be a parkway, where two-fifths of the area of all thoroughfares will be paved with asphaltum and brick, and where three-fifths will be devoted to shade-trees, grass, shrubs and flowers; where parks will be at each corner of every square mile, where circles and triangles will be preserved for statues, fountains and ornamentations; through and around which the citizens will travel on foot, tricycles, bicycles, unicycles and roller skates, or in street cars and private carriages, propelled by storage batteries.

I love to dream of a city where there will be no noises in the day and during the night; where the birds will sing our matins, and where the angelus and the curfew will be chimed out from the sweetest of bells from the district clocks, which will call distinctly and musically the hours for work, for school, for meals, for "siestas," for amusements and for bed.

I love to dream of a city in which there will be no horses, cows, pigs, goats, dogs, cats, chickens and other creatures of disturbance, filth and disorder.

I love to dream of a city where there will be no smoke, no ashes, no dust, no steam whistles, no street cries from the vendors of newspapers, fruits and vegetables—of a city where everything will be driven by electricity, conducted by copper cables from the dynamos on the *Fuerte River*, and by storage batteries, which will be brought in on the eastern



freight trains from the cascades of the Sierra Madre—of a city where all the cooking will be done by gas or electricity; where telephones will connect every house with every other residence, factory, farm and nursery; where the electrophone will give every citizen, while sitting on his or her own veranda, the opportunity to hear any musical recital, address or song that may be given in any part of the community; and where free baths, free libraries and free lectures will make the leisure which should come regularly to every citizen, between the hours set apart for work and those for sleep, unalloyed recreation, instruction and entertainment.

I love to dream of every citizen of a city having the luxurious advantages of modern club life, where every desirable magazine, periodical and book can be had, and where royal splendour and every comfort will be at the command of every citizen.

I love to dream of a city where every boy and girl will have the most approved advantages for education, freely and generously given; where each one will be made skilled in some useful craft before he or she is twenty years of age; where normal-industrial schools and scientific-polytechnic institutes, laboratories, museums of natural history, gardens of plants and zoological and geological collections will be ever open for their inspection, study and entertainment.

I love to dream of a city where woman will have all the political and property rights enjoyed by man, and where she will be given the option to select first from all employments, and the first place by courtesy, and the privilege of the doubt.

I love to dream of a city where there will not be a stock or produce exchange, where "bears" and "bulls," "lambs" and "tigers" will not exist; where "puts," "calls," "margins" and "futures" will have no place; where the "roulette table," the "three-card-monte," the "plaza de toros," the cock fight, the boxing match and the horse race will be for ever tabooed.

I love to dream of a city where there will not be a public saloon, a dive, or a house of prostitution—of a city where girls and boys will be as safe from evil influences in the thoroughfares as they are in their own homes, at midnight as well as at noon.

I love to dream of a city where the broker, middleman, "drummer," land agent and the Jew-per-cent. creature will not be permitted; where any *interest* will be considered as being *usury*; where profit-sharing will be encouraged; where co-operation takes the place of competition; and where cunning and unprincipled men and demoralizing women will not find encouragement to practice their vocations.

I love to dream of a city where the citizens will never make contracts one with the other, but only with their own agents—with one or more of the Directors of one or more Departments of the city; and where there will be one lawyer only, and he, or she, the salaried attorney for the municipality, whose duty shall be to give advice free, on legal points, to any citizen who may wish the same.

I love to dream of a city which will furnish its citizens with fresh eggs, fish direct from the water, milk pure from its own cows, fruit selected from the city's orchards; and where every article furnished will be good, sweet and clean, and at cost.

I love to dream of a city which will have great, central kitchens, under the best professional cooks; and commodious and luxurious dining-rooms, where meals will be served after the most approved methods, and from home-made china, glass and cutlery.

I love to dream of dining-rooms, living-rooms and bedrooms being kept free from flies during the day, from mosquitoes during the night, and from other insects at all times, by means of small and large fans, kept in constant motion by electricity, placed in every open window, doorway and other exposed place; and where the temperature will be regulated to the required coolness by the same contrivances; and where heat will be supplied, when necessary, by means of electric currents.

I love to dream of hospitals and rooms of sickness where flies will not by any possibility be allowed to go in and out to annoy the sufferers, and to carry the infection to places otherwise free; and where hot air and combustion will be generously used to disinfect and to make pure, sweet and healthgiving, places where bacteria and bacilli may otherwise lurk

I love to dream of a city which will be founded upon principle and not for profit; where the citizens will co-operate to make and to do everything

possible by and for themselves, and where every one will unite to make permanent homes for each head of a family, and to combine utility with beauty in every detail of construction and art.

I love to dream of a city of homes—of a city of a home-people, where to make good men and grand women, well brought up boys and thoroughly trained girls will be the chief care of the incorporation; and where to make money will sift itself down to the city simply *creating a credit with outside banks* sufficient to meet the expenses for travel and for such foreign luxuries as citizens may have a desire to indulge in.

I love to dream of a city where entire blocks of Ancient Mexico, Egypt, India, Syria, Persia, Greece, Rome and Spain shall be re-constructed, so that the best architecture at Baalbec, Luxor, Carnak, Thebes, Agra and Uexmal may be seen and studied.

I love to dream of a city which will make the homes and the marriages of its citizens its most careful consideration—that will see that the first is provided to every head of a family, and that the second is encouraged and fostered in early life and kept sacred.

I love to dream of a city which will set apart a special fund to build, furnish and present a substantial and well-appointed house, on the day of their marriage, to men and women who have been born and raised in the city, and who are over twenty and under thirty years of age.

I love to dream of a city in the harbour of which will float the yessels of every nation, and where the one eight-track trunk railroad, which will alone enter the city, will have branches to every part of North, Central and South America.

I love to dream of a city which will stand in the direct and best route between Europe and Asia—in the path of that commerce which has made civilization and dominion, wherever it has broken bulk in the day or has rested for a night—of that exchange and travel which built up Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, Alexandria, Melbourne, New York and San Francisco.

I love to dream of a city so well regulated, by its attractions and disciplines, and by its orderly, correct and peaceful well-being, that the citizens will live devout, practical, upright, cultured lives, in their everyday interchanges and greetings, one with the other; and will show the

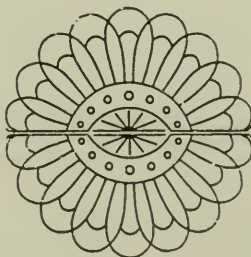


faith that is within them, and that they believe in the doctrine of doing good, by each citizen labouring every day to serve all the others, and by giving his or her first thought and best skill to make Pacific City great and remarkable, by means of home industries diversified and perfected through a way and means of city payments—by the off-setting of one service by another service.

I love to dream of a city where eclecticism will be practised; where the best ideas, the most approved plans, and the most useful machines will be, at once, adopted; where "the dark tangled schemes of sad salvation" will not be preached, and where the cunning plottings of deceitful "business" men will not be found profitable.

I love to dream of a city of idealists—of men and women who are to unite to work, continually and incessantly, for the best in everything; of an organised society which is not afraid to practice its convictions, and which is determined to offer no compromise to the vices of cities and to the speculations of designing men.

I love to dream of an ideal community—of an ideal folk, who will be for ever struggling for the ideal life, the ideal religion, the ideal home, the ideal sentiment, the ideal in industries, and the ideal in perfection.





NEW AUSTRALIA. The Report of Mr.  
ALFRED ROGERS to the British New Australia Board.

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