

"Oh this," begun Filby, "is all"—we may add "bosh" and be right, but still here is the scientific dressing of which we spoke.

It suffices to say that he produced a model which he made disappear—into Time as he said. He then showed them an unfinished machine of the regular size, and as the party left he invited them to assemble a few evenings later.

They arrive to find him not upon the scene, but a note tells them to dine at a certain hour, as he will return as soon as possible. It is not long before he turns up, tattered, and bloody, and travel worn. He has been Time Travelling and had covered many thousand years in the few hours before dinner! His tale to the assembled company occupies the body of the book and is a good specimen of plain, straightforward readable English, but here we can only occupy ourselves with some of the most startling parts and with the ingenious sociological speculations, advising the reader to obtain the book as part of his summer reading.

After he gets fairly started upon his machine the Time Traveller says: "As I put on pace day followed night like the flap, flap of some rotating body. The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me and I saw the sun hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I suppose the laboratory had been destroyed and I had come into the open air. . . . Presently as I went on still gaining velocity the palpitation of day and night merged into a continuous grayness, the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch in space and the moon a fainter fluctuating band. . . . Presently I noticed that the sun belt swayed up and down from solstice to solstice in a minute or less, and that consequently my pace was over a year a minute, and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring. . . . The landscape was misty and vague. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green, they grew, spread, fluctuated and passed away. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside and remain there without any wintry intermission. Even through the veil of my confusion the world seemed very fair. And so my mind turned to the business of stopping." After this you will surely give the author the palm over all the others in his class, for imaginative ingenuity.

After having traversed some eight hundred thousand years or so he stopped his machine and very opportunely arrived in that far distant period during a thunderstorm. After he had gathered himself together he found he was upon a lawn before an immense building. The people who ran out to meet him were very small and delicately shaped. They showed curiosity over the strange being only for a short time and then wandered off like butterflies in quest of new pleasures. They showed no sign of fear and were quite indifferent whether he lived with them or not. As he wandered about he found the enormous and beautiful buildings were time-worn and ruinous, yet no effort seemed to have been made to repair them, and though all useless vegetation seemed to have disappeared and nothing but flowers and fruit-bearing trees remained, yet they grew in untended confusion. The fact that the great buildings were common living places full of sleeping rooms and dining halls pointed to socialism having been brought to a high state of perfection, in truth everything showed a complete subjection of nature many centuries before, but the Time Traveller seemed to have happened upon the wane of the race for they were utterly lacking in all the inventive and creative genius so prominent in their remote ancestors. As he contemplated the scene he argued that the restless energy which with us is strength, would become

with them weakness, when all danger and competition was reduced to a minimum. Humanity had been strong, energetic and intelligent and had used its vitality to alter the conditions under which it lived, and now had come the reactions of these conditions. He noted the beautiful architecture of the buildings about him and saw in them the last surgings of the now purposeless energy of mankind. Secure from all danger and trouble this energy had found outlet in art and in eroticism ere it fell into languor and decay.

Thus he thought he had solved the social theory of that future day, but as he stays longer he feels there are parts lacking in the great puzzle he is trying to put together.

He noticed that the thoughtless little people frolicked in the sunshine all day, that they did no manner of work and yet were clothed, also at night, they, who were so fearless in the day, slept huddled together and showed the greatest horror of the dark. All this to him seemed an enigma. Before long he noted deep wells in the earth, with strong currents of air ascending in some and descending in others. The presence of these he could not explain for some time. As he was stumbling through some very dark ruins he discovered a pair of flaming eyes turned upon him, and as he advanced he felt something soft brush by and run across the sunlit space—a strange object like a human spider—it held its head very low, and stumbling against a rock of granite it disappeared down one of the wells. Here he felt was one of the missing pieces of his puzzle, for he realized with a shudder that the flaxen haired pallid creature was human.

The little people showed such horror of these pits that they could not be induced to go near them, and for some time he, too, hesitated about descending, but at last he went down, and as a result has a narrow escape from being retained by the creatures below, as only by retreating with lighted matches in his hand could he keep them off, the retinas of their eyes being extremely sensitive.

He thus accounts for the great division in the race. "But at first starting from the problems of our own age it seemed as clear as daylight to me, that the gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference of the capitalist from the labourer was the way to the explanation. No doubt it will seem grotesque enough to you and wildly incredible, and yet even now there are circumstances that point in the way things have gone. There is a tendency plainly enough to utilize underground space for the less ornamental purposes of civilization, there is the Metropolitan station in London for instance, and all these new electric railways and underground work-rooms, restaurants and so forth. Evidently, I thought, this tendency had increased until industry had gradually lost sight of day, going into larger and larger underground factories in which the workers would spend an increasing amount of their time. Even now, an east end worker lives in such artificial conditions as to be practically cut off from the natural surface of the earth and the clear sky altogether.

"Then again, the exclusive tendency of richer people, due, no doubt, to the increasing refinement of their education, and the widening gulf between them and the rude violence of the poor, is already leading to the closing of considerable portions of the earth against the latter. And the same widening gulf, due to the length and expense of the higher educational process and the increased facilities for, and temptation towards, forming refined habits among the rich, will make that frequent exchange between class and class, that promotion and intermarriage which at present retards the splitting of our species along the lines of social stratification, less and less frequent.

"So in the end you would have above ground the Haves, pursuing health, comfort, and beauty, and below ground the Have-nots, the workers, getting continually adapted to their labour. No doubt, once they were below ground,