

ed. Every two seconds an arrest is made. Every thirty seconds an immigrant lands. Every hour there is a fatal accident. Every hour and twenty-four minutes there is a fire. Every eight hours a divorce is granted. Every ten hours there is a case of suicide. New York overdoes everything. It overcares, overdresses, overworks, overpays, overborrows, overmarries and certainly overdivorces—but, up to now, it does not overdrink.

The supreme danger that threatens New York and other great cities is not the tyranny of the trusts or the menace of the millionaires, but the decay of home life. The new standard of living leads to discord and dissatisfaction. Frugality is dead, and there is a feverish anxiety to keep up appearances. Vulgar extravagance in dress, indulgence in a constant round of exciting pleasures, engrossing materialism and small families or no families at all—these are some of the evils which are cursing the life of American cities. The Century Magazine declares that in the face of such perils airy optimism is an impertinence. It says that what is needed most is moral motive power—the love of righteousness, the impulse to integrity, the love of virtue. Another pressing problem is the increase of crime and the impotence of the police. The jewellers and bankers and hotel-keepers, unable to rely on the police force, have been compelled to maintain their own detective organization. They find it pays them well to keep up their private police system. American murderers only two in every hundred are punished. Is it any wonder that thoughtful, serious Americans—prudent, as they may well be, of their wonderful country and of their amazing cities—are beginning to be afraid, and that secular journals are calling for an ethical revival, that shall cleanse the springs of character?"

From a rather taking essay on 'Jouaneying' I make the following extract, also with a desire to please:

"We are all travellers, and on the great scale. Our little peregrinations on this planet are a very small part of the journeys we are taking. We shall finish up in a different part of the universe from where we started. Every year we have a jaunt of some hundred million miles round the sun. And we are accompanying him in another journey which he, with our planetary system, is taking towards some unknown bourne. It is probable also that the whole visible universe, of which he is part, is also on the move, journeying—ye gods, whither! Then alongside this journey through space is our journey through time. We are on the move from a beginning towards an end, and we have been already a tolerably long time on the road. Our biology, our physics, our geology, send us back through a series of infinite gradations, in which all the present phenomena of life trace down to simpler and simpler forms, until at last we come to a motionless ether, and then to a whirling, spiral notion there as starting point of all that follows. ad. But was that the veritable beginning? How or whence did the first spin come; why did it take that form; and how came it about that it should contain in itself all this universe of matter and of mind? There seems here need of a first class engineer who wrapped up all this machinery in a spiral; and of a first class geographer who mapped the road of its movement."

This conviction is more and more forced upon us when we consider the course which things have taken. The journey has been a journey upward. Why that? If chaos started us, we should keep in chaos. Why did not the original ether-whirl just keep on whirling and nothing more? If all is an affair of aimless forces, why did they not go on for ever clashing at and wrecking each other? Instead there has never been a standstill even: always the upward climb. The seeming standstills are only what appear such to our impatience, to our limited view. Even the brief history of man, as we know it, makes mock of our pessimism. How often he has declared his world at an end! How utter is the despair of Lucretius!

Jaque adeo tracta est aetas
Ethereque tellus

'Already is our age a broken age, and the earth worn out? Poor Lucretius! The human age has hardly begun. We are only now beginning dimly to perceive the length and the bourne of its journey. It is curious, in this connection, to note how evolution, which in the lifetime of many of us was regarded as the deadly enemy of religion, is at last becoming discerned as the teacher of its greatest truths. Observe what it reveals to us. In its ever upward trend it discovers to us the mystic secret of the double nature, of two natures in one. The vegetable kingdom has come out of the earth. It contains the matter and obeys the laws of the inorganic world. But with this it has joined another world—the world of the organic, of its own vitality. Further on the animal comes, holding in it the material and the forces of the vegetable, but with another realm of things brought in—the realm of its brute consciousness, of its animality. But things do not stop here. The first man appears. Into animality there comes with him an incarnation of intellect, of conscience and of will. And is that all? With all this history behind us, why should we think

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, one of the cleverest of the British labor members has been visiting Germany and saying some hard things about that country which torments are so fond of lauding. Besides he maintains that the lot of the workmen is not bad in Britain certain socialists to the contrary. In a speech lately delivered—and we commend the remarks to the Halifax Herald and others of its way of talking, Mr. MacDonald defied any Tariff Reform speaker, whether paid or unpaid, to point to a single country of the world where Protection had been the rule that had less unemployment on the average than this country had got. From the official chart in Munich he found that unemployment in the metal trade in 1908-9 had exceeded the wildest estimate that trades unionists had ever made. Protection, in the opinion of trades unionists, of nine-tenths of the manufacturers, and of the majority of what is known as the intellectuals of Germany—who were neither workers nor manufacturers—had not assisted Germany to avoid or solve or ameliorate in the slightest degree the unemployment problem with which she was faced. Wages in Germany now stood at 82 per cent as compared with Britain's 100. MacDonald said that in Düsseldorf moulders worked eleven hours a day, with no Saturday afternoon, and were paid 5 marks a day; metal workers received 5 to 6 marks a day, regulated by piecework; and machine shop workers 4 to 5 marks a day of ten working hours.