

work, you must keep it healthy, warm and well-fed. To make it discontented, arrange for some to be better fed than others. Surely that's simple enough? God knows, I don't *want* to reform mankind, but with your money I could. I'd play on their jealousy, which is one of the strongest human instincts I know; I'd plan a city. . . ."

With wild gesticulations and mischievous gurgles of laughter, as his theme developed, Raymond Stornaway elaborated his scheme for a model industrial town with every house a palace of luxury and every tenant secure in possession as long as he observed his landlord's terms—"Turn a man out, if he gets drunk twice; his wife will look at her central heating, her labour-saving appliances, her pound of comfort for a shilling of rent, and she'll take darned good care that the first time her ruffian of a husband gets drunk is also the last. The tenants will cling to their houses like death, and, if you set up your model city at Pittsburgh, all Bethlehem will go on strike until the people there have model houses, and the strikes will spread until everyone's living below cost. Spoil the market, spoil the market for your rivals; make *them* build model cities in competition, and in five years you'll have revolutionised working-class housing conditions. Once your people are comfortable, clean and healthy, you can do something with them; and all the while they're tenants on your terms; you can reject a man who doesn't believe in the Trinity, you can play such tricks with their moral, religious, political faith as would stagger human imagination. You see that, sir?"

Aylmer Lancing had lagged a pace behind his young friend's argument.

"I should have to think that out a bit," he said.

Stornaway hurried excitedly down a newly revealed avenue.

"Think of the political effect of it, sir!" he exclaimed. "Of course you've got to be rich, because you're feeding and housing an entire people out of your own pocket, but, once you've started, you can always make the other rich men take their share, because no one's rich enough to be